

JUST WHISTLE!

When times are bad and folks are sad
An' gloomy day by day,
Just try your best at lookin' glad
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;
Just take a rose or thistle;
Hold your own
And change your tone
An' whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs
When red the lightning's play,
Look for the rainbow in the skies
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;
The rose comes with the thistle;
Hold your own
An' change your tone
An' whistle! whistle!

Each day comes with a life that's new—
A strange, continued story;
But still, beneath a bend o' blue,
The world rolls on to glory!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;
Just take a rose or thistle
An' hold your own,
An' change your tone,
An' whistle! whistle!

J. L. STANTON,
in Atlanta Constitution.

Modern Knight Errantry.

She was bewitchingly pretty, and her name was Ethel Fontaine. Ted Eccles pronounced her a little fairy, far too good for this rude world-day world. And he longed to have her all to himself, her earthly dross notwithstanding. He saw many reasons why his suit should not be successful if "that ass, Jack Bowles, who never seemed to see that he was not wanted, would only take himself out of the road, and not be such an unmitigated nuisance."

Jack Bowles, the gentleman referred to, also thought her a jolly nice girl. His thoughts ran on lines more prosaic than sentimental. He gave them vent in a frequently-muttered desire to punch the devoted head of Mr. Eccles for presuming to interfere between himself and the affections of Miss Fontaine.

The conversation one evening was apropos of poetry in general and one of Mr. Ted Eccles' effusions in particular. He had composed a pastoral idyll after the most approved classical models, with the reading of which he entertained the company.

"You know, I think we are living in most degenerate days," Ethel remarked to Maud Eccles, who was seated at her side; "men do nothing nowadays to justify the extravagant expressions they make of undying affections, and all that sort of bosh."

"Surely, Miss Ethel, you do not class us all as hypocrites?" pleaded Ted, with a slight accent on the word "all," as if he felt that the remark might not be without some justification in the case of his rival.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she responded archly. "You're all pretty much alike. When there's any talking to be done, each strives to outdo his neighbor; but there's no great hurry to put all these fine speeches into practice."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," interposed Jack Bowles, evidently much interested.

"Well, I think my meaning plain enough. A poet, or, for the matter of that, any person in love, or who imagines himself to be in love, throws himself into a dramatic attitude and exclaims that he is ready to do anything, go anywhere, for the object of his devotion, and, if need be, sacrifice his life for her sake; while, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't even go without his dinner for one day."

This fragment of conversation left a great impression on the minds of Ted Eccles and Jack Bowles. They each regretted that the days of knight-errantry were passed; that no joust or tournament could afford them the opportunity of covering themselves with gore and glory in honor of Miss Fontaine. Ted's fervid imagination pictured himself, as the hero of a hundred combats, kneeling at her feet to receive the laurel crown of victory. Jack entertained the conviction no less that he would have vanquished whole armies in such a cause.

Ted dwelt long on the agreeable theme. And there came to him a happy inspiration, upon which he proceeded to act.

"Bob," said he to Mr. Fontaine's coachman, a night or two later, "is that brown mare of yours restive?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the response. "But still, she could kick if you vexed her?"

"I dare say," was Bob's cautious rejoinder.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Ted, confidentially. "I want you to do me a favor." Here Bob's fingers closed over half-a-crown. "I want you to assist me to carry out a little scheme of mine. Miss Ethel will be going out for a drive to-morrow afternoon, and if you could manage—a wink—"er—manage to seem like as if the horse was—er—running away, and I was on the spot to stop her, I'd give you half-a-sovereign, Bob."

Ted hurried over the latter part of his explanation somewhat nervously, and awaited the reply with apprehension.

Bob looked mystified, as, indeed, he was.

Ted explained again.

"You see, Bob, I don't want Miss Ethel to run any danger," he added, "but I'd like her to see me ready to risk my life for her. It wouldn't take much to make believe the horse was running away, and you could shout and yell, and I'd be ready to rush forward and stop the blamed thing."

It took Bob some time to see the affair in all its bearings. At last, however, after much persuasion, he consented, for the sake of a sovereign, to carry out a runaway incident with as little danger as possible to Miss Fontaine, and as much glory as possible to Mr. Eccles.

The next afternoon the latter was strolling, to all appearances accidentally, along a country lane, when he saw a carriage coming in his direction at a very unusual speed. The coachman on the box seemed to have taken temporary leave of his senses. He was gesticulating like a lunatic, and

yelling at the top of his voice for help. A young lady, clad in white and terrified, to the carriage back.

Ted braced himself together for a heroic effort. He jammed his hat firmly down on his brow, and, as the mare dashed up, breathless and foaming, spurred to unusual exertions by the erratic outcries of the son of Nimrod, he bounded forward, and, flinging his arms round the astonished animal's head, speedily brought her to a standstill.

Then he rushed to the carriage door and assisted the agitated Miss Fontaine to alight. Bob had done his work so well that she sank trembling into his arms.

A great longing came over him to stoop down and kiss her. But while he hesitated she recovered. Her color rapidly returned, and gently disengaging herself, she lifted a pair of grateful eyes upon him and exclaimed:

"Oh, Ted! how good and brave you have been! What would have become of us if you had not stopped us?"

"We should have been smashed to smithereens," said Bob, solemnly.

A week later Miss Fontaine was directing her steps along the self-same pathway across the fields which she had so lately traveled in the company of Mr. Eccles. She was attended only by Tommy, a strapping lad of 15, who performed odd domestic jobs in the Fontaine household. Miss Fontaine had an old pensioner, a bedridden woman, whose cottage she had been in the habit of visiting periodically. On these occasions Tommy carried a basket containing jellies and other delicacies for the invalid.

The pathway was solitary, and in one part skirted the edge of a thicket. It was just at this point that Miss Fontaine found herself, to her dismay, suddenly confronted by six sturdy ruffians, armed with cudgels, who stared menacingly in tones as plausible as their gestures were menacing.

Tommy, not by any means a brave youth, dropped his basket and fled across the empty fields, shrieking for help. The thought of pursuit lent wings to his feet, and he tumbled headlong over the first stile into a dry ditch, where he lay breathless and too frightened to move.

Miss Fontaine was by nature timid, but, left alone in the face of imminent danger, she did not lose her presence of mind. As calmly as possible she handed her purse to the men and sought, not without much inward trepidation, to pursue her way. A dozen hands were instantly laid upon her, and—

At this moment Mr. Jack Bowles came tearing along the path at his utmost speed. He dashed headlong into the group, upset one man with the impetus of his charge, drove his fists into the faces of the second and third, and then, thrusting Miss Fontaine aside, commenced a vigorous onslaught on the remaining three. A severe struggle lasted for several minutes.

When the blows and muttered curses succeeded one another without intermission, then, just as it seemed as if Jack would have to yield to superior numbers, the whole body of ruffians suddenly took to flight, leaving him master of the field, with a torn coat and a generally disordered attire.

The victor turned to Miss Fontaine, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. He took her tenderly by the arms, and, with eyes full of concern, inquired if she had been hurt.

Poor Ethel was too overcome to make any reply. Her breath came and went in fitful sobs, and she was evidently on the verge of a hysterical attack. Jack drew her to his side and soothed her, as only a devoted lover could. Then, as she grew calmer, she poured forth her thanks in such broken and grateful language that he felt himself a disgraceful brute for having caused her so much distress.

Ted's exploit was now put altogether in the shade, and he was highly wroth in consequence. Miss Ethel's lady friends all agreed that the encounter with the six ruffians and their defeat was a far more heroic performance than the stopping of a runaway horse. Jack was set up on the pedestal lately occupied by Ted, and Miss Ethel's favors veered round in the direction of her late deliverer.

But Ted was not going to let matters rest here. His fertile imagination speedily evolved another exploit to recover his lost glory. During the next few weeks Miss Ethel led a most exciting and precarious existence. She seemed to be under a perpetual sword of Damocles. Hardly a day passed but she was in some perilous situation, from which she was only rescued in the nick of time by the prowess of one or other of her lovers. A burglarious entry into her father's house was discovered and checked by Eccles. A midnight fire, whose origin was a mystery, gave Bowles the opportunity of mounting to her bedroom and carrying her off, amid clouds of smoke and shouts of applause. Eccles dragged her from under the feet of a cab horse, whose reckless driver was certainly not above the suspicion of having tracked her along the streets for several days. Bowles was just in time to prevent her from being gored by an infuriated bull while crossing the fields. And so, turn by turn, each rival constituted himself her guardian angel at some critical juncture. And each adventure became more alarming than the last. Miss Ethel's latest escape was the general topic of conversation. People wondered at her extraordinary career.

Insurance agents looked askance on her father's prudent efforts to take out a policy on her life. She herself began to find life a very uncertain quantity and far too exciting to be enjoyable.

Matters came to a crisis at last. The competition could not possibly go on forever, and Ted Eccles determined to make a decisive stroke which should "settle the hash of that ass, Bowles," once and for all.

There was to be a picnic on the river in a few days. Ted's ready invention gave birth to the idea of a thrilling rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. He thought the matter carefully over, and laid down a scheme as feasible as possible. He then strolled down to see Jim, the boatman.

Jim was the owner of some light river craft, and he had undertaken the duties of pilot and oarsman in the forthcoming excursion.

Very cautiously Ted explained to him the object of his mission. Nevertheless, Jim was considerably astounded at the audacity of a proposal

to upset a whole boatload of people into the water. It took him several minutes to grasp the fact of Ted's sanity. He shook his head very determinedly.

"Nay, nay, sir, there's not going to get me hung for murder."

Ted pleaded and persisted. He offered bribe after bribe on an increasing scale. Jim was obstinate. Still Ted waxed more importunate. With the offer of a £10 note Jim wavered. It was a sum not lightly to be rejected. He reflected a minute or two and then remarked tentatively:

"It's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescue?"

"That's all, Jim."

"Well, what about th' others?"

This was a poser. Ted had not troubled himself about the fate of the remainder of the party.

"Oh, they'll manage to scramble out some way or other," he said, offhandedly.

"Look here, sir," said Jim, thoughtfully; "seeing as it's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescue, it's no use upsetting the whole boatload. Besides, that'd be too big a job. How'd it be if Miss Ethel was persuaded to go for a bit of a row after the others had got out; and then, seeing you wish it petticky, I might manage to tip her in, nice and quiet like, close against the side, so there'd be no danger?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ted, grasping Jim's horny hand in his enthusiasm.

It was arranged then for the sum of £10 (55 down and £5 on the completion of contract), that Jim was to offer to indulge Miss Fontaine's well-known penchant for rowing, and by this means take her further up the river than the rest of the party; and then, having reached the selected spot, to sink or overturn the boat, so that Mr. Eccles, who would be at hand, might plunge in and obtain all the credit of her rescue.

Ted took his leave. Scarcely an hour elapsed before Jack Bowles popped into Jim's workshop.

He also had a communication to make to the astonished boatman. It was none other than the identical scheme of his previous visitor. Jim stared at first. He wondered if every body was going crazy. Then he decided to keep his own counsel. He listened attentively to Jack's exposition of the plot, raised various objections, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded into an arrangement with him on the same terms as with Ted Eccles.

As Jack closed the door behind him, Jim remarked sententiously:

"The work's well paid as twice paid. Well, I've no objection to twenty quid. As for them, they can fight it out who has her—it's none of my business."

The day of the picnic was a glorious one, as all days should be. The river flowed clear and limpid, dreamily reflecting the panorama of foliage extending along its banks. The party set out in the best of spirits for the day's enjoyment.

Ted Eccles took his station behind a tree, close to the river's bank. He was not aware that Jack Bowles had ensconced himself behind a similar tree on the opposite bank. Neither was Jack conscious of the proximity of his rival.

At length the boat drew abreast of the chosen spot. Ted and Jack scarcely breathed as they saw Jim, unnoticed by Ethel, skillfully withdraw a plug from the bottom of the boat. There was a moment's intense silence. Jim had resumed his oars. Then the dreamy look suddenly vanished from Ethel's face, and she started to her feet.

"O, Jim! quick! the boat's sprung a leak."

Jim leaped up, too, and, in doing so, caused the boat to lose its equilibrium. It overturned both its occupants into the water.

Now was the moment. Both rivals plunged into the water with one impulse. Both were excellent swimmers, and reached the overturned boat in a few vigorous strokes. Then, for the first time, they became aware of each other's presence.

Ted, with his arm round Ethel's waist, glared with astonishment and anger at Jack. The latter reciprocated with interest. Ted felt that he was being defrauded out of his legitimate laurels. Jack felt that his pet scheme was being frustrated by the malignity of his foe. Angry blood surged through their veins.

Ted was for bearing the clinging Ethel to his side of the river; Jack had the intention no less of taking her to his side, in spite of Ted Eccles or any other mortal. He caught her by the arm.

"Let go!" spluttered Ted. "She's mine. I got her first!"

"You be hanged!" ejaculated Jack, fired with indignation.

"Let go, I tell you!" screamed Ted.

"I'll smash your head for you," was the response.

"Let go, you scoundrel!"

"Go to blazes, you idiot!"

Ted raised his arm and struck Jack a violent blow in the face. In doing so, he lost his hold of Ethel, who, shrieking with fright, drifted away down the stream. Fortunately Jim was at hand. He overtook her before she had gone far and conveyed her safely to shore, more frightened than hurt.

Meanwhile, the fight waxed furious. The blow maddened Jack; the looks of Ethel infuriated Ted. Closely interlocked, they floundered about in the water, now one uppermost, now the other, striking, parrying, splashing, blowing, plunging and spluttering, like a couple of great fish in mortal combat. Ethel's shrieks had attracted the attention of the picnic party, and the banks were soon lined with interested spectators. Jack and Ted, heedless of everything save each other's existence, fought on like maniacs. In vain the crowd shouted to them; they neither heard nor cared.

The duel must have continued until one or the other of them was hors de combat, had not Jim, in a moment of inspiration, procured a boathook from an adjoining cottage, with which he hooked the combatant who first floundered within reach. This happened to be Ted, and he was fished out the water by main force, amid the cheers and laughter of the onlookers. Jack had no alternative but to follow sheepishly.

The curtain must now in charity be drawn upon the crestfallen rivals. They both lost Ethel. She, to put an end to her perilous adventures, married another fellow.

CURED BY CAT HIDES.

REMARKABLE RESCUE FROM DEATH BY PNEUMONIA.

Thirty-two Cat Skins Applied Warm and Bloody. Several Doctors Had Abandoned All Hope.

Thirty-two cats died recently in order that a Cleveland man, sick with pneumonia, might live. At least the wife and friends of Robert H. Bonnallie, insist that the cats, through their warm skins fresh from pulsating, living bodies, brought Mr. Bonnallie back from death's door to life after all hope of his recovery had been abandoned by the physicians in charge of the case.

James Bell, a friend of the sick man, is responsible for the cat experiment. Bell was a watcher in the sick room, and when he heard the doctors agree that death was a matter of only a few hours, he timidly suggested a remedy that he had heard of years before, and one that he had always regarded merely as an old woman's superstition. This was that the skin of a cat placed while warm on the breast of a person ill with pneumonia, the inflammation will be drawn out immediately. When Bell suggested the remedy to Dr. Reetes, who had charge of the case, the only reply he received was, "well, it can certainly do no harm."

Emboldened by this tacit approval, Bell went out and hunted for a cat. There was, strange to say, no kindy dissonant household, so a kindly dissatisfied neighbor furnished a pet tabby for the experiment. Bell killed the cat, took off the skin and applied it warm and bloody to the sick man's chest. Though the man was to all appearances dead—he had been unconscious for hours—the result came quickly. "Thirty seconds after the application of the warm cat's skin," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "the patient's face expressed change; from a drawn, suffering appearance it relaxed until a peaceful smile played around the lips."

"What in the dickens have they done that makes me feel so good?" he exclaimed. The patient's condition became much easier as the minutes passed. In the natural course of events the heat passed from the cat's skin and the twitching of the patient's face gave evidence of returning pain.

By that time another cat had been obtained and its skin took the place of the first one. The warmth remained in the skins for about an hour and the catskin applications were kept up until thirty-two cats had been sacrificed. The patient was then declared out of danger, and since then he has improved steadily and rapidly until now he is convalescent.

The skins were applied with the raw hide to the body. It was not until the best results came from those skins that were removed from the cat's bodies before life was extinct.

An interesting feature of this cat killing is that nearly thirty Cleveland homes were desolated of their pets, for the city is not like New York and Brooklyn, overrun with homeless creatures that cry out for extinction.

When the search for a cat was begun an appeal was made to several of the neighbors, but in nearly every case the cat was a family pet and the solicitors met with no encouragement during a hunt that lasted more than an hour. It was late at night and a request of that kind at that hour was received in various ways. Some thought it a huge joke, others an excuse by burglars to secure an entrance to the house. Some of the persons thought the request to be an insult to the cat, and turned the visitor away from the door with scant ceremony. Where there was a child in the family was heard a childish scream of horror, says the Plain Dealer, as the youngster gathered her pet kitty in her arms and ran away and hid with the precious creature. Finally at the home of David Roe on Eaton street was found an animal for the sacrifice. The Roe family gave up their house cat, a beautiful mouser, but to save a human life they consented to give it.

Soon the sympathies of several small boys were enlisted and the town was scourged for cats. Before the thirty-second cat was killed the Bonnallie household contained hundreds of them ready for the knife. They were released when Mr. Bonnallie had recovered enough to show that the request was not needed. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnallie are loud in their praises of cat's skins as a cure for pneumonia.

Luminous Paint.

The most recent and, it is claimed, practical method, described, for the production of luminous paint is as follows: Oyster shells are cleaned with warm water, then put into the fire for half an hour, at the end of which time they are taken out and allowed to cool; when quite cold, they are pounded to a fine state, all gray portions discarded, and the powder placed in a crucible, in alternate layers with flowers of sulphur. The lid is put on and cemented with sand made into a paste with water, and, when dry, is baked in the fire for the space of an hour. When quite cold the lid is opened, and, as the product should be white, all gray parts are to be separated, as they are non-luminous. A sifter is then made by taking a pot, putting a piece of very fine muslin loosely around, tied about with a string, and the powder put in at the top and raked about until only the coarse power remains. On opening the pot, a fine white powder is found, and this is to be mixed into a thin paste with warm water, two thin applications being better than one thick one. This is said to be a luminous paint that will show luminously far into the night, provided it is exposed to the light during the day.

Peculiarities of Cats.

I was talking to a veterinary surgeon who makes a study of dogs and cats, and learned something about the latter animal that I never knew. Now that cats have become a fad, the information is of value. He says that the feline race, instead of having less affection than dogs for human beings, have more. Not only do they become strongly attached to places, as is generally known, but to persons. Cats from homesickness are very common among cats, and, of course, this ailment is incurable, and not only do they die because removed from the localities they love, but frequently the result of separation from people they are attached to proves fatal. A cat is not a friend to every person it allows to stroke it. A cat makes few friends, and those are very strong ones. It may live with a family for years and be thoroughly domesticated, and yet have no love for the people. But when a cat really loves its master or mistress, separation will frequently cause the death of the animal, while a dog will become used to new masters.

A Motorman's Superstition.

A motorman will allow his car to run over a dog without any compunctions, but when it comes to a cat on the track it brings out what little superstition there

may be in the man, and most of the motormen have a little," said a conductor. The car had come to a sudden stop, and all the passengers who had noticed a little kitten in front of the car stood up and looked back to see if its mangled remains were on the track. "Why, I have known my motorman to run his car back a half square at night time to see if he had killed a cat," said the conductor. "The headlights on the car seem to attract them after dark and they will stand in front of an approaching car and their eyes gleaming in the darkness like balls of fire, they seem to make no effort to get out of the way and disappear from the motorman's view under the end of the car, leaving him in doubt as to whether he killed them or not. I guess when they get out of range of the headlights they realize their position and scurry out of the way."

DIAMOND WASTE.

Curious Phase of the Amsterdam Diamond-Cutting Industry.

One of the curious phases of the Amsterdam diamond-cutting industry is the extent of the trade in diamond waste. Most of this material comes now from the cleavers. Formerly, when diamonds were still very expensive, cleavers did not deign to set to work upon a stone unless it was mainly of fair quality, and the waste of it could be turned out as valuable diamonds. But now, when the great competition in price, nothing may be rejected. If a piece of stone contains but one good corner, though not more than one-eighth of a carat in weight, and consequently less than half that weight when polished, it must be turned to account; and if this little available portion lies in the center of the stone it can only be reached by a great deal of cleaving, which will unavoidably produce many splinters and much dust. Cleavers' waste is of several kinds, generally sold in a lump to dealers. First, there is the board, or the remnants of stones from which small corners have been taken off; these realize the full market price of board. Out of the other waste are picked the few splinters yet fit to be worked in rose diamonds, next the lost pointed splinters which when inserted in a handle are used for polishing in engraving upon stone, glass, etc. After these come the smaller bits, some of which may also be used for engraving and the stronger ones for boring holes in porcelain, glass, etc. The smallest material of this kind is generally stamped into powder and employed in polishing diamonds and in the arts. Some of the coarser pieces, when smooth, are used for slabs, in which holes are drilled, and they are sold for wire-drawing. Being much harder and more durable than any other substance for this purpose.

A great deal of waste also comes from the cutters. During the cutting a variety of splinters and fine fragments are thrown off; hence the waste material furnished by cutters, and to some extent by the cleavers, is the sweepings, of which there are again two kinds, viz.: first, "bak fulles," the residue of the bak or box upon which the friction of the two diamonds occurs, a mixture of minute diamond particles and scrapings of cement; second, "table fulles," or sweepings of the floor of the shop. All these pass through complicated processes of cleaning by dextrous and experienced hands. At first nothing is seen but black, dusty fragments of the cement used to fit the diamonds on the handles, with here and there a glimmering bit hardly visible to an inexperienced eye. The buyer, however, knows how to treat it by sifting, burning and boiling in nitric acid, so that out of this black mass is brought a fine snow-white powder, mixed with minute fragments of diamond, used for stamping. An extensive trade is done in these different kinds of waste, and it is exported from Holland to various parts of Europe and America for technical purposes. Over 200 persons in Amsterdam gain their living as dealers in diamond waste and sweepings.

Eaten by an Alligator.

A young Jamaican met a horrible death in Port Limon, Costa Rica, on Sunday, in the River Banana, having been caught and eaten by an alligator. Sinclair, with several other companions, had gone to bathe in the river, and while in the water the alligator appeared, when they all made for land.

After getting out it was discovered that Sinclair was missing. His friends, however, hopeful of recovering the whole or part of his body, went away, but returned to the river an hour later with dynamite and rifles just in time to see the alligator on the surface of the water with Sinclair in his mouth, whom he held by his left side, but as soon as the alligator spied them he went below with his victim and never came to the surface again, despite all the dynamite and shots which were discharged in the river all that day until night.

On the 10th instant J. Kaempfer shot an alligator, and on opening it found in the stomach of the rapacious reptile different parts of a human being—a head minus the arm, and another hand on it. A lot of bones were also found. It is believed that these were parts of the unfortunate Sinclair. The alligator was ten feet long.

A Hint to Stamp Collectors.

The army of postage-stamp collectors should be on the lookout for a Dutch five-cent stamp, of exceptional value in the market. A short time ago in the Netherlands letter-stamp factory at Haarlem, a few sheets of five-cent stamps were accidentally printed with blue ink instead of yellow. The mistake was discovered by the postal officials at the stamping of the letters. Several had already been sold and used, however, and a sum of fifty gulden is now offered for single specimens of these misprints.

An Odd Advertisement.

An odd advertisement is being used by an opera troupe now traveling in the South. In each town where the troupe plays the advance agent secures from the local banks \$40,000 in gold coin, putting up satisfactory securities, of course, and this amount is placed in the show window of some prominent store during the day time. The money is then posted to back the manager's assertion that he has "the finest living pictures on the road."

Forty Acres of Corn.

A forty acre field of corn near Tarkio, Mo., belonging to J. P. Stevenson, which is now being shucked, is yielding at the rate of 100 bushels an acre, and the local paper boastfully throws down the gauntlet to any other forty acre field on earth.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

One of the Rothschilds is quoted as saying that there will be more chances to make money in America during the next five years than in any other section of the globe.

The Mayor of Chicago has determined to stop railroad companies' laying tracks in the streets on Sundays. The roads choose that day, because the citizens cannot get an injunction then.

Berlin threatens to eclipse Paris. It now has a population of 1,736,739, and the early annexation of some suburbs will increase this to 1,980,000. Vienna is not far behind, having 1,500,000 inhabitants.

"Common scolds" are now declared to be suffering from a disease, and titter for the hospital than the jail. It is to be hoped that some bacteriologist will speedily discover the proper virus with which to inoculate and cure them.

The City Council of Atchison, Kan., has passed an ordinance making it unlawful for children to play around the tracks of the street railways or climb upon the platforms of the cars. Parents will be held responsible for the acts of their children.

Cranks who think they are inventors are paying a great deal of attention to trolley car fenders. The Philadelphia Record tells of one of them who has designed a fender with a powerful spring that would throw a full-grown man a distance of thirty feet.

It appears from the recent English agricultural returns that there is a sensible increase in the use of land for market gardening and orchard cultivation. The acreage of orchards in England, Wales and Scotland is now more than 218,000. Last year it was only a little less than 214,000. The market gardens cover now 92,873 acres, as compared with 88,210 last year.

The Congregation of Sacred Rites, in Rome, was recently asked to decide whether electric lights could be used "for dissipating darkness and for increasing the exterior attractiveness of churches." Its answer was as follows: "For worship, no. But for dissipating darkness and illuminating churches more brilliantly, yes; with caution, however, so that the manner may not produce the appearance of a theater."

"The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph" quotes J. R. Shepard, a prominent citizen of Nameless, Ga., as explaining how the place came by its title. Mr. Shepard said that originally various names were suggested to the postoffice department, but objection was made on one ground and another. He added: "At last I sat down and wrote out a list of several hundred names, and told them if they could not find one on the list to suit them the office would remain nameless. For I had suggested every name I had ever heard of. In due time the answer came back, 'Let it remain Nameless,' and ever since that time it has had that name, which, while a little odd, is not such a bad name after all."

For the last three years Mrs. Joshua Biles, of Southington, Conn., has been making a unique bed-quilt. The material is twilled cotton, and it is made in forty-one squares, seven inches each way, except the inner square, which takes up the space of nine of the ordinary ones. On this are inscribed in blue stitching, which is readily deciphered, the names of all the soldiers who went to the Civil War from Southington, together with a picture of the soldiers' monument. On the other squares are the pictures of places and persons of local note, such as the pastors of the churches, the postmasters of the three villages, the assessors, the contractors and builders, merchants, etc., the names of the various manufacturing firms, with the lists of officers, pictures of various historic buildings and names of secret societies represented in the town in 1892. Mrs. Biles has been untiring in her efforts to finish this remarkable work, and it is now stretched upon a frame.

The heroic life savers did more work in the last fiscal year along our coasts than in any previous equal period. They rescued 5,382 persons from drowning—a colossal achievement which furnishes a high testimonial to the heroism of the men attached to the service. Ten millions of dollars worth of property was imperiled during the year on the great lakes and along our stormy Atlantic coast, and the greater quantity of it was saved. The work of the service is constantly increasing, and the nation should provide amply for it. No class of men who come into contact with the ravages of the sea are braver or more deserving than the men who man the life-saving stations. Many scores of shipwrecked sailors who have been succored at these stations would join their voices to any general demand for better pay and larger honors for the worthy corps.

Austria proposes to deal with persistent drunkards by treating them as mentally incapable, and detaining them in special retreats for a term of two years. They may go in of their own accord or on compulsion, but cannot leave at will until their term has expired, except in certain cases on probation. Persons may be sent to the retreat either by order of the magistrate or on the petition of the parents or children, or of the husband or wife, or trustee, or of the chief of a lunatic asylum in which a drunkard may be detained. Inebriates may further be assigned to retreats by the action of the public prosecutor, or by the mayor of the town or village in which the habitual drunkard resides. In all cases the inebriate must be legally tried and convicted, the court being bound to wear witnesses, including the drunkard himself, as well as the doctors, more especially experts on mental diseases. The term of detention will be generally for two years, but the patient may be released on leave after one year, but will be confined again in case he relapses into his former bad habits.

Canned Foods.

In buying canned goods an eminent physician's instructions are to "reject every article that does not show the line of rosin round the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam on the side of the can. Reject every can that does not have the name of the manufacturer or firm upon it, as well as the name of the company or town where manufactured. Standards have all this. When the whole-sale dealer is ashamed to have his name on the goods, fight shy of him.

Press up the bottom of the can. If decomposition is beginning, the tin will rattle the same as the bottom of the oiler of your sewing machine will do. If the goods are sound, it will be solid, and there will be no rattle in the tin. Reject every tin that shows any sign of rust around the cap on the inside of the head of the can. If housekeepers are educated on these points, then the murmur of zinc amalgam will become a thing of the past."

A New Musical Machine.

An automatic tubular chime has been invented by Allan E. Olney. As the name