

HIS OLD YELLOW ALMANAC.

I left the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwelling
To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city street,
And there was them, before I came, that sort of scared me, tellin'
How I would find the town folks ways so difficult to meet.
They said 'd have no comfort in the rustlin', fixed-up thruff,
And I'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day right along.
I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water,
I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows;
And there's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter,
And everything is right at hand, and money freely flows,
And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call.
But I miss the yellow almanac off my old kitchen wall.
The house is full of calendars, from attic to the cellar,
They're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to see;
But just in this particular I'm not a modern feller,
And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough for me;
I'm used to it, I've seen it round from boyhood to old age,
And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page.
I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's beginnin'
(In these new-fangled calendars the days seemed sort of mixed),
And the man upon the cover, though he wasn't exactly winnin',
With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how we are fixed;
And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr. Ayer
I've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.
I tried to find one recently; there wasn't one in the city.
They toted out great calendars in every sort of style;
I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered "em in pity,
'T'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile."
And, though I take to city life, I'm lonesome, after all,
For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century.

Recta's Night Harangue.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKETT.
There were a thousand things that troubled Mr. Burnham's mind. Not all at once, of course, because if troubles do never come singly, they don't invade a mortal like a plague of locusts—hundreds at a time. But there were always a few little worriments which settled on poor Mr. Burnham like three or four bees in the calyx of one flower, sucking the sweetness out of it. But the flower which yields up its sweetness to the invading bee has this advantage, that it can keep up a brave front and distill an exquisite perfume even if the winged marauders siphon every vestige of sweetness from it.
And the worst of it was that, as a rule, Mr. Burnham created, or, at least, entertained most of his worriments. If he went into a restaurant for his lunch, he could not tell what it was he wanted on the menu, and instead of falling back on roast-beef, which is a safe escape in this complication, he would balance shad roe and Kennebec salmon and spring lamb, until he was vexed at himself and almost lost his appetite.
But the poor man had one somewhat justifiable source of mental trouble. It was a sweet little girl, six years old. She was a worry? Yes; she was. And this was only because she was the dearest little thing in the world. She was perfectly healthy, so she was exuberantly active. Mr. Burnham was afraid she would break her leg or get run over. She was as pretty as an orchid. Mr. Burnham used to sigh at the prospect of her marrying some handsome, worthless fellow when she was seventeen. The absurdity of borrowing trouble a dozen years away, if it came at all, was no help to the good man. He was always dealing in futures of that kind.
The chief thing that troubled him was Nina's education. Through a dreadful dispensation of fate Nina's mother died when the little fairy was only five; so the task of educating the child devolved upon Mr. Burnham entirely. And he had very strict, conscientious views about education. He felt that the formation of Nina's character depended on him, and he was so dreadfully afraid that he mightn't do it right.
His business kept him away a good deal; and though he had obtained the best governess he could find for his little girl, he felt that parental care was an all-important factor. He was always thinking what he could do to improve Miss Nina's mind and disposition.
The result of this constant straining after the best educational methods led him one day to conceive what he regarded as a happy idea, and an original one, too. Much of the happiness of the thought for Mr. Burnham lay in this fact, that he felt it was a bright spark thrown off by his own mind, and which hadn't occurred to anybody before.
He was hurrying along Broadway one day when he saw a sign telling of talking dolls. Dolls had always seemed to Mr. Burnham to have their value in a child's education, because they fostered the sense of responsibility in the little one.
But here was a doll that could do more than that. "I have to be away so much from Nina," he said to himself, as he stopped and read the sign. "Now what an advantage it would be if she could have something that would say nice things to her when I am not by!"
His ideas were somewhat vague on the subject of talking dolls. He was really arguing as if he could go into the shop and select some conversational Madames

de Staël or a doll, who would discourse etchings like a traveling missionary.
He went in. A young man with a prominent nose and a retreating chisla advancing briskly and asked what he wanted. Mr. Burnham said he would like to see some of the talking dolls that he might interview them.
The beautiful puppets were lying on their backs in a show-case, laid out as if this were an undertaker's establishment for dolls. The clerk extracted one exquisitely pretty doll with fluffy golden hair, round staring eyes, and a complexion that put a rose leaf to shame. It was dressed in a beautiful lace frock with pale blue ribbons strung through it. The clerk seized it, wound up some apparatus in its back and then held it perpendicularly. At the same time Mr. Burnham heard a strident voice, like a lusty dwarf's, say with almost painful precision:
"Jack—and—Jill—went—up—the—hill—
To—draw—a—pail—of—water—
Jack—fell—down—and—broke—his—
crown—
And—Jill—came—tumbling—after."
This was what this golden-haired doll had to say. Somehow this brief history of Jack and Jill seemed to lack a moral, because the contemporaneity, so to speak, of their adversity, did not really have a lesson in it.
He turned to some of the others. Each doll had a square printed label setting forth the extent of her loquacity. But the talking dolls really seemed to have a strange liking for Mother Goose melodies. One frivolous thing said:
"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., but the accents of her speech did not seem reverential enough to Mr. Burnham. There was actually no more tenderness in her tones than if she were reciting the multiplication table.
Then Mr. Burnham's mind went through another convulsion, and the result of it was that he determined to go to the man that made the dolls, and have some little sentiments of his own, directed to Nina's improvement, injected into the doll's powers of speech.
The result was that one day he came home with a very beautiful doll. He wound it up, and then gravely placed it on his knee, while Nina looked hungrily at it in an ecstasy of delight over its lace gown and fluff hair.
Suddenly her blue eyes dilated and her little mouth expanded as if it were a blossom about to bloom. She heard in her papa's voice these words: "Now I wouldn't do that! Do you think it nice? How do persons who act that way turn out? Be good, and you'll be happy, and papa will be proud of his little girl."
Nina shrank away from the uncanny thing. Its glittering eyes and tight little pink lips were perfectly motionless, and yet it was talking in her papa's voice. She had glanced quickly up at his mouth when she heard the first words, but it was as set as the doll's and had almost as sweet a smile on it.
She was just about to cry when Mr. Burnham carefully explained to her that it was only a little bit of machinery in the doll's breast that talked that way. Gradually, the child got to like it and would wind up the machinery and hear the doll say with dignified precision and greatunction: "Now I wouldn't do that! Do you think it is nice?" and the rest of it.
She set it off several times during the day, and Mr. Burnham felt that he had hit on a very ingenious scheme for watching over his little girl when he was away. Of course he had to take chances that, as a rule, the doll would dissuade Nina, from doing something that was not right; but he felt that there was a corrective sound in the words, and that there was no danger of her being prevented from doing what a little girl ought to be by the doll's speech. But if she were doing anything he would not wish her to, the sound of her papa's voice coming from the talking doll would have peculiar force, in its combination with the small voice of her conscience. He told Nina that the doll's name was Recta. Mr. Burnham knew Latin, and Recta means "Right" in that language.
That night Nina had become such friends with Recta that she wished to take her into her little bed with her, and her papa, after cautioning her against kissing it for fear the paint would come off on her mouth, allowed her to do so.
So Recta was laid with her fluffy head of hair on the same pillow where Nina's rested, and they went to sleep together.
It was about one o'clock, when the house was all in slumber and quite dark, that two bold, bad men came in at the rear door. They had not been invited, and they would not have been welcome had they been seen, for they moved in quite different circles of society from Mr. Burnham and his little girl.
Knowing they were not looked for, the two young gentlemen let themselves in and made as little noise as possible so as not to disturb anybody. They even had some consideration for the policeman, who might be taking a little nap in some area way, and tried not to disturb him either.
They were burglars, and they proposed to collect Mr. Burnham's plate and any little things that might look pretty in their own apartments over on the East side.
They got several pieces of silver which they put in a bag so as to carry them conveniently, and then they stole upstairs, leaving the bag at the foot of the tentill they should come down.
Nina's room was next to her papa's, and both led off from a very pretty sitting-room.
The men got into the sitting room and were groping their way about. One of them had just taken a silver candleabra from the mantel-piece, and said in a hissing whisper to the other:
"Bill, you bag 'em together and let's get 'em."
Just as Bill was reaching out a grimy hand to take the other candleabra they heard on the still air these words of dignified expostulation, with a slightly strident quality in the tones which seemed to give a sarcastic finish to them:
"Now I wouldn't do that! Do you

think it is nice? How do persons who act that way turn out? Be good, and you'll be happy, and papa will be proud of his little girl."
They only heard this much. They were so paralyzed that they had to hear as much as this; but as soon as they recovered they dropped the candleabra, scuttled down the stairs like two black cats, and were out on the street in a jiffy.
Consequently they did not hear Recta say: "Be good and you will be happy, and papa will be proud of his little girl."
They ran right out into the policeman's arms! He was coming up the street with that easy, rolling gait which an officer has when he is simply walking on his club. He rattled on the curb-stone with his beat and clutched the first of the two men. The other ran like a deer down the street; but they got him, too, afterward.
Mr. Burnham heard the noise the men made, and also heard Nina scream "Papa," in a frightened way. He rushed into the little girl's room and found her cowering under the coverlid, with Recta clasped tightly to her for protection. He called "Thomas!" as loudly as he could, and in a few moments Thomas came down and lit the gas, and found the bag of plate at the foot of the stairs. Then they knew that the house had been "burgled," and later the policeman told them he had caught the burglar.
Nina had awakened in the night, and, hearing a footfall in the next room, wound up Recta to give her papa a little surprise. The speech was a perfect success as a surprise, and Mr. Burnham felt prouder than ever of his idea.
When the burglars learned how they had been caught, "Bill" turned to the other and said, disgustedly:
"It's a pretty hard go for a cove to be dropped on by a doll-baby!"
But they were not used to doll-babies that talked at night. That their excuse for being so hurried over Recta's night harangue. Mr. Burnham felt that the talking doll had more than paid for itself.
—New York Independent.

TAMED LIONS.

MORE READILY BROKEN THAN ANY BEAST OF THE FOREST.

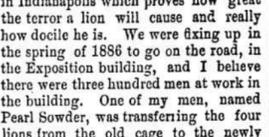
Taught to Appear Ferocious—Experiences of Circus Men With "The King of Beasts"—Romances About Circus Accidents.

The writer has taken the trouble to hunt up the records of lions that have been shown and performed in the United States during the past twenty years and finds that there is not a single instance on record of a performer or anybody else having been bitten by a ferocious lion.
In all that time only one man, who was drunk at the time of the occurrence, has been struck by the paw of a lion. This man was paid for brutally mistreating one of his charges by a blow that knocked him senseless and was left lying in the bottom of the cage for twenty minutes, while the four occupants of the cage which he was in quietly curled themselves up in the corner and watched him. That occurred in Pennsylvania, and he was a man named Adam Wenzel, who was with the O'Brien show.



A HIGHLY TRAINED FOREST MONARCH.

"As a matter of fact," said John B. Doris, the well-known museum manager, but formerly a circus proprietor of some thirty years' experience, "there is no animal with which we circus men have to deal that is so easy to handle, and so safe for a performer as a lion. In everything they are just like great big good-natured dogs, easy to train and more than ordinarily easy to perform. In fact, after they are once trained to do their tricks, anybody with whom they are acquainted, such as an attendant or a man whom they have been accustomed to see around the show, can go into their cage and put them through their act with perfect safety. Why, in one season I had no less than eleven men perform my lions and in each case these men were feeders, canvas-men, hostlers, and other employees of the circus who would be apt to be about the animals all the time.
"It is the appearance of the lion and that dreadful roar of his that strike terror into the heart of the spectator and cause him to think that he is in great danger; but that roar of the lion, while so dreadful in sound, is like a good many other things in the show business, more of a deception than otherwise. A lion really only roars when he is in a particularly good humor, and he can no more help doing it than can a dog help barking."
"An incident occurred with my show in Indianapolis which proves how great the terror a lion will cause and really how docile he is. We were fixing up in the spring of 1886 to go on the road, in the Exposition building, and I believe there were three hundred men at work in the building. One of my men, named Pearl Sowder, was transferring the four lions from the old cage to the newly painted wagon, when, by the carelessness of one of the attendants, the door flew open and two of the animals, Romeo and George, jumped out and started across the room towards a couple of barrels that contained fat from the meat with which the animals were fed. The minute they struck the ground somebody spied them and shouted 'The lions are loose!' In a half a minute—yes, in less time than that—every one of those 300 men was out of that building, and they didn't stop for doors either: they went through windows, taking, glass and everything else."
"Sowders heard the noise, and looking round, jumped out of the cage, ran across the room, grabbed Romeo by the scruff of the neck and dragged him back and literally booted him into the cage, and then served George the same way. All those two lions cared for was the fat in the barrel. I paid \$80 for the glass, though, that the men broke when they went through the windows, and so my recollection of that incident is a vivid one."



TEACHING A LION TO JUMP.

course, some animals are more easily trained than others, and so when we get a lion that is not easily broken we don't waste time on him, but set him aside and train those that are most intelligent."
"Are there many performing lions in the United States?"
"Well, I couldn't say just how many, but there are a great number. Mr. Forepaugh had so many at one time, over thirty, that he gave them away for almost nothing to save the cost of his meat bill. The female will have a litter every six months of three to five cubs, and as the whelps are ordinarily healthy and breeding of lions has been going on for the past thirty years there must be a great many throughout the United States. A good specimen, full grown, and well broken male is worth \$2000."
"One of the animal attendants at Central Park had something to say about lions, and he confirmed the statements of Mr. Doris and Mr. Conkling as to their docile qualities. He said: "Young man, have you ever seen an attendant clean out a cage? He just gets in there and sweeps away, and if the big 'cat' is in the way, he sweeps him to one side with the dirt; there is no more harm in lions to a man that knows 'em than there is in a big dog. I'll tell you a curious thing about lions and animals. Just watch animals that are fat and healthy, and then you look at the man that takes care of them and feels them, and you'll find that he is a great, big, red-faced, healthy man himself. Animals don't like thin, consumptive-looking chaps, and they get thin and worry and lose their tempers with that kind of attendants. I was with Forepaugh for ten years and he wouldn't have a thin man 'round the show—that is, near the animals. No, I never did hear of a man being bitten or scratched by a lion, except one man and he didn't know his business. Why, lion performances are so common that the circus people don't think the act any good any more, and a lion trainer can't get over \$30 a month. That's the reason I quit the circus business. I can remember a time when there was good money in it. I first went with Van Amburgh, who was the greatest animal trainer that ever lived."
Every season, while a circus is traveling around the country, wrecks occur. Cages get smashed and animals get out. When that is the case and a lion gets out of the cage which is his home he doesn't know what to do, and crouches on the ground much more frightened than the people around him, and he stays there



THE LIONS ARE LOOSE.

The two lions Mr. Dorris spoke of as jumping out of the cage were two of the best trained animals ever shown in America and when Dorris sold out his circus the Orrin Brothers bought them and took them down to Mexico, where they are still performing. Romeo was afterwards trained by a man named Volta to do the riding act and it is said that the exhibition of the lions in a bull pen in Vera Cruz by the Orrins netted them \$10,000 in one week. This part of Romeo's act consisted of crouching on a padded horse while the horse was galloping around the ring, and then at the word of command jumping over a banner and alighting on the pad again. Romeo has also been taught to walk a narrow plank such in the fashion as a tight rope.
Prof. George Conkling, who is Barum

& Bailey's animal trainer, smiled when asked if lions were dangerous and said: "Well, no; I should think not. And there are only two animals that we have anything to do with that are dangerous; one is an elephant and the other a leopard." Lions are very easily broken and very easily performed after being broken. Why, I took four lions when the Barum show went into winter quarters and broke them to do a half-dozen tricks in two weeks, in addition to training dens of wolves, bears, hyenas, leopards, tigers and pumas. The way I usually train animals is to give them an hour or two hours' practice morning and afternoon. In training lions, we begin with the simplest of tricks; for instance, take the act of a lion jumping through a hoop. One attendant holds the hoop on the ground and the lion is made to walk through; if he does not walk through or does not understand, why take hold of the back of his neck and haul him through. After he knows that he has got to go through that hoop anyway, it is lifted up a little higher from the ground, until finally the desired height is reached."
"How do you train a lion so that you can put your head in his mouth?"
"That doesn't require any training; just yank his mouth open and put your head in."
"How about the sensation when the lion stands up and puts his paws on your shoulders?"
"Well, we lift him up until he is made to understand that he must get up himself. The usual performances of the lions are in this manner: The cage is divided into three compartments, with a door between each, and the trainer goes in there and he first makes a picture; he stands in the centre with a whip in each hand, while one lion stands up with his paws on the cage in one corner, and then crouches in one end, and the other two squat and watch him in a restless fashion; and then the trainer puts them through all their tricks, separately and together, such as jumping over a pole and through a hoop bound with oakum and saturated with naphtha, all flaming, puts his head in their mouths and winds up the act by firing rapidly a six-barrelled revolver, and jumps out and slams the door of the cage behind him. And if he has an especially well-trained lion, as he slams the gate that lion will jump against the bars and make them rattle."
"How are they trained to jump against the bars?"
"In the same way they are trained to jump over a pole. We wind up the act in the same way every night, and the closing of the gate is a signal for the lion to jump."
"Are they amenable to kindness, Mr. Conkling?"
"Yes; but they are much more amenable to the discipline of the gad. But they are unlike other animals in this particular; after you do not have to be constantly watched after once broken. A leopard is treacherous, and no matter whether you have worked him ten years or ten days, if you take your eye off of him for one instant he will strike you. Of

until somebody takes and puts him in his cage or brings the cage up to him and then he will jump in. A good illustrative instance of that kind occurred in a railroad accident in a tunnel just outside



WITHOUT CEREMONY.

of Baltimore about two years ago. In the Cole show the lion and tiger cages were wrecked in the center of the tunnel, and the lion got out and roamed through the tunnel in the dark until finally he walked out one end and jumped into an empty cage. But Mr. Cole had to take a lantern and go in the tunnel and secure the black tiger himself, which he did without much difficulty.
There is a school for the training of animals or properly a building in which animals are trained on the edge of the meadows at the back of Jersey City Heights, and over there is a lion whelp being trained to do some remarkable tricks. Already he can see-saw on a board, stand up on his hind paws and walk a few feet, drag a wagon around while harnessed to it, and his trainer is trying to make him wind up his performance by trotting off to his cage carrying the apparently senseless body of his master in his mouth. If he succeeds in thoroughly training him, and it looks now as if he would, the lion will undoubtedly be worth a mint to Mr. Scaman, his master.—New York World.

600 Miles on Snowshoes.

Mr. J. W. Phillips, a resident of Toronto, is preparing for a winter's sojourn in the woods of Newfoundland, where he has what is called a "timber limit" of 250 square miles. It was in connection with this lumber enterprise that, some seasons ago, Mr. Phillips undertook one of the most perilous journeys on record. One day in the dead of winter he started to walk on snowshoes from his mill at



PHILLIPS ON HIS JOURNEY.

Point Limington to Bay d'Espoir, a distance of 250 miles. At the latter point he hoped to catch a steamer for St. John, but in this he was disappointed. Thereupon he decided to cover the intervening 350 miles on foot.
He had a terrible experience. Dangers from avalanches of snow beset him continually. Then wolves struck his trail and followed him closely. He was obliged to kill deer and leave the bodies untouched that the wolves might eat them instead. Twenty-two days after leaving his mill Mr. Phillips reached St. John. He had covered 600 miles on snowshoes, carrying all the while a pack weighing forty-five pounds.

Bill Nye's Attempt at Dignity.



Wax people are noted for their dignity and repose. They have no brains, but they never forget to be dignified. I hate the dignified people, writes Bill Nye in the New York World. I never tried to be dignified but once, and that was two weeks ago. I wore a dark blue and a new shining Russia iron silk hat, to drive my family over the Finger Bowl road on Staten Island, and on to South Beach. I was proud and haughty, dressed up, serene and mentally vacant in order to look dignified. People who saw us driving that afternoon paid me a high compliment by telling my wife what a dignified and thoroughly clerical-looking coachman she had.
Since that I have not tried to look dignified.
The municipality of Genoa, Italy, has, it is reported, consented to restore the house in which Christopher Columbus lived. It is rapidly falling into decay and has long stood in need of repair.
Germany is the largest coal producing country of continental Europe, the amount of the production for 1887 being 81,863,611 tons.
A total of 372 new Granges have been organized this year.

MY LOVE IN THE LONG AGO.

Soft is the light on the summer sea,
When the sun in the west is low,
And the billows sigh to the shells that lie
In the sunset's mellow glow:
But the beauty gleams in vain,
And the tints that wax and wane
And the song of the surge
At the ocean's verge
Seems naught but a dirge,
For oh!
My thoughts fly far, 'neath the evening star,
To my Love in the long ago.
The wind comes up from the sighting sea,
And the sea-bird's wing of snow
Falls from my sight in the clasp of night,
Like joy in the arms of woe;
And I dream by the billows blue
Of a heart that was leal and true;
Of a hand by the tide,
Though far may divide
My faith shall abide,
Ever true;
And my heart ever turns while the bright stars burn
To my Love in the long ago.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

Wet to the skin—Rain.
A double shuffle—Two suicides.
An "old timer"—The hourglass.
Rough on rats—When Kitty "collars" them.
Won by a neck—Prince Albert Victor's title of "Collars and Cuffs."
The anatomist is the man who can give us the surest "inside information."
Know thyself and keep the information to thyself. This is good advice.—Hartford Religious Herald.
When the wolf is at the door, it would be a good idea to shoot him and get the bounty for his scalp.—Puck.
She (after a lovers' quarrel)—"You may return my letters." He (editor)—"Did you enclose stamps?"—Bazar.
The man who holds a valuable patent right is in possession to enjoy the pleasures of royalty.—Binghamton Republican.
"Can you get the right pitch on this corner?" "Yes; gimme it (pitches it out of the window). There you are!"—Judge.
"I dreamed of you last night, Miss Rosaling." "Oh, did you? And what dress did I have on?"—Fliegende Blaetter.
A. "How much Miss Homely looks like her mother." B. "Yes, the resemblance is positively frightful."—Texas Siftings.
"That fellow urns a good deal in a week." "Is he a bank president?" "No. He works in a crematory."—American Stationer.
She—"Look at that lady, Charles. Isn't her bonnet heavenly?" He—"It is rather high, that's a fact."—Boston Transcript.
Now that the courts have decided that anyone may publish Noah Webster's dictionary, talk will be cheap.—American Stationer.
"Porous plasters are good for a weak back." "That's all right but I want a plaster that will be good for a weak hence."—Bazar.
The difference between a starving man and a glutton is that one longs to eat and the other eats too long.—Binghamton Leader.
"I'm not in it," said the traveler, as he stood on the station platform, and watched the last train disappear in the distance.—Puck.
Preacher (reading)—"I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone." Jeweler (suddenly waking)—"Eh? How many carats?"—Jeweler's Weekly.
A New York paper contains an article entitled "Why Cats are Thin." The article says cats are thick enough around this place.—Norristown Herald.
"What a beautiful baby! So pink and white!" Said the caller. "I dare not tell her that I'd learned from many a sleepless night He was also a little yellow."—Chicago Mail.
If time is money, it would seem at first sight that the loafer ought to be the richest of men; but, after all, he hasn't any more than anybody else.—Somerville Journal.
"It's the hardest thing in the world," says Bins, "to eat corn from the cob without getting it on your moustache." "I never found it so," returned the Boston girl.—Brooklyn Life.
"Join," asked the Sunday-school teacher of the new scholar, "what do you know of the proverb regarding people who live in glass houses?" "They order pull down the blinds."—Puck.
"It's a scrapperin' time I have of it," said the cook. "Here I've gouged the eyes out of the potatoes, basted the meat, split the head o' the cabbage, whipped the cream and beat the eggs, and now I've got to pitch in and do up the preserves."—Pittsburg Dispatch.
A Noise Detective.
A simple method has been devised, by means of which, in the midst of a busy workshop full of machinery in motion, any special noise, even though slight, can be distinguished and its origin traced. The apparatus consists of an ordinary india-rubber gas tube about a yard in length may, however, be varied to suit the nature of the investigation. The tube is unprovided with ear-piece or bell. One end is applied to the ear of the observer, while the other is moved about in order to explore the seat of the irregularity. Since the free orifice of the tube is comparatively small and is applied as closely as possible to the vibrating surface, it practically receives only those sonorous vibrations which are emitted by this surface. Those who have to do with machinery will find it especially useful for observing noises due to irregularities in the working of small parts of machines, which may be either difficult or dangerous to approach in any other way.—Chicago News.
A total of 372 new Granges have been organized this year.