The Acantha.

DUPUYER, - - MONTANA

An average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and three hundred British steamers and sailing vessels are lost yearly at sea.

Chicago, Sidney and Buffalo have about 130 gallons water supply daily per inhabitant; New York, 70; Marseilles, 50; Paris, 39; London, 38; Hamburg, 12.

Swiss newspapers report that the number of American tourists visiting that country this summer is one-third larger than it was at the same time last year.

It was stated some time ago by one of the heads of departments of the London & Northwestern Railway, that the company issues yearly fifty tons of railway tickets.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Atto island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

The first regular peal of bells hung in England was that sent by Pope Calixtus III., as a present to King's ..lege, Cambridge, in 1456. For three ..enturies it was the largest peal in the country.

Temperature of vineries should be about 65 deg. by night and 75 deg. by day. Ventilation when the thermometer registers 70 deg. and close when the temperature falls below that point.

Modern maids of all work commonly object to waiting on the table. The objection was indicated in the case of a Far Western maid in search of a place, by the inquiry "Do you do your own reaching?"

Mr. Gladstone is a very old man and out of office, but the sultan fears a speech from him more than anything else in Europe. It is an example of the power of character in human affairs.

In Paris a total of 2,401 newspapers, trade journals, reviews, etc., are published. Of these, 197 are medical; 193 financial; 166 political; 64 financial and 54 literary. The city supports only three humorous papers.

No country in the world records more revolutionary attacks and crimes at the present time than Russia. During the year 1886-87, the last authentic report that could be obtained states that 3,000 persons were deported to Siberia for life.

Edison's definition of electricity is "a mysterious fluid about which nothing is known." This is an old definition of water in Kentucky, but it does not follow that water and electricity are identical.

Eighty railroads report an average increase in their gross earnings for the fourth week in July of 5.11 per cent, which is about one-half of 1 per cent below the previous week, a very fair showing for this season of the year.

Fish are disappearing from Canadian as well as American waters in consequence of the fact that fish weighing less than a quarter of a pound are seined out with fine nets and marketed. It is the business of state and provincial legislatures to stop this abuse of natural resources.

While a vast deal of comment is made on the fact that bloomers are now an optional costume with woemn, no attention is paid to the coincidence that men are adopting knee breeches in similar sports. It is an era of evolution in dress, and not of bloomers alone.

Two ladies who wore bloomers were thrown into the water by the capsizing of a sail boat at Yale's Ferry, Conn., and their bloomers buoyed them up until assistance arrived. Although the skirt has thus saved women from drowning, the new bicycle costume is undoubtedly a better life-preserver than the common skirt. The bloomer has recommended itself as a yachting costume by this exciting incident.

The woman on the wheel is provoking a good deal of discussion among the medical writers. Some of them are contending that she is certain to be injured by such exercise, but the prevailing opinion seems to be that she will derive benefit from it. One of them calls attention particularly to the fact that women are not by nature weaker than man, but that they dress with such disregard of natural laws that their strength is impaired, and the bicycle forces them to correct this fault by adopting a costume that is calculated to promote health and general vigor.

A writer in the Green Bag reminds the country that in the famous Dred Scott decision Chief Justice Taney merely asserted that "the legislation of every civilized country, at the time of the formation of our constitution, was of such a character as not to recognize that the negro had any rights which the white man was bound to respect." It was not his decision, correctly speaking, nor that of the supreme court. But it put a stigma upon his name, nevertheless, and materially promoted the success of the anti-slavery cause.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

Out far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred—
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer. —Father Ryan.

LOHEIR HUNTER.

Long years ago when the fairies still used their power there lived a young man named Lohier. He was good looking and not without wit, but the poor fellow had one misfortune. He never succeeded when he went out hunting and yet he obstinately persisted in hunting all the same.

What a rare thing among common people at that time, Lohier had a pretty home of his own—the gift of a generous lord whose life he had saved. It was made up of a cottage beside a little pool of fish, a few acres of land, and a moor, where doubtless, there was plenty of game under the broom and the briars. The moorland was the torment of the poor man's life. It was in vain that he set out at the break of day, his rifle on his arm, and his dog, Pataud, at his heels, to beat the bushes until evening. Rabbits and hares slipped away between his feet, while the partridges and the little birds flew up before him without hurrying as if they knew his ill luck.

There is no need to say that the people of the of the village laughed loudly when they met Lohier with his empty game sack and Pataud lowering his ears. But when he came home the unfortunate hunter had the same reception. His wife, Paulette, overwhelmed him with reproaches.

Usually Lohier bore it with good grace and was only bent the more on going hunting.

However, one evening he came back in a bad humor, after having spent in vain his whole provision of powder. He found at the cottage his cousin William, who was waiting for him with all his mates to ask him to his wedding. After the first compliments, Paulette brought out a jug of cider which put every one in a good humor.

"See here, William," cried Lohier, while they were drinking each other's healths. "What present do you wish me to make you for your marriage?"

His cousin answered, jokingly: "Oh, I'm not hard to please. Just bring me a few fine pieces of game for the wedding breakfast. That will be easy for a hunter like you."

This displeased Lohier, who became quite angry as he saw the other smiling. So, striking the table a heavy blow with his fist, he said: "Don't you believe that if I wished to take the trouble I should be as good hunter as any of you?"

"Prove it then," answered the young men, who were much amused at his anger.

"That's easy enough," retorted the imprudent Lohier carried away by self love. If after two days I do not bring you six rabbits and twelve partridges shot with my own hand, I will give you my house and property, without any conditions."

"Agreed!" they all cried. And the young men came, one after another, to take the open hand of Lohier as a sign of the agreement. Then they all went away.

Paulette laughed no longer. And the as William and his companions had disappeared she filled the house with her lamentations and overwhelmed her husband with her reproaches. "Do you wish to have us ruined?" she said, weeping. "After two days we shall be baggars without a roof to our heads, for you are too clumsy to win this wretched bet.'

Lohier answered, sharply, though at heart he trembled, asking himself how he should get out of this evil plight.

With the morning he set forth, accompanied by his faithful Pataud, who said plainly in the language of dogs, "Here we go again to miss our game."

The first day's results showed that the wise Pataud was right. Not an animal with fur or feathers had been touched by the shots of Lohier. He did not dare go back to the house, where nothing awaited him but the complaints and reproaches of Paulette.

"My poor comrade," he said to his dog, as he shared with him the remainder of his bread, I think we shall have to get used to poverty. To-morrow I shall certainly have lost the prosperity which I risked so foolishly."

When he had finished his frugal meal, the fresh water spring bubbling up from a gray rock allowed him to refresh himself. Then he stretched himself out sadly on the briars, where sleep did not delay finding him.

It was near midnight when the hunter awakened with a start. He was stupefied at the sight before him. In the midst of deep darkness, for the moon did not shine that night, the gray rock had grown luminous, while the water of the spring, sometimes blue and sometimes rose color, seemed to sparkle with sapphires and rubies. Lohier remembered that the old men of the country called this "the fairies' rock," because, they said, those mysterious beings held council there. An idea suddenly entered his mind, and he cried out with a loud voice:

"Fairy of the briars, have pity on a wretched man! Help me to kill tomorrow the six hares and the twelve partridges which will permit me to keep my home."

It seemed to him that a voice of crystal mingling with the murmur of the spring, and repeated softly:

"Six hares and twelve partridges?"

"Yes, yes; nothing but that," he answered. "I shall own you more than life itself!"

A beautiful flame, brilliant as a diamond, escaped from the summit of the rock, which became dark and gray once more.

"It is the fairy who has gone away," thought Lohier, full of hope, and he turned over and slept again.

The next day when the sun had arisen, he was afraid he had simply dreamed. But scarcely had he loaded his rifle to begin the hunt when from every point of the moorland there came toward him in crowds rabbits, partridges, pheasants, quail and snipe. Soon the little open space, in the midst of which the gray rock rose, was so filled that Lohier had scarcely room to stand.

Crazy with joy, he began firing into this crowd of animals. Every one of his shots brought down five or six pieces of game. But Lohier, who had never seen such luck, shot without tiring himself until Pataud was the only living being near him. He left the brave dog to guard his treasure and ran home out of breath.

"We are saved!" he cried to Paulette. "Give me our donkey, with our biggest panniers."

The morning was hardly long enough for him to carry away his booty, although the poor donkey went back and forth each time with a heavier load. When William and his friends came into the yard, Lohier was finishing the unloading of the last pannier. At the sight of this great heap of game, the mischievous smiles which had been on their lips changed to open-mouthed astonishment. They stood there, their arms hanging down, looking at each other, and not knowing what to say.

Lohier, beside himself with joy, rubbed his hands and laughed with all his heart. He felt himself happier than a king, when his friends, recovering from their astonishment, gave him their warmest compliments. The hares were so fine! partridges so fat! The pheasants and small game in such state! They all began feeling of the game with their hands.

Oh, what a surprise! The little dwellers of the moorland all jumped to their feet at once. The hares began to run, the partridges and the other birds to fly in every direction and in such confussion that the witnesses of the scene knew not what had become of them. At last the game had all disappeared, and the voice of crystal, which Lohier had already heard, pronounced these words:

"Friend Lohier, remember that by the gray rock you asked me only for six hares and twelve partridges. You have killed without mercy all these poor guests of my moorland. I gave them back their life and leave you a counsel—you must not abuse your opportunities." A light, rosy cloud, followed by a bright flame, showed the departure of the fairy.

It was now the turn of William and his companions to laugh long and loud. But finally, seeing the pitiful air of poor Lohier, Will came forward with outstretched hand.

"Cousin," he said, "we give you back your word. Our bet was only a joke. None of us would take his property away from a brave fellow like you. But let me add counsel to the one you have already received: You must never promise to do what is above your strength."

"Thanks, William, to yourself and to all of you, my friends," answered Lohier. "I have been imprudent and a vain man. I shall probably be all my life long the clumsiest hunter of the country. But I now know a way of getting good from it. From to-day you may hunt freely on my ground. I shall be as pleased with your luck as if it were my own."

Strange to say, from the day when Lohier showed himself so generous and simple in acknowledging where he was wrong, he had good luck in hunting. He seldom went through the moorland in the company of his friends without bringing back a well-filled gamebag.—Philadelphia Press.

Easy Divorce in Turkey.

Divorce in Turkey is obtained with a facility which would surprise even our transatlantic cousins. As easily as Abraham cast forth Hagar, the bondwoman, and her child, so also can the Turk open the door of his harem, and send out into the world the woman who no longer pleases him. He has but to give her back her dower and personal effects. In the upper classes, however, certain legal formalities are gone through, and, indeed, as the lady is usually protected by her parents divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare. I know instances, however, in Constantinople of ladies in the highest official circles who are not yet very far advanced in years, who have been divorced twice, thrice, and even ten times. Among the lower orders divorce may well be described as a farce. Many girls who are not yet 20 years of age, have been divorced and remarried a dozen times. The surprises of divorce are among the most amusing features of Turkish social life. A very great personage, second only to the Sultan in rank, unless, indeed, it be the Sheik Ul Islam, married some few years ago, when his position was very inferior to what it is at present a highly educated lady, of good connection and fortune, but, according to his Excellency's version of the story, of ungovernable temper. Within a year they were divorced and remarried. The lady soon found her new husband disagreeable, and was once more divorced. It must be remembered that if a Turk can divorce his wife, she can only divorce him at his pleasure, by making herself as unpleasant to him as possible. In former times he tied her up in a sack and had her dropped into the Bosporus—to-day he divorces her. To return to the lady in question. The next time she was heard of by her friends was as a teacher in the Mohammedan High school for Girls at Scutari. A few years back she was selected as governess for the children of the Khediva, and is now her Highness' private secretary, in which quality she accompanied her imperial mistress to Constantinople last year, and actually found herself seated at a state banquet at Yildiz Kiosk next to the third wife of her first husband, who quietly asked her who she was. Tableau!—Fortnightly Review.

A Complete Sequence.

"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general, who was somewhat bent from age.

"It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile; "it is because all my life I've been leading calves to the slaughter."—Household words.

Starved.

"Dinner will not be ready for half an hour yet."

As he heard these words the grief-stricken husband threw himself into a chair.

"What shall I do? I have just been" —he passed his hand feebly across his brow—"to an afternoon tea."—Yonkers Blade.

Splendid Outlook.

"What's the outlook for a newspaper in this town?"

"First-class. We've got a map of a railroad, six candidates for postmaster, and it ain't ten miles to where the circus shows!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Stirring Engagement of the Wasp and the Reindeer—The Magic Wine Glass—A Toy Windmill—The Indian and the Tiger—To Show Star Groups.

It was this spot (the English channel), right in the teeth of the British naval power, that the Wasp chose for her cruising ground. Hither and thither she sailed through the narrow seas, capturing and destroying the merchantmen, and by the seamanship of her crew and the skill and vigilance of her commander, escaping the pursuit of the frigate and ship-of-the-line. Before she had been long on the ground, one June morning, while in chase of a couple of merchant ships, she spied a sloop-of-war, the British brig Reindeer of 1,820 men. The Reindeer was a weaker ship that the Wasp, her guns were lighter and her men fewer; but her commander, Capt. Manners, was one of the most gallant men in the British navy, and he promptly took up the gage of battle which the Wasp threw down.

The day was calm and nearly still; only a light wind stirred across the sea. At 1 o'clock the Wasp's drum beat to quarters, and the sailors and marines gathered at their appointed posts. The drum of the Reindeer responded to the challenge; and, with her sails reduced to fighting trim, her guns run out, and every man ready, she came down on the Yankee ship. On her forecastle she had rigged a light carronade, and, coming up from behind, she five times discharged this point blank into the American sloop. Then, in the light air, the latter luffed around, firing her guns as they bore, and the two ships engaged yardarm to yardarm. The guns leaped and thundered as the grimy gunners hurled them out to fire, working like demons. For a few minutes the cannonade on both sides was tremendous, and the men in the tops could hardly see the decks for the wreck of flying splinters. Then the vessels ground together, and through the open ports the rival gunners hewed, hacked and thrust at one another, while the black smoke curled up between the hulls. The English were suffering terribly; Capt. Manners himself was wounded, and, realizing that he was doomed to defeat unless by some desperate effort he could avert it, he gave the signal to board. At the call the boarders gathered around, many of them naked to the waist, and black with powder, holding cutlas and pistol in their hands. But the Americans were ready. Their marines were drawn up on deck, the pikemen stood behind the bulwarks, and the officers watched, cool and alert, for every movement of their foe.

Then the British sea-dogs tumbled aboard, only to perish by shot or steel. The combatants slashed and stabbed with savage fury, and the assailants were driven back. Manners sprang to their head to lead them again himself, when a ball fired by one of the sailors in the American tops crushed through his skull and he fell, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, dying as honorable a death as ever a brave man died in fighting against odds for the flag of his country. As he fell the American officer passed the word to board. With wild cheers the fighting sailor-men sprang forward, sweeping the wreck of the British force before them, and in a minute the Reindeer was in their possession. All of her officers and nearly two-thirds of the crew were killed or wounded. Twenty-six of the Americans had been killed or wounded.—"The Cruise of the Wasp," by Theodore Roosevelt, in August St. Nicholas.

The Magic Wine-Glass.

Pour water into a wine glass until it is nearly full and place the palm of your hand square over the mouth of the glass, taking care to bend your fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower illustration.

Still holding you hand firmly upon the glass, stretch out your fingers suddenly in a horizontal position, and this will produce a partial vacuum

under the palm, which will permit you to lift the glass from the table.—Philadelphia Times.

The American Navy in the War of 1812.

In the war of 1812 the little American navy, including only a dozen frigates and sloops-of-war, won against the English, till then the undoubted masters of the sea, a series of victories that attracted an attention altogether out of proportion to the force of the combatants or the actual damage done. For 150 years the English ships of war had failed to find fit rivals in those of any other European power, although they had been matched against each in turn; and when the unknown navy of the new nation, growing up across the Atlantic, did what no European navy had ever been able to do, not only the English and Americans, but the people of Continental Europe as well, regarded the feat as important out of all proportion to the material elements of the case. The Americans first proved that the English could be beaten at their own game on the sea. They did what the huge fleets of France, Spain and Holland had failed to do, and the great modern writers on naval warfare in Continental Europe, men like Julien de la Graviere, have paid the same attention to these contests of frigates and loops that they give to fleet actions of other wars.—"The Cruise of the Wasp," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

The Indian and the Tiger.

The incident shown in the accompanying picture, amusing enough as thus depicted, though far more pleasant at the time to the principal actor, occurred recently in the vicinity of a station in Northern India. Being confronted by a tiger when about to light the signal lamps, the man very promptly took refuge up the signal post, and was only released from this unpleasant and dangerous position when an approaching train drove the animal away. The following letter, descriptive of the occurrence, from the native station-master, is amusing, because its style is so very characteristic of the Bengali Babu:

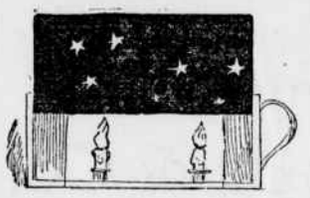
From the station-master —— to the traffic superintendent, R. & K. railway:

"Sir: I beg to bring to your kind notice that no sooner the watchman, Dilsaak, reached the distant signal than he saw a tiger coming toward

him. He says the moment he was greatly alarmed, but fortunately, the Almighty assisted him, and caused him to climb up the signal. The tiger was in thorough expectation of getting prey, and did not remove himself for about half an hour. When the train whistled he began to roar, and, aroused at the distant signal, ran away. Up to this time Dilsaak was in the signal; he says he was seen by passengers and driver in charge, toward whom he loudly cried, with a view to make him slow. * * Under the circumstances, you will kindly consider discontinuing the distant signal, otherwise one day a life of mankind would be victim to the wild animals. I have the honor to be,

To Show Star Groups.

The accompanying cut illustrates a simple form of lantern, by which star groups may be conveniently shown.



The body of the lantern may be of tin or wood, with flues to give the necessary ventilation and slideways in which to put the translucent charts. A device of this kind would be of great aid to the amateur astronomer, by facilitating the finding of certain groups and constellations.

Sometimes the beginner finds it

difficult to identify a star group from a description, or even from a printed chart. He looks at the chart in the house and then goes out to find the group in the sky, but not being able to see the chart in the darkness, he loses his bearings.

This lantern will remove that difficulty, for a simple blue print, copied from a map, may be used as a slide, and by taking the lantern outside with him, he can have the picture of the group before him as he looks for it in the heavens.

Anybody of ordinary ingenuity can make the lantern. —Philadelphia Times.

Hunting the Antelope.

On the prairie successful antelope hunting is no child's play. The game nearly always sees you first, and retires in good order, but on the double-quick, to some high knoll a long mile away, from which safe distance you are carefully surveyed by the keenest of eyes. As you try to steal up within long rifle range the band suddenly glides down the side of the knoll, seemingly without effort, scurries across the next flat, and presently halts on another high point at the end of another mile.

The time was when antelope had so much curiosity and so little sense they could be brought within gunshot by waving a rag or ramrod, or wriggling a No. 10 foot in the air; but that period has gone by, at least in Montana. We tried it repeatedly, but found the pronghorn was not half the fool he had been represented. In the broken bad lands, where coulies are deep and sharp ridges numerous, it is an easy matter to stalk antelope, and shoot them also—provided you are a good shot, don't get the buck ague and can judge distances reasonably well.—William T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

A Toy Windmill.

The pretty invention here illustrated has been patented by a Missouri man, and it is destined to find great favor with boys and girls. For that reason it offers obvious advantages for advertising purposes.

The windmill has two wheels, one inside the other, which revolve in opposite directions at the same time. It may be made of wood, tin, paper, celluloid or other material, and when

finished in bright colors it makes a very attractive toy.

SEA HORSES AND RIDERS.

Birds Resting on Whales and Other Fish in the Ocean Ocean.

"Yes, we see curious things once in a while," said a San Pedro fisherman. "A few days ago I made a trip over the Santa Catalina channel for a load of abalones that they pile up at the isthmus for me every few months, and when I got off there about ten miles I saw a big loon sitting on what seemed like a spar. But while I watched, it seemed to fall off, then circled around several times and alighted again, retaining its position with much difficulty. The wind had almost died down, as we were in the lee of the island, and we slowly drifted up to the bird until we were within 50 feet of it, when I saw what the roost was, not a spar at all, but a big fish—one of those fellows the Italians call the luna, because it was like the moon.

This luna was the biggest one I have ever seen, and was so old that it was covered with goose barnacles and looked more like a piece of wreckage than anything else; that is what the bird probably thought it was.

The fish lay almost flat on the water, with one big fin sticking out, the other being under the water, and the weight of the bird made it lie over to one side. As we neared it the bird rose and flew away and the fish straightened up; but it made no attempt to move away as we came alongside, and it looked to me like a fish over 100 years old. I struck it with an oar, but it moved only a little way off, then came to the surface again.

"I saw something as curious last year," continued the fisherman. "In August the waters of the islands off here from San Clemente up are filled with fish that are spawning. The water will then be covered in places with small birds that look like snipe, and it is a common thing to see them swimming about in schools of hundreds. On this trip I kept my eye out for whales, as a brother-in-law of mine was a whaler at Point Loma, and wanted to know the outlook for whales up this way. When about half way over, right in midchannel, I saw the spout of a big gray whale, and the next minute saw the back of the whale, about twenty feet of it, as black as ink upin the blue water. To my surprise it did not disappear, and I soon concluded that the big creature was either asleep or lying on the surface sunning itself.

"As we came nearer I saw at least fifty little birds running about on its back, feeding upon the various parasites on the whale's back.

"We lay off and watched them for some time. They ran up and down just as they would on a beach, and it occurred to me that it was not an accident, but that there was some understanding between the whale and the birds. In other words, the whale knew that the birds were relieving it of many parasites that it could not get rid of in any other way, and consequently submitted to their running over it. Finally its big flukes rose in the air, the cloud of birds flew away and the whale, probably with a clean back, sank out of sight.

"On another occasion as I was cruising down by Ensenada, I ran into a little bay one day and I saw what I supposed to be a log floating on the surface, as on it were numerous birds, some walking about, others apparently asleep. As we ran in nearer I saw that it was a big sea turtle asleep on the surface, and the birds alighted upon its broad back as they would have done upon floating timber. They flew away as we came alongside, and we put a harpoon into the turtle and took it, after it had towed us about the bay.

"Up around Monterey a gigantic shark is sometimes caught in the net of the fisherman. Its length ranges from twenty to forty feet and is known as the basking whale, from the fact that it floats on the top of the water, literally basking in the sunlight—much after the fashion of the sunfish. This affords a veritable floating island for the various sea birds that rise from it in a cloud as boats approach and sometimes ride upon its back exposed."

There are other sea jockeys than those mentioned. The writer some time ago caught a large hammer-head whale off Redondo Beach. This big creature towed the boat about for nearly an hour, and when brought in sight of the boat it was seen to have several riders—fish, almost pure black and a foot in length—which were attached to the shark. The shark was struggling and fighting, and cutting through the water with powerful rushes; but the little fish still clung to it, and, finally, when it was hauled upon the beach, the little back attendants came with it. They were clinging to the shark by a curious sucker on the back of the head that resembled the slats of a Venetian blind; and the suction was so powerful that when the plate or sucker was attached it was extremely difficult to pull it off by main force. Half a dozen of these riders accompanied the shark and they are sometimes seen accompanying turtles—and may be called the real jockeys of the sea.—New York Mail and Express.

The United States Government Chemist, after an examination for the Indian Department, made the emphatic statement that "The Royal Baking Powder is the purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge."

Summer Resort Shortage.

"Dear Fannie," wrote a summer girl, "don't come to this hotel under any consideration. The landlord is the only man here and he is seventy years old and married."

"Dear Jennie," was the reply, "I won't. Our landlord is seventy, but he is a bachelor."

Deciphering an Abbreviation.

"Here's a letter for Dugout, B. K.," said one postal clerk to another. "What do you suppose B. K. stands for? Not British Columbia, surely."

"No," replied the man addressed. "That stands for bleeding Kansas."

It was sent to the Sunflower State. —Judge.

A Geological Lover.

Kitty—That Mr. Harduppe is a geological lover, I think.

Jane—What kind of a lover is that?

Kitty—One who is always looking for the "rocks."

General Mill Strike Feared.

Merrill, Wis., Special.—Seventeen men of the Gilkey & Anson company's mill crew quit to-day, demanding better wages. A general strike of mill hands is talked of. The striking men are the same class of men and from the same mill that started the big strike here two years ago.

Cleveland Goes Fishing.

Buzzards Bay, Mass., Special.—The steam yacht Oneida anchored in the bay to-day, having returned from Marion. Her owner, E. C. Benedict, and the president went fishing this morning and remained away all day.

THE COCOANUT IN FLORIDA.

Large Grove Established on the Southeastern Coast.

Quite a number of tropical nuts have recently been introduced into cultivation in this country. Already on the east coast of Florida are growing 250,000 cocoanut trees, 42,000 being in one plantation. It is believed that the trees of this kind in the state sprouted from nuts brought from Central America and the West Indies by the gulf stream. At Key West and about some of the old forts cocoanuts were planted at an early day, as certain ancient trees now standing bear witness. In 1877 a bark freighted with cocoanuts was caught in a storm off the coast of Florida and beached near Lake Worth. Several thousand of the nuts were saved and planted, the satisfactory growth of the seedlings giving an impetus to cultivation.

The first importation of cocoanuts of named varieties was made in 1889 when the secretary of agriculture obtained through the state department two shipments of selected nuts from the Philippines. These, with two other shipments in 1890 from the same islands, comprehended fourteen varieties. To get so many varieties was no easy task, inasmuch as not more than two or three kinds grow in any one district or island of the Archipelago, and they were collected by a skilled botanist, who made a tour for the purpose. The nuts thus received were forwarded to growers in Florida. Certain specimens from the Islands of Albay and Misamis were of the smallest known variety, which yields little oil and is of inferior flavor. The shells are carved by the natives into beautiful drinking cups. The meat of a variety called "tayomamis" is prepared as a delicious sweetmeat with yams and syrup. Another variety, on account of its extreme hardness, is known as "bahan," which means millstone.

The word cocoanut is derived from the Portuguese "coco," meaning monkey, because the base resembles a monkey's face. The tree was known to the people of Ceylon as early as 160 B. C., the milk being used by them for making cement. The cocoanut is one of the most useful of plants, root, trunk, leaf, sap and nut are made to yield tribute to man. The fiber of the husk furnishes excellent yarn, and is preferred to horse hair for stuffing beds, cushions, chairs and saddles. It is stronger and more elastic than hemp. The Polynesians twist small cords of this fiber, which serves in the construction of houses and canoes, where Europeans would employ nails. The green nuts are grated for medicinal use. Grated cocoanut forms an ingredient of the East Indian condiment curry. In the Maldive islands labor is usually paid for in cocoanuts.

The chief manufactured product derived from the cocoanut is oil, valued at 7 cents a pound by the hogshead. Most of the cocoanut oil consumed in the United States is manufactured in this country from imported nuts. It is valuable in the making of candles and soaps; it also serves as a substitute for butter. It is used by natives of the Pacific islands for burning in their lamps. The kernels of the nuts, broken and dried, are called "copra." One thousand cocoanuts yield 500 pounds of copra, from which are obtained twenty-five gallons of oil. A good tree yields 100 cocoanuts annually, worth 4 cents apiece. The worst foe of the planter is the black rat, which builds its nest in fruiting trees and destroys the nuts. To protect the trees against this enemy the trunks are incased in broad sheets of galvanized iron.—Boston Transcript.

The official food analyses by the United States Government show the Royal to be a pure cream-of-tartar baking powder, the highest in strength, evolving 160.6 cubic inches of leavening gas per single ounce of powder. There were eight other brands of cream-of-tartar powders tested, and their average strength was less than 111 cubic inches of gas per ounce of powder.

A ROAST

Given the Participants in a Quiet Poker Party.

A story is going the rounds of the clubs and cafes at the expense of four or five prominent young society men who are stopping at one of the fashionable suburban inns. One night last week they repaired to the room occupied by a member of the party to indulge in a quiet little game of poker. After playing a few minutes one of the young men, who has the reputation of being a practical joker, excused himself from the game and withdrew from the room.

Shortly afterward somebody noticed that it was growing very warm and divesting himself of his coat, ordered a round of mint juleps.

The juleps came, and the others took off their coats. But the room continued to grow warmer and warmer, the juleps began to come faster and faster, and, with each drink, the members of the party divested themselves of some article of wearing apparel. Vests were discarded ,then collars.

Shirts soon followed, the room grew hotter ,the drinks stil came and the game went on. Just as one rash youth was about to engage in a Bacchanalian struggle with his trousers the practical joker came back and calmly turned off the steam from a large radiator in the corner.—Philadelphia eRcord.

A Picture From Life.

A well dressed young woman, holding a tiny girl by the hand, pushed her way out of a crowded store. The little one became entangled in the skirts of the hurrying shoppers and could not keep pace with her "mother." "Come along!" she snapped, pulling the tender little arm almost out of its socket. The child began to cry, as well she might, and again she was "twitched," this time off her feet and slung on to the sidewalk. Two other women's glances crossed; the one looked horrified, the other's eyes filled with tears. "She doesn't deserve to have children!" she exclaimed, as she went her way. And the crowd circled again and again, and the strangers were lost in it, while the "mother," with the tiny girl, also passed out of sight, unconscious of the indignation that followed her —Boston Herald.

Charged With Arson.

Milwaukee, Special.—A. C. Feldt, the merchant tailor whose store under the Kirby house was discovered on fire on Wednesday night, was arrested today on a charge of arson. Had the fire gained much headway before it was discovered a catastrophe similar to the Newhall horror would have resulted. It was found that a chimneyless lamp had been placed so close to a partition that the latter became ignited.

The American Librarians' association at Denver to-day decided to hold the convention in 1896 at Cleveland, Ohio.