ANIMALS IN EFFIGY.

THE FAMOUS COLLECTION OWNED BY THE SMITHSONIAN.

How Casts Are Made of Rare and Bulky Animals—Proof That the Whale Could Have Held Jonah—Of Value to Students and Historians.

Strewn along for a distance of 50 yards in the rear of the Smithsonian institution are blocks of plaster of paris of every imaginable shape, some of large size and others fitted together as if to form boxes. For the most part they look like the refuse of a workshop. Here and there one fragment or another is seen to resemble a part of a fish or other animal, perhaps a tail, or a head with a pair of fore flippers. A big slab bears the impression of a snake, as if the creature, having buried itself in mud for the winter, had waked from its torpid state and crawled away. Other objects yet more strange are faces and various parts of human bodies apparently fossilized.

These odd looking things are molds. The Smithsonian institution has been collecting them for 30 years past, and some of them have cost a great deal of money. Quite a number have been fetched all the way from Alaska, representing various animals peculiar to the regions of the frozen north. If a queer reptile or fish is found anywhere, there is nothing better than to make a cast of it in plaster of paris. By this means its shape is copied to perfection, and that is a great help for museum purposes. When, a few years ago, a whale was stranded on the New England coast, Dr. Palmer, taxidermist of the Smithsonian institution, was sent to make a copy of it in papier mache. This he did—that is to say, he made a mold of the cetacean in plaster, which he took several barrels full of him, and the papier mache cast was produced afterward in Washington.

Only one-half of the whale was cast, however, representing what might be termed the port side of the animal. This is now hung up in the National museum. On one side it shows the outside of the creature and from the other side the inside. It was a clergyman who on a certain occasion not long ago was steering some members of his flock through the building, and, pausing in front of the whale, remarked, pointing to the capacious interior of the great marine mammal:

"You see, my dear friends, that there was plenty of room for Jonah!"

In such ways the Smithsonian institution has collected molds and made casts of a great variety of animals, often sending long distances to get them. Of reptiles alone it has secured several hundreds, each representing a typical species, while the fishes run up to 1,200 and upward. From each plaster mold about 50 casts may be made, if desired. This facility of multiplication is utilized to a considerable extent in another branch of the work not relating to animals at all. To schools and to museums all over the world the Smithsonian institution sends sets of typical aboriginal implements of America. These are valuable for purposes of study. A mold from an actual stone ax will furnish 50 facsimiles, which only have to be painted in order to look exactly like the original. If more are wanted, another mold is easily made.

While it would not be easy to ship a whale or a walrus to the Smithsonian institution, smaller animals are readily transported. Nearly all of the creatures of which these molds are made are sent to this city for that purpose. When practicable, two living specimens are forwarded. One serves for the mold. The other is a model for the artist. Before going further it should be explained that the casts are intended to represent the animals themselves in the museum, and they must be as lifelike as possible. They are painted by men who are skilled in this branch of art.

Before making a mold from a snake the animal, if alive, receives a dose of chloroform. It may or may not recover. There have been instances where serpents have got over the effects of the chloroform two or three times in succession, only to be subjected to further doses and made to serve again and again. Perhaps an anæsthetized ophidian will be coiled gracefully about the branch of a tree, and the mold will be taken from branch and snake together, to be subsequently painted, of course. Or, if it were a rattlesnake, it would probably be coiled in a spiral, as if ready to strike. In the west wing of the Smithsonian institution is a beautiful exhibit of the rattlesnakes of the United States. They look as if alive, though only casts, so well are they painted, with surroundings of herbage, etc., to counterfeit nature.

It is the same way with reptiles of other kinds. There are ever so many queer species of lizards in this country, particularly in the western deserts. The horned toad is one of these, not being in reality a toad at all, though it looks like one. There are the edible lizards of Death valley and others which are said to outrun the fastest race horse. Such creatures as these are easily molded, every scale in their armor being reproduced with wonderful accuracy of detail. With land mammals it is different, for a cast of a creature with a fur coat can hardly be made to look like life. Nevertheless Dr. Palmer's collection includes casts of portions of many land mammals. For example, hanging on the wall of his studio in the rear of the Smithsonian institution is a plaster head of a tapir, taken direct from the animal. When he has occasion to stuff a tapir, he will not be obliged to guess at the measurements of that part of the beast. Close by is a cast from the head of a sea lion that was killed in the Pacific. Another cast is from the tongue of a bear. Some day the taxidermist will desire to set up a stuffed bear with its mouth open, and there will be a tongue ready. There is also a calf's head which is very lifelike, though it would not make good soup.—Washington Star.

IN THE HEAT OF YOUTH.

A Novelist's Recollections of Days When Women Were All Queens.

Why is it, I wonder, that we come into the world so ill equipped for its exploration? It seems to me, as I look back upon my youth, that, in a certain way, my senses were fresher and keener then than they are now. And yet they were continually—particularly in the matter of girls—playing the most unwarrantable pranks on me. Some alien fluid, of an intense and fiery kind, got mixed with them and made them subject to all sorts of unaccountable aberrations.

It is a notorious fact that an electric current will make the most excellent compass behave in an irresponsible fashion. And yet, though the disturbing fluid which made my compass worthless was nearly always there, it has guided me somehow with tolerable safety a long distance across the trackless main. And I am not by any means sure that I would exchange it for a truer instrument, subject to fewer aberrations. For I take this very sensitiveness to electric influences to be a proof of its exceeding fineness and excellence. Life would be a horrible dreary affair if these magnetic currents which make the needle tremble and swerve were banished or nonexistent. The dull, dead, stupid sanity which has no sympathy with folly and no gleam of potential madness is no doubt a stanch and reliable rudder, but I cannot forbear questioning whether to the soul thus equipped the voyage is worth making.

Ulysses of old, middle aged though he was, had to stuff his ears with wax lest he steer his ship into the jaws of perdition, when the sirens sang so deliciously, and he did not exactly cover himself with glory during his visits to Circe and Calypso. But what very red blood he had, and how humanely his heart beat in every one of his manifold adventures! He never, like his shipmates, became a swain, and how noble and manly was his bearing in the presence of the lovely Nausicaa!

There is something almost touching to me in seeing the same sentiment which stirs my own bosom recorded thousands of years ago. And, truth to tell, the man whose pulse is subject to no irregularities and whose judgment registers no aberrations in the presence of a beautiful woman is, in my opinion, "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."—H. H. Boyesen in Lippincott's.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

Rich Girls Oppressed With Wealth Should Have Special Consideration.

My cousin Anthony has been in to tell me of his betrothal of his son Ajax to a young woman of exceptionally voluminous financial prospects. My cousin is not himself a man of large means, and his children's fortunes are still to be made. Nevertheless it was not without an air of deprecation and symptoms of uneasiness that he told me what Ajax had done.

But, I said, seeing Anthony growing solemn, somebody must marry the rich girls. There might be enough rich young men to pair off with them if all the rich bachelors were available, but as long as a large percentage of the rich bachelors insist on marrying poor girls there is no choice but for some rich girls to marry poor men or none. And, after all, if a girl is truly a nice girl, it would be a shame to avoid her because of her fortune. When I was young, I told 'em, I had really loved a girl, and she had loved me, and had she been of age or an orphan I would have married her if she had owned all New York between Canal street and Central park. Dreadful as it would have been to be burdened with such a load, I would have felt that a true affection might make it tolerable.

I think I was a comfort to Cousin Anthony. He went away looking a good deal less dejected than when he came in. What a happiness it is, to be sure, when one gets a chance to benefit a fellow creature's spirits by changing his point of view!—Scribner's.

Society No Longer Visits.

Calls having become in our busy life of great cities so perfunctory an obligation, many people have seen fit to drop the attempt to make them except in cases where condolence or congratulation is in order. These cases demand the leaving of cards in person only, and so visiting for form's sake is drifting out of vogue. So well is the difficulty of accomplishing all one's visits understood that people of the world do not hold each other to strict account if a season passes without an interchange of cards. They simply meet somewhere and take up the thread dropped when they last met, months before, with perfect good temper.—Mrs. Burton Harrison in Ladies' Home Journal.

She'd Get It.

Miss Elder—Well, I maintain that women can do anything that men can.

Mr. Gazzam—Oh, no, the auctioneer's business is one women cannot go into!

Miss Elder—Nonsense! She'd make every bit as good an auctioneer as a man.

Mr. Gazzam—Well, just imagine an unmarried woman getting up before a crowd and exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer!"—London Quiver.

A High Roller.

"Those two seats next to you," said the usher at the crowded theater, "seem to be unoccupied. Please let these gentlemen sit down in them."

"Those seats, me good man," responded Cholly languidly, producing his checks and looking at the usher through his eyeglass, "belong to me ovahcoat. Please stand a little to one side. You obstwuct me view of the stage."—Chicago Tribune.

A Very Different Affair.

"Before I start I will fix up a little," said Amy as she got out her rouge pot and enamels.

"Ah, that puts another face on the matter," was Mabel's comment.—Detroit Free Press.

HE HAD NO HARD FEELINGS.

You see that woman coming, Jack, dressed up in pink and gray?
Well, that's a woman whom I loved in times now passed away.
I used to visit her each night and write her every day,
And words of burning, eager love to her I'd often say.
I'd take her out to parties and to many a matinee,
Would send her every week or so a costly big bouquet.
Large sums out of my salary I cheerfully would pay
For buggy rides and such like things to make our courtship gay.
Well, after all I'd done for her, this same young maid, Miss May,
Although her parents stern had said to such a marriage nay,
Packed up her clothes together and skipped lightly out one day
And wedded a young fellow down at Narragansett Bay.
Well, goodby, Jack, she's coming, and with her I must stray.
You say that you're astonished that a word to her I'd say,
That I should coldly snub and scorn such a deceitful fay
But, don't you see? I am the man with whom she ran away.
—Charles J. Colton in New York Sun

PROTECTION OF IRON COLUMNS.

Bricks in Portland Cement Successfully Withstand Fire.

Some experiments were recently made by the building inspection department, Vienna, on the protection of iron from fire by casing it with brick. A wrought iron column 12 feet long and built of two channels connected by lattice bars was used. This was set up in a small chamber constructed of brick, and the column was loaded by levers. This done, it was surrounded by a 4½ inch brick wall laid in fire clay mortar. The wall did not fit closely around the column, and advantage was taken of this to fix there samples of fusible metals, which should serve as a gauge of the temperature attained.

Various samples of stone concrete and other materials were also placed in the chamber within the column. This chamber was then filled with split firewood, which was lighted, and the doors immediately walled up with slabs of plaster of paris. After the fire had broken out the doors were broken in and a stream of water turned into the room from a 14 horsepower fire engine. An examination of the room next showed that the walls of brick, laid in portland cement, retained their strength, while most of the material stone left in the chamber had been destroyed. The ceiling had been lined partly with plaster of paris and partly with terra cotta tiles. Both were damaged. The inclosure around the iron pillars was still standing firm, though corners of the brickwork were clipped one inch or so, and the fire clay mortar was largely washed out of the joints. On removing the casing, however, the pillar was found to be uninjured, even the paint being unscorched, and the fusible plugs only showed a temperature of 149 degrees F.—Engineering.

Dingbats.

The Boston Journal gives various theories as to the meaning of the word "dingbats." One writer who spent his boyhood in Maine thinks it means to spank, because his mother when getting ready to use the slipper threatened to put the "dingbats" on him. From Wilbarham academy comes the explanation that it means the breakfast biscuit, which the students dispose of by sticking it to the under side of the table, throwing it at the heads of other students or eating it. A Connecticut pupil states that to receive punishment at the hands of the teacher is known as "getting the dingbats." Two Philadelphians agreed that it means money, as in the sentence, "I've got the dingbats for it." But New Hampshire agrees with Maine that it means spanking, and so the majority appears to side with the maternal slipper. It is from such "little acorns" that the tall tree of our almost cosmopolitan language has grown. We got "blizzard" from the west, "kuklux" from the south, "boom" from the ambitious cities, "crank" from the eccentric minds in every part of the country, "pantata" from Italy, "chalitza" from Russia. Dingbats is going to be a great convenience.

Pneumatic Tires.

Most people imagine that pneumatic tires are novelties of recent invention, and yet they were actually used on English roads nearly 50 years ago. We read that "at the Bath and west of England agricultural show, held at Guilford, a couple of carriage wheels were shown fitted with pneumatic tires. These were made by May & Jacobs for the Duke of Northumberland 47 years ago, but the carriage proving too heavy for the horse they were disused. The tires were constructed on almost exactly the same principle as those in use on cycles today—an inner air chamber, with a stronger outer cover. When punctured, they were repaired by the same means as now adopted."—Hardware.

An Incomplete Affair.

"It is plain," said the justice, "that you stole the hog, and I shall send you up for 12 months."

"Jedge, kin you gimme 'bout one hour 'fo' I goes?"

"What for?"

"Well, suh, I wants ter go home en salt dat hog down!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Fortune.

Pearl Passee—Yes, dear papa is very generous. On my birthday anniversary he always gives me a dollar for each year I have lived.

Yulie Younger—Indeed? That must have been the money Charley Gayboy meant when he said you had a fortune in your own right.—Buffalo Courier.

A portrait of a man scratched on bone, apparently the shoulder blade of a sheep, was found in 1857 in a Swiss lake dwelling.

Wheat is mentioned in the Scriptures as a well known grain and under wide cultivation.

Eating In India.

Colonel Pollock, who has had a half century experience in India, asserts that now it is almost impossible to procure there a good curry. The sorts commercially prepared and sold all over the world give no idea of the genuine article. To procure it in perfection is now only possible in Madras, where it is considered worthless unless it be absolutely fresh—that is, made from newly plucked cocoanuts. The deterioration of curry is in proportion to the lack of this essential quality. How far commercial preparations of the powder are inferior may be easily imagined, as they may remain for years on the shelves of dealers before use. Colonel Pollock speaks highly of the merits of East Indian cooks. In the training, however, they have acquired in the European cuisine they have lost the art of concocting their own native dishes. He makes one exception, and that relates to what he calls a Bengal steak, made of old cocks or ducks, which he declares is better than the juiciest rump steak obtainable in England.

In contrast to Colonel Pollock's picture of the epicurean delights of India we have one of a correspondent who is now in that country and is recording his impressions. He says that for food the traveler is in a bad way. Vegetables are supless, and it is now considered unsafe to eat them on account of the presence of the bubonic plague. Meat and fruit predispose cholera. Fish is forbidden by taste and prudence. Milk and butter are more than suspicious, and soda and ordinary water are filled with dangerous germs. Soda water is made from local stagnant pools. The only safe thing is whisky.—New York Sun.

Shocked the Boston Ear.

The horse came tearing madly down the street. The coachman had jumped to save his life and the beautiful girl inside the coupe screamed for help.

Suddenly the man from Boston darted out in front of the wild eyed steed. It seemed suicidal, but upon the brave fellow's face was a look of determination that would have been the glory of a knight of old.

Bracing himself up for the shock, he awaited the opportunity that Providence seemed to have intended him for, and the people upon the sidewalks stood breathless.

With a bound the frightened brute was upon him. He clutched the reins and swung himself out of the way of the beating hoofs. The coupe swerved and was almost overturned, but righted itself, and in a moment the heroic deed was accomplished. The trembling steed stood still, the fainting girl was lifted from her perilous position.

"Where is he? Where is he?" she cried, and her rescuer was pointed out.

Without waiting to be introduced the beautiful creature flung herself upon his breast and cried:

"Oh, sir, you done noble."

A deathly pallor overspread his face. He tore away from her, and as he galloped madly from the scene muttered:

"Great heavens! She's from Chicago! Oh, that I had known it before I ruined my 50 cent pair of suspenders! But that is what comes of allowing oneself to be swayed by impulse."—Cleveland Leader.

Wealth.

Wealth is a blessing when properly used, and the mere fact of any man possessing it can by no possibility be held against him unless he came by it through dishonest or fraudulent means. One might ask with some show of reason, where would the hospitals, the infirmaries, the charitable institutions, the halls of learning and the thousand and one great interests of this country be had they not been endowed and assisted by people of means. There are many people in this country today who owe their education and training largely to the benevolence of those who gave of their substance to keep up the schools and colleges.

The American people are gifted with a fair average of good sense, and while they may for a time join in the outcry against the capitalist, as such, they can scarcely fail to come back to their normal, rational level and look upon these outbreaks as sensational, injurious, unjust and wholly uncalled for.—New York Ledger.

Reciprocity.

William Abraham, a Welsh member of the English parliament, who formerly worked in the pits and now is a Radical miners' representative, was one of the chief singers in an eisteddfod several years ago when the guest of honor was Adelina Patti. At the close of the performance, with which she was much pleased, she requested that Abraham might be introduced to her. Naturally quite proud of the honor, the musical miner and M. P. presented himself.

"Mr. Abraham," said the lady, "you sing very well."

"And, madam," replied Abraham, with a bow, "so do you."—London Tit-Bits.

Had to Admit It.

"Do you mean to tell this jury," roared the lawyer, "that you never spoke to the accused and yet know him to be an actor?"

"That's what, for he wore a fur trimmed overcoat, low shoes and white cotton socks."

"We admit, your honor, that the prisoner at the bar is a tragedian."—Detroit Free Press.

The most extensive wine cellar in the world is owned by the Roumanian government. A railway tunnel 2,600 feet long between Galtaz and Barbosh could not be used for railroad purposes because of inferior construction. Its cost was nearly 4,000,000 francs. It was leased to a wine dealer, who has turned it into an immense wine cellar.

The 5,000 horsepower pumping engine in the mines at Friendsville, Pa., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of the gigantic flywheel.

DEAR DISCIPLINE.

Imprisoned in an absence drear
By Jailer Time
For unknown crime,
Resigned, I sigh in narrow sphere.

But laughing Love, who locks disdains,
To me brings in
For discipline
A presence which my soul enchains.

Now sweet is my captivity
When solitude
Does thus include
The one who is most dear to me.

So Pyramus, as I have heard,
His Thisbe dear,
So far, though near,
Could woo, though neither spoke a word.
—Kate Field's Washington.

SAD LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

The Countess of Dudley a Devoted Wife to a Repulsive Husband.

Georgina, countess of Dudley, enjoys the well deserved reputation of being not only one of the most beautiful matrons in London society, but also one of the kindest and most warm hearted of the great ladies of Mayfair. She is a devoted mother and deserves a great amount of credit for the manner in which she has brought up her children and for the devoted care and loyalty which she manifested to her eccentric husband. Until his death her existence was little better than a martyrdom, which she bore with the most exemplary patience and fortitude. The late earl was many years her senior and the reverse of handsome, in addition to which he in many matters was entirely insane, having inherited his madness from his father. All this would have caused many a mother to hesitate before even permitting her daughter to wed such a man, but Lady Dudley's mother, Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, dazzled by the earl's income of over $3,000,000 a year, forced her lovely daughter to bind herself to him.

The contrast between the beautiful woman and the almost repulsive looking husband who was her constant companion was so startling that it drew forth the hackneyed exclamation of "beauty and the beast" wherever they went. Had Lord Dudley been less wealthy he would inevitably have been confined in a madhouse, but even during the closing years of his life Lady Dudley never permitted him to be considered as insane, although he seldom experienced lucid moments. Lady Dudley was the second wife of the late earl and has seven children, six sons and one daughter.—Philadelphia Press.

A Tough Manxman.

I'm a Manxman, and I have inherited a rugged constitution. I seldom wear gloves even in your winters, and much of the time I go without an overcoat. For many years I followed the sea, and I had one adventure that few would have lived to tell of. It was a midnight of December when I was ordered aloft to stow the main royal, and before I knew what I was about I fell from the yardarm into the sea. No one on deck had noticed my fall, and apparently no one had heard my cry, for the ship kept right on. There I was, with heavy boots and a heavy coat, alone amid the waves of the Atlantic. You may not believe me, but I did not feel greatly alarmed. I managed to get out of my boots and coat, and then I began to swim to keep myself afloat. Somehow I felt that I should be saved. We had passed a vessel about sunset, and I thought she'd come along and pick me up. I had been a good swimmer all my life, and I kept afloat till daybreak, when that other vessel did come along and fish me out, four hours after I fell in. We got into New York three days after my ship arrived, and when I came aboard, as she lay at her wharf, my mates took me for a ghost.—New York Sun.

Truthful.

"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the president did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the president is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me!"

A Scrap of Paper.

Not long ago, says a writer in The Realm, I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleugh taught me to do that," he said as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground."

Sheridan and Waterloo.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did General Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a —— good place for a fight.'"

In Zante, one of the Ionian isles, there is a petroleum spring that is mentioned by Herodotus. It has been known for nearly 3,000 years.

Fort Wayne was named after General Anthony Wayne.

The Greece of Today.

To understand the phenomenal rise of Greece, we must bear in mind that, though the Greeks had been miserably downtrodden by the Turks for 400 years; the best hope of the people, borne by an unholy tribute far away from their mothers' homes and trained into the tools of an inhuman tyranny, and though, had it not been for the "untoward event" at Navarino, the whole population of the Morea would have been exterminated beneath the merciless tramp of Turkish hoofs, there, nevertheless, lived behind the outward show of slavish debasement a heart of sturdy independence that cherished the patriotic memories of ages and seized eagerly on every chance that might enable it to stand before the world in the attitude and character that had given it the most prominent place in the history of the human race.

The two years' struggle that gave to Greece the right to look Europe in the face, as a noble people determined to die rather than live the slaves of a hateful tyranny, at the same time gave to Europe the assurance that Greece was living Greece again, and Christian conscience and classic memories combined, when once the yoke was broken, to enable the Greeks to show to the world that, in spite of the bombshells of Venice and the sabers of Turkey, not only should a Greek mother bear sons to grow up free from the rapine of Turkish hands, but desolate Athens should rise to her old position, and, along with Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, assert its place among famous European cities that combine commercial enterprise with cultivated intelligence. It was this noble patriotic pride that, in the short space of half a century, turned the little ruined village into a an imposing city.—Professor John Stuart Blackie in Forum.

A Trick of Actors.

Most people know that the memory may be easily confused by learning a passage in two or three different ways, or by having once heard an incorrect form of giving it. Working on this principle, actors are fond of putting stumbling blocks in one another's way. A stock joke, dear to the hearts of all players, is the regular thing to be inflicted upon a beginner in the first act of "Richard III." It is in the scene where the coffin of Henry VI is borne across the stage. One of the men who carry it has been raised from the position of supernumerary to his first speaking part, which consists of a single line. Before the performance, it is usual for some older actor to take him aside and impress him with the enormous difficulties of delivering that sentence correctly. The victim listens nervously.

"Now, most actors," says his tormentor gravely, "make this mistake the first time they play the part: Instead of saying, as it is, 'My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass,' they give it this way, 'My lord, stand back, and let the parson cough.'"

And after he has heard the latter version, absurd though it is, the chances are that the poor supernumerary will give that to the audience on the first night.—New York Tribune.

The Czar's Gold Plate.

For the banquet that took place immediately after the coronation of the czar no less than 320,000 pounds weight of the finest crystal, gold and silver plate was used, 60,000 pounds of this being composed of the precious metals. The most famous services of plate are the Orloff and the London service, the last including, among other things, copies of four equestrian statues on the Anichkoff bridge in St. Petersburg, four others representing hunting scenes and one St. George and the dragon. A writer in London Society says that among the crystals there were some wonderful vases, with bunches of grapes cut in relief. The Orloff service consists of 16 vases, richly decorated, and 96 large silver centerpieces for the table, of exquisite workmanship. A third service, known as the Parisian golden service, bought in 1867, consists of tureens, dishes and centerpieces.

The Telephone Worked.

According to a Kentucky paper, when the telephone was first introduced in that state an old farmer who did not exactly understand the working of the invention bought a new pair of boots for his son, who lived down in Texas. He hung the footwear across the wire at sundown one evening. During the night some one took the boots and placed a pair of old ones across the wire. Next morning the old gentleman went out and, to his delight, he saw the old boots. He hastened into the house, exclaiming to his wife: "Say, Sal, this here tellerphone is the best thing yet. John got his boots last night, and I'm blasted if he didn't send the old uns home!"

A Checkered Career.

In the recent sweep of the Bois de Boulogne for disreputable characters a tramp with a strange history was taken. He had been a sailor and master of a sailing vessel, had undertaken to explore Abyssinia and had ended by becoming chief cook to King Menelek. He grew homesick, however, made his escape, and on reaching France had been unable to find work.

Why He Traveled.

First Englishman—Going to America to get a wife?

Second Englishman—Aw, yaas. Are you?

"Naw, I'm going, dontcherknow, to get away from one."—New York Times.

Western Australia's supply of jarrah and karri, the hard woods used for street pavements, is practically inexhaustible. The jarrah (Eucalyptus marginati) covers 14,000 square miles of the country and the karri (E. diversicolor) 2,000 square miles more.

According to a musical journal, there are in London at this moment 244,000 females who are learning music.