

ROOFED BY THE SKY.

Mexicans Delight to Live as Much as Possible in the Open Air.

(The population of the City of Mexico is about 300,000, and of these at least two-thirds live literally in the streets. The high altitude, the mildness and dryness of the atmosphere, even in the depth of winter, and the almost constantly clear blue sky combine to make out-of-door life as attractive as may be found, perhaps, anywhere in the world. There is an exhilarating lightness and uplifting buoyancy in the air that gives people a dislike for confinement in the close, heavy houses of Mexico.

Multitudes of persons of wealth eat, sleep, work, visit, and idle away their time through the whole year in their gardens or on the very broad porches that extend all about the universal patio of their low, rambling houses. Thousands of the poorer classes here never have any homes but cheap tents and hut-like adobe, and for years have slept wherever drowsiness may overtake them—whether in the open doorways, on the cathedral step, in the market places or in the fields about the city. The people of the City of Mexico are, therefore, noted for habits of early rising.

At so early an hour as 7 o'clock almost any morning, especially after the long, hot summer season is over, elegant equipages may be seen dashing through the park, not a few of the liveried drivers holding the ribbons over sleek buckskin mules—for here the mule is not relegated to the plebs, but holds its own with equine aristocracy. And certainly his satiny skin, his dainty boned hoofs and neatly shorn tail ending in a jaunty tassel, and his aggressive ears, subdued with fancy nets (assuming a look of conservative meekness), merit the distinction and show how one may feed a mule, as well as "feed a man into a higher state of existence."

While the latest Parisian styles prevail among the Mexican ladies, the black lace mantilla still anticipates millinery confections. Conscious, no doubt, of the charm that lies in the black lace mantilla so bewitchingly disposed over her inky braids, softening the outline of the face and lending a pensive dignity to the carriage, the senorita clings to it. A Spanish woman in a new-fangled hat or bonnet loses half her interest, and she is wise enough to know it.—New York Evening Post.

Odd Things of Interest.

Entomologists who understand their business take a white, shaggy-haired dog with them when they go bug-hunting at night. The bugs are attracted by the dog's white coat, just as they are by a lamp, and fall easy victims to the hunters.

This is a great apple year. The American crop is estimated at 10,000,000 barrels, which beats the record by 2,000,000. Prices average \$2 a barrel, which is about one-half last year's price.

New York butter dealers are complaining of dishonest farmers who soak their butter tubs in water. A spruce-wood tub holding 100 pounds of butter will absorb six pounds of water in a few hours, and the farmer gets the price of good butter for the moisture.

Prof. Wortman insists that the monkey bones (or fossils) which he found in Wyoming date back to the Eocene age. He laughs at the story that they are the remains of a monkey of modern times.

It required the labor of 900 people for three weeks to gather the hop crop on the farm of James F. Clarke in Central New York, and yet he complains that the yield is 500 boxes less than last year's. He will turn out 200,000 pounds of dried hops.

There have been 106 bank failures, with aggregate liabilities of \$22,000,000, in Ohio since 1815. Of ten national banks which suspended three paid their debts in full and the others paid from 27 to 69 1/2 per cent.

Efforts to inoculate Washington with the Pingree vegetable raising plant have failed. Worms ate up the beans and cabbage, the corn failed to ear, and only potatoes of small size and poor quality were harvested.

The Tresses of a Maid.

The bridal veil is of Eastern origin, being a relic of the canopy held over the heads of the happy pair. The old British custom was to use Nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was worn by all brides, royal, noble and simple. Only then did all behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety, and for the last time, as after marriage this badge of virginity was neatly dressed on the head. Among some the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away when a woman became a wife. It is customary in Russia for village brides to excise their locks on returning from church. The pensancy of that country have a pretty song, the gist being the lamentation of a newly married wife over her golden curls, just cut off, ere she laid them low.

Exasperating.

"When a man is a tursible delib'rate as Asy Trumbull, there's times when he's downright aggravatin'," said Miss Melinda Sprawle, referring to her brother-in-law. "Why, what's poor Asy done now?" inquired little Mrs. Pollock. Miss Sprawle's oldest sister, with whom that capable but uncompromising spinster resided.

"He wears me out, that's jest all there is to it," snapped Miss Melinda. "How in the world M'litty come to marry such a snail-tongue, I don't know. If ever I git him nussed through this sickness without my narves givin' out, it'll be more'n I expect. M'litty's no more

good in a sick-room than a cat would be. It's all she can do to cook the grub stuff an' keep out fr'm under foot; it's all I ask of her."

"Aint Asy's fever left hm?" asked Mrs. Pollock, timidly.

"Yes, it has," returned Miss Sprawle. "An' it's left hm slower'n ever. I have to ask hm questions three times over before I can git a word out of hm, an' then he'll say, 'Don't—hurry me, M'lindy; lemme think a min-ute.' My land! 'An' this mornin'," said Miss Sprawle in a tone of exasperation, "this mornin', whilst I was out givin' M'litty a piece o' my mind in the hen-yard, jest to ease my feelin's a mite, I heard a thump in the house and then a couple o' groans.

"I run into the kitchen bed-room, where Asy's ben in this sickness, an' there he was on the floor! I'd left hm fast asleep, about ten minutes before."

"Well, Asy Trumbull," says I, "how did you manage to fall out o' bed?"

"An' he looked up at me, jest as calm as a clock, an' says he, 'By de-grees, M'lindy, I pre-sume.'"

"My land!" said Miss Sprawle, as she retied her bonnet strings in a hard knot, and prepared to return to the Trumbull mansion; "my land!" And there speech deserted her, and in grim silence she opened and shut Mrs. Pollock's kitchen door, and stalked down the road on her self-appointed mission.

Another Story.

The fabulist of the Chicago World has invented a little tale of two men and a dog. Its lesson is too obvious for comment, perhaps, but cannot be learned too often. It is commended to all readers, both to those who keep dogs and to those who do not.

Johnson and Thompson were next-door neighbors. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally Thompson said to Johnson:

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't take offense if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me!" said Johnson. "That's queer. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked any to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterward Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while he belonged to Johnson, so I have bought him. Nobody can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to-morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet?"

"No," said Thompson. "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps us awake half the night. I don't see how you can put up with it."

An Interesting Test.

The question had come up among the passengers of the steamship as to whether the gulls which appeared around the ship each morning were the same birds as had been with the ship on the day previous. To test the matter a line and fish hook were procured, and with a bait of salt pork the fishing for a sea gull was commenced. The first cast of the line was successful, a big gray bird swooping down on the bait. He was hauled aboard and found to be uninjured, the hook having caught in one of the glands of the beak. From which it was readily loosened. After detaching the hook a strip of red flannel was brought and carefully tied around the gull's left leg by one of the seamen, the bird being then turned loose. It soon disappeared in the direction of the coast line, and it was generally allowed that each day brought a new contingent of gulls to follow the steamer and pick up the waste scraps from the table; but on deck after breakfast the next morning there was the flannel-bedecked gull to be seen, the most clamorous of all the birds. To test the gull's reasoning power, if it had any, the same line and bait was drifted astern, the gull caught the day before being one of the first to strike for it.

From 1 to 2,000,000.

Not many years ago a skilled Scottish gardener went to the province of Shire, in British Central Africa, taking with him a coffee plant which he had obtained at the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. From this bush, which was planted at Blantyre, where it still flourishes, there have been derived no less than 2,000,000 of trees. The original planter has now the biggest plantations in that part of the once Dark Continent, and a trade in coffee has grown up which promises to become the leading industry in that portion of the British Empire which is located in Central Africa.

A New Call for the Phone.

"What is heaven's number?" said a little New York girl to her mother one day last week.

Relieving His Feelings.

Magistrate—You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her majesty's subjects for six months. Bill Sykes—Well, 'even 'elp the first furriner as I comes across!—Pick-Me-Up.

Constancy.

She—They tell me you are fickle. He—Impossible! Why, I have been engaged to two girls now for over a year.—Life.

Topics of the Times

During the past five years England has sent 672 women missionaries to China.

New York architects now put bathrooms for typewriter girls in all new office buildings.

The largest landed estate in the world is that of the Czar Nicholas of Russia—100,000,000 acres.

A connoisseur in cats, living in Westfield, Mass., has twenty-three cats in his house. One he values at \$1,000.

By the last census of India the total population of the country is 287,223,431, or about one-sixth of the world's population.

The most rapid growth in the exports of Japan is in floor matting, which now go to the United States and Europe in lots of 100,000 bales at a time.

Bank note paper is made of the best quality of linen rags, the linen being purchased in bolts and cut up by machinery for the purpose of making pulp.

The apple crop of the year is estimated at 66,256,000 barrels. The leading apple States are Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Illinois and Michigan.

The recent art exhibition at Venice has been a great success and the city has been crowded with visitors, the hotels full and the shops doing a thriving business.

The Birmingham, England, magistrates have declared if heavy fines will do it they are determined to put down swearing and foul language in the public streets.

Bert Goodwin, of Carthage, Mo., shot a white hedgehog, which is quite a curiosity. The fur of this animal covers the quills, while on the dark species the quills are the longer.

The bicyclists of Kansas City have organized themselves into a society to overthrow the tyranny of the watering-cart man and urge the general improvement of the city's streets.

In an old rat's nest found in the chimney of an old house at Ligonier, Pa., recently, were some papers bearing date 1770, a Mexican dollar of 1774, and a Mexican quarter of 1772.

The Camden, Me., cucumber magistrates report that this year's shipments amounted to 2,400 barrels, or more than 400 more than last year. It takes 3,500 of these cucumbers to fill a barrel.

A valuable article of export from Ceylon is sharks' fins, which are esteemed as a delicacy by the Chinese and some other Oriental nations. The exportation amounted last year to 25,319 rupees.

The assessed valuation of property in the State of California is \$1,132,712,674. This is considerable more than \$800 for every man, woman and child in the State, or over \$4,000 for every family.

The potato crop of the United States this year is 282,000,000 bushels, or about 100,000,000 bushels more than the crop of 1894. The onion harvest also is the largest ever known in this country.

While out hunting for partridge, and, of course, with both barrels loaded with bird shot, an Ellsworth, Me., hunter stumbled upon three deer. He didn't swear, he says; he "laid right down and bawled."

Two bucks shot dead at one stand with two shots from a Winchester was James Crane's accomplishment in a hunting trip near Abbeyville, Ga., a few days ago. The distance was about 100 yards.

Victoria, in Australia, is following in Falstaff's footsteps. It has 1,174,000 inhabitants. Last year they spent \$18,645,000 for drink, about \$80 for each adult male, and only one-half as much for breadstuffs.

A calculation recently made gives the number of Americans in England, more or less resident in London, at 30,000; twice as many as there are Frenchmen, four times as many as there are Italians, and so on.

An eminent German pencil-maker, now dead, has over his grave a gigantic stone representation of half a lead pencil as a tombstone. It is of red sandstone, with a core of graphite eight inches in diameter.

Maine's "No Man's Land" is situated in the town of Parkhurst, a strip of desert where not even a bug can thrive. Nobody claims it, nobody wants it, and it is the only place in the State that tramp-steer clear of.

In London every public building from the Queen's palace down is supplied with a fire annihilator. Some of the large ones will produce 17,000 gallons of carbonic gas and steam in the space of four or five minutes.

In building a Gardiner, Me., wharf a silver coin was excavated which the coin collectors declare to be over 200 years old. In spite of its extreme age, the piece of money was so bright that every figure on it was easily discernible.

Near Milford, the other day, a surveyor found a prehistoric cemetery of great extent containing thousands of graves. Some of the graves were opened, and in them were found pipes, cipher ordinates, beads, pearls and other trinkets.

The building which Verdi is erecting in Milan as a home for aged musicians is to cost \$100,000, and the composer will himself defray all the expense of it. But a series of charity performances will be given in Italy this winter to establish an endowment fund.

Paris; and most probably the nuncio at Vienna. There are eleven hats vacant.

A bored well at the home of Robert Martin, in East Sedalia, Mo., has acted most peculiarly since the recent earthquake. At times the water will rise to the top, bubbling and foaming and making a rumbling noise, and then sink again to its normal level or below.

A Washington man complains that the copy of one of Charles Reade's novels furnished along with a newspaper he purchased omits many of the best passages of the book, as he found by comparison with the authentic text. It was only half the novel and apparently cut down with an ax.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that differences in noses constitute about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle.

A River Lost in the Sand. Here's a curious thing—a river in the United States that goes to waste just as do some of those far away tropical streams you read about. All travelers in Colorado know of the interesting Veta Pass in the southern part of the State, by which the railroad finds its way over the Sangre de Cristo range, into the great dry plain of San Luis.

At the western gate of this pass stands the tallest mountain in Colorado, Sierra Blanca, about 14,500 feet in altitude. Veta Pass opens south of this peak. North of it is an opening into another pass, now almost forgotten, called Mosca Pass by the Spanish settlers, who formerly used it a great deal. It is a gorge of a mountain stream, which comes rushing down the snowy heights of the central range, gathering contributions from each slope until, when it reaches the open valley among the foothills, it is a noisy, powerful torrent.

Never was a river more promising, and as you descend its rapidly growing current, you picture to yourself the wide belt of green farms which it must irrigate out there on the plains. But alas! No such beneficence awaits it. Across the mouth of the pass on the western side the winds have heaped a line of sand dunes. They are as yellow as gold, and sharp ridged as the waves of a chopping sea. Into them the river rushes from its mountain sally post, joyous and brave in its strength, but it never passes beyond. The thirsty sand swallows up, as fast as they come, the ceaseless supplies the river pours down. The waves subside, the current slackens, the ripples spread out and disappear, and you may walk upon a dusty strand around the gorge of that brave stream within a hundred yards of where it dashes out of its rocky gates.

The Women of India. Mrs. Annie Besant's observations of women in India, during a recent visit to that country, led her to think them very intelligent, and while their standards and methods of education differ materially from those in other countries, according to their own estimate of learning, many of the women are highly educated. Reading and writing are not a part of their education, however, as all their knowledge is acquired from "Pundits," who go from house to house every week, to give oral instructions in philosophy and literature to the entire household, so the memory is wonderfully strengthened by this process of training the mind quickly to grasp and retain all the information entirely independent of books for reference.

Indian women are peculiarly simple and childish in character, yet very different from other Europeans of the same class. Northern and Southern India, says Mrs. Besant, are two distinct countries in all the laws and customs which affect women. In the north the "Purdah" is in full power, and the women look upon any publicity as an outrage, while in the south their position is quite different, yet men and women do not meet freely in society. Mothers and grandmothers have great influence and authority in the family and home life, and in outside affairs as well, for an Indian will not act in a public matter against the advice of either one. In Southern India very young children are married, and if the infant husband dies his youthful widow can never marry again.

Mutually Unsatisfactory. Pat's face, according to one of his friends, was so ugly that it was "an office to the landscape." Next to his homeliness his poverty was the most conspicuous thing about him. Hence the unsympathetic comment of a neighbor. "How are ye, Pat?" he asked. "Mighty bad," was the reply; "sure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face." "Is that so?" rejoined his friend. "Sure it can't be pleasant for ayther of yez."

He Was. "Mamma," remarked Johnnie Runkles, after he had absorbed a potash lozenge which had been given him for his sore throat, "wasn't Esau a blamed idiot to sell his birthright for a mess o' fthis stuff?"—Brooklyn Life.

Bloomer Effect. "Woman has resolved to be no longer the one-sided creature she has been." "Er—referring particularly to equestrianism, I presume?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Wouldn't Believe It. Carson—One-half the world doesn't know what the other half is doing. Vokes—No. And if you were to tell them they wouldn't believe a word of it.—Truth.

The Difference. "Our minister is one of the salt of the earth." "Hum! Ours is so fresh we hardly expect to keep him!"—Life.

USES OF ABESTOS.

Being Incombustible, It Is a Valuable Compound in Many Industries.

Asbestos is a wonderful substance. The name comes from a Greek word meaning incombustible. Fire will not burn it, acids will not gnaw it, weather will not corrode it. It is the paradox of minerals, for it is quarried just like marble. The fibers of which it is composed are soft as silk and fine and feathery enough to float on water. Yet in the mines they are so compressed that they are hard and crystalline like granite. Although the substance has been known for ages in the form of mountain cork or mountain leather, comparatively little has been learned as to its geological history and formation. A legend tells how the Emperor Charlemagne, being possessed of a tablecloth woven of asbestos, was accused of witchcraft by his guests by gathering it up after the meal, casting it into the fire, and withdrawing it later, cleansed, but unconsumed. Yet, although the marvelous attributes of asbestos have been known for so long, they were turned to little practical use until about twenty years ago. Since that time the manufacture of the material has grown until it can take its place with any of the industries of this country. Indeed, so rapid has been its progress and development that there is almost no literature of any kind on the subject, and, to the popular mind, it is still one of those inexplicable things.

Up to the late '70's nearly all the asbestos used to come from the Italian Alps and from Syria, but one day explorers discovered a rich deposit in the eastern township of Quebec. Companies were formed, and in 1878 the mines were opened. Remarkable as it may seem, however, although the Canadians started factories, in the operation of which they were substantially backed by English capital, it was an American concern, with headquarters in New York, that developed the industry most rapidly. The company has now grown so large that it has branches in nearly all of the large cities of the country and the machinery used is specially made and peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of asbestos articles. There are also a large number of factories in England. The veins of chrysotile, as the Canadian asbestos is called, are from two to four inches in thickness, and are separated by thin layers of hornblende crystals. The nearer to the surface the vein runs, the coarser are the fibers and the less valuable. The mining is done by the most improved machinery. Holes are drilled in long rows into the sides of the cliffs by means of steam drills. They are then loaded with dynamite and exploded simultaneously in such a way that a whole ledge of the rock falls at once. Then the workmen break out as much of the pure asbestos as possible, load it into tubs or trucks, which are hoisted out and run along to the "cobhouse."

Here scores of boys are kept busily employed crumbling or "cobbling" the pieces of rock away from the asbestos and throwing the good fiber to one side, where it is placed in sacks for shipment to the factory. The greatest work in connection with the mining of asbestos is in disposing of the waste rock and the refuse of the quarry. Only about one-twenty-fifth of the material quarried is real asbestos, and the rocky parts have to be carried to the dumps at great expense. As the asbestos comes from the mine it is of a greenish hue, and the edges are furled with loose fibers. The more nearly white asbestos is the better its grade. The length of fiber is also of great importance, the longest being the most valuable. From the mines the asbestos is taken to the manufacturing in the United States.—Engineer.

Seeing Is Believing. It does not seem possible to blow out a candle through a brickbat, yet those who have tried it say it can be done. Most rooms are largely ventilated through their walls, and the brick and mortar are merely very rudimentary lungs, which take in and throw out the atmosphere with but little hindrance. You may try the experiment yourself. Place a candle on the other side of your brick and use two funnels, with the flaring ends on the opposite side of the brickbat, with the small end of one in line with your mouth and the other turned on the candle flame. The least breath will make the light flicker and a hearty expiration will extinguish it altogether. Try it and see.

The Picture of an Island. On his second voyage, in 1493, Columbus discovered an island on a Sunday, from which circumstance he gave it the name of Dominica, which, being interpreted, means Lord's Day, or Sunday, Island. When the great sailor returned to Spain and told the story of his adventures, Queen Isabella asked him what the island was like. Crumpling up a piece of paper in his hand and throwing it down before her, Columbus said, "That is the nearest picture I can give," whereby he intended to convey the notion that Dominica is largely made up of steep mountains and deep ravines. In 1841 the island became one of the British West Indies, but is now not in too flourishing a condition.

The Sin-Eater. Among curious customs and superstitions noticed in a recent article in Blackwood on the "Legends and Folk-Lore of North Wales," there is one the singularity of which is heightened by the statement that it still survives in North and South Wales and the Border. At a funeral "a hireling who lives by such services has handed over to him a loaf of bread, a maple bowl full of beer or milk, and a sixpence, in consideration of which he takes upon him all the sins of the defunct, and frees him or her from walking after death." The scape-goat is currently called a "sin-eater."

There Is Something Wrong that Should Be Made Right. The statements made in the Washington correspondence that the speed attained by our war vessels when upon a trial trip for the purpose of obtaining a premium are instances of naval jockeying, are those which should enlist public interest, and if statements to this effect are to be officially supported in the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, then the subject is one which will bear Congressional investigation. It is not, of course, expected that a war vessel when fitted for service will keep up the same rate of speed that it is possible for her to attain for a short time under extraordinarily favorable conditions, and doubtless our experience in this respect does not differ from that of all other countries which have recently made additions to their naval strength. In fact, the performance of the Columbia in sailing across the Atlantic from Southampton to New York at an average rate of eighteen knots per hour is said to have been better work than anything ever performed by English or French naval cruisers. But, on the other hand, if a steamer like the Lancia or Campania can make a series of trips across the Atlantic, and maintain, in making them, an average voyage after voyage, of over twenty-one knots per hour, an average quite as good as either made in its trial trip, it would seem as if the theoretical and actual speeds of our war vessels, even when a high rate of speed is demanded, should much more nearly correspond. It is evident that something is at fault when war vessels that are credited with a speed of nearly twenty knots per hour are only capable in everyday practice of making ten or eleven knots an hour, or when a gunboat has a trial run of speed of nineteen knots an hour and an actual maximum service speed of less than nine knots an hour. Such a difference between promise and performance is too great to be tolerated, and reminds one of some of the experiences of the Chinese army.—Boston Herald.

Not to Be "Pinched." When questioning a student as to the classes he had attended, an examiner said: "And you have attended the class for mathematics?" "Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student. "What are they?"

There was a laugh in the room when the student answered, "An inside and an outside."

But this was nothing compared to what followed. The examiner said to the student: "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?" "Yes."

"Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes."

"Does an effect go before a cause?" "Yes."

"Give me an instance." "A man wheeling a barrow."

Not Vain.

Even the laziest of tramps makes an effort to secure a substantial breakfast, which is generally the only regular meal he has during the day. If he is fairly lucky, it consists of coffee, a little meat, some potatoes, and "pink an' plaster," as he calls bread and butter. Coffee, more than anything else, is what every man of his kind wants early in the morning. The clothes of the "poke-out" beggar are not much, if any better, than his food. In summer he seldom has more than a shirt, a pair of trousers, a coat, some old shoes, and a battered hat. Even in winter he wears little more, especially if he goes South. If he can procure nothing more suitable he will don a garment which belongs to a woman's wardrobe. In fact, he gladly wears anything that will cover him. The only dress he does not fancy is the one to which he has earned a right—the famous "zebra" of the penitentiary.

Palmistry. Palmistry is scientifically explained by the fact that some of our most sensitive nerves have their seat in the palm of the hand, and as each time we are conscious of a sensation there is a great vibration of the nerve conveying that particular sensation to its center, the continual setting in motion of any particular nerve produces a very marked depression in its own particular path, those depressions being nothing more nor less than the familiar lines in the hand. A fair reading of the past might be made from this, but such a theory has nothing to offer in support of what constitutes the palmist's popularity, namely, his prophecies concerning the future. That the outline of the hand counts for much, there is not the slightest doubt. It is an excellent guide to those seeking a means of livelihood, or choosing professions for their children.

For Foggs.

A novel arrangement for signaling at sea during fogs has been placed in position on Winter-Quarter Lightship, No. 45, now repairing and refitting at Wilmington, Del. It consists of two safety oil engines, supplying compressed air to two upright boilers, which in turn are automatically actuated upon by time clocks, placed above. These open and close the whistle valves alternately every fifty-five seconds. No steam power is used, the power being derived from explosions of oil vapor.

They Would Modify It.

Hills—Foreigners say that our standing army is too small by all odds.

Mills—Pooh! Guess they never saw a stage door after a comic opera with a full female chorus.—New York World.

An anti-salad to live only one summer. Perhaps this is the reason that old Solomon advised the sluggard to interview this interesting insect.