

Valuable Sand Lots.
Accident in making what afterward turned out to be good investments is always a favorite theme for discussion. An instance was cited where a young man went to Tacoma on a flying visit in the earlier days of the place, when the principal part of the town was its name. He was there only a few hours, but in that time was induced to buy several lots for almost nothing. Those lots made a fortune for him so suddenly that it could realize that it could be possible.

Mark Sheldon, the wealthy real estate owner of San Francisco, made his fortune out of a bad debt. He had grown rich and poor in several ventures, and when hard pressed once tried to collect all the money due him. One debtor was unable to give him a cent, but compromised his debt by handing over to Mr. Sheldon some sand lots in what is now Market street, San Francisco.

Sand lots were not very valuable in those days, and Mr. Sheldon found no opportunity to dispose of his until he saw that he might in be a pretty sum of them. So he held on to them, and there is no more valuable real estate in the Golden Gate city today than Mark Sheldon's Market street property.—New York Tribune.

Rhode Island's Veterans.
If you meet ex-Governor Ladd, of Rhode Island, ask him how he turned the laugh on the group of distinguished people amid whom he sat in the presidential grand stand at the Grand Army display. Everybody who is on speaking terms with him knows that he is as proud of his little state as though it was as big as Texas, and the chaffing to which he was subjected while the thousands of men in the departments from the great states were marching past was not calculated to make him particularly comfortable.

"Don't forget your spyglasses when little Rhody's department is due," cautioned Governor Burleigh.

"I say, Ladd, don't you want to borrow a man to carry a flag for your boys?" shouted Governor Bulkeley over the heads of rows of people.

"Is it possible that Rhode Island has a department by itself?" provokingly queried Mrs. Alger.

And so it went for a couple of hours. Finally little Rhody's department flag was described turning into Huntington avenue. Then came the department commander proudly riding ahead of a staff as numerous as the largest. Then came Reeves' splendid band, and then platoon after platoon and post after post of splendidly equipped veterans. Mr. Ladd was surprised himself at the display made by his state, and when after he division had passed he turned to scan the faces of his persecutors they were looking abstractedly at nothing in particular. They saw his smile out of the corners of their eyes, however; it was so broad.—Boston Herald.

Pilot Knob Gives Out.
St. Louis Republic. The celebrated Pilot Knob mines have been worked since 1846 and during the years intervening to the present time have produced an almost fabulous amount of ore. The mines reached their zenith in 1884 when they produced 200,000 tons. This output was continued for about three years, when it began rapidly falling off, and two years ago the Vulcan works, whose capacity is 15,000 tons per month were closed for want of sufficient ore.

The company continued to prospect however, feeling confident that it would soon strike another paying vein. The prospecting failed to develop a vein, and as a last resort the company sunk another shaft 140 feet deep, the expense of which was enormous. This failed also, and the conclusion was forced upon the company that the mountain of iron was exhausted. Prospecting was continued but very quietly until a vein was struck nearer the surface. The vein was nothing like original vein, however, the output being only seven cars daily. The mines were quietly stripped of all the machinery, and scarcely any of it is to be found there at this time.

The furnaces and forges were built in 1847 by the Pilot Knob iron company, and in 1858 were acquired by Chouteau, Harrison & Valle. Before the iron mountain railroad was completed to this point the output had to be carried over the Ozark mountains to St. Genevieve, Mo. It finally came into the possession of the St. Louis ore and steel company.

The location of the mine is historically interesting as it was one of the worst nests of bushwhackers developed by the war. It was at Pilot Knob that Ulysses S. Grant received the commission as general. It was at Pilot Knob that the United States headquarters for the southwest were established. It was at Pilot Knob that General Hardee surrendered in 1861, and it was on the same spot that the celebrated battle of Pilot Knob was fought in September of 1864. And now, like the tales of the war, the erstwhile famous "Pilot Knob mind," the supposed Golconda, is a thing of the past, a shattered strong hold.

A Girl from the South.
A southern girl is here, too, in all her beauty and warm coloring, soft dark eyes and graceful, willowy figure. You can see her daily at any of the big stores or in the corridors of the hotel

most frequented by southerners, whom you will recognize her, if not by sight, by what a New York paper calls her "sweet, catenetic pronunciation." The same paper undertakes to reproduce in cold type the elusive intonations of the southern girl by making her say to her mother: "Till meet we'll 'mminute beds' to." How tedious does this look to the eyes of one whose ear is attuned to the melody of the southern girl's real intonations, and how well he knows the futility of attempting to express them in black and white.—New Orleans Times.

The Rosetta Stone.
The "Rosetta Stone," a famous Egyptian curiosity now in the British Museum, was discovered in the year 1779 by M. Boussard, a French explorer, near Rosetta, a seaport of lower Egypt. It is of a black basalt about forty inches long and thirty inches wide, with three engraved inscriptions upon its surface. The first of these is in Greek, the second a combination of hieroglyphics, the third in cuneiform writing, a system used by the Egyptians in recording every day matters. After years of laborious research the savants of Europe ascertained that the three inscriptions were three versions of a decree of honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes by the priests of Egypt, because he had remitted their taxes. This wonderful relic dates about two centuries before the beginning of the Christian era.—St. Louis Republic.

Which Shoe Wears out First.
Majority of the people who buy shoes in this house leave their old ones. I presume this is true of other shoe houses. I have noticed that the sole of the right shoe—I mean the old shoe—is worn down very thin on that point where the ball of the foot rests. I have seen so many such that I got to thinking about it, and have come to this conclusion: Nearly everybody in a city like Chicago rides on the street cars. Nearly everybody gets off his or her car on the right hand side of the car, and in alighting the right foot is the first to strike the stone paving, or whatever the paving may be, and it strikes on the ball of the foot. This in time wears down the sole of the right shoe at that point.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Courted Nine Girls at Once.
William Anderson, arrested on suspicion of larceny, is quite a character, says a Lowell, Miss. dispatch. In his possession was found a memorandum book, recording the fact that he was courting nine girls. For convenience sake he had them numbered from one to nine inclusive, and when he had occasion to refer to them in the memorandum it was by number.

One entry is the fact that No. 1 became aware that he was escorting No. 6 to places of amusement. His description of No. 7 would make her tear her hair if she read it. While traveling Anderson recorded that he had letters from eight of the girls in a day. Anderson claims a residence in Portland, Me., and was at one time a polo player. A woman came to the station house this afternoon and identified the marriage certificate found in Anderson's possession as that of her brother, who was rooming in Haverhill.

Bees Sting a Team to Death.
While William Harris and his son James were at the McKim farm, Steubenville, on the West Virginia side of the river, two horses, hitched at the side of the barn, slipped their bridles and started to run away. Harris, seeing the run away, tried to head the horses, causing them to turn and go through a fence into a yard where there were thirty bee hives. Three hives were knocked over by the horses. Thousands of bees swarmed over the horses, which lay down in the harness moaning piteously. As young Harris could not see the horses suffer he cut the traces with a butcher knife, while the bees attacked him. He started the horses off. When loose from the cattle crate the horses ran in all directions in the fields, uttering unnatural squeals, at times rolling in the grass moaning terribly.

One horse lay in a creek, where it rolled and shrieked till death ended its sufferings. The other horse was caught and hay burned under it, but the horse died in a short time. Both were fine animals. Young Harris was stung badly, but he was bathed in a tub of soda water, counteracting the poison. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Whitelaw Reid.
Whitelaw Reid is sparely elongated of fame, and suffers his dusky locks to flutter in negligent profusion behind his ears. He is unbane of manner, though he married money. He is also three-and-fifty, and make his first success in journalism as a war correspondent under the signature of "Agate." After the war he wrote an elaborate "History of Ohio in the War," which attracted the attention of Chief Justice Chase, and he invited Mr. Reid to accompany him on his southern trip in 1866, an account of which he wrote.

The chief justice introduced him to Horace Greeley, who made him his secretary and managing editor of The Tribune, and since Greeley's death in 1872 he has been editor-in-chief. He was at one time superintendent of schools at Charleston, S. C.—Frank Leslie's.

An Ancient Farm House.
The houses of the farmers and the country people differed then as now, according to their rank and prosperity, and also according to the district they inhabited. The yeoman farmer, dwelt even the well-to-do husbandman, dwelt in a solid house of brick or stone, tiled or slated, with a paved yard separating it from the barn and outhouses, the dairy and cattle pens. The farmhouse—which in England was always constructed with a southern aspect—as in-structed with a southern aspect—as in-structed with a southern aspect—as in-structed with a southern aspect.—New York Times.

When the vast kitchen glowed in the light of the fire—almost as unextinguishable as the vestal virgin's—peat, coal and wood were each abundantly employed, and for a trifling rent, generally paid in kind, the lord of the manor would permit the farmers on his land to cut their turfs from his bog or their boughs from his forest. Fuel was not only actually but relatively cheaper in the middle ages than today, for the bogs were not drained in those days, the forest covered great expanses, and the cost of carriages made it almost impossible to transport their produce. In almost every share of France and England the supply of fuel was in excess of the demand.

The hospitable fire flared up a chimney proportioned to its size, lighting the huge brick oven, the iron firedogs, the bellows, shovel, gridiron, ladles, caldrons, saucepans, mortar, tin pails and other utensils that stood on the brack ends of the hearth, and irradiating the brass and copper pots, the mental candlesticks, the lamp, the lantern, the glass unfrequent silver beaker, and the glass drinking cups that were ranged on the chests and cupboards round the walls. Near this fire stood a high backed settle, the master's corner, and under the great mantle of the chimney narrower benches were set in the brick.

Within easy reach of the hearth a deep oak chest held the logs for burning. It was generally matched by a handsome wedding chest with carved and painted front, long enough to contain a grown person full length, but more usually filled, it must be admitted with the best clothes, the trinkets and the savings of the household. The registers of the chatelet record no crime so common as the breaking open of such wedding chests; and it is surprising how many clasps of jewels, girdles of pearls, golden headresses and rings, and purses full of gold were stolen from quite humble households. Our forefathers invested their capital in cups or trinkets of precious metal, pretty to look at, easy to hide, and readily converted into cash when necessity demanded a sacrifice.—Fortnightly Review.

To Measure the Sea Level.
A new apparatus for measuring the mean level of the sea has lately been installed at Marseilles. It is based on the principle that when a liquid wave traverses a capillary tube or a porous partition, its amplitude diminishes and it is retarded in its phases without the mean level of the wave changing. It consists of a glass tube, the lower end of which communicates by a flexible pipe with a plunger which is lowered beneath the lowest water level. There are two cells in the plunger, the lower being filled with sand and open to the sea, the result being that the column of water in the tube rises and falls very little with the tides, and the mean sea level can be read from a graduated scale.—New York Times.

The Attorney's Dog.
A Boston lawyer who resides in the suburbs is the owner of a dog that certainly possesses the instincts of an attorney. The other day he saw another dog carrying off a tempting looking bone. A second dog followed at a short distance. The lawyer's dog quickly conceived a plan of action worthy of an eminent legal mind. He immediately brought action against the dog with the bone. The third dog at once quickened his pace, and lost no time in instituting supplementary proceedings in his own behalf. This assistance proved equivalent to a decree for the plaintiff, for the lawyer's dog left the third dog to bear the brunt of the litigation, and seizing the bone fled to his own kennel, where possession was truly nine points of the law.—Boston Traveler.

An Immense Shark.
While native fishermen were out fishing with nets at Waialua, on the other side of Oahu, a monster shark got entangled in one of the nets and was hauled ashore on the beach. Almost the whole village went down and killed the monster with axes. The shark measured eighteen feet in length. When cut up into pieces two good sized turtles, one of which was still living, were found in the stomach. The turtles measured eighteen inches across. Other things of a varied nature were also found in the stomach. The jawbones were brought to Honolulu by the steamer C. B. Bishop and placed on exhibition. The jaws have seven rows of teeth and measured twenty-two inches when fully extended. The natives stated that the dead shark managed to escape.—Honolulu Times.

Danger in Choice Reading.
"Why on earth do you read such books?" said a sensible man a few evenings ago to a woman of highly sensitive and suffering organization, who had just been through the thousand pages of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." "Such books are simple poison to you. You ought never to read a line of them." "What!" she answered "do you think I should be justified in keeping ignorant of the misery and degradation of millions of my fellow creatures?"

"Yes," was his answer, "the more ignorant of such things persons like you keep themselves, the surer their chance of being sunny and helpful influences in the world. The record of these horrors simply paralyzes you. It works on your sympathetic imagination till the whole head is sick or the whole heart is faint. At night you lie down, and in the morning you get up in darkest Africa yourself. Had you spent your time in reading something beautiful and cheering you would have been healthier and happier and a hundred times more use to your husband, to your children and to society."

In the especial case in hand the man was right, and the case stands for thousands of like ones. Overwrought sensibility is the suffering side of life, and the gloomy spell this exerts over the imagination, is an actual disease of the day. Numberless are the people whose constant aim in life ought to be to get away from the contemplation of distressing objects, and who should take as much pains as the florist with his roses to expand the broadest possible expanse of clear glass to the rays of the sun. Without sunshine, and plenty of it, they can never thrive. Just as some plants can flourish under the densest shade, while others mildew beneath it, so it is with different human organizations.—Boston Herald.

A Remarkable Diamond.
A large diamond was recently found in the De Beers Consolidated Mines at Kimberly, South Africa by a native, says the Jewelers Weekly. It was in two pieces, one weighing 19 1/2 carats and the other 25 1/2 carats. The remarkable feature of the stone is its shape, as with two pieces joined, it measures 2 1/4 inches long, 1 inch broad and 3/4 of an inch thick.

It is crystallized more in the form of ordinary quartz, except that, instead of being hexagonal, it is of the prismatic form, having only three sides. At one end—the base—it has a flat cleavage plane on the slant, and there is no doubt that to make it as perfect crystal, there is another piece about three-quarters of an inch long that should be added to it and which may yet be found in the sorting.

At the other end, or top, it comes to a blunt point, and it is this piece that was broken off. It is a light brown color. To any one not thoroughly acquainted with rough diamonds it would appear a piece of brown quartz, as the cleaved or broken end naturally forms the base of the quartz formation, as if it had grown on the rocks. The coating is more like that of the river diamonds. It is valued at £2,000.

Ingersoll as an Entertainer.
Last winter Col. Ingersoll gave receptions to his friends on Sunday evenings. His parlors were always crowded, and the great agnostic was the most delightful of men. He laughed with the girls, talked seriously with the men, cracked a joke at the supper table, and seemed to be as contented as man can well be. I noticed on more than one occasion, whenever some ill-mannered person brought up the subject of religion, that Col. Ingersoll feebly turned the conversation. But upon one memorable night that I recall, Grace Greenwood, the authoress, turned to him and said familiarly, as do most of his friends: "Bob, what do you think of Shakespeare?" I suppose the question was prompted by a magnificent bust of the Bard of Avon that stood on a pedestal near by. Col. Ingersoll was not at a loss for an answer. He walked over to the bust, looked at the face affectionately, and then in a low voice began as eloquent a tribute to the great poet as has ever been paid him. For five minutes he poured forth his eloquence in a low, calm voice, and when he looked up he found that all the men and women in the parlors were on tip-toe eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. I wish I could reproduce those words now, but I can't.—N. Y. Letter to Pittsburg Leader.

The Tale of Bluebeard.
The tale of Bluebeard is familiar to every child, but many have speculated on the original of this bogey, merciless tyrant. Some say it was a satire on Henry VIII, of wife killing notoriety. Dr. C. Taylor thinks it is a type of the castle lords in the days of knight errantry. According, however, to a popular belief, Charles Perrault, the French author of this fascinating story, founded it on the history of a certain Gilles de Retz, lord of Laval, who during his lifetime was known by the name of "Barbe Bleue," or "Bluebeard," on account of the peculiar bluish black hue of his beard. The lord had a mania for sorcery and magic, and was accused of murdering six wives. He was ultimately strangled and burned in 460.—New York Ledger.

Heroic Mothers of the Poor.
From his experience as a physician in the east of London, Dr. Edward Berdoe says in the Fortnightly Review that the mothers among the poor, and even among the paupers, are willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of medical attendance upon their children. "I could not give the fathers," he said, "by any means so good a character in this respect. The beery and self-indulgent pauper male parent is too often careless enough of his family; but of the mother I can, on the whole, say nothing but good. I have very rarely known a sick child to want for anything within her means, even if she had to go without necessities for herself." One example which he gives of the self-sacrifice of penniless mothers is worth quoting in full. "One Monday morning," he says, "in the depth of the late winter, a thin, poorly clad little woman came through a snowstorm to an East End work house to ask for food for her children. Her husband was lying ill in the infirmary and she had five children to support by charring and doing odd jobs. The relieving officer at once assisted the family with food. Ten minutes after the applicant had left the relief officer I was fetched in haste to see the poor woman, who had just reached home. She had placed the bread and meat on the table and had fallen dead on the bed. I was surprised to see the five chubby, well-fed children standing by the bed on which lay their dead mother. The story was a common one—the bread had all gone to the children. The mother had sacrificed her life to save theirs. 'A mother,' says Coleridge, 'is the holiest thing alive,' and I should endorse the sentiment, even had I no other experience where-with to illustrate it than that gleaned from my East London parish work."

How Herbert Spencer Looks.
Herbert Spencer is a man somewhat above the middle height and not looking his seventy years by good decade. His head is well shaped, but not noticeably large, and is pinky bald, with a fringe of not very gray hair. Round his cheeks and jaw grows a scant whisker to match with a narrow canal cut through at the chin; the nose very delicate and aquiline, the teeth strong and well preserved, the skin ruddy, and the whole expression fine, simple, and intellectual. Of course, he wore soft, square-toed boots, and a baggy, broadcloth coat. They are badges of men of genius—the elderly ones, at least—and even Rudyard Kipling affects them. Never in all my experience have I seen a very great man with such absolute simplicity of manner.

Peculiar Divorce Suit.
Kate D. Edgerton, for three years a resident of Minneapolis, has filed complaint in the district court, asking a divorce from her husband, Erastus D. Edgerton, president of the Second National bank of Helena, a leading capitalist and church member. She asks for \$50,000 and her share in his present real estate holdings. The couple were married in 1879 and came to Helena three years later. In her complaint she alleges that Erastus procured by fraudulent means a divorce from her in Yellowstone county, this state, in 1887. Thomas A. Carter, present commissioner of the general office, being his attorney. She alleges that he forced her, with a drawn revolver, to write a letter dictated by him, authorizing E. D. Weed, present United States district attorney, to appear for her in the Yellowstone county proceedings, which letter Edgerton carried to Weed, and the latter accepted service and consented to a decree of divorce on her behalf, without knowledge or consent. She has a suit pending in the district court of Jefferson county to annul this fraudulent decree.

Peculiar Find.
Joseph Paulus has made a discovery of a peculiar kind of oil or gas well on his farm, three miles northwest of Goshen, Ind. Paulus runs a sawmill in one corner of his farm and has it located near the edge of a large marsh. Some time ago the water supply which fed the engine boiler gave out. A 40-foot open well was dug and the customary iron pipe driven down still further. Subsequently a good supply of water was obtained, and it was fed into the boiler. The engineer noticed three or four days ago that the water acted strangely in the boiler. He said it spluttered and bubbled. The water was examined and found to have a peculiar odor—something like that of artificial water gas. It was heavy and oily. This peculiarity increased, and the engine had to shut down. The samples which have been submitted here show a substance in mixture with the water or about the consistency of glycerine. Unlike ordinary oil in mixture, it cannot be disconnected or shaken into globules. It has a clear color, unlike that of regular petroleum. Paulus is positive he has made a rich strike, and has sent samples to experts for analysis.

Astonishing Progress.
Aunt Miranda (to little city nephew) —"I'm glad you go to school regularly in th' city. What'd ye study?" Little Nephew—"Oh, every grade has a different set of text books." Aunt Miranda—"Land sakes! The way things is goin'! Can't folks find texts enough in the bible now days?" Washington Post: A man who declares that he has vainly pursued a career of integrity, says that he is a virtue-ewe-go in honesty.

Australian (C)
The prevailing state of feeling among the larger towns with excellent museums, libraries, free reading-rooms, public gardens, manifold pleasures of amusement. The multitude, and the multitudes, is unquestionably southern in its taste for amusement. For the theater, and clubs as well as almost as luxurious as the Mall or Piccadilly. For all of all, excellent schools and ties. So rich and poor into towns, which become out becoming crowded, in room for expansion, so suburban residence. This have acquired not only a population, but also a social dominance which is neither American, and for continental parallel can be an outside observer the condition of things seems not without grave dangers, as illustrating an illustration of national growth, possibly to extreme democratic level. The concentration of population enabled the artisan class to equaled present advantages, is justification for the view by many Australians that the foundation of permanent unless a check can be apparently how to get agricultural population to stay land. The temper of the most unfavorable to the patient of the farm, with its slow and slow accumulation. In last few years the curious has occasionally presented a serious dearth of labor in places, while in the towns unemployed were being sent to work. Sent, sometimes to the "unemployed" soon to the mingled wants and deplorable life.—Century Magazine.

Scientific Work.
In order to preserve should be covered with mixed with vegetable. The effect of removing corn is to turn the strength to the ovaries, and so amount of grain.

Seaweed is now made paper, which takes the place of glass. When colored the color is stained or painted glass.
An instrument called a tokrit, based on centrifugal force, has been invented for determining the amount of corpuscles present in a bath containing twenty sulphate of copper to a quart. are for some time present attacks of parasites and rot.

The speed with which known as meteors enter through the atmosphere is in excess of that of a cannon. there is no comparison with two bodies.

Crown and Scepter.
The story goes that the Russia does his own marketing. King George of Greece has of only 30,000,000 francs. spends little money and passes into solid investments.

Princess Clotilde is greatly over the loss of her husband Napoleon. The annuity which he received from the government will be continued. The ex-Empress Eugenie the plainest designs for mourning. She wears usually a tinted bodice and a simple dress of any kind.

The Princess Louisa of Holstein, who is soon to be tall and a very handsome woman. Her shoulders, arms are perfectly proportioned, and pretty dark blue eyes. Queen Victoria retains her subjects to a remarkable. Whenever she visits London greeted by the populace with ordinary enthusiasm. Even they are astonished by the welcome.

The sultan of Turkey imbued with the superstitious cross eyed people. in his suite afflicted with vision in one eye, and was too useful to discard was extirpated.

King Menelek II is not only of his own race but of the far more important of Abyssinia to the north. fore the most powerful ruler has had for generations. Even his own country of his highlands north of his