HE EMPLOYS WOMEN.

GOOD WORK DONE AT EDISON'S BY NIMBLE FINGERS.

Plenty of Delicate Work at Which Women Earn Very Good Wages--Sketches of Girls at Work.

The train slowed up and entered Orange so easily and quietly that I sat still, never dreaming we were there yet. I awaited the accustomed tooting and snorting of the engine, halloing and yelling by the brakemen, the pushing of people behind to get out before the one ahead, and the sudden stop of the car, for which one braces his feet in expectancy.

"This is Orange, madam," said the brakeman mildly, and I hurried forward, all in a flutter to hail a boy who stood gazing sleepily at the train.

"Say, young man, tell me quick if Edison's laboratory is here." He looked startled, batted his eyes and stared at me. "Hurry, won't you, because I must take this train if it is at the next station,"

WINDING AND COVERING SPOOLS.

"I'll wait for you," said the conductor, as he swung himself carelessly around one of the posts that held up the wide veranda. "Don't you know, young man, whether Edison's headquarters are here or further on?"

"Why, yes, sir; the laboratory and kinetographic departments are all here." Without any hurry or ruffled manner the conductor waved his hand, and the train silently moved out, the boy turned on his heel and disappeared.

Catching my breath and saying, "Down brakes, young woman, you are going too fast for this place," I turned to an old man who sleepily gazed at me and asked the quickest way to the laboratory.

Drowsily he pointed to an electric car that was coming up the street a block away. "That will take you to the door," he said.

The one long main street and cross street near were full of people, but nobody talked. Though the sun was beaming down with fierce heat, no one seemed uncomfortably hot in Orange. Some one was blowing a cornet in a room over a grocery store. The melody floated out in sweet, low, clear notes that, instead of jarring one's nerves, set everyone to thinking. The cars travelled along without making the accustomed clatter and whizzing of city cars, and people took their time getting on and off. The conductor read a newspaper and seemed so comfortable I wondered if it was right to disturb him and tell him where I wanted to get off.

Groups of men lounged about the corner stores; some were thoughtfully chewing tobacco, others whittled and three were reading the morning papers. A man came out of a butcher shop, threw into a buggy a sack of meat, and, taking up the reins, drove away without even saying "get up" to his drooping horse.

A peculiar restful feeling came over me and I wondered if people did not live twice as long in Orange as they did in the city—I felt that I had been going 200 miles an hour, and was suddenly brought down to ten. What relief it was and how oddly my muscles relaxed; how dreadfully tired I was—strange I had not realized it before.

"The laboratory!" called the conductor. "Take your time; don't hurry." Ah, yes, I had forgotten again, for, with a rush, I had left a bundle, dropped my parasol and lead pencil, all of which the conductor slowly picked up and handed to me.

So still! surely I am in the wrong place. There cannot be hundreds of men and women working here. Ding, sounded the bell, in answer to my pressing the electric button on the outside of the immense gate that separated me from the great buildings in the inclosure.

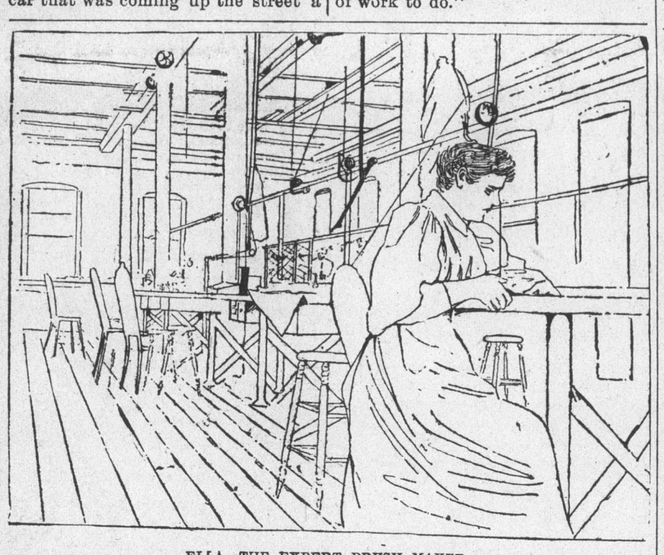
"Here, Bob, take this lady down to Superintendent Young; she wants to see the girls at work," said a pleasant man in the laboratory. "Never mind putting on your hat—the sun won't hurt you."

The bare-headed, black-eyed boy hid his hands in his trousers pockets and sauntered smilingly beside me.

"We have a half holiday to-day and you'll see the hands goin' out pretty soon," was the startling information he gave me.

"Come, then, let us hurry," I muttered, hastening on, but that boy never changed his pace, nor ceased his sunshiny smiling. Through necessity I lagged, and fell into the regular, easy swagger of my guide.

"Yes, we employ women here," said Supt. Young. "We like women in all work that is not too heavy for them. Their fingers are so nimble and their work always neat. Mr. Edison favors women whenever he has work they can do. I will take you into the machine department. The number of girls we employ of course depends wholly on the amount of work to do."



ELLA, THE EXPERT BRUSH MAKER.

There was the same quiet atmosphere about the superintendent and the machine shop that I had felt surrounded the depot. Mr. Young, in a few quiet words, drew the attention of all the workers to him, and in a mysterious and masterly way gave orders, changed orders and kept an eye on everything. There was no bustle, no uneasiness; no loud and irritating words were heard and no discontent made manifest during the visit. Everything had the "press-the-button" effect. All one had to do was to express a wish and it was granted quietly and easily.

The long, airy and sunny buildings were filled with mysterious machinery, and the girls at the benches, without exception, met me with a happy smile and courteous manner.

"We ought to be happy," said a young woman they called Ella; "don't we have everything to be glad about? I like the work immensely and make a lot of money. The work is not difficult, once learned, and one has great satisfaction in becoming an expert in anything. How did I know how? Why, I had a teacher, of course, at first. I had to learn the trade as boys do who go in machine shops. I thought I ought to be able to do the work. There is no heavy lifting in my duties; everything depends on judgment and deftness. I applied and learned, and have been in Mr. Edison's employ for years and hope I always shall be as long as there is work to do.

"I make brushes," she continued, rising to show me just what she did. "See. I first unwind the wire from the spools, straighten it, then cut it with this implement into one-half inch lengths. Next comes the soldering. That is done this way." She heated a rod by the aid of a gas jet arranged for the purpose, and when hot enough, the wires were all soldered tight into place.

"This kind of brush is called a governor; I can make two hundred in one day. These larger ones are known as commutators, and are twice as large as the governors, consequently I make only half as many in a day.

Ella is a plump, round-faced young woman with clear, frank eyes that look straight at you. Her heavy brown hair showed care and neatness. Her quick business movements denoted thorough understanding of her work, and her pleasant manner and particularly bright smile explained why she was such a favorite in the workroom.

At another bench, where the cool breezes always circled, sat girls making belts. Cheerfulness, calm gayety and content seemed the greatest virtues of the hands in this room.

"It is pleasant work, very," explained Ella, a tall, willowy girl, whose naturally serious face lighted wonderfully when she spoke. "I make belts for the phonographs from morning till night. Yes, I do piece work, but don't mind stopping to show you. First, I take the hide—we get a whole calfskin, dressed of course—and then I cut it into strips just the length and width I wish. Oh, I don't have any trouble, for the knives are so very sharp. Now, look. I stretch them with the machine; then I shave the ends, so, and place them together like this—lapping one shaved end over the other—then glue it fast. Now comes the pretty part. Sometimes I take blue silk thread, and sometimes red, but the belts must be sewed four times around. I can do it awfully fast, and get it straight as a die."

"I suppose that is to make the belts look fancy."

"Oh dear, no." My stupid remark was heard far and wide, and I had to submit to a general ha, ha, from all the pretty lips in the room.

"I scarcely think Mr. Edison would pay us to do embroidery work, do you, girls? No; there is a reason for the stitching; it keeps the belts from stretching."

"Do you have any trouble with your sewing machine?"

"Never. It is run by electricity, and it doesn't tire me. We work ten hours a day, but it is so very pleasant for us here that we would much rather work than not."

She sat down to the machine and in what seemed a very few minutes had completed one of the dainty blue silk stitched belts.

Superintendent Young suggested going into the Japan room. A sweet-faced girl called Carrie handles with great dexterity the brush in doing the Japanning. All the machines are Japanned, and a lot of other things—work that only the nimble fingers of women can execute swiftly.

"There is no use talking," said the superintendent, "woman can do many things better than men. Mr. Edison favors their employ purely from a business standpoint. When we were working on the dolls we had over 200 girls employed. The machines were so arranged that when the girls spoke through them the voice was reproduced like that of a child. Ella over there was invaluable, her enunciation is so distinct."

We entered the assembling room, which was, if anything, cooler than the machine shops. Wide doors and windows were stretched open; partitions were cut through so the breeze could have a full sweep along the whole length of the building. Everything was made with a view to comfort as well as business. "The more comfortable we can make the workmen, the better work they turn out," said the superintendent.

At one table just below a window through which the perfume of cut grass came pouring in, sat two young women making their fingers fly so rapidly that it was impossible to understand what they were doing without stopping to explain.

A fresh, rosy face, blue eyes, large and merry, long lashes and the curliest, golden-brown hair that ever covered a head, belonged to Maggie, who from seven in the morning till 6 at night, winds armatures.

"No, I don't get very tired," she replied to my question. At first it was bothersome, and I had to get used to sitting and holding the wire, but now I can wind five armatures a day. There are 700 yards on each. That makes a lot of the wire go through your hands during the ten hours work. We have to be so very careful too, to get each round just so."

"Is there no machinery that could do this?"

"Mr. Young says it could be done by machinery, but it would cost more than by having it done by hand, and I am rather glad of that, because machinery would throw me out of employment."

"Do you work by the day or by the piece?"

"By the week just now, but next Monday we commence by the piece. I like piece work better, because we can make more. Mr. Young is a remarkably kind and considerate man. We all like him. He never forgets what we are doing—he never fails to know whether we ought to be extra weary or not. He never overworks or is unkind. We would do anything for him."

"Do you make much money at such employment?"

"Oh, yes; quite enough. The wages range from $3 up. Ella over there for a while made $18 a week on piecework. An expert at her bench can accomplish much. One has to learn the trade before being able to do anything. It does not seem difficult to wind these spools, yet every thread must be just so, or the whole thing is useless. One act of carelessness might undo a whole day's work."

"What are you doing?" I inquired of a fair, sunny-haired girl opposite at the same table.

"Covering spools for the kinetograph. The spools are brass, and must be covered with velvet. It is easy after you once know how," she said, and raising her head exposed to my admiring gaze the curliest "bang" I had seen in weeks.

"Of course, I would like to know all about the spools," I remarked, "but first tell me where you get such a perfect false "bang." It matches your hair so beautifully, and the curls are simply bewitching."

Such ripples of laughter, such dancing of eyes, such howls of delight as filled the room again proved I had blundered,

"Pull it," said the girl, bending forward her sunny head. "It is mine, all natural and fast tight."

"I suppose you have some understanding with your mysterious electricity, then, to keep it in such marvellous curl," I cried dumbfounded, as I mopped the perspiration from my own brow and face. More laughter and saucy remarks, full of appreciation of the subject, drove me finally into another department.

"We live, most all of us, in Orange," said Ella; "some come from Newark, a few from East Orange, and the small villages about. There are few girls on duty these hot days—work is slack, and there is no need for them. We consider ourselves very fortunate to be included in the few retained. This time last year there were sixty of us, and once we numbered over 200. Mr. Edison never gives the men what we can do. When that kind comes in, then women are called to do it. Oh, please say something nice about Superintendent Young," exclaimed one, "he is such a good man; we could talk all day about how kind the officials are to us."—[Cynthia M. Westover in the N. Y. Recorder.

MAKING BANDS FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

Hygienic Advantages of New Bread.

New bread and the hot morning roll have been condemned as injurious and difficult of digestion. However true this charge may be the use of new bread appears, even from the hygienic point of view, to have some compensating advantages. Dr. Troitzki, writing in the Russian medical periodical Vratch, states that he has found that new and uncut bread contains no micro-organism, as the heat necessary to bake the bread is sufficient to kill them all. As soon, however, as the bread is cut and is allowed to lie about uncovered, not only harmless but also pathogenic microbes find in it an excellent nutrient medium. White or wheat-meal bread is a better medium than black or rye bread, as the latter contains a greater percentage of acidity. Dr. Troitzki's experiments with pathogenic bacteria gave the following results: Streptococcus pyogenes aureus retains its vitality on the crumb of wheat-meal bread for twenty-eight to thirty-one days, on the crust for twenty to twenty-three days; the bacillus of anthrax (without spores) remains alive on the crumb for thirty to thirty-seven days, and on the crust for thirty-one to thirty-three days; the typhoid bacillus remains active twenty-five to thirty days on the crumb, and twenty-six to twenty-eight on the crust; while the bacillus of cholera lives twenty-three to twenty-five or twenty-seven days on both. Of special interest is the fact that, if the bread is placed before the experiment for fifteen minutes in the disinfecting-oven (at a temperatnre of 115 degrees C.), all the above-named pathogenic bacteria retain their vitality for several (four or eight) days longer. The author explains this fact by the acidity of the bread being lessened by the heat, and the bread becoming a better nutrient medium.

Cheap Cavalry Horses.

The Government has been buying some very cheap horses in Oregon and Washington for its cavalry and artillery service. The average price paid was $75 a piece. A purchasing agent says: "We inspected horses recently at The Dalles, Pendleton, Walla Walla, Ellensburg and North Yakima, and at each place found about 100 awaiting examination. I selected such as met the requirements, which are that they must be bays and grays, fifteen hands high and upward, and from four to eight years old. These were passed upon by the Government officials, and, if found satisfactory, were accepted. They were purchased at a very low price, as the sellers had but little money, and were anxious to dispose of their stock. The animals bought are of fine class, and especially suited for cavalry purposes. The lowness of the cost of horses this year may be attributed to the small demand, which is insignificant, when compared with the supply. Never before during the fifteen years or so that I have been inspecting horses for the Government have I seen times so dull in the stock regions, or the stock dealers so anxious to sell their animals at a small price. The small demand is, of course, due to the supplanting of horse cars by electric and cable railways, the shutting down of logging camps and lumber industries on Puget sound, and the general dullness of trade. In Portland, cars which would require 3,500 horses are operated by cable and electricity. Then the freight cars operated on these steel railways have shut out trucks and delivery wagons, on which a large number of horses were used."—[New Orleans Picayune.

Lincoln on the Law.

Here is what Abraham Lincoln said of the law: "Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

THE great fortifications at Quebec, which first and last have cost $30,000,000 or $40,000,000, are crumbling down, and no effort will be made to restore them, for their military significance has passed away.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A BOY I KNOW.

I know a little bright-eyed boy
  Who lives not far away.
And though he is his mother's joy,
  He plagues her, too, they say.
For when his task he's bid to do,
He sits him down and cries, "Boohoo!
I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!
  I can't!"

Yes! whether he's to practise well,
  Or do his horrid sums,
Or "Hippopotamus" to spell,
  Or clean to wash his thumbs;
It matters not, for with a frown
The corners of his mouth go down—
"I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!
  I can't!"

Oh! what a joyful day 'twill be
  For mother and for son,
When smiling looks they both shall see
  Beneath the smiling sun.
For in his heart he knows 'tis stuff,
And knows that if he tries enough,
He can! He can! He can! He can!
  He can!
—[Laura E. Richards in the Youth's Companion.

ANTELOPE AND COYOTE.

A companion and myself were riding slowly and quietly across one of the uplands of Middle Park, in Colorado, some years ago, when we witnessed a pretty example of the self-defence that can be made by a very gentle creature against a fierce one.

I had just passed a thicket of bushes when I caught sight of a doe antelope coming backward over a low ridge a little way off at the left, pursued by a coyote, or prairie-wolf; and behind her, sticking close to her heels, was a young fawn—a nimble, elegant little creature, the miniature of its mother, whose great soft eyes were now distended with wild alarm.

A lifting of my hand checked my companion, and nearly hidden by the thicket, we sat quietly in our saddles and watched the contest.

It was, of course, the tender fawn that the wolf was pursuing, and well did both the mother and the little one comprehend his design and their own danger. Let the coyote make never so quick or clever a dash, there was the active antelope ready to meet him.

Her head was down level with his own snarling countenance, although she had no horns to use in self-defence, as had her absent mate; and whenever the wolf came near enough to give her an opportunity, she would spring into the air and try to strike him with her fore-hoofs, held straight out and close together.

He was afraid of these hoofs, as he had good cause to be. They are long, narrow and very sharp-pointed, and he would dodge each blow warily, but had very narrow escapes in spite of his utmost agility. Two of the quickest animals of the plains were matched against one another in a contest of skill and activity.

And all the time, no matter how artfully the coyote manœuvred to separate the fawn from its dam, it kept close at her heels, knowing that there only was it safe. Perhaps it had already seen a brother or sister lost by some failure to observe this caution, for the antelopes usually have two fawns at one time, and cannot always protect both.

Whether the wolf would finally have given up the chase, or the antelope have succeeded in crushing his skull, nobody knows. Both animals had great endurance, yet it is doubtful whether the marauder would not have tired out the poor little mother and captured the fawn before night; but we could not stay to watch the affair to its natural issue, and my companion, sympathetic, as usual, with the weaker party, exercised his higher power.

A rifle-crack rang out at my elbow, the coyote sprang into the air and fell back dead, and the doe and fawn bounded away like gray shadows fleeing down the yellow hillside.—[Youth's Companion.

SHE MELTED THE EMPEROR.

A little American girl has just softened the heart of the stern German Emperor in a very pretty way. Every young German man has to serve a certain time as a soldier after his education is completed, and this little girl, who lives in this country, journeyed all the way over the sea to visit a certain "dear uncle," only to find that he was off at the barracks doing his soldier duties. She was greatly disappointed and much distressed, and as she was told that no one but the Emperor could help her, with true American independence she decided to write to him. She did so, telling him how sorry she felt to find her dear uncle away, and saying that she had often heard of the Emperor's kindness, and was sure, when he knew all about the circumstances he would arrange for her uncle's return.

The letter reached the Emperor, and eventually arrived at the War Office, with instructions attached to it. Eight days after, the "dear uncle" was informed that he might either postpone his military duties entirely until next year, or receive permission to spend some days in his native village. The quaint appeal of the trusting little neice having quite won the monarch's heart.—[New York Times.

FEEDING THE DOVES.

Any one visiting the office of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on Milk street, Boston, any morning about 11 o'clock and chancing to stand at one of the windows on the Hawley street side, will see a large number of doves perched along one of the upper ledges of the opposite building. He will notice an air of expectancy among the birds, and a frequent flight of many of them across the street to his window.

The birds are the Old South pigeons, and the reason of their congregation in the neighborhood of the M. S. F.-P. C. T. A. at that hour is their knowledge that something good awaits them there. It is the hour when, according to the society's custom for years, about half a peck of corn is distributed among the pigeons by the president or vice-president.

As soon as meal time is announced by throwing open the windows the birds fly in a perfect cloud, and for two or three minutes there ensues upon the window sills a fierce scramble for the grains of corn which fall in abundance from the kindly hand of the feeder. The birds are perfectly tame and familiar with their provider, and peck the corn eagerly from his hands. They devour their meal greedily, and it must be said selfishly, not one of the brood caring whether its companions secure a coveted grain or not. The space on the window ledges being narrow, the birds are bunched together in a fluttering, feathery mass, in which the spectator imagines that some of them must be smothered.

They emerge from the confusion safely, however, and, shaking their ruffled plumage, fly back to their roost across the way, or disappear down the street for an after-dinner flight.

Their appearance denotes the kind care which they have received every day for years, some of them being so plump and large that they arouse the appetite of the less humane observer whose taste for pigeon pie has not undergone the moral reform through which the officers of the society have passed. Their good treatment has made them lose something of the gentle nature attributed to their species, as the daily meal is followed by an unseemly pecking and fighting among themselves which is quite shocking to one who expects nothing from doves but the traditional billing and cooing.

They are fed twice and sometimes three times every day, and the only fear entertained by the good-hearted officers of the society is that their proteges will eventually lose their self-respecting industry and give up all effort to earn their own living. In that case the society will be obliged to increase its present supply of corn and open its windows more frequently during the day, as the appetite of its proteges is something enormous for doves, and will require much more generous rations to be wholly satisfied.—[New York Observer.

Paper Carpets.

We have had a great variety of carpet materials, first and last, and a good many uses have been made of paper, but the two have never before been identified. Now, however, we are informed that carpets are being made of paper, and the following description of the process is made public:

The stock used must be of long fiber, in order to give strength to the paper. All such as are to be colored must be dyed in the pulp to obtain uniform color throughout. Colors must be fast.

Every lot of the same color must match to shade, as it cannot be changed when once done. The paper must be of uniform thickness throughout the width and length of the roll, for, though color may be right, coarse yarn will not shade alike. As the yarn is twisted on a ring frame, the utmost cleanliness must be observed not to stain the yarn with oil or dirty fingers, for, while unlike the other yarn, it is not cleansed, hence, if dirty, and is not discovered by consequent handling, it goes into the carpet and to the consumer.

When rolls of cut paper are the desired height, the shaft is taken out, the knot removed and the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from the other by a knife for that purpose. After separation these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, when it is ready for the spinning frame, and it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops and is then ready for the loom.—[Paper World.

How to Avoid Seasickness.

Persons intending to take an ocean voyage should, for several weeks before embarking, take daily exercise in the open air to get the general system in a good condition. To the same end they should eat only a moderate quantity of plain food, especially avoiding what is heavy or greasy. They should select a stateroom as near the middle of the ship as possible. Some tourists are never sick as long as they lie on their backs and keep their eyes closed. The passenger who is seasick should remain in his berth until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and have the steward bring him what little food he takes. He should not go to the table in the cabin until all symptoms of seasickness have left him, as the very sight and odor of the rich food will surely make him worse. When the patient begins to go to the table he should avoid pastry, fat meats and all rich food; after eating he should lie flat on his back for half an hour, or until digestion is well begun, when he may go on deck and walk or sit in a steamer chair, but he should not lean over the stern or side of the ship.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What is Enough Exercise?

In reply to a question as to how much walking should be undertaken daily, Dr. Albert Westland, a recognized authority, says that it is impossible to give an answer that will apply to all persons. Much depends upon temperament, strength and nervous energy as well as upon the circumstances under which the exercise is taken. It is a matter of daily observation that one can walk much further with less fatigue if one has a pleasant companion or a special object in view. It may be said that most girls and women would be better for walking three or four miles a day, while some are able to enjoy and be benefited by a daily walk of six or eight miles, but the latter number is comparatively small in this country. If no special motive for walking exists it is often well to invent one. Dealing with stores at some distance from one's home is sometimes advisable, or paying frequent visits to friends who do not live near at hand may serve the same purpose. The main point is to avoid what is called taking a constitutional, a proceeding which is unlikely to promote health.—[New York Advertiser.

Tenier's pictures of peasant life have never been excelled.

HUNTING PYTHONS.

Natal Natives Burn the Forest and Drive the Reptiles in a Pit.

The colony of Natal, South Africa, abounds in boa constrictors and pythons. While they do not attack men they are especially destructive of cattle, sheep and oxen, and for this reason parties are formed by hunters and natives to burn the bush and forest in order to exterminate the pests.

Some of the soldiers at Pietermaritzburg were recently informed by a party of neighboring Zulus of the whereabouts of a huge python that had been destroying their oxen. The soldiers, with 200 natives, started off to capture the snake, and having located it, the forest was fired for about a mile roundabout, an enormous pit having been previously dug in towards the centre of the inclosed space. What with the burning brush and the shouts of the excited Kaffirs they soon drove the reptile towards the pit where, closing in upon him, they forced him into it. The python proved to be of enormous size, being thirty-two feet long and forty-one inches in circumference. It appeared to be quite stupid or dazed, having just eaten a young ox that had been let into the inclosure.

An enormous cage with iron bars half way down the front having been constructed the snake was got out of the pit and taken into Maritzburg in the cage. Here it is kept on exhibition at the barracks, and is fed twice a week, two Kaffir goats at each meal. It will not eat anything that has been already killed for it, preferring to kill its food itself. The goats are thrust through a small door at the end of the cage alive, when fixing its great eyes upon them, the snake suddenly lunges forward and crushes them in its powerful folds. After covering them with a thick slime about two inches thick, before swallowing, it flattens them out by squeezing them, and then devours them almost at a gulp. After this the python goes to sleep and does not wake until it is time to feed again.

A gentleman in Maritzburg owns a python that has been confined in a cage for over thirteen months. During this period the snake has not eaten a mouthful of food of any kind, although every conceivable delicacy of likely snake diet, such as frogs, birds, rats and meats, has been set to tempt its appetite. Its fast seems not to be broken and the owner has at last abandoned the idea of coaxing the colly prisoner with food. It drinks a very small quantity of water. In a dormant state this fasting would be better understood, for in this state reptiles of this description have been known to exist for periods of eighteen months, or even three years.—[New York World.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shelbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae; the lightest, cork. The tensile strength of the best-known woods is set forth in the following, the words "tensile strength" meaning the weight of power required to tear asunder one square inch of each: Ash, 14,200 pounds; beech, 11,500; cedar, 14,400; chestnut, 10,500; cypress, 6,000; elm, 13,400; fir, 12,000; lance, 23,000; lignum vitae, 11,800; locust, 20,500; mahogany, 21,000; maple, 10,500; American white oak, 11,500; pear, 9,800; pitch pine, 12,000; larch, 9,500; poplar, 7,000; spruce, 10,290; teak, 14,000; walnut, 7,800; willow, 18,000.

The weight in pounds per square foot (without fractions) of the well-known woods (dry) is as follows: Butternut, 25; cedar, 35; cherry, 44; chestnut, 38; cork, 15; dogwood, 47; ebony, 83; box elder, 43; elm, 41; blue gum, 52; water gum, 62; white hickory, 49; shellbark hickory, 43; holly, 47; juniper, 35; lancewood, 45; larch, 34; basswood or linn, 37; mahogany, 66; hard maple, 46; white maple, 34; mulberry, 35; white oak, 53; persimmon, 44; pear, 41; pitch pine, 41; red pine, 36; white pine, 34; yellow pine, 33; plum, 49; poplar, 33; spruce, 31; sycamore, 38; tamarack, 23; black walnut, 41; white walnut, 32; the willows, from 30 to 36, and the yew, 49.

Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the different States and Territories, and of this number, 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—[St. Louis Republic.

Curious Arab Wedding Custom.

Among the Arabs a curious custom prevails at all weddings. After various ceremonies the bridegroom is led in the evening into a large, dimly-lighted room. Here, huddled on the floor on one side, he finds the female relatives and friends of the bride, all of the same height and size, all wearing precisely similar clothing and closely veiled. One of these is the bride, and it falls upon him to find out which it is. If he has been wise he has bribed some of the spectators to give him a sign to guide him, but if not he attempts to seize the veiled figure whom he suspects to be his bride. If possible she slips from his grasp and runs away, with him in hot pursuit. An exciting chase follows, until he succeeds in catching her, when he tears the veil from her face. If it turns out that he has chosen correctly and that she is the bride, the game is ended, but if not he must try again, after the captured girl has had time to arrange her disordered dress and take her place once more among her companions. Again he makes a selection, and, after another long chase, succeeds in unveiling a second maiden, possibly only to find he has caught the same girl again. Many hours are consumed in this way, and it is often daylight before the unlucky bridegroom secures his bride.—[Chicago Herald.