

MAKE AN EASY LIVING.

Expert Begging Letter Writers Tell Not Nether Do They Spin.

When "my lady's" mail is brought to her she finds hobbobbling with the announcements of future dinners, receptions and other social pleasures a circular, which comes from a professional whose calling will not be found in any directory, although he advertises far and wide. His business is thoroughly established and managed with such acuteness that, while he neither tolls nor spins, he reaps an income not to be despised. The clergyman, man of business, the successful or prosperous man or woman—everybody of any note or position—has probably at one time or another been perplexed and annoyed with the chaff from his mill, which grinds on unceasingly. Some one has said, "Beggars specialize nowadays," and those who have devoted themselves to this particular branch stand at the head of the begging list, and are usually accomplished artists in their line. Their letters are as varied as the colors and positions of the contents of a kaleidoscope. No time nor season is sacred from their intrusion, says the New York Herald. They find their way to the house of mourning, urging a special donation as a memorial of the precious dead. They follow weddings, births, balls, and other festivities as a perpetual skeleton at the feast—a reminder that Lazarus is at the gate in an attitude of expectant reception. The published notice of rare jewels worn at the opera and other gatherings is only the keynote for the most barefaced appeals imaginable, for "the value of one jewel," or the suggestion that a distracted sufferer, a possible suicide or starving family could be relieved by a portion of the goods, which, by accident of birth or fortune, belongs to those most favored.

It is a recorded fact in the relief societies that within the last ten years one woman has sent out upward of 200 letters, and doubtless that is only a portion of the total of her efforts. With a persistent diplomatic energy, which, exercised in the right direction, would long ago have made her independent, she has for years pursued her course. Her actions are criminal; she has lived by obtaining money under false pretenses, but until some one of her victims feels willing to press the charge and enter the courts against her there seems no way of flaming up her well-earned prosperity. In 1884 she was arrested for vagrancy and sent to the workhouse for six months, but by some means, regarding which history is silent, she was released before she had served her term, and was soon treading her accustomed paths. The housekeeper of a tenement where she once lived reported that she was in constant receipt of large bundles of clothing, brought to her by messenger boys, express wagons and carriages. These contained garments of all grades and sizes for herself, her husband, and the mythical children whom she had described as unable to attend Sunday school, being in the condition of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The clothing was sorted out and carried in instalments to the pawnshops.

A woman died a few months ago who was thoroughly educated and capable, mentally and physically, of making herself a good living, but she used her power only in writing begging letters. The "she" sent to well-known merchants asking aid in memory of her dead husband. She was a woman of fine presence, always well dressed and always living in choice rooms in a desirable locality. These were fitted up with luxurious comfort and she apparently wanted for nothing, yet she never owned rightfully one farthing. She made no small appeals, but usually sent a subscription paper headed by a good round sum, pretending to need the means to enter a home for the aged, and to wish to supply herself with certain aids to comfort pending her admittance. In this way she collected enough to have founded a home.

A Vegetable Caterpillar.
In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal vegetable oddity, which, from all accounts, cannot be equalled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many antipodean wonders and paradoxes, and for the want of a better name has been called the "bullrush caterpillar" or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is *awetohote*. The above ground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing head, segments and breathing holes—details of the grub perfectly preserved. On examination the interior of the caterpillar is found to be composed of a "pulpy" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Buckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar, and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines.

Longfellow Was Amused.
A correspondent of The Youth's Companion was strolling about Interlaken, and stopped at a little shop to look at some photographs. The owner of the establishment was a lady—one of those women, who, as our correspondent remarks, are recognized at once as ladies, no matter on which side of the counter they may happen to stand. She fell into a friendly chat with her customer, and presently took down one of her small stock of books.

"A good many Americans buy this," she said. "It is 'Hyperion,' by your own Longfellow."

Then she laughed, as if suddenly reminded of something that pleased her very much, and continued:

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Very few people realize how much the railroads throughout the country make in scrap iron every year, or, in other words, how much is saved on the part of the companies by the disposal of old iron to junk dealers. As in every phase of railroading, there is even a system of gathering and disposing of scrap, not only on local lines but on roads every where as well. The matter is virtually under the direction of the supervisors of all the divisions, who see that the scrap is gathered up cleanly over their portion of the track at regular intervals, and shipped wherever it can be disposed of. The railroads realize that it pays to look after the scrap, and those lines which let the old rails rust and wear away are the losers. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylvania lines west watch the scrap iron question more carefully than other local roads.

In speaking of the matter recently to a Pittsburg Post reporter a well-known official of the Fort Wayne said: "The life of a rail on the Pennsylvania lines is about eleven years, and on the Pennsylvania Railroad only nine years. The difference is due perhaps to heavier traffic on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The friction of constantly passing trains wears on the rail until it must be replaced by a new one. The company pays \$24 per ton, and the rails used on our lines average eighty-five pounds to the yard. When it has passed its useful stage the rail is taken out by the supervisor and replaced. The old rails that are taken out from time to time are gathered up every month and brought into the city, where they are sold to junk and scrap dealers at \$12 per ton. It can readily be seen that the company pays only \$12 for the use of rails per ton. The price received from the scrap man is a good figure, when it is known that the rails, when sold, are of no use to the company. Rails that are not much worn are sold to factories along the road at \$18 per ton, where they are used for sidings, and answer the purpose quite as well as the new rails. There are many uses to which the old rail is put. A great amount of barbed wire is made of railroad iron, and very often the rails are used as foundations for large buildings. There are not many people who know that the Masonic Temple in Chicago rests on a foundation of steel rails, layer upon layer, six feet deep. The rails form only a small proportion of the scrap which is gathered from roads every year. In addition, worn-out car wheels, coupling pins, and broken parts of machinery go into the junk dealer's hands. A failure to carefully watch the scrap iron question would result in great loss to the company."

THE PLANT TRICK.

How a Tree May Be Made to Grow Before One's Eyes.

A French scientist, M. Ragonneau, has just discovered how to make a plant grow from the seed in thirty minutes as much as it would under ordinary circumstances in as many days. Heretofore nature has shared this secret with the Yoghis of India alone, and the methods pursued by these clever magicians in performing the trick have often been described. They plant a seed in the earth and cover it with a cloth. In a few moments the cloth begins to be pushed upward by the growing plant, which in a short time attains the height of several feet. Various theories have been advanced as to the modus operandi of this miracle, one of the latest being that the spectators are all hypnotized by the magician.

During his travels in India, M. Ragonneau saw this trick performed frequently and noticed that the Hindus always imbedded the seed in oil which they brought with them especially for that purpose. At last he learned that they obtained this earth from ant hills. Now, as every one knows, who has inadvertently eaten one of these industrious insects, ants contain a large proportion of formic acid, with which in time the soil of their habitations become charged. This acid has the power of quickly dissolving the integument surrounding a seed and of greatly stimulating the growth of the germ within.

After a little experimenting with this acid the learned Frenchman was able to duplicate perfectly the Hindoo trick. His further researches have led him to believe that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar can be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using earth moistened with a solution of 5,000 parts of water and one of acid.

Oblivious to All but Love.

It was night. The strains of a waltz from the pavilion and the shuffling feet of the merry dancers could be heard on the beach close by. To the left of the dancing platform a long stretch of sand lay, dotted here and there with benches for the tired dancers.

On a bench close to the water's edge sat a couple closely folded in each other's arms. Oblivious to all around, they told each other of their love; and now and then the soft sound made by a kiss could be heard echoing over the waters.

Time passed by, and still they sat, caring little for the fleeting hours, until finally the girl, placing a tender caress on her companion's cheek, murmured:

"Kerrie, dear, my feet are getting cold."

Still they sat on, listening to the murmur of the waves and the echo of the music, when the girl, giving a last fond embrace, murmured again:

"Darling, I can't stand it any longer, my feet are so cold."

They arose, and the man's heart smote him as he realized what was the matter. The flowing tide had come in, passed far beyond the bench, and they had to wade out through six inches of water.

Detected.

The Marquis of Waterford once showed remarkable detective skill. A robber, who had broken into the Marquis's house at Curraghmore, Ireland, was pursued by him, and followed to a public house four miles off.

There the robber had seated himself among a number of men, who were drinking and smoking, and not one of them would betray him. The Marquis, however, was master of the situation. He insisted upon feeling all their hearts, and as he was their landlord and the great man of the county, not one dared to refuse. The man whose heart was still beating quickly was the robber, who had just ceased running.

Gives an Alarm.

A novel alarm letter box has been introduced, the principle of which is to let householders whose doors are fitted with the apparatus know when letters, etc., have been dropped in, their weight releasing a catch, which allows a short spring to uncoil and set a vibrating weight to ring a bell.

Clatter of Wooden Heels.
Europeans to the number of 70,000,000 wear sabots.

TOO CLEVER FOR THE JEWELER.

Swindled by Diamond Thief Who Was Cleverly Watched Them.

Joshua Chapin, a jeweler of London, while visiting a diamond dealer in Maiden Lane, related this experience with clever thieves:

"Long after I thought I knew all the tricks of diamond thieves I had an experience that taught me a lesson at the cost of £2,000.

"A gentlemanly appearing, plainly attired man came into my shop one morning and asked to see some solitaire diamond rings. I waited on him, and did so with great caution, yet tried to avoid giving offense. I placed before him a tray containing forty rings, and did not for a moment take my eyes from his fingers while he was examining them. As is customary, the tray was filled, so that a vacant place would be readily noticed.

"My customer evidently knew the merits of the stones, and was able to select the most valuable ones at sight. He appeared to enjoy examining them, and did so in a deliberate manner that aroused my suspicion. Finally, he appeared to be undecided as to one of three rings and ended by saying he would call the next day with his wife and take one of them. This action made me the more suspicious, and I was careful to see that all of the rings were in their places before he left the shop.

"When he did leave I sent a clerk after him, and we learned that he and his wife were at one of the leading hotels, registered from New York.

"He returned with a woman the next afternoon, and the tray of rings was put before them. They were both very deliberate, and examined every ring in the tray; but I took care not to have more than two spaces vacant at a time. Finally, a ring, valued at a hundred pounds, was selected, and I was told to mark it and send it with the bill to their hotel. I was about to suggest that I did not like to mark the ring until it had been made a good sale. My customer gave instructions as to the marking, and left the shop.

"I examined my tray very carefully and found that it was full, with the exception of the space that had been occupied by the ring just sold. I felt relieved, and congratulated myself on having made a good sale. My customer gave instructions as to the marking, and left the shop.

MIXED THE TWO POETS UP.

The High School Pupil's Error and the Confusion Which Followed.

Now that the schools are open again and the "sweet little girl grads" of last year's normal class are being crystallized into the prim schoolmarm of years to come, the never failing stories, true and otherwise, funny and supposed to be of class bulls and blunders, are cropping out and being added to the already great volume of "English as She Is Spoke." One of the latest comes from the high school and is fastened by the Washington Post on a sweet-voiced blushing youth, with an incipient mustache and a furtive glance that will wander toward the girls' side of the study hall. They were being called up the other day by the English literature teacher and examined as to their memory of last year's work and the sweet-voiced youth was asked for a quotation from Scott. He started bravely enough, but mixed his authorities before he finished.

"Och, woman, in thy hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The conclusion was entirely too much for the class, the red-headed corporal from D Company exploded in a regular vacation laugh, the rest of the room, including the teacher, followed suit, and the sweet-voiced youth collapsed, vowing he would never memorize another quotation so long as he lived.

Deadliest Poison Known.

The most deadly poison is that which was discovered by Prof. Frazer, of Edinburgh, and known as shophanthidin, an African plant. As little as one thousandth part of an ounce of crystallized shophanthidin produces a distinctly injurious effect upon the heart, and a very small quantity is fatal.

Another deadly poison is cyanogen gas, the principal ingredient of hydrocyanic or prussic acid. At ordinary temperatures it is simply a gas, but can be condensed by cold and pressure into a thin, colorless liquid and becomes a solid at 30 degrees Fahrenheit. The inhalation in its gaseous state of a most minute quantity would cause instant death.

One of the most deadly poisons is arsenuretted hydrogen, which is formed by decomposing an alloy of arsenic and zinc with sulphuric acid. It is a colorless gas, possessing a fetid odor of garlic, and acts as a most deadly poison.

Damaged by Being Prayed For.
Miss Tessie L. Kelso, librarian of the public library of Los Angeles, Cal., has sued Rev. J. W. Campbell, of that city, for praying for her in public. She is a most worthy young woman, but recently incurred the enmity of a few people by advising the purchase of certain books for the library. The offensive prayer was as follows: "O, Lord, vouchsafe thy saving grace to the librarian of the Los Angeles city library and cleanse her from all sin and make her worthy of her office." The prayer stirred up a terrific commotion and Miss Kelso's friends declared it to be slanderous. So she demands \$5,000 for the defamation of her character in public. —New York Tribune.

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"Do you know this ring is plated, and the stone paste?" he asked.

"I was dazed for a second, and then I saw it all. I hurried to the tray of rings and found every one of them like the one the engraver held. The man had made an imitation of each ring, and deliberately substituted the bogus for the genuine ones, and thus robbed me before my very eyes. I never saw the thieves or the diamonds again."

Chinese Flower Girls.

When, for instance, a Chinese gentleman intends giving a dinner to three friends, he will arrange for it to be provided on a flower boat at a certain hour, and also for the company of eight dining-out girls—two for each gentleman. I call them dining-out girls, as it best describes to me their calling. They will come prettily dressed, their hair done up in most wonderful shapes, and brushed over with a sort of varnish, which makes it appear like a fantastic head-dress carved in ebony. They will ornament this structure with bright flowers, though the wreaths will be as stiff as their hair; or they will sometimes add jade, gold, or feather-inlaid ornaments. Their faces will be painted in white and pink—very artistically painted, smooth, and soft-looking; delicately traced, sharp black-crescents will mark their eyebrows. Dainty, demure dolls they will appear, and pretty to look upon; but seemingly one touch would destroy their artistic effects, as a rough hand the radiance of a butterfly's wing.

Two of these young ladies will attend to each gentleman, sitting slightly back from the table at each side of the entertained. They will fill his liquor cups, sip from them, and pass them on; pick out dainty pieces of "chow" (food) with chopsticks, and hand them to him; crack jokes, fill and light his pipe, and all the while chat gaily and eat dried watermelon seeds. That is all I ever saw them eat. Behind each group of three a solemn-looking coolie, or waiter, will stand to fan them all the while. Other waiters bring in food, wine and tea, change the dishes, and attend to their wants. The meal will last for a long time. Eventually all will rise and retire to an outer room furnished with broad couches covered with matting. Opium pipes will be there for those who care for them, and tobacco and cigars in plenty. The girls will sit on the couches, laugh, fill the pipes, and still eat watermelon seeds, while the gentlemen will recline at their ease, enjoying their society.—The Century.

Value of Different Fingers.

One of the miners' accident insurance companies of Germany has been making an interesting estimate of the money value of hands and fingers. According to the figures the loss of both hands represent a loss of 100 per cent efficiency, or, in other words, the whole ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent, while the loss of the left hand represents from 60 to 70 per cent of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from 20 to 30 per cent of the earnings; the first finger of the right hand is valued at: from 14 to 18 per cent; that of the left hand at: from 8 to 12.5 per cent. The middle finger is worth from 10 to 16 per cent. The third finger is valued at no more than from 7 to 9 per cent, while the little finger is worth from 9

to 12 per cent. The difference in the percentages, it is explained, is occasioned by the differences in the trades followed by the injured ones.

HAS HIS REVENGE.

Well-Stocked Skunkery at Bennington Stirrs Up Lots of Trouble.

It is said that revenge is sweet, but a Bennington, Vt., man has discovered a mode of revenge which is anything but sweet. He was compelled not long ago by his neighbors to move a pig pen away from the roadside. This made him angry and he decided to get even. How he did it is best told in the following dispatch which appeared in some of the newspapers dated Bennington:

Complaint has been made by the Board of Health of a skunkery which has been started about half way between here and North Bennington, and about 100 yards from the settlement known as Paper Mill Village.

It was started by Marshall Legacy in revenge for being obliged to move a pig pen from the side of the main road early in the season.

A pen has been built inclosed with a stone wall, which has been sunk deep enough into the ground that the animals cannot dig out. The top of the pen is covered with slats and holes are placed around the sides.

In this pen are confined twenty-five skunks, which Legacy is keeping to kill for their hides and oil.

It is alleged that he frequently stirs up the animals with a pole through one of the holes in the fence, and the scent is almost unbearable to the people of the village.

Lawyers say that nothing can be done, as the nuisance is the requisite distance from an occupied house, and the Board of Health has no control over the matter.

A Quid Pro Quo.

He was only first consul then, and I was consul general—for the United States, of course; but we were very intimate, notwithstanding the difference in rank, for I valued that. One day something offered the opening, and he said:

"Well, General, I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was!"

I fairly shouted, for I had never heard it sound better; and then I was back at him as quick as a flash:

"Right, your Excellency! But I reckon a Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too; because when all other interests fall he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was!"

Well, you should have heard him just whoop and cackle and carry on! He reached up and hit me one on the shoulder and said:

"Land, but it's good! It's immensely good! I George, I never heard it said so good in my life before! Say it again."

So I said it again, and he said his again, and I said mine again, and then he did, and then I did; and then he did, and we kept on doing it, and I never had such a good time, and he said the same. In my opinion there isn't anything that is as killing as one of those dear old ripe pensioners if you know how to snatch it out in a kind of a fresh sort of original way.—Mark Twain in The American Review.

Cards and a Compliment.

Sir John Easthope, the proprietor of The Morning Chronicle, was spending a holiday in 1853 at the Bains de Tivoli, a private hotel in Paris. Charles Mackay, the well-known newspaper writer, was a visitor in the same hotel, and was invited to Sir John's private room to play a rubber. His partner was Lady Wyattville, a sharp, active old woman, over eighty years of age, but still preserving traces of her youthful beauty.

She revoked, and was accused of the crime, but met the accusation with vehement denial; and when the proofs of the charge were produced treated her accuser with "haughty" disdain, and not very polite contradiction! Sir John lost his patience, and, rising from his chair, rasped out with abrupt anger: "Madame, you are a cheat!" Her eyes flashed fire; she rose from her chair, and advanced toward the offender.

By this time he had recovered his coolness and presence of mind, and was only bent on extricating himself from a false position. "Yes, madame, I repeat it—you cheat abominably; and in the course of a long life," he added, laying his hand upon his heart, "I have invariably noticed that the handsomer a woman is the more she cheats at cards." This compliment to her person, at the expense of other qualities, produced the desired effect. She resumed her seat with smiles mantling her face.—Whist and Whist Players.

Watched as Well as Prayed.

From a London friend comes this little anecdote of a Glasgow minister. The reverend gentleman, having observed that one of his congregation was in the habit of gazing about the church during prayers, told him one day that he considered it would be more becoming in a worshipper to keep his eyes decently closed.

The man scowled. "Doesn't the Scripture bid us watch as well as pray?" he replied. "And how can a body watch w' their een steekit? Na, na; I'll just stan' and glower about as I hae aye done."—Boston Budget.

Earthquakes.

A Mexican professor of physics proposes to forestall earthquakes by connecting telephones to the pipes of deep artesian wells and to metal plates sunk in deep mountain crevices.

His Pad.

John D. Loeckamp, of Billings, Mont., apparently has a corner on elk teeth, having 90,000 of them in his possession.

MYSTERY OF A LOST SHIP.

It Is Believed that she Has Been Found, but Her Crew Is Missing.

Local shipping men are deeply interested in a search that is now being made for information regarding the Philadelphia bark, Mary F. Kitchen, which sailed from Penarth road, England, Jan. 1, 1886, for Montevideo, and has long been given up as lost, says the Philadelphia Record. The investigation is being made by the French government through the Department of State and at the instance of Bernhard Aarons, a wealthy merchant of Paris, whose son shipped on the bark for the purpose of studying navigation and seamanship. So confident were all interested parties that the vessel had been lost that insurance on the bark and the lives of some of her crew was paid several years ago.

No question as to the loss of the Kitchen was ever raised until yesterday, when a letter was received from Lloyds at London stating that a bark which was believed to be the Kitchen, had arrived at Montevideo May 2, 1889, and was still afloat under the name of Kisson. Nothing had been learned, however, of the whereabouts of the officers or crew that sailed originally on the Kitchen. There has, however, been received a suggestion that Capt. James Ryan, who commanded the bark, together with young Aarons, had been murdered by the crew, who afterwards sold the boat in the Argentine Republic after changing her name.

Capt. James Ryan, who formerly commanded the old cape ship Tonawanda, has not been heard from since the Kitchen was reported missing. The Kitchen was purchased for him by John Diehl, a cooper, doing business at 119 Water street, this city, and had visited this port several times. William Diehl believes that the vessel was lost in 1889 in the North Atlantic Ocean. Capt. Ryan changed the bark's name to the Lottie Diehl, but on her visit to Penarth the British Board of Trade ordered her name changed back to the Kitchen, and it so remained when she left Penarth. Her cargo consisted of coal. Capt. Ryan's life was insured in the Equitable Insurance Company, and the claim was paid soon after the vessel was given up for lost.

Mr. Aarons's letter was sent to the French Consul at this port, and in it he inquired what had become of his son, whose term of five years' sea service had expired and who was daily expected at his father's home in Paris. This letter, with other information, was transmitted to Secretary Sharwood of the marine exchange for an investigation, which is now being carefully made.

New Sources of Electric Power.

The enormous power that can be drawn upon for transmission purposes from the Niagara Falls will be understood when it is known that the weight of water which passes over these falls is equivalent to the production of 7,000,000 horse power per hour, so that by electrical transmission a great part of this power required for the industries of North America could be supplied from the falls. One of the most interesting examples of electrical transmission of power is that of Tivoli, near Rome; here the antique and modern engineers join hands. The water delivered from the old Roman aqueducts at Tivoli drives very powerful turbines and an electric generating plant, and the energy generated is transmitted by four copper cables to the City of Rome, some nineteen miles away, where it is distributed for lighting and power purposes—the water brought by those triumphs of Roman engineering thus serving as a means of lighting the superb monuments of the genius of the old Roman artist-architects.

On the Transvaal, South Africa, electric power distribution projects are either in hand or under consideration for driving gold mining machinery with the power of waterfalls miles away from the modern El Dorado, on the Blanket gold mining fields of the Rand. Projects are being developed for utilizing the waterfalls of Finland for supplying electric power and light energy for the Russian capital.—The Nineteenth Century.

Superstitions in North Germany.

During an eclipse all hidden treasures are open, and if you are wise enough to carry a primrose with you, you will be able to help yourself to any of them. No witchcraft will ever harm you if you carry a water lily bud about your person, and, if you should chance to dream of illness, you will soon be happily married. If you eat double cherries you will have twin children, and if you are afraid of lightning take heed to keep in your house a plant of orphicle or live-long. Sow peas on Wednesday and Saturday if you do not want them eaten by birds; put blue marjoram in the baby's cradle when empty to keep witches at a respectful distance, and if you don't want your last baking to go moldy, you must take heed not to bring cornflowers into the house. Stars are souls, and when one falls a baby is born.

Georgia Has a Bottomless Pit.

A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette County, Georgia, in 1801. It has the usual complement of "rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits," etc., but its sole title to being something out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyss in one of the rooms, which, as far as any one knows, may once have served as the chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after a while, but, according to reports, "there was no reverberating sounds borne back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged."—St. Louis Republic.

With Whiskers.

San Francisco has a gang of hoodlums known as the Telegraph Hill goats.