

## CHARGING THE HOSTILES.

### A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through a Band of Indians.

In St. Nicholas Gertrude P. Groble has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the Major." Danny was the 7-year-old son of an army captain, and the "Major" was a favorite horse. One day he was riding him in company with his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance, and this was his experience.

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the table-land, empty and plain and smiling. And beyond, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took back, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions as he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly, and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crashing in the bushes, and a gayly decorated war-pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surprise, while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half-naked figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop the Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very aris of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the flag hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of the peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with its golden-haired burials. Down upon them, and through them, and away—dill by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their dying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Major settled into a staid pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, stinging cries, like bounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plains!

### Flavored to Suit the Taster.

Thomas Hendricks, a farmer residing at Little, N. Y., recently sold a quantity of eggs to a family in Binghamton, who complained that they were almost worthless, owing to a strong taste of kerosene. He could not account for this, but when a bakery that he had been supplying refused to receive any more of his goods for the same reason he began an investigation. He found that the chickens had eaten a quantity of corn left lying in the vicinity of two kerosene barrels. This gave him an idea and he began to experiment. He confined three hens in a coop and fed them, on corn that had been soaked over night in water strongly flavored with extract of vanilla. The result was that the eggs could not be eaten, but when used in cooking imparted a delicate flavor to the cake or pastry, without the use of other flavoring. He took some of these eggs to the bakery, where they were tested and pronounced superior to anything in the flavoring line.

### When People Catch Cold.

The "cold spots," meaning thereby the surface areas particularly susceptible to cold, are principally the nose of the neck and the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen, and the shins. The acute discomfort and the sense of impending disaster which results from the steady play of a current of cold air upon the neck from behind are well known. The necessity of keeping the abdomen warmly clad is also generally recognized, though perhaps not as generally carried into practice. Curiously enough, few people are conscious of the danger they run by exposing the usually inadequately protected shins to currents of cold air. This is the usual way in which colds are caught on omnibuses. When driving one takes care to cover the legs with a rug or waterproof, but on the more democratic conveyances rugs are not often available, and the reckless passenger by and by awakens to the fact that the iron has entered his soul—in other words, that he has "caught cold." People who wear

stockings such as Highlanders, golfers and cyclists invariably take the precaution of turning the thick woolen material down over the shins, the better to protect them against loss of heat, though, incidentally, the artificial embellishment of the calves may not be altogether foreign to the manoeuvre. This is an instance of how all things work together for good. It does not, of course, follow because certain items are peculiarly susceptible to cold, that a chill may not be conveyed to the nervous system from other points. Prolonged sitting on a stone, or even on the damp grass, is well known to be a fertile source of disease, and wet, cold feet are also, with reason, credited with paving the way to an early grave. —London Medical Press.



Two books by Mr. Howells are about to appear—a novel, "The Landlord at Lion's Head," and a comedy, "A Previous Engagement."

Maurus Jokai's latest novel has been translated by Mrs. Waugh and is to appear under the title, "The Green Book; or, Freedom Under the Snow." It is a novel of Russian history.

The London Chronicle reviews Sir Robert Peel's salacious book under the head, "The Career of a Dull Young Man," and calls it "a tedious, tedious tale, unrelieved by humor, untouched by pathos, unilluminated by the faintest gleam of imagination."

Philippe Godet, a Swiss journalist, has discovered at Middachten, in Holland, among the archives of the Bentinck family, thirty-nine unpublished letters of Voltaire, which are being published in the Revue de Paris. The letters are dated from 1733 to 1777.

Many of the articles contributed by the late Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint to the Congregationalist have been collected and will appear in book form under the title, "Common Sense Christianity." The preface will be written by the Rev. A. E. Dunning, the editor of the Congregationalist.

Mary E. Wilkins is engaged in writing a series of sketches of New England neighborhood life for the Ladies' Home Journal. They will portray a small community's social intelligence, sketching the old-fashioned quilting party, the time-worn singing-school, and the apple paring bee.

Among the books announced is Dr. Fridolf Nansen's "Farthest North." It is described in the subtitle as "the narrative of the voyage of the Fram, 1893-96, and the fifteen-months' sledge expedition by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johannsen, with an appendix by Otto Sverdrup, an etched portrait of the author, about 120 full-page illustrations, sixteen colored plates in fac-simile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches, and several photographs and maps."

### Wales' Good Nature.

Stephen Fiske describes the Prince of Wales' visit to America in the Ladies' Home Journal and relates these interesting incidents of his tour through Canada: "The Catholics had gained a little victory over the stern Duke of Newcastle at Quebec, and now the Orangemen demanded to be allowed to present addresses to the Prince, and to be received separately from their Catholic fellow-citizens. The Duke consulted with Governor General Head and refused to permit this distinction. At Kingston an Orange demonstration was prepared, and the royal party did not land from the steamer. The Orangemen chartered another steamer and pursued the Prince to Brockton, but again he was not allowed to go on shore. At Coburg a party of fifty Canadian gentlemen took the horses from his carriage and drew him through the pretty hamlet. At Toronto the Mayor apologized for the display of Orange flags; the Prince was hoisted and blessed when he attended church, and serious riots were feared. All trouble was averted, however, by the good humor of the Prince himself. He was taking a drive with the Duke, and the Orangemen hastily hung a banner across the road so that the royal party had to drive under it. Newcastle was indignant and ordered the coachman to turn back; but lo, another Orange banner had been hung to cut off the retreat. Then the Prince laughed heartily, took off his hat to the flag, and was cheered by the Orangemen. However, the Duke was not mollified, and the journey to Niagara Falls was expedited. The Prince first saw the great falls on September 13. A number of riding horses had been provided by the Canadian government, and he mounted at once and rode to view the falls from various points."

### Italy's Deserted Cities.

No more romantic places exist than the deserted cities of Italy. They are found all over the country, but chiefly in the March of Ancona and the old Grand Duchy of Tuscany. In these you may see great marble palaces, to which a bit of string does duty as a bell-pull; and, if you enter, you find a corner of some grand salon, often with a ceiling by an illustrious artist, screened off for the inhabitant to live in. That inhabitant may be some Italian or English lady, who has the smallest possible independence, and she may get such a palace, where some cardinal or marchese formerly lived, for a very few pounds a year.

Nails are now made by machinery, ribbons or long strips of iron or steel being fed to machines, which cut out the nails complete at one stroke.

## THE BOOMING CANNON

### RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

#### Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

The celebrated Loomis Battery. Mr. James T. Beadle, of Detroit, is fortunate in being able to contribute his share to war history, for he kept a diary for every day he served. Mr. Beadle was a member of the celebrated Loomis Battery A from its organization to its dissolution, and was present in all of its engagements, including the fierce fight at Chickamauga, when every gun of the battery except one was captured by the Confederates, although they were afterward retaken and brought back to Michigan.

On the identical spot on the Chickamauga battlefield where the battery was captured now stands a granite monument to mark the place where the Michigan men so gallantly struggled against a vastly superior force, and where the gallant Lieut. Van Pelt, then its commander, fighting stubbornly for the possession of his precious dogs of war, gave up his life. On this lasting tribute to the brave men who fell there, and to perpetuate forever an incident of one of the bloodiest struggles on that famous battlefield, has been placed a bronze tablet depicting the scene at the time the battery was taken by the Confederates. The figure on horseback in the right center foreground represents Lieut. Van Pelt at the moment he was struck by the bullet that laid him low, and in the middle background can be seen the only piece of artillery, which was in charge of Lieut. Bachman, that was saved from capture that day. The position of the battery was in a piece of rather open woods, the trees in full foliage, and the enemy swarmed in and around with such overwhelming force that the result was quickly determined; but sooner than abandon the position the Michiganers were almost annihilated before being overpowered, making one of the most determined defenses in the annals of any battery during the war, dealing destruction to the hosts of Confederates who pressed up to the muzzles of the guns, and only surrendering the beloved pieces to superior numbers.

Being asked for a short history of the famous Michigan artillery organization, Mr. Beadle gave me the following information: "Battery A was mustered into the service of the United States on May 28, 1861, and left the State, thoroughly equipped, May 31, 1861, under command of Capt. Cyrus O. Loomis, for the field in West Virginia, the armament consisting of six brass six-pounders. The battery attracted much attention on the journey, the fine appearance of the men and the completeness of the outfit being subjects of much praise. July 11 we were engaged in the battle of Rich Mountain. Here Gen. McClellan ordered us to be supplied with six ten-pounder Parrott guns, the old brass pieces being laid aside and never afterward used. Oct. 1 we crossed Cheat Mountain and took part in an artillery duel of four hours' duration. We arrived at Bowling Green Feb. 14, 1862, going into position in advance of the cavalry on Baker's Hill, and quickly unlimbering and getting into position we threw shot and shell into the enemy's camp. The first shell fired from a gun in my section, at a distance of about a mile and a half, was so well calculated that it passed through the boiler of a locomotive, disabling it and preventing several others from being moved with their trainloads of military stores."

"The battery took an important part in the battle of Perryville on Oct. 8, and by gallant and effective service saved the right wing from being flanked. We repelled five charges during the forenoon. The last position was taken about 3 p. m., and we were told to hold it at all hazards, as it was the key to the field. The guns were placed on what the Kentuckians call a 'cock,' and here the Confederates charged at us and pounded us with their artillery. Once orders came to Loomis to spike his pieces and save his men from slaughter, but this he refused to do, saying he would remain so long as he had a man or gun left. He held the position, repelling every attempt of the enemy to drive him out, and finally succeeded in bringing off the entire battery. But our loss was heavy—eighteen men being killed and wounded, with thirty-three horses slain or disabled."

"Dec. 29, 1862, we were encamped within a mile and a half of the Confederate lines in front of Murfreesboro, where for four long days and nights the battery was actively engaged. Dec. 31 we moved up in front of the enemy and the battle of Stone River was on. About 10 o'clock a. m. the firing was hot on both sides, especially so in a cedar grove on the right, and finally the infantry were driven back in a panic, running in every direction, pursued by the Confederates. But Col. Loomis was equal to the emergency, and bringing up his battery he opened a galling fire on the advancing enemy, who, recognizing what was before them, made desperate attempts to capture the guns. Every man of the battery stood like a hero at his post, while a hail of shell and shot was poured into us. Then the order came to double shot the guns with canister and to fire as rapidly as they could be loaded. At each discharge the enemy in front were mowed down by hundreds. A flag of truce soon appeared, the firing ceased, and the Confederates who had attacked us surrendered. The battery in this instance, I believe, saved the center and perhaps the whole army from defeat. The battery had twenty-two men killed, wounded or missing

and nearly forty horses killed or disabled."

"Sept. 19 was not a red-letter day in the history of the battery. In fact, the whole of us came near being wiped out and we lost five of our Parrott six-pounders. We were attacked to Gen. Sedgwick's brigade and Lieut. Van Pelt was in command of the battery. About 10 a. m. the attack on the Confederates was begun by Gen. Brannan on the extreme left, with the view of driving them over the creek. Croxton's brigade had driven back Forrest's cavalry, when two infantry brigades were sent in to his support and Croxton was forced to fall. Then Gen. Thomas sent up Baird's division and the Confederates were hurled back. Then another Confederate division came up, making the odds against us two to one, and Baird was in turn forced to retire. Then the storm of war broke around our battery and the air seemed alive with angry bullets and shrieking shell. Horses and men fell every moment. But Van Pelt managed his pieces with dexterity and coolness, and the men that remained stood loyally by him. Each discharge of our guns mowed great swaths through the ranks of the Confederates, but still the yelling mass rushed on. We could do no more. Our horses were shot down. Many of our artillerymen were killed or disabled, and the infantry supporting us had been compelled to cut its way out or be captured. Then the Confederate hosts rushed up to the muzzles of our useless guns, Van Pelt being shot down while heroically defending the battery which had become a terror to the enemy."

"In the meantime the Confederates had entered the space occupied by the battery in considerable force and gained possession of some of the guns, and it was soon seen that we could not hold the position or save all the pieces by retreating. The attempt was made, but as we had lost fifty horses the disabled cannon could not be taken away. The cannoniers, however, ran one gun back to the timber and brought it from the field. Lieut. Bachman had charge of the section to which it belonged. On the afternoon of the first day's battle one of the pieces was recaptured, and on the next day it was ascertained that ten more had been retaken. The battle of Missionary Ridge yielded up another, and after the fall of Atlanta another was recovered, thus making up the entire number captured at Chickamauga."

"There are three survivors of the famous battery now living in Detroit—George T. Jack, who was sergeant of the section of one of the guns that was captured at Chickamauga, and who was shot through the breast and taken prisoner in the charge; James E. Beadle, sergeant of the section of the gun that was saved; and Police Captain Bachman, now in charge of the Tremont hall avenue police station, in this city."

"The battery while in service fought the Confederates at Rich Mountain, W. Va., July 11, 1861; Elkwater, W. Va., Sept. 11 and 12, 1861; Green Briar, W. Va., Oct. 3, 1861; Bowling Green, Ky., Feb. 14, 1862; Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862; Bridgeport, Ala., April 25, 1862; Gunther's Landing, Ala., May 12, 1862; Athens, Ala., May 29, 1862; Whitesboro, Ala., June, 1862; Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862; Jan. 1, 2, 3, 1863; Hoover's Gap, Tenn., June 25, 1863; Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19, 20, 1863; Lookout Mountain, November, 1863; Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863." —Detroit Free Press.

#### Field Diversions.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote in "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century. During the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained; but there was one staff-officer, a Colonel B—, who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel reading, and his peculiarity in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle-bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse under a brisk fire, poring over the last pages of an absorbing volume to reach the denouement of the plot, and evincing a greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the unsympathetic author than to learn the result of the surrounding battle.

One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It was an English translation, for the officer had no knowledge of French, as he was passing a house in rear of the "angle" he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield, and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark: "By the way, have you seen 'Les Misérables'?" anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way; they're a good deal better than Grant's misérables anyhow!" This was retold so often by those who heard it that, for some time after, its repetition seriously endangered the Colonel's peace of mind.

#### Split Rails at 91.

Charles Stonecypher is one of the oldest citizens of Franklin County, Georgia. At the age of 91 he is well and stout. One morning last week, it is told, after doing the usual work about the house, he went out and split fifty rails before noon.



### Good Roads Year.

It becomes more and more apparent that what was formerly a public request for good roads is now becoming a public demand. Where the people were once satisfied to make a suggestion, they are now disposed to debate. What is good for everybody, nobody should oppose.

It is now pretty well understood that good roads are the most economical investment a people can put their money in. How to improve the public highways is now the topic of discussion. There is no longer any question that they should be improved.

The already over-taxed farmers are beginning to look upon the securing of good roads as a local means of increasing their welfare rather than as something to add to their present heavy burden of debt. There is a getting together of all forces interested in the subject that warrants the prediction that 1897 is to be a notable year in highway improvement. The law makers and the road makers are being encouraged by all classes and ages to do something of a practical nature. Are you doing your share?

#### A Farmer Governor Speaks.

Good roads are essential to our highest development socially, intellectually and financially. Many counties in our State, actuated by a commendable spirit of progress, are rapidly improving the highways. In the near future some of our counties will have a complete system of free gravel roads. The main thoroughfares in these counties, having been graded and received by the county commissioners, are kept in repair at the county's expense. The supervisor, being thus relieved from care of the main thoroughfares, is enabled to concentrate the labor and tax at his disposal upon the lateral roads; hence all will soon be improved. The economy in road improvement will soon be demonstrated by the fact that the counties having the best roads will maintain them at less cost than the mud roads, with all their inconveniences, are maintained in their wretched condition. The work required by law of able-bodied men, together with the road tax, gives to the road supervisors of our State the expenditure in money and labor, of a vast sum. Much of this is wasted by reason of incompetent management. The railroad tax for highway improvement, in some road districts of our State, is so manipulated by the road supervisor that the money inures more to his benefit than the improvement of the thoroughfares. In some instances in our State, a brokerage business is carried on, and money is made out of trafficking in this road tax.

While some of our road laws need reforming, the manner of their execution needs revolution. When competence is made the test in selecting supervisors, and tax-payers see that they discharge their duties, we will find some improvement in our highways without additional tax.—From the Inaugural Address of Gov. Mount of Indiana.

#### Gallant Rescue by a Boy.

The heroic achievements represented in fiction are now and then quite surpassed by some brave deed done in very truth. Such a deed, the story of which stirs the heart, is recorded in the Oregonian of Portland, Ore.

At Clarno, Ferry, on the John Day River, a large stream which flows into the Columbia, lives a ranchman named Donald McInee, who has an invalid wife and a little boy 10 years old. One day recently McInee had to take his wife away for medical treatment, and left the boy, whose name is Donald, to stay about the place and get his meals at the Clarnos, who live on the opposite side of the river.

Just at this time a flood arose, and the river became a raging torrent. At 6 o'clock in the evening Charley Clarno, the son of Andrew Clarno, the ferryman, was about to go after little Donald, to make sure that he got safely across the river to supper, when he saw Donald, who was a self-reliant fellow, already on his way.

At that moment, in the very middle of the river, the boat capsized, and was swept away from Donald by the current. Charley expected that Donald would not be seen again, for surely no one could live in such a torrent; but presently he was astonished to see the boy's head and shoulders rise from the flood, and to hear him cry lustily for help.

What Donald had succeeded in doing was to lay hold of a wire, which had been stretched across the river, below the main ferry cable, to prevent the ferry-boat from blowing too far away from the cable in a high wind. Ordinarily the cable and the wire are several feet above the water, but in this flood both were partially submerged. In going down when he was swept out of the boat, Donald had been carried against this wire. He had seized it, and was keeping his head above water by its aid.

Charley had no time to plan a rescue by means of a boat, nor did he take time to summon assistance. He simply sprang into the river, and began going hand over hand out along the wire to the place where the little boy clung.

The distance was about one hundred and fifty feet. Charley could make this easily enough, but he was struck with consternation before he reached Donald to see that their combined weight was sinking the wire so that the boy was being carried under the surface. But from moment to mo-

ment the rush of the torrent brought him up again, and every time it did so the smaller boy, who was hanging on manfully, caught a little breath.

At any rate, there was nothing to do now but to persevere, and Charley kept rapidly on until he had secured in his arms Donald, who was already half-drowned. The increased weight all at once got now sank both boys, but Charley clambered back with Donald, now out of the water for a moment, now under it again, thinking each moment would be his last, and fearing that Donald was already drowned.

At last both reached the shore. Donald was apparently lifeless, but Charley summoned all his strength and started off, with the limp body in his arms, to his parents' house. Mr. and Mrs. Clarno saw him come up, and helped him into the house. Then they devoted their attention to the seemingly drowned Donald, whom they soon revived. Charley wanted nothing more than a little rest and a good deal of supper. These matters attended to, both the rescuer and the rescued were soon as brisk as ever.

#### "Some Young Fellows."

An American who had lived in Mexico for twenty years came back to this country a few months ago, and visited the places and people that were once familiar to him. His opinion of his native land, as reported by the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, is by no means flattering. There are "nice people" here, yet he thinks that the prevailing tendencies in American life favor extravagance, pretension, hurry and worry, and along with the overdriven man we have the lazy man also.

"Just to test this labor question," the visitor told the correspondent, "I went to plantations in Virginia and to farms in Ohio, dressed in my old duds, and asked for work. There was plenty of it. The planters and farmers were all willing to give me \$10 a month and good board and a clean bed all the year round. I reckoned it up that I could save \$100 a year at that rate, and get fat, too. I have worked hard in my time in rough employments, and have no fear of sweating."

"Well, then I met some young fellows in Washington, loafing about the barrooms and in front of the hotels, talking about hard times."

"Boys," I said, "there is no need of loafing and grumbling. I'll tell you where you can get work; go over to Alexandria, and there's Mr. So-and-so wants a man; another wants three, and still another two. Wages \$10 a month, bread, butter and meat, and peaches and cream in the season."

"You can read Sundays and learn something, and come out with money in your pocket at the end of the year. Why loaf on your friends and talk politics? Better work!"

"My reception by these young men was not enthusiastic. Some said they had never worked at hard manual labor; others hated farming, it was so dull in the country. All sorts of excuses were given, but not one prompted by good sense and a willingness to do honest, hard work."

"Now that's a fine lot of young men for you! You call them, I suppose, the 'Hope of America,' and all that?"

The fact is, our cities are crowded with men, so that there is a surplus in every department of labor. The country has been emptied of the brawn and muscle that should be given to agriculture. On a farm a man can at least raise food enough to avoid starvation; and if he is not able to purchase land and cannot find occupation in our cities, there are farmers in nearly all parts of the country who will be glad to employ him.—Youth's Companion.

#### Noise Making.

A means for preventing the noise made by trains in passing over iron bridges has been devised by a German engineer. He puts a decking of 2 1/2 inch planks between the cross girders, resting on 2-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges. On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connections with the girder a timber cover joint is placed on felt, and two hooked bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel cover the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes. A layer of felt is laid between the planks and the timbers they rest upon, and the ironwork in contact with decking and ballast is asphalted. The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge eleven feet wide, and costs 113 1/2 a square foot. It is water-tight, and has proved very satisfactory in preventing noise.

#### Book Covers.

An innovation in book covers is a white metal cover that cannot be bent at the corners. The volumes thus far produced in this style of binding are rather heavy, but their indestructible quality will be of great advantage to libraries and other book-using institutions. Aluminum is also proposed for the purpose, if its cost will not prohibit its use.

#### Garbage.

A household carbonizer has been devised and is manufactured by a construction company of New York. The garbage is burned to charcoal in a retort inserted in the kitchen stove pipe, or into an enlarged section of it. It is said there is not the least smell from it, and that the charcoal can be used for kindling the fire.

#### Always a Sure Sign.

When a man discovers that the press is meddlesome it is safe to assume that his interests are not in harmony with those of the people.

Earl and baron were titles created by William I, instead of the old Saxon titles alderman or earl and thane.