SAWING STONE LOGS.

A REMARKABLE MILL OPERATED BY THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Interesting Discoveries Are Made In This Petrified Lumber Mill—Aids In Making Up Geological History—The Band Saw and How It Is Worked.

There are many novelties in the government departments at Washington, and especially in the scientific bureaus. The most novel that has yet been discovered is a petrified lumber mill operated by the geological survey. It is an institution that has not many visitors, its location down in the basement of the survey building on F street being rather out of the track of the regulation sightseer, but there the survey lapidaries grind thin sections of rock and minerals of all sorts for microscopic examination, and there is a band saw, the invention of the survey, that will cut anything from hot butter to a quartz crystal.

Lately the scientists have been sawing up a lot of vegetable petrifactions from Idaho. They can carve up anything in the shape of petrified logs that they can get in front of their sawing machine. Even the ossified man of the dime museum would not be safe from them, and indeed, lately, they were called on to cut up a petrified woman, one that was on exhibition in Washington. After they had bored into one of the damsel's lower limbs a little way they struck a gas pipe. The petrified lady was made out of portland cement, and the scientists gave her up as a hard case, which, in fact, she was.

But the most interesting case that has come to the petrified lumber mill was known as a cycad, a sort of vegetable parasite which flourished in the prehistoric forests of the country some millions of years ago, before the woolly elephants and saber toothed tigers had made their appearance in the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, and even further back than local traditions are carried in Alexandria. The cycads were practically an unknown quantity. The lot sent it was, in fact, the greatest collection that had ever been gathered, some small specimens having been secured by the British museum, but nothing to compare with the giant 900 pound one that is now at the National museum. One of the small ones, weighing 35 or 40 pounds, was sent up to the survey to have some sections made for microscopic examination. It looked very much like a cocoanut with the husk on and was cut up almost as easily as though it had never been petrified.

The band saw used in the work is nothing more than an endless steel wire between an eighth and a sixteenth of an inch thick, running at a very high rate of speed over two good sized flywheels. Water and emery are fed on the wire as it runs, and the saw comes as near being an irresistible force as anything known in the cutting line. Since the invention of the wire saw in the survey it has been copied by a number of laboratories and lapidary establishments all over the country.

Besides the saw there are a number of grinding machines, smooth iron plates revolving like grindstones flat side up and flooded with water and emery. On these plates sections of stone for microscopical examination can be ground a thousandth of an inch or less in thickness, so as to be perfectly translucent under strong light. These sections are usually not larger than a 10 cent piece, but in examining the cycad a section was wanted big enough to show the plan of cell growth, and a slab was cut almost as large as a man's hand. This, like all of the stone specimens, after having one side ground perfectly flat, was transferred to a glass plate, to which it was fastened with Canada balsam. It is a very beautiful specimen, showing in prismatic colors the lines of cell partitions and annular layers like the rings of a tree trunk.

The lapidary establishment is one of the most essential aids that the geological survey has in working up the geology of the country. Many of the rocks that are met within the field cannot be distinguished from each other, except by laboratory examination, and as the nature of the rocks filling the different sections of the country has to be ascertained in working up its geological history the specimens, carefully labeled, have to be sent back to the department in Washington for study and classification.

Three methods are used in the identification of the close grained metamorphic rocks that cannot be recognized on casual examination—by measuring the number and angles of the crystals, by chemical analysis to get at the chemical constituents of the rock, and by microscopic examination, when, in the thin sections, the crystalline structure can be seen and the chemical constituents recognized by the aid of polarized light. Some of the thin stone sections mounted on glass slides are very beautiful in coloring and crystalline arrangement, and others are simply curious. One of the most remarkable is one of the rare minerals, dumoritite, which has lately been discovered in Arizona, and is what is known as pleochroic.

When viewed under the microscope, it seems to be made up of detached crystals of deep blue. When, however, the slide is turned around at a different angle, some of the blue crystals disappear and others spring into view.

One of the minerals, of which there are several deposits in this country, which are shown in the geological survey's collection of slides, is peridotite. This gains interest from the fact that it is the associate of the diamond in all of the great African fields. Its finding by Professor Lewis of Philadelphia in Kentucky some years ago caused great excitement, and there was some warm prospecting for diamonds, but none was ever found. Its connection with the African diamonds came from the fact that when the peridotite had come to the surface in a molten condition it had been forced through the clefts or faults in some very rich carboniferous slate fields. The hot rock had crystallized the carbon of the slate measures into diamonds, which are found scattered along a few yards on each side of the contact. What the diamond prospectors are looking for in this country is a combination of peridotite and carboniferous slates. Whether they will find it or not is a question.

One of the many searchers after artificial diamonds lately made an important discovery that is being utilized by the survey and by many manufacturing establishments where abrasives such as emery and diamond dust are in use. The new substance is known as carbonundum, and is the result of passing a strong current of electricity through a mixture of powdered carbon and fine sand in a closed retort.

The chemist did not get diamonds for his trouble, but he may yet wear them, as the new compound promises to prove very valuable and may possibly supplant emery in many commercial uses.—Washington Post.

THE DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

Grant Allen Ascribes It to the Cumulative Effect of Nervous Excitement.

Mr Grant Allen, in what he is pleased to call "A Philosophic View of the Marriage Question," undertakes to explain why marriage is less common today than it was a century ago.

"Thirty or forty years ago," he says, "young men used to rush by blind instinct into the toils of matrimony—because they couldn't help themselves. Today they shillyshally, they pick and choose, they discuss, they criticise, they say foolish things about the club and the flat and the cost of living. They believe in Malthus. Fancy a young man who believes in Malthus! But they don't marry, and it is because they are less of young men than formerly. Wild animals in confinement seldom propagate their kind. Only a few caged birds will continue their species. Whatever upsets the balance of the organism in an individual or a race tends first of all to affect the rate of reproduction. Civilize the red man, and he begins to decrease at once in numbers.

"Is not the same thing true of us? Civilization and its works have come too quickly upon us. The strain and stress of correlating and co-ordinating the world we live in are getting too much for us. Railways, telegraphs, the latest edition, have played havoc at last with our nervous systems. We are always on the stretch, rushing and tearing perpetually. We bolt our breakfast; we catch the train or bus by the skin of our teeth. The tape clicks perpetually in our ears the last quotation in Eries; the telephone rings us up at inconvenient moments. Something is always happening somewhere to disturb our equanimity. Life is one turmoil of excitement and hustle. Financially, 'tis a series of dissolving views; personally, 'tis a rush; socially, 'tis a mosaic of deftly fitted engagements. Drop out one piece, and you can never replace it. You are full next week from Monday to Saturday—business all day, what calls itself pleasure (save the mark!) all evening. Poor old Leisure is dead. We hurry and scurry and flurry eternally. One whirl of work from morning till night, then dress and dine. One whirl of excitement from night till morning. A snap of troubled sleep, and again da capo. Not an hour, not a minute we can call our own.

"The first generation after Stephenson and the Rocket pulled through with it somehow. They inherited the sound constitutions of the men who sat on rustic seats in the gardens of the twenties. The second generation—that's you and me—felt the strain of it more severely. New machines had come in to make life still more complicated. Telegrams, Bell and Edison submarine cables, evening paper, perturbations pouring in from all sides incessantly. The suburbs growing, the hubbub increasing, metropolitan railways, trams, bicycles innumerable, but we still endured and presented the world all the same with a third generation. That third generation—ah, me! there comes the pity of it! One fancies the impulse to marry and rear a family has wholly died out of it. It seems to have died out most in the class where the strain and stress are greatest. I don't think young men of that class today have the same feelings toward women of their sort as formerly. With certain classes and in certain places a primitive instinct of our race has weakened. The present crisis in the marriage market is due not to clubs or the comfort of bachelor quarters, but to the cumulative effect of nervous overexcitement."—Chicago Tribune.

Jack's "Eddication."

"When I was a boy, I wasn't allowed no freedom o' liberty the way you boys is," said old Jack. "I wasn't gave no time for wastin, an most of my young days was spent wrastlin with book l'arnin. I got teached 'most everythin. There was joggerphy. My, how I did study joggerphy! Couldn't stump me on nothin. I knowed where the horrid zone were. I knowed which were the temp'rance zone, an when it come to artic an antartic regions, you could uv set the globe a-rollin 'long the floor an I'd pick out one from t'other seven times out o' ten.

"I could bound Idyho, an uv the products o' Wisconsin an San Francisco there weren't no beatin me. 'Rithmetic, same way. Twicet two was allus four with me—though I couldn't reckon good in long diversion or frictions. Somehow I'd git my remainders mixed up with my quotients, an what's two-fifths plus nine-fourths ekal to stumped me. But none o' they was my strong p'int. Not one uv 'em. I was smart in 'em, but not great. As my teacher says, says he, to my ma, 'No, ma'am, ole Jack ain't great on figgerin, nor likewise,' says he, 'in joggerphy in, but in grammar, ma'am, that son o' yours ain't nothin short o' a Naypoleon Boneyparte in short pants!' An grammar, which I ain't never shirked, boys, has made me what I are."—Harper's Young People.

Rock Emery Millstones.

Important advantages are claimed for the rock emery millstones—the hardest of all stones except the diamond—by which is accomplished the pulverization cheaply of many hard substances that have heretofore been reduced only at much expense of wear and tear and by slow and tedious processes. Rock emery millstones possess the advantage, it is asserted, of reducing at once the hardest rocks as well as softer substances, grinding all to any degree of fineness. Heat does emery no harm, and one of the remarkable properties mentioned of these stones is their ability to run cool. They also form the most rapid grinder known, besides being as much more durable than other millstones as they exceed them in hardness, and the face of an emery millstone is never dressed. Again, they are made to take the place of all other millstones without any changes in the mill, and it is stated that, wherever other stones are used, millstones of this description will do better work at less cost and last much longer.—New York Sun.

Room For Improvement.

At a dinner given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at which were present Garrick, Johnson, Fox and others, Dr. Bernard, the dean of Derry, had asserted that after the age of 45 a man does not improve. "I differ with you, sir," said Johnson. "A man may improve, and you yourself have great room for improvement." The dean was confounded and for the instant silent. Recovering himself, he remarked: "On reflection, I see no cause to alter my opinion, unless I were to call it improvement for a man to grow—which, I allow, he may—positive, rude and insolent and save arguments by brutality."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Rare.

"Harduppy tells me he never destroys a receipted bill."

"No, he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities."—London Judy.

PLAYED FOOL TO SOME PURPOSE.

How a Yankee Skipper Saved a Valuable Cargo From the British.

"One of the neatest things which I remember is the sharp trick played upon an English naval officer by a Yankee skipper during the last war with England," said the old timer. "During the time of actual hostilities a small schooner laden with silk, wines and brandy, and belonging in Stonington, Conn., was hailed on her homeward passage by a British armed brig, when a conversation something like this took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the captain of the schooner.

"'Schooner ahoy!' called the officer.

"'Hallo!' responded the Yankee.

"'Who commands that schooner?'

"'Brother Jonathan used to, but I due nowadays.'

"'Brother Jonathan—who the devil is he?'

"'Why, you must be a darned fool not to know Brother Jonathan—everybody in town knows him.'

"'Send your boat aboard!'

"'Don't know whether I shall or not, for the boat's all soggy, and I hain't got no new clothes. Brother Jonathan's got a new coat, and if he's mind to go he may, but I am sure I shan't.'

"'Strike!' shouted the Britisher.

"'Strike? Why, I haven't nobody here to strike but dad. He's cooking, and he's crazy, and if I strike him he'll strike back again, so it's no use.'

"'What are you loaded with?'

"'Bale goods and hens and hens' husbands and hobgoblins and long faced gentry.'

"'Where are you bound to?'

"'Stoningtaown.'

"By this time Brother Jonathan had boarded the brig, where he was compelled to remain until the schooner was examined by the British officer. The officer, who had gone aboard the schooner, kept on with his examination.

"'Where's your bale goods?'

"'There they be,' said the Yankee skipper, pointing to some bundles of clapboards and shingles which he had taken with him on his outward passage as a covering for his cargo.

"'You fool, do you call them bale goods?'

"'Why, sartin. Don't you?'

"'Where's your hens and hens' husbands?'

"'There they be, in that ar coop there.'

"'Where's your hobgoblins?'

"'There they be, in that ar tother great large coop there.'

"'Where's your long faced gentry?'

"'There they be, in that ar pigstye.'

"'Have you got anything to drink on board?'

"'We had some rum when we came away, but the cag's way down under the load, and if you try you can't get it. So it's no use.'

"The British officer, having received but little satisfaction and having no doubt become disgusted at the seeming ignorance of the Yankee, returned on board his brig in no good humor. Then, after ordering Brother Jonathan a dozen stripes with the 'rope's end,' to teach him wisdom, mayhap, he left the poor simple creatures to take care of themselves. That they could do so was evidenced by the fact that the schooner arrived at Boston with a cargo valued at $100,000."—Boston Herald.

An Imported Farm.

"I once saw," said Bertram Reynolds of Boston, "an imported farm, the soil as well as the products being absolutely foreign to the surroundings. This was in one of the coldest parts of Manitoba, where I was entertained by a family which had retained its love for milder regions and crops. The bill of fare was necessarily meager, but some of the vegetables were so bright and green that I could not help asking how they were preserved so well. To my surprise, I learned that they were cultivated in a garden patch or a miniature farm, the soil of which had been brought from warmer regions so as to insure a fertility not found in the region of ice. The vegetables themselves had been grown from imported seed, and owing to the care and protection they had had they were a perfect luxury. The expense of conveying the soil in barrels such a long distance would prevent any but comparatively wealthy people from trying the experiment, but my friends had made it a hobby. The only other case of earth importing that I have met with is that done by the shah of Persia. The traditions of his country prevent his treading on foreign soil, and when he makes a trip in foreign nations his attendants carry a supply of Persian soil, some of which is placed in his shoes, a practice which accounts for the great inconvenience walking always appears to be to his majesty when abroad."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Sacred Twelve.

The "patriarchal and apostolical number of 12," as the proper and only admissible number for a jury trying cases according to the common law, has come down to us from remote antiquity. Yet this number was not always universal. In 1653 a Cornish custom to have juries of six was declared to be bad, but evidence was given that such juries had been widely used in the county, and by a special statute of Henry VIII juries of six were allowed in Wales. The county court jury of five is of course a very recent, and some think a very unfortunate, innovation, and the court in which it sits is itself only 50 years old. But the jury of the grand assize consisted of 16 men, which still finds a parallel in the jury of presentments of the Liberty of the Savoy. The modern grand jury, the coroner's jury, and the jury at lunacy and ecclesiastical inquisitions number anything between 12 and 23, whereof 12 at least must agree on a verdict.—London Law Journal.

Fascination In Gems.

Speaking of diamonds, a retail jeweler told me that those precious stones seem to charm some women. He said there are as many as 20 women who come daily to his show window and stand there for 10 or 20 minutes feasting their eyes upon the gems he displays. They seem to go into a state of oblivion, caring nothing for what happens about them. When they have looked long enough, they rouse themselves and hurry off as though they had awakened from a dream. Others wear a craving look, which would certainly cause the gems to come to them, if the mind has that wonderful influence over matter that some people claim for it.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Copy Might Affect Him Thus.

"Drunk again," she sarcastically remarked as he stumbled into the room. "What's gone wrong now?"

"Nussin, m' dear," stammered the editor, "I jus' dizzy—head swim I'm readin 'n c'rectin s'much copy."

"Well," she muttered, as he carefully placed his boots on the bed and threw himself under it, "I've often heard that reading makes a full man, but I never saw it verified before."—Atlanta Constitution.

ANGEL KISSES.

From out that portal, gleaming with its soft and hazy light,
Floating gently downward through the calmness of the night,
A wave of love comes stealing on the golden, starry tips,
And the breath of angel kisses lingers sweetly on my lips.

The touch of baby fingers finds a glad, responsive thrill,
Giving peace to empty arms that nothing else can fill.
Thoughts of morrow vanish, as the present swiftly slips,
And I eagerly reach for kisses—the kisses of angel lips.

The dreary, weary aching of the wounded heart's forgot
In this hour of blissful dreaming, which is and yet is not.
And when the dread awakening, with its loneliness I greet,
I thank God for the dreaming and the angel kisses sweet.

—E. N. Wood in Atlanta Constitution.

Woman's Work For Women.

Speaking to the subject, "Woman's Work for Woman," Miss Mary A. Jordan, instructor at Smith college, said: "When we look over the field of literature, and consider the type of women's character that seems to have made itself felt by men best able to express it to the world, we feel a severe disappointment. There is a want of sympathy between the recording mind of the world and the women best fitted to represent their class. In the last few years Thomas Hardy and George Meredith have presented types which they regard as representative, and yet no woman would be willing to accept them as her ideal. They represent women as subject to jealousy, and if they cannot have their own way unhappy, sometimes even tragic. Something of this, I fear, is true, and if there is a work that women have to do for women it is to teach them so to control their feelings that they will not demand to own everything they love. I feel fear for every girl who writes that she is about to be married and adds, 'Now I am about to have something of my own.' I feel like answering, 'My dear, do not be too sure.' In this tendency to jealousy is the only excuse for the caricatures of our Dorcas societies and mothers' meetings which have furnished so much sport to humorists."

Chimney Sweeps.

The organization of chimney sweepers is fast running down, and the business is being done by tin and roofing shops. The Order of Chimney Sweepers is a very old one, having been formed over two centuries ago and nearly 100 years ago in the United States. New York was headquarters, and the sweep either had credentials from the society in London or served an apprenticeship in New York. The cry, which is so made that few can tell its meaning, is, "Sweep, sweep, O! I'm a chimney sweep! I'm a New York sweep, O!" If any one made this cry who was not a member of the organization, he was summarily dealt with. The chimney sweeps at one time cleared on an average from $5 to $8 a day, and when they were not going the rounds might be taken for prosperous business men. Changes were made in the construction of flues which materially reduced their income, and the days of the chimney sweep are very nearly over. What work there is is done by roofers, who hire nonprofessionals.—New York Tribune.

MacVeagh Adjourned the Court.

Old lawyers haven't forgot how on one occasion Wayne MacVeagh succeeded in adjourning the supreme court before the usual hour. Mr. MacVeagh never remained in Washington over night if he could help it, and on this occasion he greatly desired to take the 4 o'clock train for Philadelphia. Although talking to the court, he kept his eye on the clock, and at 3:45, giving himself just enough time to reach the station, he ceased his argument and said: "May it please your honors, I move that the court do now adjourn. I want to catch the 4 o'clock train for home." The cool audacity of the request seemed to paralyze the justices, but the chief justice made the customary order without a protest, and Mr. MacVeagh got his train.—Washington Post.

A Lesson In Courtesy.

A man walked into a certain big house. He asked for one of the workmen up stairs. "We never allow the men to be disturbed during business hours," said one of the firm gruffly, turning his back to the man.

"Oh, very well," said the stranger, "I only wanted to buy a bill of goods. I suppose it is a small matter to you. I can go elsewhere."

Before the business man could fix up an explanation the man slammed the door and was gone. He will study courtesy in the future.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To Tell Their Age.

To ascertain the age of pheasants, partridges, grouse and black game in the early part of the season, hold the lower part of the bird's beak firmly at its extremity between the forefinger and thumb. If the bird be an old one, the beak will sustain its weight without in the slightest degree yielding, but if, on the contrary, the bird be a young one, the beak will yield and perhaps break.—Chicago Record.

For the Widow Bride.

A wedding dress for a widow bride would be one of silver gray bengaline with a coat basque of silver gray brocade. The waistcoat might be of rose colored brocade overlaid with coarse white lace, the bonnet of white lace with some pale pink roses in front, a silver gray aigret and ties of silver gray velvet.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Panama hats are practically the only ones used in the tropics by white men. They are made by hand from the fiber of the leaf of the screw pine, which grows in Ecuador and the neighboring states. Two million four thousand of these hats are sent out annually from Panama, valued at from £1 to £20 each.

When Colonel Shepard, proprietor of the New York Mail and Express, died, he left a condition in his will that the paper should not be sold except under the agreement that there be no Sunday edition, and William Walter Phelps bought it with that understanding.

The questor was a Roman official found in two or more departments. In one he fulfilled the duties of a public prosecutor; in the other he had charge of the public revenues.

The New York Observer suggests that clergymen really ought not to write so illegibly as to provoke the compositors to commit the sin of profanity.

The rabsaris, mentioned in the second book of Kings, was an Assyrian military title, equivalent to brigadier general.

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8.15 am	Lincoln Ex. (except Sun)	11.25 am
6.50 pm	Lincoln Local (ex. Sun)	6.50 pm
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4.15 pm	B. S. & S. Ex. (except Sun)	12.30 pm
6.40 pm	Pacific Express	10.40 am
6.40 am	Council Bluffs Local	5.40 am
7.30 am		7.10 am
8.40 am		8.15 am
9.25 am		9.30 am
10.10 am		10.00 am
3.55 pm		12.35 pm
5.35 pm		5.30 pm
9.10 pm		6.10 pm
10.45 pm		9.55 pm
Leaves Omaha	**C., M. & ST. P. Depot 10th and Marcy Sts.**	**Arrives Omaha**
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4.05 pm	Chicago Limited, daily	9.30 am
7.00 pm	Omaha Mail, daily	2.15 pm
6.45 am	Missouri Valley Local, daily	9.50 pm
Leaves Omaha	**C., St. P., M. & O. Depot 15th and Webster Sts.**	**Arrives Omaha**
8.50 am	Sioux City Accommodation	9.05 pm
1.15 pm	S. C. Express (except Sun)	12.40 pm
5.45 pm	St. Paul Express	9.25 am
5.10 pm	Oakland Local (except Sun)	8.45 am
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5.45 pm	St. Paul Express	9.25 am
8.50 am	Lincoln Ex. (ex. Sunday)	10.25 am
Leaves Omaha	**SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC Depot 10th & Marcy Sts.**	**Arrives Omaha**
6.45 am	Sioux City Passenger	9.50 pm
3.55 pm	St. Paul Express	10.00 am
Leaves Omaha	**CHICAGO, R. I. & P. Via U. P. Transfer.**	**Arrives Omaha**
	EAST	
10.50 am	Atlantic Express, daily	6.00 pm
4.00 pm	Vestibule Limited, daily	2.00 pm
7.50 pm	Night Express, daily	7.55 am
12.10 am	ex. Mon O. & T. Ex. (ex. Sun	5.55 am
9.35 am	Lincoln & Co. Bluffs	3.40 am
5.00 pm	Chicago Express	9.00 am
	WEST	
	Via U. P. Transfer.	
6.00 am	ex. Fun O. & T. Ex. (ex. Mon	12.10 am
2.05 pm	Chicago and Denver	5.00 pm
3.45 am	Co. Bluffs and Lincoln	9.45 am
9.05 am	Lincoln Express	4.55 pm
Leaves Omaha	**MISSOURI PACIFIC Depot 10th and Mason Sts.**	**Arrives Omaha**
10.00 pm	St. Louis Ex. daily	6.00 am
12.30 pm	St. Louis Ex. daily	4.25 pm
5.40 pm	Nebraska Local	8.45 am
Leaves Omaha	**WABASH. (Via U. P. Transfer)**	**Arrives Omaha**
4.55 pm	St. Louis Ex. daily	12.05 pm

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