

Millions of Dollars of Unclaimed Money in the Treasury.

There are millions upon millions of dollars in the treasury paid in from different sources which belong to citizens of the United States. To this wealth the postoffice department, through the money order office, contributes largely. A few years back the postmaster general deposited with the treasurer nearly \$3,000,000, the money from unclaimed orders which had accumulated since the office was started in 1863. At first no effort was made to restore this unclaimed money to its rightful owners, but the letters of advice, turned in as unpaid by the postmasters from all over the country were kept, in case a demand should be made for their payment. This money remained to the credit of the money order office, showing a large profit for the service. This policy was subsequently changed, and now the office endeavors to refund the money to the remitters by a draft drawn on the treasury. This rule obtains in case of money orders less than ten years old. Letters of advice older than this are destroyed.

Every year about 1 per cent. of the money orders issued are not cashed, leaving from \$80,000 to \$100,000 unclaimed, which is deposited in the treasury. There are many reasons to account for this large number of money orders not being cashed. In some instances orders are filed away with other papers and forgotten. More frequently the letter containing the order is lost or stolen, and the order never reaches the addressee. This is true of the orders made out to the large shops of the accompanying letter containing orders for goods to be shipped, owing generally to the dishonesty of employees. There are cases, too, where men have used the money order office as a bank and have made out orders to themselves which, owing to sudden death or other cause, have never been claimed.

It is difficult, however, to explain why such large sums remain unclaimed, for in case an order is lost a duplicate is easily obtained. Application is made by either the remitter, the payee or the office of payment, and a duplicate is issued with only the delay necessary to comply with the forms. A year ago the department made a ruling that duplicate money orders could not be issued in less than three months from the time when an application was filed, but this was found inconvenient, and this order was rescinded.

It is stated that when Boadicea led her army to battle she wore a man's armor, but was always careful to leave her golden hair floating over the steel links that all men might know that she was not a only warrior but a woman. Queen Elizabeth, the most shrewd and prudent sovereign of her day, when she held important councils with ambassadors from other countries, not only we are told, brought all her learning and sagacity to bear against them, but "tricked herself in her most splendid apparel and rarest jewels, using all little female arts to win them to her service."

Victoria has laid deep the foundation of her empire over her subjects in their affections. It is not the hereditary queen that they reverence so much as the modest young girl, the faithful wife, the good, kindly woman on the throne.

The first lady in our own land has endeared herself to the nation not as a politician or social leader, but as a most gracious gentlewoman.

It is a singular fact that no woman has ever long influenced the world as ruler, writer, or even reformer who thrives aside her feminine weapons.

The charm of a womanly woman is a real power. Her gentleness, her delicacy, her modesty are real forces. The girl who dresses like a man, who swaggers, who talks loudly, discusses risqué books and smokes cigarettes is like a soldier who has thrown away his weapons before he goes into battle.

Her bicycle, for example, may be a good, useful thing, but she will not induce the public to approve of bicycles for women by appearing on it as an offensive caricature of a man. She will not win the world to her cause, however just, by disgusting it with herself.

Why should any of our girls throw away the weapons which God has given them?—Youth's Companion.

Large Block of Granite.
Recently a block of granite weighing 1,217 tons was used as the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, having been transported four miles by land over a railway and thirteen miles in a caisson by water. The railway consisted of two lines of timber furnished with hard metal grooves, between which grooves were placed spheres of hard brass about six inches in diameter. On these spheres the frame with its load was easily moved by sixty men, working at the capstans with treble-purchase blocks. Another large block, measuring 36x16x14 feet, was a few months since taken out at the Craigleith quarries, near Dalbeattie, Scotland. Its weight was estimated at 650 tons.

Correct.
The German Emperor, while recently inspecting a body of naval recruits, noticed an unusually stalwart man in the ranks, and asked him where he hailed from. The recruit, in broad Bavarian dialect, replied, "from Wiesbach, your majesty." "Did you understand whom I meant," the Emperor asked, "in addressing you sailors about the foreign foe?" The recruit—Yes, Your Majesty. The emperor—And enemies at home? Recruit—Prussians, your majesty.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WHALE.

A Snap-Shot of a Monster as It Leaped Out of the Water.

Whether a certain whale that break fasted, dined and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel, went out one morning with the determination of being photographed, I really cannot say; but the picture was certainly taken.

Living in the neighborhood the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining room; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw: The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl the former holding a square black box into which he looked earnestly. If the whale had come a little nearer this is what he might have heard: "Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion. "I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale that was then swimming a few hundred feet away.

The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had, really, leaped out of the water, and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back—most astonishing spectacle—and fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash, soon it came to the surface again, and shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared and reappeared until finally it came alongside the steamer, swimming along within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant, in this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just below the surface, its huge black form sixty or seventy feet in length, distinct visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose showing just the portion around the blow-holes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed, and a little cloud drifted away. "Didn't he look pleasant?" asked the little girl, earnestly.

"Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer, as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of the water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

It was an exciting moment, as never so far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken. "It's a tame whale, isn't it?" said the little girl, as the whale gradually came nearer. "He certainly does not seem very timid," replied her companion; and as he spoke, puff! came the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers.

The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon its back could be seen and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of velas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh tradewind. Then, without warning, the creature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air as its top dorsal fin appeared. The photographers saw it in the little window, and evidently thinking that the whale looked as pleasant as he in all probability would, touched the button, and so far as is known, took the first photograph of a living whale in the open ocean.—St. Nicholas.

Sure Safeguard.
Among the numberless stories of the quick wit and felicitous sayings of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is one connected with the breakfast given in his honor by the publishing firm of Houghton, Osgood & Co. on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

Not long after the breakfast he met a friend who had been a guest on that memorable occasion, and had written one of the many bright poems which formed part of the entertainment.

In referring to the late festivity, the doctor said to his friend: "I knew there would be a good many things said that would be calculated to draw tears. I was resolved that I would not cry—that nothing should make me cry; and so I went to the breakfast determined to maintain a rigid upper eyelid!"

A Convict's Experiences.
William Brown escaped from jail in Toronto, Ont., Monday, and made his way to Niagara Falls. There he stole a horse and wagon. While he was driving on the bridge which crosses Gill creek his horse was struck by a trolley car and was killed. The wagon was demolished. Brown escaped to the wood, with officers in hot pursuit. After an exciting chase of two hours or so he was captured and lodged in jail.

Pa Got His Revenge.
Kind Old Gentleman (to small boy crying on the step)—What is the matter, little boy?
Small Boy—I-p-p-a-p-a is putting down a c-c-arpet.
"And does that unpleasant task of your father's make you so sorry, then?"
"N-n-no p-p-a-p-a hit his thumb!"
"Ah! Sympathy for your father's pain. Is that what makes you weep?"
"N-no; I l-l-l-laughed!"



Good Roads.
Twin Evil.
Drink and the narrow-tired wheels
Both mean a sorry "load,"
One is the road to ruin and
One ruin to the road.

Work vs. Roads.
On an ordinary dirt road, according to the Philadelphia Record, "a horse can draw three times as much weight as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamized road the animal can pull three times as much as on a dirt road, while on an asphalt pavement the power of the horse is multiplied to such a degree that he can draw eleven times as much as on a dirt road, or thirty-three times as much as he can carry on his back. What the road traffic of cities owes to the street railways is illustrated by the computation that on metal rails a horse can draw one and two-thirds times as much as on the best asphalt pavement; four times as much as on Belgian blocks, nine times as much as on cobblestones, twenty times as much as on an earth road, and forty times as much as on sand."

Points for Roadmakers.
The Ontario department of agriculture has issued a bulletin, prepared by the Ontario Good Roads Association, which contains much good information concerning road building, from which we take the following:

Where a road is to be constructed on a wet retentive soil a perfect system of under drainage must be provided. This is best done by cutting ditches diagonally across the roadbed with discharge into side ditches. These diagonal ditches should have a good fall and good outlet and should be from 18 inches to two feet and about one foot wide at the bottom, with a slight slope outward. In these should be laid coarse broken stone, broken bricks or other material suitable to form a drain, filling them up to the level of the subgrade.

Open ditches should be cut on each side of the roadbed at a distance of about 12 feet from the outside of the metaling. They should be deep enough to drain the foundation—at least 18 inches below the subgrade.

Where tile is cheap and a good outlet obtainable the side drains are preferable to open ditches. Shallow gutters should be made over the tiles to catch the surface water and conduct it to catch basins placed at convenient distances apart. The catch basins should be made of durable materials of sufficient size to be freely cleaned and should be covered with iron gratings. The basins should extend at least two feet below the bottom of the tile to provide space for the deposit, and they should be cleaned at least twice a year.

The strips of ground between the metaling road and the open ditch should be properly graded to conform with the crown and grade of the metaling and should be seeded and kept in sod. This will always be pleasing to the eye, is cheap and largely useful in preventing the carrying of mud on the metaling. Moreover, the uniformity of the grade facilitates the passing of teams.

In a soil that is gravelly and pervious to water the open ditches on each side of the road, even of a 66-foot wide road, are sufficient for draining the roadbed. If there be any springs under the road, a subdrain leading directly to the side ditch will be required. Should the road be on a sidehill, a deep, open ditch on the upper side, to arrest the flow from the adjacent land, may be sufficient, the water being at intervals conducted across and under the road by an ordinary stone culvert. Do not make the mistake of giving insufficient outlet to the drains.

An Awful Minute.
Chamois hunting among the precipices of the Alps is attended by no lack of excitement. The author of "Sport in the Alps," while out with a keeper named David, wounded a buck, which escaped them, and finally was seen standing on a tiny projection on the face of a precipice, as if glued to the rock.

All chances of getting him were now gone, and the only thing that could be done was to end the poor beast's sufferings by a shot. To do this David, after taking off his boots, walked, or rather sidled, out a few yards on the ledge to get a better view of the animal. The bank upon which he stood was not wider than ten or twelve inches, and where he happened to stand there grew a small lichen bush, the main stem not much larger round than a sixpence. He was carrying his rifle slung by the leather strap over his left shoulder, his right shoulder scraping along the wall. The least slip on his part would have sent him at least a thousand feet to the bottom of the cliff.

While thus standing, peering forward to catch sight of the chamois, he suddenly felt that something about the rifle had given way—a screw had worked loose, as afterward appeared—and that it was in the act of falling. To throw his left hand backward and downward in order to save it was an instinctive act, but one that nearly cost him his life, for by so doing he lost his balance, and as the smooth rock presented no hold, he toppled over.

But for that slender lichen stem, nothing in the world could have saved him. As it was, he made one convulsive grasp at it, caught it, and so tough and tenacious are the branches of the "stalker's friend," as more than one man has had occasion to call this hardiest of Alpine bushes, that for some

ends the heavy man was hanging to it, clutching with one hand that life-saving bough, his body dangling clear of the rock over the terrific abyss.

Singular to say, he never let go of the rifle, which he held, probably quite unconsciously, in the other hand, until by drawing himself up he deposited it on the ledge above his head. Then, when he had thus freed his hand, he did the same thing with his own body. For half an hour he sat on the ledge, totally unnerved. Every drop of blood seemed to have left his blanched face. Then silently we returned to the lodge, neither of us having any desire to tempt Providence further that day.

Lawyer Joe.
Among the stories revived for the late historic festival in old Plymouth is one concerning Joseph Bartlett, known by his friends as "Lawyer Joe," who, soon after the close of the Revolution, went to London. One evening he strayed into a theater there, and found himself looking upon a play which carried a spice of malice against his countrymen.

During the performance a company of Continentals was introduced upon the stage, evidently for the sole purpose of proving itself ridiculous. The soldiers presented a motley appearance. They moved awkwardly, and their weapons indicated their various callings; the farmer shouldered his scythe, the carpenter his hammer, and the tinker his soldering iron.

In bold contrast a detachment of British soldiers, with their gay uniforms and glittering arms, went through various evolutions, marching as one man and keeping exact time to the stirring music of a military band. The difference was, of course, striking, and the audience laughed heartily, and applauded in evident enjoyment of a scene which was so flattering to the national pride.

But it was too much for Yankee patriotism to bear. "Lawyer Joe," obeying an irresistible impulse, sprang to his feet, jumped upon his seat, waved his hat high above his head, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Long live his majesty, King George of England, whipped by tailors, tinkers and cobblers!"

For the moment a profound silence reigned throughout the theater, and it was a moment of serious doubt whether our bold champion would escape the vengeance of an angry crowd.

But the British admiration of pluck and audacity carried the day, and the ominous stillness was broken by loud cheers which burst from the audience until the very roof rang.

Close Quarters with a Panther.
The panther was coming for us. Our position was not altogether an agreeable one. We were standing not more than five yards outside the bushes. Nothing of the panther was visible; only the noise of his oncoming told us he was charging, and I knew that I should not see him until he had burst his way out of the bushes almost onto us.

To retreat backward there was scarcely time, and I should have probably fallen over a rock or bush had I tried to. There was nothing for it but to wait and shoot on sight. So we waited. My bill stood close behind me, and though he had merely a small wood-cutter's ax in his hand, he never flinched a step, merely saying, quietly: "Ata, Sahib, ata" (Sahib, he is coming). It was then but a wait of a few moments—then out from the dark green cordia leaves burst the panther's round, yellow head, with jaws agape, right before us. Quick as thought my rifle went up to my shoulder—both barrels flashed out simultaneously, staggering me with the recoil, for I had six drachms of powder in each barrel, and I was enveloped in smoke. There was an instant of uncomfortable suspense. "Got me or not got me?" the next second I realize that luck is with me and I still stand untouched. The smoke cleared. A snarling growl came from inside the bushes—the panther had retreated. My shikari sprang up a tree and looked down, then called to me he could see something yellow. I felt no disinclination to follow him up that tree and did so. Sitting astride the shaking branches I fired at a small patch of yellow just discernible beneath the bush. Sounds of the brute's body crashing amid the bushes followed the shot—then snarls growing fainter and fainter. At length all was still.—Scribner's Magazine.

S. F.
A Scotch clergyman, named Fraser, claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F. The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747 for supporting the Young Pretender. The letters, engraved under the regulator, were shown to stand for Slow, Fast, and the case was laughed out of court.

Ring, Ring, Who's Got the Ring?
At a recent fair in Bath there was sold a cake with a gold ring in it, and as nothing has been heard since regarding the ring it is safe to assume that some one ate it. It was set with three pearls and whoever failed to notice it lost a very handsome little souvenir of the fair. Five well-known young men in the town bought the cake, and they are all wearing a worried look.

Apples for Stuffing.
If two tart apples are peeled and chopped fine, then mixed with the stuff intended for a roast duck, goose or fresh ham, it will be found a great improvement.

Ruskin has said of Turner that he was "sent as a prophet to reveal to men the mysteries of the universe."



WOMEN'S HOME

BEAT HER HUSBAND.

IN the recent election Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon, of Salt Lake City, defeated her husband for a seat in the Utah Senate by more than 4,000 votes. She is a Democrat and her husband a Republican. A believer in polygamy, she is the fourth wife of the man she defeated and has three children whom she supports by her income as a practicing physician. She is 32 years of age and is an unusually attractive woman. She is well educated and a fine stump speaker.

In the matter of polygamy Mrs. Cannon believes that in the present condition of society it is a good thing for women. A fourth wife has more liberty than a whole one. She is only one-fourth the slave that a whole wife is. As woman's influence on man grows man will become less domineering, have more regard for the feelings and liberty of his life companion, and when woman's victory is completely won polygamy will disappear, for each member of both sexes will find his or her affinity, and both will be perfectly happy.

Hints for Beauty Seekers.
In addition to its daily brushing, it will be found that frequent changing of the style of dressing the hair improves it.

Going gloveless not only tans the hands, but hardens them. Therefore the wise damsel who objects to wearing tight gloves by day, but who has equal prejudices against a harsh skin, wear at night loose gloves, rubbed on the inside with cold cream. If the fingers are cut out there is no disagreeable sensation connected with the operation. If you have a rooted objection to turning a livid lobster hue and still retain a fondness for aquatic sports, rub cold cream into your face before going forth. Wipe it off with a soft rag and apply powder with inartistic liberality. No yell will be needed with this protection.

When the summer girl's complexion has been exposed to the rays of the sun and she is burned, she should not wash her face in cold water, but in water as hot as she can bear it. In it should be dissolved some ordinary soda. This takes the sting out of the burn and prepares the face for an application of some soothing lotion.

For Slender Women.
"Columns of conflicting advice have been written from time to time for the benefit of women who wish to get thin, and, as it is not enough for the woman who desires to put on a little extra flesh to draw her conclusions from the reverse side of the fleshy woman's instructions, she is coming in for a goodly share of counsel, too, which is all excellent in a way, but the regime of exercise and diet which is advised for perfect development from the standard of too much or too little flesh is usually an absorbing process which leaves very little time for other things, and the average woman soon wrenies of it if she has the courage to attempt it at all. The simple recipe, "Eat vegetables and plenty of butter, drink milk, sweet wine and stout, take cod-liver oil, go to bed early, sleep a little during each day, and laugh as much as possible," will often help the thin woman immensely. Cream may be substituted for the cod-liver oil if preferred.

A Prayer for Girls.
You ask for a little prayer. Here is one written by Jeremy Taylor in his effort to teach the world what was meant by holy living: "Teach me to watch over all my ways, that I may never be surprised by sudden temptations or a careless spirit, nor ever return to folly and vanity. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not in my tongue, neither against piety nor charity. Teach me to think of nothing but Thee, and what is in order to Thy glory and service; to speak nothing but of Thee and Thy glories; and to do nothing but what becomes Thy servant, whom Thy infinite mercy, by the grace of Thy holy spirit hath sealed up to the day of Redemption."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Dress of the Future.
According to Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller the house dress of the future will not in the least resemble the long-skirted affair of to-day. The skirt of this rational gown will come half way between the knees and the ankle, and the waist and the skirt will be in one piece. This simple affair may be worn while the mother of the family is lounging in her room or attending to her little necessary duties about the house. It should be supplemented, however, by a little Eton jacket, rather more elaborately made, which may be slipped on in the emergency caused by the unseasonable caller. This is supposed to represent utility in dress.

Keeping Insomnia at Bay.
Everything which increases the amount of blood ordinarily circulating through the brain has a tendency to cause wakefulness. Tight or ill-fitting articles of dress, especially about the neck or waist, and tight shoes and boots, should be discarded; the feet

should be kept warm, so that the circulation may be promoted. Apart, however, from physical causes, there are various moral causes acting on the brain equally inclined to sleep. When the mind is quieted the tendency of the vessels is to contract and for sleep to follow.

Women as Sailors and Pilots.
Scandinavia bears the distinction of being the only nation of the world in the navy of which the women enjoy the same privileges and share the same perils as the men. Whether the woman on board is the wife of the captain or of the commonest sailor, she is compelled by government to do the work of a man before the mast, and the women are even compelled to stand guard at night. Women pilots are also a usual thing in the navy of both the Scandinavian and Danish governments.

Fresh Air.
If the baby is even ordinarily healthy he should have his daily airing, no matter what the state of the weather. From the first time he is taken out his constitutional should be religiously observed. To take him out on some days and keep him at home on others is to pave the way for all sorts of illness. The child will be much more liable to take cold who is kept indoors on some days than the one who goes out every day.—Chicago Ledger.

Dainty Toilet Articles for Baby.
A tortoise-shell puff-box and brush are newer for the baby's basket than are those of either silver or ivory. Very elaborate ones have an initial or the monogram in gold. A soap-box may be added to match them, and sometimes a tiny comb is put with the brush, though few young babies have hair long enough to require one.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dancing Frocks for Girls.



Coming up and going down stairs is the best exercise in the world. And yet you will find learned doctors who will warn women against going up and down stairs.

Success.
Jenkins—Had you any luck on your Western trip?
Jackson—Great luck! The baby cut four teeth while I was away.—Puck.

Woman's Amiability.
Bess—If I were in your shoes—
Madge—Don't talk of impossibilities.

Flings at the Fair Sex.
He—I think Dr. Jenkins will very soon have a large practice. She—Why? He—He has just had a case in which he prescribed millinery for hysteria.—Puck.

A woman will argue that her clothes are more sensible than men's even when she has to lean against the wall to get the looks and eyes together in the waist of her dress.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. B. Reeder—I'm told you'd like to purchase a stylish riding horse, Miss Standish. Now, I have a green hunter I'd like to show you. Miss Standish—Oh, that would be lovely! He'd go so well with my new billiard cloth habit!—Harper's Bazar.

"Dearest," she asked, snuggling up to him, "are you sure you love me more than you did your first wife?" "Why, darling," he replied, "I paid only \$5 for her wedding ring. Yours cost \$15." Then a look of trust overspread her countenance, and she murmured: "Oh, you have made me so happy."—Cleveland Leader.

"There!" said the young woman who wants to wear them. "Well?" said her husband. "A woman on a bicycle stopped a runaway team a few days ago. And she says it was her bloomers that enabled her to do so." "Shouldn't wonder. Most of 'em I've seen would stop a clock, and perhaps it might work on a team."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wonderful Demand for Spruce.
Timber cutters in this country are now confronted with the unique conditions that spruce is worth more in the market as material for wood pulp than as lumber. Spruce is the only wood that is in demand in the pulp mill as well as in the saw mill. A recent calculation, made by experts in the lumber trade, shows that at least 65 per cent. of all the spruce cut in the forests of the country this year will go to the pulp mill. During 1897 fully 1,200 cords of spruce woods will be converted each day into ground wood pulp and sulphate. This will aggregate 360,000 cords for the year, or the equivalent of 225,000,000 feet of spruce logs.

The finger ring was the earliest ornament worn by man.