

A MILLION TONS OF SNOW.

Fearful Rush of an Avalanche From Mountain Peak to Gulch.

About 2,000 feet from the Denver & Rio Grande depot there is a mass of snow in one lump which contains about 1,000,000 tons, says the Silverton, Col., Miner. The mass represents a snow slide which came from the summit of Kendall mountain the night of Feb. 23. The point where the snow broke from the apex of the mountain is probably 2 1/2 miles from the railroad track, and the slide made the run, according to witnesses who heard the crash at the start and the crunch when it stopped, in less than two minutes.

Monday night was a terror. The mercury had shrunk away down in the bulb, and every one expected to see the climax of the storm. About 8 o'clock great banks of snow began to accumulate and pile up in fantastic shapes on the mountain top. Then came gusts of wind as strong as a gale, and miniature whirlwinds hurried here and there all over the park, toying with the loose boards and sending up columns of sportive snowflakes. Higher and thicker and darker the cloud battlements piled over the Animas canyon, while those up the Animas, like castles of light riding on billows of resplendent silver, loomed in magnificent grandeur. Over and among those aerial mountains the moon peeped through fitfully and cast in a flood of dazzling glory. By 9 o'clock the storm was at its height. The wind tore through the foliage on the hillsides, and battering at the buildings, hurled defiance at mankind. Serpentine lines of glittering fire gleamed from between the rents in the clouds, and loud detonations from the battlements on high proclaimed the march of the storm.

It was about midnight when, above the roar of the elements, far above the clouds upon old Kendall, the loud "crack" was heard. Then a "crooch, crooch, crunch" and then the whole mountain side seemed to be coming with a fearful and indescribable crush. Thousands of tons of snow were shot out of that space above timber line and piled into Idaho gulch, and brushing down everything before it. Trees, rocks, banks of frozen earth, all shared in a common fate, and to see that monster coming, as it seemed, from the clouds, would have been a grand sight. There was no stop to the colossal mass when it struck the flat. Making its own road as it coursed its race, filling in all deficiencies, it continued on its mad rush until it reached the river. Instead of stopping there, it smothered a bridge for itself and continued over the railroad track, carrying with it two telegraph poles, the Y, and spread itself finally over the town site, within 20 yards from the main street of Silverton.

The Pennsylvania Tragedy.

The deplorable tragedy at Morewood, Pa., says the Chicago Inter Ocean, was an almost inevitable outcome of the exceedingly unsatisfactory conditions of labor which long have prevailed in the coal and coking regions of Pennsylvania. This is a subject to which the Inter Ocean frequently has called the attention of its readers. Of the seven persons killed every one was an unnaturalized resident. A very large proportion of the persons employed in the coal and coking works of Pennsylvania are aliens. Many of them have been brought from Europe on terms which barely evade the letter of the law against importation of labor under contract. Not a few of them, it is charged, have been brought in direct violation of the law. It is but a few days ago that a tale of horror was revealed concerning the treatment of aliens imported to serve in the mines of West Virginia. Universally these alien laborers work for less wages, live on a lower scale, and are less intelligent than the native or naturalized citizens whom they have supplanted.

Enlightened selfishness should have warned employers against the dangers of ignorant and imported labor. As soon as well established in this country, it is brought into view of, and often into touch with, American trades unionism. It learns the value of organization, it aspires to better conditions, it regards its employers as conspirators, who have taken advantage of its ignorance of the laws, language, and customs of the country to obtain its services below the market rate of labor. It has no veneration, affection, or permanent interest in the Republic. It is prone to mistake the freedom of organization for the license of violence. It is a dangerous element, easily deceived by demagogues, quickly excited to revenge, and, perhaps, justly conscious of wrong done to it. The frequency of disturbances in the coal and coking districts wisely may be made the subject of legislative inquiry. The inquiry should be searching, deliberate, and wholly unsectarian by a desire to create party capital. Something is wrong. The first thing is to learn what is wrong; next, how it can be made right.

The action of the deputies in the Morewood tragedy seems to have been not only justifiable but unavoidable. An armed and excited mob was ready to drive out the laborers employed in the works, and to destroy the plant. The sheriff's deputies first fired in the air, and, finding that the mob was undismayed by this, afterward into the midst of the crowd, with a result of seven killed and twenty-seven wounded. The mob, of course, was discomfited. The method was severe, but the lesson of the difference between freedom to organize and license to kill and destroy has been learned thoroughly by the lesson. It is sad that the need of the lesson should have been imperative.

The seven slain are aliens, one being an Italian, others being Austrian Poles, and yet others Slavs, presumably subjects of Russia. It is not im-

possible that the tragedy may be the occasion of much diplomatic correspondence between the government of the United States and those of which the dead men were subjects; and, though the killing of them was a lawful and necessary measure, it may be that more than temporary international heart-burnings may follow the sad event. It should be a matter of serious consideration lest this Republic should be drawn into those entangling complications with European affairs which its founders so greatly dreaded, by reason of the indiscriminate admission of foreigners to whom the conditions of American life appear to be inexplicable.

Dakota's Returning Prosperity.

All reports concerning the weather in North and South Dakota during the past two or three weeks would seem to indicate that the meteorological signs come from the proper quarter of the heavens. Jupiter Pluvius has dealt out moisture with a generous hand, says the Minneapolis Tribune, thus making crop prospects all that could be desired at this particular season.

All reports now indicate that there has been an unusual precipitation of moisture in the form of rain and snow during the past two months, and never since the settlement of the two states has there been as general a prospect for large crops of cereals as there is today. From the Missouri river to the Minnesota line the rainfall has been abundant, the valleys of the James, the Sioux and the Red rivers having been especially fortunate in this respect. Information comes from North Dakota that the wheat average will be unusually large, and that many farms which have remained uncultivated for three years past will be sown this spring.

The trans-Missouri country both north and south is unfitted for general farming purposes; but its value for raising sheep, cattle and horses is now generally understood, and of late years have witnessed the introduction of millions of live stock into the western portion of the Dakotas, from the British line to the Black Hills.

With the exception of the mining interests in the western portion of South Dakota, the interests of these two new states are almost exclusively agricultural. Let us hope that the rainbow of promise that now spans their sky from horizon to horizon will not prove illusory, but that its excellent prospect may reach full fruition. No states of the American union are blessed with a larger proportion of intelligent people than they. Enterprise, thrift, knowledge and energy are their characteristics, and if the forces of nature can be controlled by human foresight, those people will sooner or later conquer a splendid destiny.

An assurance of a substantial prosperity they have in the near future is found in the fact that the townsites boomer have—

"Folded his tent like the Arab,
And silently stole away."

He may be found domiciled now in the coast district of the State of Washington or hunting cheap transportation to new fields and pastures green in the wilds of Western Texas. The Dakotas have use for every strong arm that seeks their borders with the will and the capacity to labor. Millions of untiled acres await the magic touch of labor to contribute their quota toward filling the world's granaries. In those two promising commonwealths there are already an abundance of towns, cities and villages for the use of the present generation. The rains of the present spring are sent to encourage the prosecution of productive agriculture. In this alone lies all the prosperity worth having anywhere in the Northwest. The land speculator's method during the "boom period" in Dakota were invariably more destructive than those of the grasshopper, the hot winds or the drought. Let us hope he has gone with these, never to return to mar the substantial prosperity of our sister states.

A New Republic.

Although there is always a deplorable lack of interest and of information concerning political and social movements outside the narrow field of our own observation, says the Daily Pioneer Press, there has seldom been an instance of it so conspicuous as the almost unbroken silence which meets the possible birth of one of the great republics of the world. The ordinary press dispatches tell us absolutely nothing of the great federation convention which has been in session at Sydney, Australia. The only news of it at hand is filtered through English sources, and these are wholly ignorant of details. But it appears to be true that Australia has taken a step exactly similar to our change from government under the old Articles of Confederation to government under the Constitution. If this is true, it means the rise of a compact new nation, mighty in resources and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of democracy. It is an event that should have been heralded with greater show of interest and greater abundance of information than the outbreak of a European war, because it means more for the world and for the future history of government. It is a matter for deep regret that we know so little of this latest venture of the brave Anglo-Saxon race.

Up to this time the colonies of the Australian continent have had no common relations worth mentioning. Each was a colony of the crown, as independent of and almost as indifferent to the others as if they were separated by the ocean. There has been, indeed, a form of understanding between them; but there was no common policy, no identity of interests, and no consolidation of authority or power. In no sense of the word was Australia a nation. It was an aggre-

gation even looser than that of our colonies after the Revolution; for they at least had the bond of having stood together to repel a common danger and having fought a common foe. But the Australian settlements were historically separate, and looked rather to some future scheme of imperial federation than to any internal harmony for the force that was to unite and harmonize them. But the race is as vigorous, as ambitious, as impatient of delay under the Southern Cross as where the lights of Ursa Major shine upon it. It has taken its future into its own hands, and, unless the meager accounts at hand are all at fault, it has created a new Saxon republic in the Southern seas.

Certain it is that the Commonwealth of Australia has been brought into existence by this federal convention. It has not yet set itself up as an independent power, though its intent to be that in all but name is shown by the proposition, made though defeated, to choose the executive officer, the governor general, by a popular vote. That is still left to the queen of England, but it may be well imagined that it is only the desire of Australians that will be consulted. As to the constitution which has been ratified, we are wholly in the dark. Common report in the English press describes it as something between the American and the Canadian instruments of government. But, in any event, it establishes a strong central government, and stamps on Australia the republican character for all time to come. English speaking people everywhere will wait with intense interest for fuller news of this great and inevitable transformation. The birth of a new republic, destined to rank some day among the powers of the world, is an event that ought not to pass unnoticed, while the public is informed carelessly that the German emperor is improving in marksmanship, and that there has been a street fight in Cork.

Chinese Secret Societies.

Advices from Shanghai give some particulars of a government report on the subject of Chinese secret societies. There are a large number of these societies in the land of the Mongolian and they exert considerable influence upon all who are in any way connected with them. They exist throughout the length and breadth of the land and date from a time long prior to the amalgamation of the country under a single crown. They are classified into two categories, political and quasi-religious; both are invested with mysticism, in some cases very attractive, in others degenerating into the most puerile hocus pocus. For some time past the government has waged war against all alike, the idea being that men who are not satisfied with the teachings of Confucius must have something wrong about them. In the penal code of China there is a clause against magicians who raise evil spirits by means of magical books and dire incantations, together with leaders of secret and impure sects, and members of superstitious associations in general. All these are regarded as offenders against the law by their diabolical practices, and are liable to death by strangulation. Notwithstanding this, however, the societies seem to flourish. First in rank is the Society of Heaven and Earth, or the Triad, the practices and teachings in connection with which bear a strong resemblance to Masonry. Thirty-six oaths are exacted from the candidate for admission, and the cutting off of a cock's head by a sword reminds him of his fate if he betrays the mysteries of the society. Another organization is known as the Religion of the Spread Cloth, while members of another society wear a secret badge shaped like a lily or a lotus. Then there are the Little Red Spirits, the Pure Tea society, with an innocent name but with revolutionary motives, while the Fellowship of Pure Reason, the membership of which is pledged to abstain from alcohol, tobacco and opium, is also regarded as being far from above suspicion. Then there are the followers of the Rice Dumpling religion, one of whose initiation ceremonies consists of the eating of a small dumpling of a particularly glutinous and adhesive kind of rice. In partaking of this the candidate for initiation takes the oath of secrecy and mutual attachment to the government proposes to avail itself of the information contained in the report by initiating a crusade against secret societies of all descriptions.

Died in a Distant Land.

The particulars of the death of John F. Swift, United States minister to Japan, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., on the 7th inst., on the steamer Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Swift had been prostrated by an attack of influenza early in the year, but was supposed to have entirely recovered. On March 10 he complained of a pain in the region of his heart, and went to bed. That night while talking to Mrs. Swift he suddenly expired without further warning. Death was attributed to heart failure. The body was taken to Yokohama, where it was received with great honors. As the funeral procession reached Yokohama minute guns were fired from the United States steamship Alliance. The funeral arrangements were made by the American colony and were participated in by the Japanese officials, the foreign diplomatic corps, the American legation, Admiral Belknap and staff. The funeral services were held in the American Episcopal church at Tokio March 13. The coffin was draped with the United States flag and was covered with flowers. Some of which were sent from the imperial household. The services were conducted by Bishops Williams and Beckersteth. The remains were escorted to the train by the foreign and Japanese ministers, the naval and military officers and a large detachment of troops. At Yokohama sailors from the United States, British, Italian and Japanese men-of-war act-

ed as an escort. Bishop Williams conducted the services at the cemetery. A wreath sent by the emperor was buried in the grave. The remains are only temporarily interred at Yokohama, and will be conveyed to California.

Emancipation of Ireland.

The feeling of uneasiness which is gaining ground among the English liberals as to clerical interference in Irish politics has been powerfully voiced by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice in an address to the Reading liberals. Lord Fitzmaurice said that Protestant as he was, he desired to recognize that Ireland was chiefly a Roman Catholic country, but they must equally bear in mind that Ireland was not altogether Roman Catholic and that a place must be kept secure for the Protestant in the politics of the country. He added that it was most desirable that nothing should be done to increase the difficulties of the situation by striking the note of ecclesiastical bigotry. Lord Edmund's apprehensions are widely shared by English non-conformists as well as Irish Protestants, and the slurs on the Orangemen in the Sligo contest have greatly tended to exasperate that order.

The Pope was Pleased.

At a reception given to the college of cardinals at the vatican [his holiness the pope asked Archbishop Walsh, who was also present, for news in regard to the situation of political and religious affairs in Ireland. The pope expressed great satisfaction at the result of the election for a successor to the late Mr. Peter McDonald, as representative in parliament of North Sligo, when the Parnellite candidate, Ald. Valentine B. Dillon, of the Rotunda ward of Dublin, was defeated by the McCarthyite candidate, Ald. Bernard Colley, of Sligo. His holiness spoke with pleasure and admiration of the united action taken by the Irish bishops and pronounced himself as being in warm sympathy with the Irish people, adding that he anxiously hopes that the Irish people would maintain confidence in themselves and in their country in spite of the present trials and difficulties to which Ireland and the Irish were unfortunately subjected.

An Effective Legislature.

The eight general assembly of Colorado adjourned at midnight on the 7th inst. It has accomplished but little. The early days of the house were taken up in a disgraceful row over the speakership. Which lasted for weeks and resulted in the killing of Police Inspector Hawley and the seriously wounding of one of his men. Its other work can be summed up in the election of Henry M. Teller, to the United States senate; passage of Australian system of balloting, and the metropolitan police and fire bill, and the appropriation of \$100,000 for the world's fair. The most important measures which they refused to enact was a railroad bill and the bill providing for a constitutional amendment to bond the state's indebtedness. Both of these measures were demanded by the people, and the last considered of the greatest importance, as the action of the seventh assembly greatly increased the debt and to some extent injured the state's credit.

Labor Crises in Belgium.

The Belgian workmen's party recently in session in Brussels considered the question of ordering a general strike. The strike was originally fixed for April 1, but postponed to await the action of the miners' international congress. The congress, however, has done nothing and Belgian workmen still hesitate to sacrifice Belgian industry in the general cause of labor. The cessation of manufactures in Belgium would afford a golden opportunity to the depressed industries of England and France, with which Belgium enters into competition. A number of partial strikes are already going on in different parts of Belgium, but without apparent concert of action.

Attempted Assassination.

An unknown man fired three shots at J. P. Tarvin, of Covington, Ky., on the 9th inst., while he was sitting in his office on the second floor of the Commonwealth building. Fortunately the aim of the assassin was as bad as his purpose, and none of the bullets struck their intended target. Mr. Tarvin is a prominent young lawyer and can give no reason for the attempt upon his life. He could give no description of the fellow, as he barely got a glimpse of him. Search was made in the neighborhood by the police, who heard the shots, but no trace of the man could be found.

A Defaulting Trustee.

Lewis Booker has been the agent for many years of the Hanewinkel estate, at Richmond, Va., valued at several hundred thousand dollars. All of the heirs had received their portion, except Edward Hanewinkel, the younger son, and he recently demanded a settlement. Mr. Booker was not able to give him all his share. What the shortage will amount to is not known; but it is said to be \$100,000. Mr. Hanewinkel has instituted suit to attach Booker's property and to recover about \$6,000. Mr. Booker, who stood high in the community, is ill and refused to be interviewed.

At Lynn, Mass., the morocco workers have abandoned their strike, which began last August and affected 15,000 men at one time. The strike is a total failure. This is practically a deathblow to the Knights of Labor in Lynn.

According to statistics just made public 152,413 persons emigrated from the British isle to the United States in 1890, while only 22,520 persons emigrated from the British isles to British America in the same year.

RACE WITH A MAN-EATER.

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

While Enjoying the Pastime of Plank Riding Through the Breakers an Enthusiastic Visitor Encounters a Savage Shark.

"I had been traveling around the world, after the fashion of Englishmen, and had stopped at the Samoan Islands on my way up from Australia to run them over and gain some information regarding the natives, their ways and customs, and as a result I became enamored of the place, climate and people, and remained there nearly a year.

"During that time I made myself familiar with nearly all the islands of the group, and one in particular had a peculiar fascination to me. It was called in our tongue Inaccessable, as during a majority of the time it was almost impossible to go ashore.

"We glided into a little bay and were soon on the beach, which led up to some high hills, well timbered with tropical trees and plants. I soon saw the cause of the trouble in landing. Once on the hill tops I looked down upon a long beach, upon which beat the finest surf I had ever seen. The waves were simply great rollers, which came in a slow, dignified fashion that was most impressive. The man, who had all been there before, ran down the shore, where I soon saw them hauling some planks from the bush, which I learned they had concealed on a former occasion. In short, the waves were utilized by them to enjoy one of the most exciting sports imaginable, and I was very quickly initiated into it.

"The men threw off what little clothing they wore. Then each seized a plank and attempted to launch it. This was easier said than done, and many were the upsots that ensued as the big rollers came in, but finally all of them got beyond the shore and beyond the point where waves broke, and then I saw where the sport came in. Turning in shore the men threw themselves upon the planks, and watching their opportunity, steered them so that they held their position on the crest of the roller and came in with it. Once under way the natives skillfully raised themselves to their feet, and so standing upright came rushing in.

"I was younger in those days than I am now and soon convinced myself that I should enjoy this sport as well as the natives, and, securing a plank, I, too, pushed out from the shore. The first wave that struck me nearly drowned me, but I dived into the next and my plank beat me in about two minutes. I was not easily discouraged, however, and kept at it with a persistency worthy of a better cause and finally secured my position upon a wave and felt for the first time the thrill and excitement of the onward rush. There was a fascination about it that I cannot explain.

"During that visit I did not attain sufficient skill to enable me to take the rifle standing, but on subsequent occasions I became barely proficient, and then the sport for a time became a veritable craze with me, and one day when the sea was particularly high and rolling very heavily, I met with my adventure.

"There were six of us enjoying the sport, with as many natives. I had a plank especially made for the purpose, wide and stout enough to bear my entire weight, and by lying upon it I soon forced my way over the incoming rollers and floated in the comparatively smooth water beyond. Here I turned my plank shoreward and waited for a good roller. Every third one was, as a rule, large, and finally a big green-bodied one came whirling in, shutting out the horizon. As it came I caught it, and as I felt the transferred motion lightly sprang to my feet and steadied myself on the monster that extended up and down the shore and was rushing in to its own destruction. The exhilaration amounted almost to intoxication. On I went, the big wave beginning to comb and hiss, leaving me on the edge of a watery precipice into which I would apparently be thrown.

"On I went, shouting gaily to a companion on the beach. Then I suddenly became aware that something was behind me. I gave a side glance, and the reality almost made me lose my foothold upon the rushing plank. What I saw was the sharp dorsal fin of a man-eater shark cutting along through the water like a knife. The monster was thirteen or more feet long and was partly turned up toward me, showing the white gleaming undersurface.

"What passed through my mind in those few seconds can hardly be imagined. I gave myself up for lost, as I believed that the shark would soon rush at the plank, when over I would go, an easy victim. I do not know that I have more than ordinary nerve, but it flashed through my mind that possibly the shark was waiting for me to fall and would not make an attack unless I did, and in some unaccountable way I was enabled to retain my self-possession. Every second I was gaining; every second brought the big wave nearer the beach. Now it was on the verge of breaking; still the shark maintained its position; then I heard the welcome roar above me, and down it came like an avalanche, scintillating and gleaming, until with one muffled burst the aquatic monster broke.

A single second I stood in the gleaming mass and then was dashed upon the beach safe and sound.

"The shark did not come in, which was a vindice to me that it had not been overcome by the rush of the water, but was simply following me with a view to its cuisine. I need hardly say that this was my last experience riding breakers here. Upon inquiry I learned that natives had been attacked by sharks during the sport on several occasions. When I look back upon it and recall the sensation of

rushing onward high on the crest of a big wave I almost wish I could indulge in the sport again, though without the shark accompaniment."

THE POETRY OF ICE.

What May be Seen by Watching a Pan of Water While It Freezes.

A person who has never closely observed the operation of nature's great ice factory will be surprised to find how interesting it is. You need not go outside of a comfortably heated room to do this. Just place a pan of water on the window sill, when the temperature is below the freezing point, and you will soon see something that cannot fail to interest you. If you happen to have a magnifying glass, a single lens, so much the better, for the magnifying power will reveal much of the delicate work of ice making that is invisible to the naked eye. Anyway, as you closely watch the surface of the water you will soon see tiny little lances, very beautiful when seen under the microscope, shooting hither and thither on the surface of the water. If it is cold enough to make ice in the sunlight the crystal lances will glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and as they dart about the rapid changes of color will remind you of the wonders of the kaleidoscope.

As the water continues to chill the little lances will come together, and then smaller and still more delicate crystals will be seen forming between the lances and welding them together. This process goes on until the surface is covered with a beautiful film of ice hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a mosquito. But the process goes on under this superficial layer, and a smooth and solid surface is the result.

Many people have the impression that the ice particles form at the bottom and float to the top of the water. If this were true our lakes and some of our large rivers would be glaciers, solid masses of ice all the year. At the surface, where the freezing process is going on, water is always colder than at any level below. In all our northern lakes and deep rivers the great body of water is from the five to eight degrees above the freezing point, even when heavy ice covers the surface.

Taught a Lesson.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin; but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a check as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper, she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the results of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes, send a man to take it back to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."—Youth's Companion.

A Trifle Sarcastic.

"You drummers must have a nice time traveling over the country as you do," said a man the other day to a drummer.

"Yes, of course we do. It is just jolly to go to an average hotel in the country towns, sleep on hard beds and eat tougher victuals than you will find in a miners' or a railway construction camp. Why, I was up in Idaho the other week and was laid out at nearly all the sidetracks because of late trains, wrecks, etc. One night I sat up till 4, first waiting for the train, and then waiting to get off, and getting in town there was not a place to sleep, and not even a chair in a warm room where I could keep from getting frozen. After daylight I got breakfast, and, being detained till dinner, a friend asked if I was going in to eat. Looking at him, I replied: "Well, I don't think I have strength enough. It takes a good deal of courage to attack such meals as we get here." Yes, we drummers have a jolly time in our business, and it don't take much labor to unpack and pack one dozen or so sample trunks at every town. You ought to join our army of drummers if you want to enjoy life."

To Magnetize a Knife.

Take a pocket or a table knife and its blade flat upon the back of a table. With a pair of tongs—firmly in the hand rub the blade vigorously and always in the same direction, from point to base. Turn the blade over now and then, so that the friction may be applied to both sides. After a rubbing of from forty to fifty seconds the blade will be magnetized, and will be capable of lifting a needle with which it is placed in contact, point to point. The magnetization will last a long time. This experiment which is not put down in works on physics is very interesting and worthy of study.—Nature.