STATE LOTTERIES.

Rise and Fall of a Tremendous Gamble in England.

STARTED UNDER QUEEN BESS

The First One Was "Without Any Blancks, Containing Good Prices, as Wel of Redy Money as of Plate and Certaine Sorts of Marchaundizes."

Though it is certain that the custom of holding lotteries was practiced in European countries as far back as the middle of the fifteenth century, it seems that this particular idea was unknown in England until more than 100 years later. The lottery, in fact, appears to have been included among those many other important things, both good and bad, that were introduced to public notice during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it being her majesty's express command that this ready means for "raising the wind" on behalf of the state finances was adopted.

The first English lottery must have taken a good deal of arranging, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the people of that day took a certain amount of education in this form of gambling, for although the idea was first brought forward in the year 1566 (in Mary's reign), the actual drawing did not take place until three years later.

One of the original bills of Queen Elizabeth's lottery has fortunately been preserved, printed in black letter [illegible] inches long and [illegible] feet wide. It begins by announcing "A very rich Lotterie [illegible] without any blancks, containing a number of good prices (viz.), as [illegible] redy money as of plate and certaine sorts of marchaundizes, having been valued and priced by the commandment of the Queene's most excellent majestie, by men expert and [illegible] and goes on to say that "the same lotterie is erected by her majesties [illegible] to the intent that such commodities as may ensuince to arise thereof, [illegible] the charges borne, may be employed towardes the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realme and towards such other publique good workes." There were something like 40,000 prizes in this gigantic venture, of which the first was of the value of £5,000, while the entrance fee was only "two shillings and six pens."

James I. lent his "special favoure" to a lottery whose object was "the present plantation of English colonies in Virginia," the prizes consisting of £3,000 in money, "besides rewardes of ymaunitie," the tickets being drawn "in a new built house at the west end of Paules the 25th of June, 1612." This lottery does not, however, appear to have been very popular, although we are assured by the historian that it was "plainely carried and honestly performed," for owing to the want of "filling upe the number of lots there were taken out and throwne away threescore thousand blanckes without aleating any one prise," certainly a very generous proceeding on the part of the promoters. The lucky man on this occasion was Thomas Sharpliffe, "a Taylor of London," who won the first prize of "foure thousand Crowpes in fayre plate, which was sent to his house in a very stately manner." Though to some extent poorly patronized, this lottery appears to have evoked a good deal of interest among the important personages of the day, for we are told that "during the whole time of the drawing there were alwaies present diners worshipfull Knights and Esquires, accompanied with sundry graue discreet Citizens."

As time went on lotteries for every conceivable purpose were held in London and other important towns, with the inevitable result that trouble constantly arose between the promoters and those of the ticket holders who happened to be unlucky or thought they had been unfairly treated, as no doubt many of them were. We find, therefore, that periodical orders were issued for the suppression of this form of gambling, though the law does not seem to have had any great effect. At last, however, any one proposing to hold a lottery was obliged to send in a petition to the king, and in Charles II.'s reign we find mention of several such applications. One of these was for "the ransom of English slaves in Tunis, Algiers or the Turkish gallys or for any other charitable use," the promoter making it a bargain that after he had paid in a third of the profits he should reserve one rest for his own expenses and "the repair of his fortunes, ruined by negotiation."

Lottery offices for the sale of tickets were established all over the country as time went on, but none was more famous than the agency of one Bish, who flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century. This enterprising individual, whose chief offices were in Cornhill and at Charing Cross, must have made a considerable fortune out of the much safer business of selling tickets than taking them. But his prosperous career, as also that of his fellows, came to an abrupt end when the lottery act was passed in 1823, by which it was provided that after the drawing of the state lottery for that year there were to be no more of them.—London Globe.

OUR SENSITIVE PLANET.

Constant Changes in the Shape of the Earth's Crust.

One naturally thinks of the earth's crust as being exceedingly solid and stable, except perhaps in volcanic regions where earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. As a matter of fact, however, the shell of our planet is extremely sensitive and most delicately balanced, so that under the influences of causes that seem altogether insignificant in comparison with the gigantic bulk and weight of the earth it yields and fluctuates in a most amazing manner.

To an eye so placed as to be capable of taking in at one comprehensive glance the whole round outline of the globe it would not appear of precisely the same shape during an entire day or even an hour. Most of the changes referred to are, of course, very slight when compared with the size of the earth itself.

The operation of atmospheric and oceanic and other similar causes is continually bringing about changes in the shape of the earth's crust. One of the most interesting of the agencies whereby such alterations are effected is the carrying power of rivers. Wherever a great quantity of sand and gravel is being brought down from the interior of a continent and poured into the sea, as, for instance, along the northwestern coast of Europe or the gulf coast of the United States, the weight of the earth's crust is slowly increasing, and the consequence is seen in the gradual subsidence of the shore.

Such a sinking has been going on for thousands of years along the North sea coast and on the continental side of the British channel. A similar depression is occurring on the eastern edge of our own country and along the gulf of Mexico. It has been estimated that the gulf coast is sinking at the rate of nearly two feet in a century.

Corresponding elevations must, of course, occur elsewhere. And to these slow changes in the level of the earth's crust earthquakes are due as well as to the more violent local disturbances created by volcanic action.—Harper's Weekly.

SOAP BUBBLES.

Thinness of the Gray Hued Films Just Before They Burst.

What is a soap bubble? Nothing but a film of water molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. The colors in a soap bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

The observer who watches a bubble as it is blown will notice that the colors rapidly chase one another over the filmy globe. He will also see that they vary in hue, growing less and less bright at the top of the bubble because there gravity stretches it downward and makes the film thinnest.

It is a singular fact that the last color to appear on a soap bubble just before it breaks is a gray tint. The thickness of the film when this tint appears upon it is less than the one hundred and fifty-six-thousandth of an inch.

Were a soap bubble to be magnified to the size of the earth and the molecules magnified in proportion, then the whole structure would be as coarse grained as a globe of small leadshot touching one another at their surfaces.

In the blowing of a soap bubble there is presented the spectacle of the stretching of a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity, in this way we come nearer to a sight of the invisible molecules of matter than could be got in any other way no matter how elaborate the experiment.—Exchange.

An East Indian Amulet.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the salagrama, a stone about as large as a billiard ball and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in Gandaki, a river in Nepaul. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate. He preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drunk, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand, the dying Hindu expires in peace.

An Architect's Ruse.

A story is told of Sir Christopher Wren, the great English architect who built the town hall of Windsor, England. It appears that a bigoty member of the corporation insisted that the roof required further support and wished more pillars to be added. Vainly did Sir Christopher assure him that the supposed danger was imaginary. The alarm became infectious, and the great architect was finally worried into adding the desired columns. Years rolled on, and in later times, when architect and patrons had passed away, cleaning operations on the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by a couple of inches, though this was imperceptible to the gazers below. By this curious expedient did Sir Christopher pacify his critics while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

Swift Was a Dunce at School.

Not only philosophers and divines, but some of the most trenchant satirists and brilliant humorists, were dull enough as boys. It has been said of Swift in his best days that "he displayed either the blasting lightning of satire or the lambent and meteor-like carleatures of frolicsome humor." And yet this vigorous disputant was considered a fit subject for a fool's cap at school. Afterward at the Dublin university "he was by scholars esteemed a blockhead" who was denied his degree on his first application and obtained it with great difficulty on the second.—London Standard.

A Business Suggestion.

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit.

"You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do indeed," said his mother.

"Then, say, ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that 10 cents a week you gimme for the Sunday school collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

Things He Knew.

His Wife—Why don't you go to the doctor and find out just what you ought to eat and what you ought to avoid? Dyspeptic—Oh, I know all that now. I ought to eat everything I don't like and avoid everything I do.—Exchange.

All Sound.

Fred—What do you think of my argument? Will—Sound; most certainly sound. Fred—What else? Will—Nothing else; merely sound.

AN ECCENTRIC BUTCHER.

His Bills Were Queer, and So Were His Eating and Praying.

In 1729 there died at Romford, in Essex, England, a well known butcher of that town named Wilson. Mr. Wilson, it appears, was notable for his integrity in business and for the gentleness of his manners—two qualities which, perhaps, would scarcely have entitled him to the notice of posterity had he not also exhibited a remarkable addiction to psalmody, extraordinary proficiency in penmanship and a highly peculiar manner of eating his dinner.

Such butcher's bills as he sent to his customers had never been seen before and have never been seen since. They were all exquisitely written by his own hand, but the top line would be, perhaps, in German text, the second in Roman letters, simulating the finest print; beef would be in one style of writing, mutton in another, lamb in a third, while each of these kinds of meat would be still further distinguished by a different color of ink.

He was a great friend to the church, observing all its ordinances and a trifle more. Every Sunday he entertained the congregation with a solo, singing the psalms by himself until the minister came into the desk. And on every fast day, while all the rest of the congregation went home to their refreshment and rest, between morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but went about from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms until he had performed these favorite devotions in every pew in the church.

He had a large appetite and seemed determined that all Romford should know it; for, instead of sitting down quietly to dinner in his back parlor, he would usually sally forth into the street with a leg or shoulder of lamb in one hand, a large knife in the other, a small loaf of bread in his pocket and a handful of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint; and thus equipped would perambulate the town, eating as he went, until he had consumed the whole of this very substantial meal.—Chambers' Journal.

WRIGGLING SIGNS.

How the Movable Effect Is Obtained in Electrical Designs.

A great many electric signs are of the moving type. Walk down most any city street after dark and you will see many illuminated signs of novel and interesting design. Here a long red and blue snake seems to be wiggling from the street to the top of a building. On the other side a wheel is rapidly revolving, below it yellow smoke is issuing in clouds from a huge brown cigar. There is also a large theater sign which suddenly flashes into view, only to disappear after an interval long enough to read it.

It is quite puzzling to the ordinary pedestrian to explain the wonderful light effects. It is apparent that the light is obtained from electricity, but this is about all that is understood. In such signs as where a snake seems to be wriggling along, a cat chases a rat, words that spell themselves letter by letter and in all other similar signs the effect is produced by a mechanical device called a "flasher," which lights the tiny electric sign lamps in the order required to produce the effect. This flasher is driven by a tiny motor.

The flasher is made up of a number of fingers, and each finger drops in its turn upon a metal plate that is electrically connected with a certain letter or series of letters, or, in the case of the snake or rat chasers, with certain bulbs. The flasher is driven rapidly, and in this way the snake can be speeded around its course very swiftly. Where the only effect desired is a sign in which one letter is illuminated at a time the flasher becomes a much simpler device, but in all cases the underlying principle is the same.—New York Tribune.

Helping the Coffee.

Some of the coffee sold roasted and ground causes complaint. Most of it can be improved a little. Trouble seems to be that it is not roasted enough and needs another touch of fire. You know the less it is roasted the more it weighs. Put a couple of tablespoonfuls in a seamless agate quart stewpan or cup and set it on the stove, gas or blue flame and shake it while it gets another scant parching, never letting it get hot enough to smoke or scorch. Set it aside till it gets cold and then pour on the water and finish up in the regular way.—New York Press.

Didn't Hit Him.

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the day of judgment. One asked, 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish.'"

The Recipe.

"Your novel is pretty good," said the publisher to Scribley, "but, after all, it needs just a little more thrill. Can't you put something stirring in it?"

"Why, I might," said Scribley, "though just how to stir things up I don't know."

"Well," smiled the publisher, "suppose you try just a little more spooning. Nothing like a good spoon for stirring, you know."—Harper's.

He Didn't Tell.

"Gee! Now tell me as man to man what you would do if you were married to that woman."

"You tell me what you would do. I am married to her."—Houston Post.

Considerate.

She—Why did you ask Belle to go with us? He—I saw she was going anyhow, and I didn't wish her to feel mean over it.—Smart Set.

A Fault Finder.

"You were always a fault finder," growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly; "I found you."

HARD METALS.

They Come From Titanium and Are as Firm as the Diamond.

The diamond has ever been regarded as possessing one quality that placed it beyond rivalry—namely, that of hardness. There are several gems that compete with it in beauty, and at least one—the ruby—when of rare size outranks it in costliness, but none in the whole list equals it in hardness. The hardest steel cannot equal the diamond in that respect.

But there are at least two products of chemical experiment that have proved, according to French chemists, to be as hard as diamonds. These are produced from the rare metal titanium. One experimenter, it is claimed, succeeded in preparing titanium in the electric furnace. In the pure form it is much harder than steel or quartz, and when combined with silicon or carbon so as to form a silicide or boride of titanium it matches the diamond itself in hardness.

Titanium resembles tin in its chemical properties, and it is the characteristic element in the beautiful red and brown crystals of rutile. These, in the shape of needles, are sometimes found penetrating large white quartz crystals, forming gems that the French call "love's arrows."—New York Press.

KEPT ABOVE GROUND.

Ingenious Way Major Hook Evaded the Terms of a Will.

Among ingenious ways of evading a will the plan followed by Major Hook and recorded in "Ancient, Curious and Famous Wills" may be commended:

A county newspaper some years ago recorded the death of a Major Hook and spoke of him as "a singular character." "He died," says the report, "on Monday sennight at his house, Ham street, Ham common. He was an officer in the East India company's service and reached the age of seventy-five. His house was remarkable for its dingy and dilapidated condition."

His wife had become entitled to a life annuity, bequeathed to her in these ambiguous terms: "And the same shall be paid to her as long as she is above ground." When, therefore, the good lady died her husband very naturally objected to forfeit his income by putting her below ground and ingeniously devised a mode of keeping her in a room which he allotted "to her sole and separate use," placing a glass case over her remains. For thirty years he thus prolonged his enjoyment, if not of his wife's society, at least of her income.

Da Vinci's Writings.

Although Leonardo da Vinci was a voluminous writer, he never published a single line during his lifetime. After the master's death in France his manuscripts were taken back to Italy. His heirs proved unworthy, and the precious writings were gradually dispersed. Loose pages were often detached and were either given away as relics or stolen. No attempt was made to publish any of his treatises, except that on painting, for more than 300 years after his death. This was partly owing to the great difficulty of deciphering his handwriting. Da Vinci was left handed and always wrote in oriental fashion, from right to left. Besides this, his orthography is peculiar to himself. He abbreviates some words and joins others together and employs neither stops nor accents.—London Chronicle.

The Flag at Trenton.

The flag "that Washington had with him when he crossed the Delaware to attack Trenton" was not the "stars and stripes." Washington crossed the Delaware in December, 1776, and the stars and stripes did not have an existence until the June of 1777, when it was voted into being by the congress. The flag that waved over General Washington on his way to and from Trenton consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, as at present, with a blue canton emblazoned with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as in the British flag. The first time the present stars and stripes were flung to the breeze was on the day of the battle of Oriskany at Fort Stanwix, Aug. 6, 1777.—New York American.

Bad Shots.

A certain Yankee was touring through Devonshire, and, calling at an inn, he ordered some of the famous cider. Not finding it to be what he had expected, he inquired how it was made.

"Oh," said the publican, "we stood a barrel of water at one end of a room and threw apples at it."

This caused a general laugh, but the Yankee was equal to the occasion.

"Waal," he said, "I guess you didn't hit is very often."—London Ideas.

Ways of the Oyster.

Oysters after they have been brought away from the sea know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds and so of their own accord open their shells to receive the food from the sea as if they were still at home.—London Telegraph.

It Reminded Him.

"I have seen in my journeys several tribes," said the traveler, "who voluntarily undergo all sorts of self inflicted lacerations."

"That's nothing," answered Mr. Tutt. "I know a lot of people who insist on shaving themselves."

Great Little Sight.

"Where are you going so fast?"

"My wife has just telephoned me that the baby is asleep, and I am going home to see what it looks like."—Toledo Blade.

His Early Promise.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."—Chicago Tribune.

Just Our Luck.

Williams—This is a queer world, Walker—Right you are. A man's shoes will often get untied, but never just as he is ready to take them off.—Judge.

THE ASTOR WAY.

A Lesson In Finance That William B. Taught His Bookkeeper.

The real estate dealer was reminiscing. "Some years ago," he said, "William B. Astor said one day to his head bookkeeper, 'I wish you to write out those 1,200 leases'—indicating the documents—'preparatory to releasing the various properties for which they will be drawn and reduce each rental price 25 per cent for the ensuing year.' The head bookkeeper, astonished, ventured to protest. 'There has been no complaint, Mr. Astor,' he said, 'from any tenant as to the amount of rent charged. All are satisfied to pay present prices.'

"'This is a matter of future business,' the financier replied, 'as well as present. Times are not especially good just now, and I do not think they will improve this year. I am not, however, making this reduction as a philanthropic movement. It will be a good business investment for me to retain all of my tenants, if possible. Indications are that business conditions during the coming year will force many persons to move into cheaper houses and flats than they have been occupying for some time. I do not wish my tenants to move. I know them and am familiar with their ways. I am acquainted with their needs, demands and methods of paying their rents. If they should move I should have to try to replace them with new tenants, whose desirability I have not tested. Besides, I should have to spend large sums in repapering, painting and arranging these various properties to suit the new tenants. By reducing rents I shall have a delighted lot of tenants, who would not leave me if they could. Furthermore, I will make it impossible for them to find as good places elsewhere for the money. Naturally, having had their rents reduced, they will not ask for any repairs that can possibly be avoided, and I shall save some money in that direction, over previous years. Besides, I shall know the exact amount of reduction and shall be able to estimate my resources accordingly. If, on the contrary, I let many of my tenants move out the amount of my losses would be uncertain. You will find, if you compare my rentals at the end of the year with those of similar properties owned by other persons who make no reductions, that mine is a profitable plan. When times improve we can release at advanced figures, and undoubtedly to the same tenants.'

"The bookkeeper learned a lesson in finance, the leases were drawn accordingly, and Astor did not lose a tenant."—New York Press.

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1804 he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yis, sorr," said his guide. "'Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or, "'Tis Sir Rory O'More's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a mon thot has so many writs out ag'in him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairns' opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.

Elephants Can't Jump.

"There is one thing no one has ever seen an elephant do either in a circus or out of it, and that is to jump," said a keeper in the Central park menagerie.

"The fact is an elephant cannot jump. Because of his great weight he cannot take all four feet off the ground at once. He can make a 100 yard dash at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which is going some, but if he was pursuing an enemy and came to a deep ditch eight feet across he would have to stop short, because it is too wide for him to step it and he is unable to jump. An elephant is a great coward. He will have a fit if a rabbit runs between his feet. He has tremendous strength, but he doesn't know it."—New York Sun.

A Curious Illusion.

People declare that they have seen a field of grass gradually change color during a shower of rain, thousands of mushrooms springing up before their eyes. This is an optical illusion caused by the rain beating down the grass. The mushrooms do not really spring up during a single shower of rain. They are there already, but hidden by the grass, and when the rain beats down the grass it exposes the hidden mushrooms.—London Mail.

No Use For Amateurs.

Ella—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying that he had never kissed a girl before. Stella—What did you tell him? Ella—That I was no agricultural experiment station.—New York Press.

Quite Thoughtful.

Dora—So you have decided to break off your engagement with him. Nora—Yes, but I don't think I shall do it until after my birthday, as it comes next week.—Club Fellow.

A Wonder.

Figg—As a talker Brown's wife is certainly a wonder.

Fogg—Right you are! Wonders never cease.—Boston Transcript.

It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.—Lowell.

Carrier Pigeons Can Travel Far.

A recent experiment has proven that carrier pigeons may be trusted to convey messages from ships several hundred miles at sea.

Sea-Weed Eating Nations.

China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food.

AESCHYLUS.

Curious Fate That Overtook the Father of Greek Tragedy.

Aeschylus, the celebrated Greek dramatic writer, is universally referred to as the "father of Greek tragedy." Born of a noble family at Eleusis, in Attica, 525 B. C., at the age of twenty-four he first presented himself at the festival of Bacchus as a competitor for the public prize and fifteen years afterward gained his first victory. The pre-eminence which he thus acquired was successfully maintained till 468 B. C., when he was defeated in a similar contest by his younger rival, Sophocles.

Aeschylus, mortified at the indignity he thought this put upon him, quitted Athens and went to the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse. Of the remaining period of his life but little is known, except that he continued to prosecute his favorite pursuit, and that his residence in Sicily was of some duration may be inferred from the fact that it was sufficient to affect the purity of his language.

The thirteenth and last victory of Aeschylus was gained in 458 B. C. On the manner of his death, which was singular, the ancient writers are unanimous. While sitting motionless in the fields his bald head was mistaken for a stone by an eagle which happened to be flying over him with a tortoise in her bill. The bird dropped the tortoise to break the shell, and the poet was killed by the blow.

Aeschylus is said to have been the author of seventy tragedies, of which only seven are now extant.

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

This Ill Natured Fruit Is Remarkably Tenacious of Life.

The prickly pear is said to be so tenacious of life that a leaf or even a small portion of a leaf, if thrown on the ground, strikes out roots within a short time and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

Mischievous though the African prickly pear may be, it is not without its good qualities. Its juicy fruit, though rather deficient in flavor, is delightfully cool and refreshing in the dry heat of summer, and a kind of treacle is made from it.

Great caution must be exercised in peeling this curious fruit, the proper way being to impale the fruit on a fork or stick while one cuts it open and removes the skin. The individual who undertakes to pluck this treacherous fruit with ungarded fingers meets with an experience he does not soon forget. Concentrated essence of stinging nettle seems all at once to assail hands, lips and tongue, and the skin, wherever it comes in contact with the ill-natured fruit, is covered with a group of minute bristly hairs, apparently growing from it and venomous and irritating to the last degree.

In dry weather these spiteful little stings do not even wait for the newly arrived victim, but fly about, light as thistledown, ready to settle on any one who has not learned by experience to give the prickly pear bush a wide berth.

Mineral Microbes.

Some interesting experiments have been made with ancient medals, vases and so forth of lead that are gradually disintegrating in the museum of Cluny. After a certain number of years they fall into dust. The cause, it is thought, lies in the presence of minute quantities of saline matter with which the objects have become impregnated during their long burial in the soil or under water. These microscopic impurities play the part of bacteria and microbes in living bodies. In other words, the lead is "sick" and unless the noxious matter can be removed will inevitably perish. Curiously enough, it is found that if traces of salt are imparted to a fresh mass of lead it is attacked and eventually falls to pieces like the objects in the museum at Cluny.

Sea Springs.

In the very hottest district in the world—the shores of the Persian gulf—there is no rain whatever, nor rivers, nor oases. Yet water is got—from the bottom of the sea. Six miles off the shallow coast there is a long line of bubbling springs of ice cold fresh water. Divers capture it in goatskin bags and retail it inland at very moderate prices. Even in an annual drought, which lasts from January to December, and in a temperature that hardly ever sinks below 90 degrees and often rises to over 110 the natives have no worry about their water supply.

Thoughtful of Mother.

Little Albert is a bright boy. In playing the other day he upset a beautiful imported flower holder, a gift to his mother from a friend who traveled abroad.

"There, see what you've done," his mother said, pointing to the fragments on the floor.

"Yes, mother, but don't take off your slippers. You might cut your feet," warned the lad.—Philadelphia Times.

Not Too Good.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle—Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

Blessings.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

You will never get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bricks of Coal Dust.

Bricks made of coal dust are used for paving in Russia. The coal dust is combined with treacle and resin.

The True Observer.

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—Lavater.

The Impressionist.

"Wonderful, marvelous! And what does your picture represent?" "Oh, as to that, opinions are divided."—Journal Amusant.

THE REAL SANS-GENE.

Story of Her Adventurous Career in the French Army.

Every one knows the washerwoman who was so familiar with Napoleon in Victorien Sardou's play "Mme. Sans-Gene," but the real Sans-Gene who lived at that time was a dragoon in one of the great Corsican's armies and spent twenty years in camps and barracks, in campaigns and battles over Europe. In the Musee de l'Armee in Paris there is a special case inside which stands her equestrian statue.

Her real name was Marie Therese Figueur, and she was born in Burgundy in 1774. When ten, at the end of the reign of terror, she enrolled in a cavalry regiment commanded by one of her uncles and soon acquired the nickname of Sans-Gene.

Mme. Sans-Gene fought in Germany with the French and Batavian armies, charged at Hohenlinden, took part in the siege of Toulon, was in the Italian, Spanish and Austrian campaigns and fought at Austerlitz and in Russia. During the hundred days the emperor conferred the Legion of Honor upon her, and she charged at Waterloo for the last time.

With the restoration she left the army to get married. She was then thirty. In the course of her martial career Sans-Gene had five horses shot under her and was wounded eight times in different engagements. She died in hospital in 1861.—London Globe.

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

It Would Take a Hundred Millions to Duplicate It Today.

One of the most familiar questions asked by "personally conducted" tourists visiting Egypt and the great pyramid built by Cheops is, "I wonder how much it cost to build it?" A building contractor with a head for figures and building estimates has estimated that the Cheops pyramid could not be duplicated today for less than $100,000,000. With modern machinery and the employment of 40,000 stonecutters, haulers, quarrymen, masons and laborers a duplicate of the pyramid could be erected in two years.

It has been calculated that the work really required the services of 100,000 men for thirty years. The Cheops pyramid occupies a space of 12¾ acres and is 746 feet high and contains 12,000,000 cubic yards of stone and granite. The material alone represents an item of $30,000,000, while the labor would increase this about by $72,000,000. To this must be added $3,000,000 for tools, transportation and similar items. The pyramid is built on a solid rock 150 feet deep, and to build a foundation of this character would add to the cost to the extent of making the total $100,000,000.—New York World.

Vicarious Candy.

A group of children were playing in a gutter. A passerby walked slowly, watching the active preparations of a "little mother," aged about seven, who was marshaling her charges into order, apparently in preparation for some urban excursion. Something had gone wrong, and one small kid was howling.

"Shut your noise, Tommy Higgins, and be good this minute!" admonished the motherlet, with a promissory smack. "If you don't stop like I tell you I'll leave you right here in the mud gutter. You can't go wid us till yez closes yer noise and be's a good boy. Do you know where we're goin'? Well, we're goin' in the next block to the candy factory to smell the candies cookin'. And do you yer know what they're makin' today? Well, it's chocolate creams and pep'nint."—New York Press.

Monkeys Are Fighters.

"Most persons will guess lions or tigers are the most dangerous animals to train," said an animal trainer, "but they're wrong. Give a lion one good licking and he'll remember it. He hits back only when his man is down or has his back turned, but a monkey will fight against any odds, and you never can tell when he'll hit back. Even a medium small monkey can strike a blow that will reach through a coat, vest and two shirts, and he leaves a nasty wound. The most daring thing I ever did was to go into a monkey cage and take a baby from its mother. The ordinary house cat is the most stubborn animal under training, but the monk is the most dangerous if you work the larger kinds."—New York Sun.

Mildly Censuring Him.

"My goodness!" she says, with a pretty scowl. "I think a girl would feel dreadfully foolish if she proposed to a man."

"I should think so, too," replies the diffident youth.

"But then I suppose there are some girls who are just simply compelled to do the proposing," she sighs.

After an hour's consideration of that remark he realizes what she really means.—Woman's World.

Diplomacy.

Mrs. A.—That cook was awful, and I am glad she's gone. Mrs. B—Did you discharge her? Mrs. A.—Oh, no; I wished to avoid a scene. What I did was flatter her so about her cooking that she thought she was underpaid and left.—Boston Transcript.

He Saw Them.

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spifkins?" asked Miss Purling.

"Yes," replied Spifkins sadly; "I played cards with a couple."

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Luxury Becomes Necessity.

The luxury for which we sacrificed our necessities has in a generation become a necessity for which we sacrifice all our other luxuries.—Universalist Leader.

Height of Contentment.

Brownly—Is Jones contented.

Townly—I should say so; I never heard him complain of the way his child is taught in school.—Harper's Bazar.