

MOTHER'S WORK.

Baking, sewing and browing,
Boasting, frying and boiling,
Sweeping, dusting and cleaning,
Washing, starching and ironing,
Rinsing, turning and mending,
Cutting, basting and stitching,
Making the old like new,
Shoe strings to lace,
Faces to wash,
Buttons to sew,
And the like of such;
Stockings to darn
While the children play,
Stories to tell,
Tears wipe away,
Making them happy
The livelong day;
It is ever thus from morn till night;
Who says that a mother's work is light?

IV.

At evening four
Little forms in white,
Purses all said,
And the last good-night;
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head
That dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep,
And think the old adage true ever will
prove;
"It is easy to labor for those that we love."

III.

As he dear me I often say,
As I hang the tumbled clothes away;
And the tear drops start
While my burdened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.
Where, oh where, are
Her nestlings flown?
All are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded her garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant the chair,
No ribbons to tie,
No faces to wash,
No hair all a-wavy,
No merry voice,
To hush into rest;
God save them!
He took them,
And He knoweth best:
But ah! the heart's anguish! the tears that fall
This mother's work is the hardest of all!
—Philadelphia Sunday Republic.

MILWAUKEE'S SYBIL.

How Grace Parker saw Supernatural Signs and Heard Strange Voices.

The epidemic of supernaturalism is gradually invading our States besides Georgia, and the latest to feel its insidious advance is Wisconsin. This is one of the most wholesome and practical States in the union. There is no nonsense about Wisconsin. A fine, healthy, hard-working population addicted to farming and demand for more greenbacks they never waste time in romance or other frivolity. Wheat and mills and lumber occupy mainly the minds of the people of Wisconsin, and, as a consequence, they are organized into well-behaved and thriving communities, fully engaged in the arduous, but not unpleasant, duty of minding their own business.

In a quiet street in the city of Milwaukee lives, with her parents in comfortable circumstances, a young miss of fifteen whose pretty and appropriate appellation is Grace-Parker. This young person is a brunette, and, though not out of short dresses, would readily accommodate herself to long ones, being robust and proportioned beyond her years. She is sprightly, amiable, intelligent and of a social disposition, but until recently had displayed no characteristic of a nature to lead her family or her companions to the belief that she differed especially—except in being rather in advance of her years in maturity of proportions—from her friends and associates. Not one of those belonging to her had imagined at any time that the young lady's curly head contained a potentiality for marvelous demonstrations, which should at length cause a flutter of doubt and fear in the minds of the simple, matter-of-fact Milwaukeeans. In intellect this agreeable young woman is quite above the average, her conversation being listened to by persons older than herself with sincere pleasure, while to her companions of her own age she has seemed to develop far beyond their intellectual resources.

It was of a Tuesday night—very recently—that Miss Parker demonstrated the possession of powers usually termed abnormal, and the occurrence was brought about in this wise. A few ladies having called in to spend the evening, it chanced that Grace was desired to bring from the back to the front parlor a small zephyr table which was needed for some purpose. Now a zephyr table is thus denominated by reason of its unsubstantial and indeed ethereal characteristics when compared with other tables. A child can usually manipulate it and disport with it readily, and it is not in the least a structure which would be suspected of proclivities toward original sin, or, indeed, any vicious natural peculiarities, occult or otherwise. Least of all would a zephyr-table of reasonably favorable associations be likely to get up and wrestle with a young woman who was simply desirous of changing its immediate locality. Yet this is precisely what happened with this particular zephyr-table. As Grace, bearing it before her in her two hands, reached the folding doors between the two rooms, a look of consternation and amazement suddenly overspread her countenance. Stopping quite still, she said in a perplexed sort of way: "Why, there is something taking the table away from me. I can't feel the weight of it any more."

Her mother laughingly suggested "spirits," but Grace did not laugh. Her face was flushed, and there was apparent in her manner the signs of a positive physical struggle. Then she suddenly dropped the table, and, heaving a sigh of relief, said: "Well, I thought it would have gone right back again to the other room."

She described her sensation to her mother and the other ladies as those of one being suddenly resisted by a powerful force. "The table tried to get away from me," she said. It had now become quite docile, however, and this rather disconcerting incident was rapidly passing into the category of occurrences which we do not like to discuss, because they seem inexplicable, when one still more astounding apparition drew attention to it is suddenly remarkable girl.

Fastening her eyes upon a mirror which was suspended on the wall opposite where she had seated herself after her "table-moving" experience, Grace exclaimed: "See! there is the shadow of a hand in the glass!"

Coming after her last demonstration, this assertion was rather blood-curdling. To her mother, who remonstrated with her for her foolish illusions, she declared that she could see distinctly in the mirror in question the apparition of a hand—a large, well-formed man's hand, open with the back toward her, and having on the little finger a seal-ring of a quaint old-fashioned pattern, which she described. The ladies had not had time to recover from the chill and "gross flesh" which this declaration had produced, when this astounding girl announced, pointing to a corner of the room, that she saw a man standing there solemnly gazing at the company.

This declaration caused a stampede of two of the ladies, but a small brother of Grace, having called in other members of the family by begging them, in different parts of the house, to "Come quick, Grace is seeing things," their places were soon taken, and an anxious and curious group, now including the girl's father, were presently watching for what development should next present itself.

The young woman now presented a picturesque and rather startling appearance. With her face deadly pale, one hand pointed to the corner of the room, in which, as she declared, she saw a tall, dark-complexioned man, who gazed sternly at her, and who was "telling her something."

For fully five hours, it is related, the girl remained in a condition oblivious to ordinary happenings, and only cognizant of the new realm into which she had by some strange means been suddenly thrust. Frequent efforts on the part of those present to restore her to her normal state were fruitless. She talked continuously, laughed, sang and prophesied the fate of several of her friends and of those persons present. From time to time she would describe shadowy forms which she alleged she saw, and these were necessarily of a strange rhapsody. But, after a time, she began to describe forms which recalled persons long dead, and who had been known in life to some members of the family. Finally, she pictured her own future, a torrent of words pouring from her lips, until her mother sprang to her side and vainly sought to put an end to a scene which was beginning to overtax the powers of self-restraint of every one who witnessed it. But the child would not be stopped, and said only: "I must tell it, I have to."

In this curious trance she revealed incidents in the lives of many persons, secrets which could not by any natural means have come into the possession of the girl. It was not until the neighborhood clock struck 3 that Grace returned to her ordinary self and then, with her flesh icy cold, though covered with a profuse perspiration, she was completely exhausted.

A PERCEPTION.

One of the Unaccountable Things in Nature. Says a writer in the Nineteenth Century: One afternoon, a few years ago, I was sitting in my chambers in the Temple, working at some papers. My desk is between the fireplace and one of the windows, the window being two or three yards on the left side of my chair, and looking out into the Temple. Suddenly I became aware that I was looking at the bottom window-pane, which was about on a level with my eyes, and there I saw the figure of the head and face of my wife, in a reclining position, with the eyes closed and the face quite white and bloodless, as if she were dead.

I pulled myself together and got up and looked out of the window, where I saw nothing but the houses opposite and I came to the conclusion that I had been drowsy, and had fallen asleep, and after taking a few turns about the rooms to rouse myself, I sat down again to my work and thought no more of the matter. I went home at my usual time that evening and while my wife and I were at dinner she told me that she had lunched with a friend who lived in Gloucester, and that he had taken with her a little child, one of her nieces, who was staying with us; but during lunch, or just after it, the child had a fall and slightly cut her face so that the blood came. After telling the story, my wife added that she was so alarmed when she saw the child's face that she fainted.

What I had seen in the window then, occurred to my mind, and I asked her what time it was when this happened. She said, as far as she remembered, it must have been a few minutes after 2 o'clock. This was the time, as nearly as I could calculate, not having looked at my watch, when I saw the figure in the window pane. I have only to add that this is the only occasion on which I have known my wife to have had a fainting fit. She was in bad health at the time, and I did not mention to her what I had seen until a few days after, when she had become stronger. I mentioned the occurrence to several of my friends at the time.

THE ODDITIES OF RIO JANEIRO.

A Place Where Everything Appears to Go by Contraries.

The cow is said to have been the original surveyor of Boston, and the narrow and tortuous streets of the Athens of America are pointed to with pride by the Athenian Yanks in protestation of the truth of the assertion. Who the original surveyor of Rio was is neither known or conjectured, but the chief engineer of the extension of the city during the last fifty years, up and down the mountain steeps, and along the rocky ledges, presumably, has been a goat.

The Italian peddlers of Rio, like the jacks of a euche deck, go in pairs. In this way, in traversing a street, each gets the benefit of the other's din by hammering on a pan if he be a tinker, or by clapping two sticks together, if he be a dealer in dry goods and notions, or by shouting if he be a vender of glass, or the like. And when the right bower can not be played and a wash boiler disposed of advantageously, haply the left will be able to sell a spool of cotton and take the trick.

A window without a woman in it is exceptional in Rio. And a sociological consideration of the Royal Palm without a woman in it is impossible.

The Fourth of July of Brazil is the 7th of September.

The Cora Pearl of Rio is Susanna. She has one of the tonicest turnouts in the city—a carriage lined with white satin, a pair of moidy looking mules, a white liveried driver, and other symbolic signs of purity about her; but the very stones in the streets cry against her for all that, with a strumpey-strump-strum, as she goes over them.

The plaster of paris image maker of Rio will not sell his simulacra of Christ and the saints—but he; for that would be a gross sacrilege; but he will swap them for as much sinful lucre as may be agreed upon between the party of the first and the party of the second part.

The beast of burden, of even more common use than the mule, in Rio is the human head. A single head is employed in carrying everything in weight from a box of matches to a barrel of flour, and in shape from a pumpkin to a pig, while four are taken generally for a piano. As with the mule, variations in color occur, but while a pinkish, mold-colored mule is preferred to the rat, the mink, the tar, and the piebald, a rabie head generally is regarded the best, requiring the least padding and insuring the hardest knocks, as well being the most willing and showing dirt the least. In carrying burdens up and down the stone stairways, along the precipitous ledges, and into the intricacies of the labyrinth in which the kitchens are located it is invaluable.

A DEAD FAILURE.

A Feminine Opinion of the Divided Skirt.

I have made a downright serious trial of the divided skirt as invented and recommended by Lady Haberton. A set of the garments was brought to America by Mrs. King, Secretary of the Rational Dress Association, who has ridden her hobby astride from England to America. The Haberton idea consists of a skirt separated practically in two skirts for its entire length, and the whole covered clear out of sight by an overskirt of usual length, so that the outside observer there is nothing unusual. This, no doubt, the most extraordinary case of piscatorial wardrobe on record. There is no room for question of its entire truthfulness. The fragment of the sword is still sticking in the bottom of the schooner, and will be available for examination when she comes to the dock for repairs. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Every garden in which there is anything that can be hooked or destroyed has in it a high fence of iron, with a gate locked at night, on the sides and in the rear a stone wall, backed like a fretful porcupine with broken bottles.

THE CAPSTONE.

How the Finishing Touch Will be Given to the Washington Monument.

Much curiosity has been expressed as to how the capstone of the great Washington Monument will be placed in position. The plan is as follows: When only nine more stones are wanted to reach the summit a little platform will be built around the roof, which will be finished up to that point. The platform will be bracketed to large timber extending along the outside surface of the roof and resting upon the large platform, which can be seen at the top of the shaft proper on the outside. The nine stones needed to complete the work will be hoisted by the big boom and placed on top of the table before him, his eyes, in following it, happily fall on the footprints of the fiend, in the form of an advertisement of soap or castor oil, that converts in an instant the concord of sweet sounds in his ears into a saw-filing and a cat fight, and the nectar of the German gods in his stomach into a combination of b lge and bile.

Whatever may be the vices of the Brasileira, he is not a drunkard; and whatever may be those of the Brasileira, she is not a smoker of tobacco.

A STRONG SWORDFISH.

He Drives His Blade Through Nine Inches of Copper and Wood.

A very remarkable event has occurred in the recent experience of the three-masted schooner Themis, of Boston, commanded by Capt. N. E. Kendrick, and now in Ship Island harbor.

The Themis called from Mobile on August 4 with a cargo of lumber for Tampico. She was a tight vessel, taking in but very little water and requiring but little use of the pumps. On the fifth day out of Mobile Capt. Kendrick himself tried the pump and found no water—that is, none above the five inches' play allowed between the lower end of the pump and bottom of the hold. An hour or two afterward the mate happened to try it, and to the great astonishment of the captain, reported twenty inches of water. The water was pumped out, but was soon found to be running in again at the rate of nearly twelve inches an hour. This was near the bottom, and of course the rate of leakage would diminish as the elevation of surface of the water and extent of its cross section would increase. It was enough, nevertheless, to create alarm, and to keep the crew continually employed at the pumps during the passage to Tampico, and while discharging the cargo, these efforts were redoubled. It was fully ascertained that the leak was not near the water line—as had been hoped—but at the bottom of the vessel. Finally, the mate, groping and exploring about the bottom, reported that he had found a horn sticking in the ceiling or inner lining of the timbers, which he could not remove. He was told to break it off and at length brought up about two inches of what the captain once recognized as the end of the blade of a swordfish.

On further examination it was found that the blade had penetrated in the first place, the copper sheathing of the schooner; then the outer timbers of the hull, four inches in thickness; next a vacant space of nine inches between the outer and inner timbers, and, at length, a hole four and a half inches more of solid wood constituting the ceiling, altogether nearly nine inches of plank and copper, with eleven inches of vacant space, including the two inches of the end broken off. How much of the sword remained outside has not yet been ascertained. The blow was struck from below, in a direction nearly vertical, and some idea of its amazing force may be found from the figures above given. The point of impact was a little forward of the mizzenmast, about three feet from the keel, on the starboard side. By tearing away part of the ceiling Capt. Kendrick was enabled partially to stop the leak and to bring his vessel first to Appalachicola and thence back to Ship Island, where he was sent for quarantine, although he had a clean bill of health. This, no doubt, the most extraordinary case of piscatorial swordsmanship on record. There is no room for question of its entire truthfulness. The fragment of the sword is still sticking in the bottom of the schooner, and will be available for examination when she comes to the dock for repairs. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

An Insane Lad's Singular Freak to Insure Self Destruction.

Last Wednesday morning Dr. Roberts of Wakefield, who acts as coroner for Carroll county, N. H., whenever the services of such an official are required, was down at the pasture bars turning out his cows, when he saw a man coming toward him across the fields. As the man approached, the doctor recognized him as Thomas Deland, a well-to-do farmer of Brookfield township. "Doctor, I want you to come over to our house," said a farmer Deland, in a voice that told the doctor that something serious had happened.

"What is the matter; is your wife ill?" asked the doctor.

Farmer Deland tried to speak, but his tongue refused its office and big tears rolled down his cheeks. A hard, rough man not easily moved, yet by something had moved him terribly, and his rugged frame shook with emotions. It was a full minute before he could speak, and then he said in a broken voice, "No, my boy has killed himself."

The doctor's first impulse was to ask how.

"Burned himself to death on a brush heap. I want you to come over there as physician and coroner."

No more was said, but the doctor got into the farmer's wagon and together they drove sadly and silently over to the Brookfield farm. All the neighbors were there at the house, the men talking in low tones about the dreadful tragedy and the women trying to comfort the heart-broken mother. The boy had left a letter, they told the doctor that he asked to see that first. When Mr. Deland came into the house from the barn that morning he required if Horace, his sixteen year-old son, who had remained on the farm which the other boys went away, was up, and the mother answered "No," and went to his room to call him. He was not there, but on the table was a letter addressed to his brother Arthur. Vague fears came to the mother's mind, and tremblingly she broke the seal and read:

To Arthur—Suicide has been my theme for a long time. Life is a burden and death will be — (Here was a blank space of two lines.) I refuse to give the reason for this. I very well know how badly you all will feel about this. But I must go. You will find me in the back field.

Coroner Roberts read the letter, and then he went to the back field, accompanied by Mr. Deland, Selectmen Goodhue and Churchill and a dozen of the neighboring farmers. About a third of a mile from the house, over a ridge, they came to a blackened, charred patch of ground about fifteen feet in diameter. Bits of burnt wood were scattered about the edges, and in the middle was a charred stump. Lying near the stump was a ghastly object—the shriveled, distorted form that once held the life of young Horace Deland. The father following the directions given in the letter, had gone out early in the morning to search for his son and had found the blackened empty case of him lying where the day before had been a brush pile eight feet high. Nothing had been disturbed when the doctor reached the spot. A poplar tree had been felled upon the brushpile to hold it in place, and a bit of the charred log remained, the tree having been too green to burn rapidly. Around this log was fastened one end of a chain, the hitch having been made by opening a link, passing it through another, and springing it together again with a stake. The other end of the chain was passed twice around the left side of a object lying there in the ashes, and a dead fast with a padlock. So securely was the chain locked that the doctor could not slip it over the shriveled hand. In the ashes, not far away, was found the padlock key. A bit of strap and a buckle were under the chin of the corpse—the remains of a strap which evidently had been drawn tight about the neck.

"Here is a razor," said somebody, picking up a blade from the ground near the body. The boy had been determined to leave nothing to chance in his terrible work.

The selection asked the coroner if he intended to hold an inquest, and he replied that he could do so only at the request and upon their representation that an inquest was necessary. The story by the letter and the circumstantial evidence was plain.

On Tuesday night Horace Deland bade his mother "good-night" and retired to his room as usual. There he wrote the note to his brother Arthur, and waited until his parents were asleep. Then he stole out of the house quietly, taking off his shoes to avoid waking anybody, and going down to the pond he hauled up his boat and detached the chain and padlock. He had dwelt morbidly upon the details, and he carried them out with desperate determination.

The coroner, having examined in a wryly all the traces that were left, arose to his feet, and, standing there in the center of that charred death circle, he looked out to the faces of the appalled men about him, and said: "If any one here thinks this is not suicide, let him raise his hand." No hand was raised. All silently agreed with the decision of the coroner, and so the question was settled without the formality of an official inquest.

Why Horace Deland committed suicide, what were the influences under which his mind lost its poise, what things he brooded over in secret until he became a dark, haunting terror, can only be surmised. Some time ago Mr. Deland's oldest son, Arthur, got married, and Mr. Deland offered to give him a deed of half the farm if he would settle on the place and take care of the old couple for the

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

She Gets a Dose of the Medicine She's Prescribing.

The Telephone girl was sleepy and cross when her bean was heretofore, and looking up and discovering that number was exposed, she let him continue to ring a long time before replying. Then she switched on a woman who was giving her husband the club a piece of her mind, and he heard: "Hello!" "Hello!" he replied in his sweetest tones. "Oh! you need not try to spread it on like that," said the woman. "I know what you're up to, but you can't soft soap me." "You are a little cranky this evening, ain't you?" queried the telephone girl's beau, supposing he was addressing her. "Cranky! cranky! Oh! you brazen villain! How dare you talk to me like that!" "Come, come, now; don't be offended, my love." "Don't you 'my love' me. I ain't your love. You are a deep-eyed villain, and I don't want any more of you, tell you." The telephone girl had fallen asleep and lost the remainder of what was said, which ran as follows: "Now, don't go on like that, puss. Tell me what you mean?" "Puss! puss! Well, you'll think I'm a puss when you get home. You think you can lord it over me, but you can't! No, sir, you can't do it!" "Nobody wants to lord it over you," said the telephone girl's beau, considerably nettled. "Well then, shut up!" "Of course I'll shut up, and you can go to the devil!" "What! You talk like that to me! You can't fool names like that? See here, my smart fellow, I've changed my residence from 100 to 101 and the baby sleeping with me and you may go some place else for lodgings." "You can sleep with Johnnie and your baby the rest of your life, if you want to, and I'm glad I've found out what kind of a cat you are!" "That is the reason the girl looks sad and lonely to-day. Through Mail.

A Wicked Story.

In front of the house No. 133 Steiner street stands a weeping-willow tree, to all outward appearances dead and in the first stages of decay. Every leaf has fallen from its boughs and twigs, and it forms a striking contrast to a sister willow diagonally across the street, which is fully clothed in green and presents a most vigorous and healthful appearance. According to those who live in the vicinity the decay and death of the tree were caused by a wicked and malicious life and death of the man who planted it, which, to say the least, were very mysterious. Two gentlemen have communicated the facts in the case to the Call, each being unknown to the other, and therefore each being unacquainted with the fact that the other had so communicated. The story is that some fourteen years ago B. J. Collins, a painter by trade, changed his residence from Bartlett street, in this city, to No. 133 Steiner street, taking with him a small weeping willow tree. He set the shrub out on the corner of the Steiner street, which in front of the house. He guarded and cared for it, and it grew and flourished and spread its branches wider and wider, and lifted its head higher and higher from the ground until it became a splendid tree and an ornament to the block. Collins took considerable pride in the shrub, and often remarked that the tree would die when he did, but this was always accepted as a pleasantry and no one paid any more attention to it than would be given to a tree of the same kind which a person might have concerning something in which he took considerable pride. About two months ago Mr. Collins was taken sick and two weeks ago he died, and during the latter part of his illness, and it was found to be rapidly shedding its leaves. A little inquiry was made and it was ascertained that the leaves began to wither and fall about a few days after his funeral it presented the appearance of being dead and decayed. It was reported to the Call when he visited the place yesterday. One of the gentlemen referred to above said that "the life of the tree went out with the life of Collins." San Francisco Call.

Gunning for Milkmaids.

Miss Minnie Rose, the adopted daughter of Mr. William A. Rose, of Stony Point, N. Y., was milking cows near her house on Monday, when she was seized by a man dressed in sportsman's clothes, with gun in hand, and carried off. She screamed for help, but the ruffian declared he would shoot her if she screamed any more. She was taken to a wood two miles from the house and there kept until Tuesday night. On Wednesday morning she escaped and returned home, but she was not seen again. She tasted no food from the time she left the house until her return. She describes the man as short, dark complexion and thick set and evidently an Irishman. Miss Rose is about sixteen years of age, of blonde complexion and of fine form. She has always borne a good character in the neighborhood.

The supposition is that the man fled to the mountains as soon as the girl escaped and made his way to Greenwood, on the Erie railway, which is the nearest station from the place in which the girl was held prisoner. Her description of her captor was given to her adopted mother in a clear and manly manner. She is a daughter of Stony Point. None can place him by her description. Her injuries have made her quite feeble. Her wrists and arms are much bruised with the ruffian's hands in taking her away. At the time of the abduction she wore a dark gingham dress and a plain knit hood, tied close to her face, which gave her a very peculiar appearance. She says every time she made a move to escape he threatened to shoot her dead. She watched her opportunity and during his temporary absence she escaped to the public highway and reached home.

Involuntary Mercurism.

Yesterday a rather remarkable case came under the notice of the police of this city, which, for want of a better definition might be termed a case of involuntary mercurism. August Brudel, a railroad laborer, met an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time named A. Whitfield. They had been comrades and were much attached to one another. Sincerely they exchanged greetings before Brudel began to act in an extraordinary manner. He would mimic a Whitfield's every motion, gesture and word, all the while staring at his friend with a face distorted like that of a maniac. "When I was sitting down to dinner at the National Hotel, and Brudel ordered the same food that Whitfield did, and kept perfect time to the motion of his arms and mouth. This action was so curious that Whitfield walked down to the police station and gave his friend over to the police authorities. It was thought the man was stricken with nervousness or mesmerism, and Doctor Wheeler was called in to decide the matter. The mesmerist man changed from Whitfield to the doctor, and upon his commands would do anything. When told to stretch out his arms it was impossible to force them down. "When undergoing the examination he made a dash at Captain Hair with the rear of a bull. Had he succeeded in grasping him there is no telling what he would have done, but upon the command of the doctor would again subside into a quiet mood. Portland, Ore. News.

DIAMONDS FOR DRILLS.

The Apparatus by Which Deep Rock Boring is Accomplished.

"Diamonds are comparatively cheap nowadays," a rock-drill manufacturer said to a reporter, "and the diamond set bits used in the diamond drills do not cost as much as they did."

"Are genuine diamonds used in these drills, or are they called diamond drills because the steel has an extremely hard temper?" the reporter asked.

"Diamonds are used in the drills. They are chiefly one and two carat stones. At present they cost about \$20 a carat. They are in the rough. The diamond set is hollow. It is a steel thimble, having three rows of diamonds imbedded in it, so that the edges of those in one row project from its face while the edges of those in the other two rows project from the outer and inner periphery respectively. The diamonds of the first-mentioned row cut the path of the drill in its forward progress, while those on the outer and inner periphery of the tool enlarge the cavity."

"Do the diamonds wear out?"

"Their edges which come in contact with the rock get a little smooth, and then they are taken out and reset, so that a fresh edge is presented."

"How are the diamond drills worked?"

"By a rapid rotation, varying anywhere from 400 to 1,000 revolutions a minute. There are different machines used for different kinds of drilling. For deep boring a machine with a double oscillating cylinder engine is used mounted on an upright or horizontal tubular boiler. The machine has a screw shaft made of heavy brass tubing from five to seven feet in length, with a deep screw cut in the outside. The shaft also carries a spline, by which it is feathered to the lower sleeve gear. This gear is double and connects by its upper teeth with a bevel driving gear, which is a friction gear, and is fitted to the lower end of the feed shaft, and to the top of which a gear is feathered fitting to the upper gear on the screw shaft, which has one or more teeth less than the upper gear on the feed shaft, whereby a differential feed is produced. This friction gear is attached to the bottom of the feed shaft by a friction nut, producing a combined, differential and friction motion. This renders the drill perfectly sensitive to the character of the work through which it is passing, and maintaining a uniform pressure. The drill rod, made of heavy lapweld tubing, passes through the screw-shaft and is held firm by a chuck at the bottom of the screw-shaft. To the lower end of this tubular boring-rod the bit is screwed, and to the upper is a watch screw, which is connected by a pin with a steam-pump. You can vary by this that the machine is very simple and not likely to get out of order."

THE LATEST RETURNS.

A false count—The kind that rich American girls generally marry. Philadelphia Call.

An elephant herd is always led by a female, never by a male. The male elephants presume on the gallantry of the denizens of the forest. Lowell Citizen.

The New York Morning Journal remarks that the butterfly is the May of insects and the hornet is the July. The monkey then must be the April of animals. Boston Courier.

The man who was scoured by a sudden noise so that he jumped three feet off the ground remarked, as he came down, that that was the first start in life he had ever had. Burlington Free Press.

If you should notice a red streak around the throat of a fellow-citizen these days don't be frightened to death for fear he has cut his throat. It may be only the sanguinary margin of his red flannel undershirt. Burlington Free Press.

"Ah!" said the barnyard rooster, gazing admiringly upon a brand-new brood of chicks, "whose work is this?" Then the setting hen turned her head modestly and said: "I cannot tell a lie, sir; I did it with my hatch it." San Francisco News Letter.

Anxious Readers—You want to know who "in the name of heaven" has been elected? Well, really, we don't know that any one has been elected in the name of heaven, and if we are to believe the Prohibitionists the only man who was running for the Presidency on a ticket that had anything to do with heaven was defeated. Oil City Derrick.

Young Richling from the West—Isn't that young girl over there very much pointed?" Miss L., fresh from school—Paw-dunt-ont. Young R.—What! Powdered, too? You don't say! Life.

"I thought you told me you didn't use tobacco?" "I don't."

"But you are puffing a cigar now?" "Yes, but that's only a 5-center. No tobacco in it." Chicago News.