

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

As far as calculations can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times fiercer than that of red-hot coals.

In a milligram of bacteria there is a population five times as large as that of the earth, provided they are of pure culture. There are evidently other worlds than ours.

At a recent conference of engineers in London, the advantages of nickel steel for ship building were urged, and the necessity was pointed out of finding new deposits of nickel and reducing the cost of its metallurgy.

Many Indian mounds have been discovered in southern Indiana and have yielded valuable finds. Stone axes were formerly plentiful in the farming districts of that state, and were used for door props, but they have now almost disappeared. Arrow heads are the only relics that are even fairly plentiful.

Cinnamic acid, the alleged new cure for consumption, is a white, crystalline, odorless substance, formerly obtained from the fragrant resin storax and oil of cinnamon, but now made from benzene. Its German discoverer claims to have treated 400 cases with favorable results.

Venier-cutting has reached such perfection that a single elephant's tusk thirty inches long is now cut in London into a sheet 150 inches long and 20 inches wide, and some sheets of rosewood and mahogany are only about a fifth of an inch thick.

Zootherapy consists in transferring a disease from man to some animal, and is the converse of the medical theory that animals convey disease to man. This system of curing ills was devised by Ferripi, a Florentine. He mentions the case of a man suffering from rheumatism who made his dog lie across his bed. The man recovered and the dog died.

Two new planets have been discovered between Mars and Jupiter by M. Charlois, an astronomer of Nice. M. Charlois probably holds the record for the number of planets he has discovered in his lifetime. His nearest rival is the Austrian astronomer, Herr Pansa, who has discovered eighty-three, but he falls short of M. Charlois' record by three.

Electricity can travel faster than 200,000 miles a second, or, in other words, instead of requiring twenty minutes to go around the world once, like messengers, it can make the journey eight times in one second. This would be at the rate of about 500 times in one minute, or 10,000 times in twenty minutes.

The lightning specialist connected with the government weather bureau maintains that rods are no protection, and that most precautions taken by people to keep out of the path of a possible electrical discharge are useless. The recent wonderful discoveries in relation to the nature of electrical force prove the worthlessness of the lightning rod, but offer nothing toward disarming the "Engines" can be quickly stopped from any portion of a factory building by a new device, consisting of a piston worked open by a hook, to allow the passage of steam. Pull wires or electric currents are used to draw the hook and shut the steam off at the same time opening an air valve in the cylinder, so that whatever steam is in them can escape without acting on the piston rods.

Two new asteroids have been discovered between Mars and Jupiter by M. Charlois of Nice, bringing the number discovered by him up to eighty-six. Pansa, the Austrian astronomer, has discovered eighty-three.

Professor H. Krucocker and Dr. A. Marti draw the following conclusions from a series of investigations on the effect of cutaneous excitations on the formation of red blood.

Feeble irritations of the skin promote the formation of red blood corpuscles, but modify the formation of hemoglobin in different ways. Strong irritations of the skin cause a diminution of the number of red corpuscles, and, in a minor degree, of the hemoglobin in the blood. Darkness diminishes the number of blood cells, followed after a fortnight by a limited increase. Continued exposure to light (even electric light at night) induces the formation of red corpuscles, and, in a lesser degree, of hemoglobin.

In a new non-puncturable shield for pneumatic tires the tread is formed of closely-woven strands of fiber with the transverse strands extended beyond the longitudinal strands, thus making an armored tread without decreasing the flexibility of the tire.

In a new winding mechanism for watches a set screw is placed in the two-part key to adjust the frictional contact so as to just overcome the tension of the mainspring until nearly wound, when the key slips, thus preventing over-winding.

Fire hose can be consisting of two cylindrical brushes set in a frame which can be attached to the hose cart, the brushes being rapidly revolved as the hose passes between them by a chain geared to the axle of the hose reel.

A Wichita man has invented an appliance which he says is to be attached to brooms used in hospitals. It is a tank to hold disinfectants, and is arranged so that the stroke of the broom feeds the liquid to the straws, distributing it regularly as the broom is drawn over the floor.

The comparative durability of different flooring materials is set forth in an article in the Scientific American based upon careful and accurate investigations. In these tests an ordinary iron rubbing wheel was used, like that employed by stone workers for rubbing a smooth face on marble or sandstone, laid face downward on the rubber wheel, which revolved at the rate of seventy-five revolutions a minute, being supplied with sharp sand and water. The blocks to which the flooring was cemented were of equal weight, so that the rubbing was effected under nearly the same pressure in all cases. Curiously enough, the material which resisted best this severe trial was Indian rubber tiling, which, after an hour of rubbing, lost only one-sixty-fourth of an inch of its thickness; next to this English encaustic tile gave the best results, losing only one-eighth of an inch in an hour's treatment. The artificial stone known as "granolithic" was third, losing three-eighths of an inch; while north river bluestone lost nine-sixteenths of an inch. All the marbles wore away very rapidly; a piece of marble mosaic disappeared entirely in thirty-five minutes; while solid white Vermont marble lost three-fourths of an inch in an hour. Most of the wood flooring resisted abrasion better than the marble, thus, white pine lost only seven-sixteenths of an inch under a treatment that removed nearly twice as much from solid marble; yellow pine about like white, and oak lost more than either of the pines.

The Editor of "The Ashland (Me.) Herald" makes the following announcement: "Trout, tongue, salmon, whitefish or chubs taken in payment for subscriptions at this office. We haven't yet decided to take suckers or carp, but may be driven to it."

Bellevue and Boston. "What's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" "Oh, a million dollars frequently."—New York Journal.

EACH ONE FOR ALL THE AIM

A SUCCESSFUL COLONY OF SOCIALISTS.

Labor Problem Solved—No Matter What the Work, Each Member Receives the Same Wages—They Publish a Paper.

There is in Ruskin, Tenn., a thriving community of some two hundred souls. It is a successful socialistic colony, and probably the most interesting on the continent. Its people are persons of high ideals, who seek to carry out in actual life the dreams of their philosophy. They could be more prosperous. They are happy and contented.

"Every member of this association shall surrender his natural freedom which leads him to disregard the rights of others, for the sake of civil or social freedom which, being based upon the principles of right and justice, has regard for his rights and the rights of all."

That is the corner stone of the community. Each member is an equal stockholder in the association, and all share exactly alike. Every member is guaranteed employment by all. A day's labor is fixed at nine hours. Every member receives exactly the same compensation for his work, no matter what it is; if sick his pay goes on just the same.

There is no interference with individual tastes or private, religious or domestic affairs. The association owns all the land and means of production and distribution, and owns all buildings, but each member owns his own household furniture and clothing. Members have separate houses, but there is a common kitchen and dining hall. Some of the best laundry machinery has been put in. Schooling, medicine and medical attendance are furnished free, and there is a good school and kindergarten going, with twenty-five or thirty children.

The people in this little ideal world are nearly all Americans. There are a few Germans. They come from all over the Union, but there are few if any from the South. Ohio and Pennsylvania furnish the largest quota. Very few come from farms, and those who do have lived at least for a few years in cities, so that it can be said to be wholly a city community.

There is no church or minister in the place, and no official religious services. If any one wished to start religious services there would be no objection, but I doubt if it would be possible to get them officially recognized by the association. Some of the members are pronounced free thinkers. Almost all of them are bitter against church organizations as not doing their duty, but all of them admire Jesus Christ and many are deeply religious. The animating spirit of the colony is distinctively altruistic.

Imagine a community without police or sheriffs. Such a place is Ruskin. There are no officials save that one member is a notary public and another postmaster. There is no immorality, no thieving, no drunkenness. They do not keep or sell liquors.

The principal business of the community is the publishing of a socialistic weekly paper. This paper accepts no advertisements and prints no news, but it has an outside circulation of 35,000 copies, and on one occasion sold an edition of 100,000. They also publish a telegraphers' journal that has a considerable circulation, and issue yearly a number of books, chiefly on socialistic topics. The authors and editors are all members of the community, and receive for their literary labor precisely the same wages as wood-choppers and farmers and stablemen.—New York Herald.

To Preserve the Color of Flowers.

The natural colors of flowers may be preserved with almost their original brilliancy after being dried very thoroughly in sand. The gardeners' Monthly, which suggests this simple process for manufacturing artificial flowers, states that the most delicate flowers can be made in this way to look for several years as though they had been freshly gathered. The flower should be placed in a pan or other dish and covered with perfectly clean dry sand. This should be sifted over the flower so as not to break or bruise the petals. Every chink and cranny should be filled without disturbing the natural position of the leaves. When the pan is full, and every crevice has been filled solidly, the flowers are allowed to dry for several days. It is often found effective to warm the pan and keep the buried flower in a warm oven. The sand should then be removed, great care being taken not to break or tear the leaves, which will be

A traveler who has returned from a visit to Persia says that the Persians still believe that human tears are a remedy for certain diseases.

At every funeral the bottling of mourners' tears is one of the chief features of the ceremony. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop his face and eyes, and after the burial they are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles, for use as medicine.

This custom is one of the oldest known in the East, and has probably been practiced by the Persians for thousands of years. Mention is made of it in the Old Testament.

"That's the third tack I have stepped on," complained Wheeler, the night after the new carpet had been laid. "I don't believe I could pick 'em up any faster if I had pneumatic feet."—From Answers.

DR. NANSEN'S WIFE.

King Oscar Has Special Admiration For Her Voice.

Of Dr. Nansen's wife not much information has found its way into print. She seems to have a very imperfectly developed taste for publicity, but what is known of her is interesting and indicates that she is an uncommon woman, both in talent and character. It is recorded by Dr. Nansen's biographers, Broegger and Rolfsen, that his first meeting with his future wife was in the woods about Frogner Sæter, where, one day, observing the soles of two feet sticking up out of the snow, he approached them, with natural curiosity, in time to see the head of Eva Sars emerge from a snowbank. Dr. Nansen was married in 1880, after his return from his successful expedition across Greenland. When he left in the Fram in 1893, his wife, left at home at Lysaker, near Christiansia, with one child, turned for occupation to the development and use of her gifts as a singer, and with notable success. King Oscar of Sweden is one of her admirers, and especially likes her singing, which he has often heard; and since she has been in England the compliment has been paid her of asking her to sing before the Queen. She is a staunch backer of her adventurous husband, whose departure on his perilous errand cost her anxieties and misgivings as to which she said little at the time. Since her husband's return she has sometimes spoken in conversation of her fears, and has said that careful comparison of Dr. Nansen's diary with her record or remembrance of her own sensations bears her out in the belief that the times when she was the most concerned about him were the seasons of his greatest peril. That implies a telepathic communication born of intense sympathy and solicitude, the possibility of which science seems no longer disposed to deny. Mrs. Nansen's father was Professor Sars, a well-known zoologist. Zoology, it will be remembered, is a branch of science of which Dr. Nansen has made a special study.—Harper's Weekly.

Took the Conceit Out of Him.

"I'm going to have a little fun this afternoon," remarked Joseph Goodfellow, as he worked his way into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving his office Saturday. "That boy of mine has been reading about the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, and boxing in barns all over town, till he imagines he is a pugilist. I'm going to take him out in the back yard and take some of the conceit out of him. He is a pretty husky boy, but you know I used to be very clever with the mittens myself."

This morning the following appeared under the head of personal mention: "The friends of Mr. Joseph Goodfellow will regret to learn that he is seriously ill at his home in the Western Addition."

In the sporting columns of the same journal was the following:

"I hereby challenge any 16-year-old boy on the Pacific coast, who don't weigh over 135 pounds, to fight to a finish for fun or marbles.—Kid Good."

A Remarkable Tree.

A redwood tree which was recently cut down in the state of Washington was 465 feet in height, or about one-eleventh of a mile. To the point where the first limb branched out was 220 feet. At the base the circumference was found to be 33 feet 11 inches. If it were sawed into lumber it would make 96,345 feet of boards. This amount of lumber would serve for the construction of eight cottages two stories high, each containing seven rooms. The age of the tree is said to have been 684 years.—New York Tribune.

Of the five titles of nobility in England, the highest in rank and honor is that of Duke. It is the first title of dignity of the royal family, but not the highest in antiquity. There is no proof of its being used in England before it was introduced by Edward III, about a year before he himself assumed the title of King of France. Edward, the renowned Black Prince, was created Duke of Cornwall, and he was the first Duke in England after William the Conqueror. After this creation the title of Duke was frequently given, especially to members of the royal family.—Harper's Round

Sweet Peas to Drive Away Flies.

The odor of the sweet pea, according to a contributor to the Medical Record, "is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of the sick room, though it is not usually in the slightest degree disagreeable to the patient." It is, therefore, recommended that sweet peas be placed in the sick room during fly time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"How much do you weigh?" said a friend to Speaker Reed the other day. "I weigh 200 pounds," he replied slowly and smilingly.

"Oh," said his friend, "you weigh more than that. You must weigh nearly 300 pounds."

"No," said the speaker, "no gentleman weighs more than 200 pounds."—New York Tribune.

Old maids must claim the little kingdom of Denmark for their paradise, for they are insured there. Any girl who feels that there is a likelihood of her being laid on the shelf may make provision whereby she can, at the age of forty, be put in the spinster class for good and receive weekly benefits. These benefits, of course, are in cash.—New York Journal.

Cobwigger—Poor Wagg! He was a most genial soul.

Merritt—Yes, indeed he was. The only thing he ever took seriously was the cold that killed him.—New York Journal.

THE ZUNI BREAD MAKERS.

FOOD MADE FOR WARRIORS AND HUNTERS.

Called Paper Bread—is Baked in One Long Strip and Folded Like the Leaves of a Magazine—One Unbroken Sheet.

"During a residence at Zuni, the largest of the Indian pueblos, in Northwestern New Mexico, I have often watched the mothers and daughters of the tribe at their interesting work of making halve, or 'paper-bread,'" says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. "They use a basis of either corn or wheat, which is often boiled in advance to make it more tender, and is then ground on much the same primitive style of stone hand-mill as that used in old Mexico. * * * After the maize or wheat has been once ground through the hand-mill, it is passed through the same operation at least once more, to make it still finer, and then it is mixed into a very thin batter in an olla, or decorated water jar, fashioned from clay, fired and painted by the women pottery makers of the tribe, who are wonderfully deft in the potter's art, and that of decoration in striking and yet tasteful designs.

"If our flour prepared for the baking be of wheat the bread will be of a bluish tint, and if of corn, whiter, while the preparation has been made above the wood-fuel flame burning in the fireplace of the stone or concrete house, there has been slowly heating a slab of stone, the upper surface of which is smooth and oily by long use in making halve. Kneeling before the hot stone, when all is ready, the Indian woman dips her hand into the jar of batter at her side and then swiftly sweeps that dripping member over the face of the tablet, leaving a broad veneer of liquid dough, which thoroughly bakes in a few seconds. Catching the thin edge of the sheet of bread by the fingers of the other hand, she peels it almost off the smooth stone by one dextrous jerk, leaving one edge still attached. Giving another sweep of her now freshly battered palm, she joins the two separate sheets into one by slightly overlapping the adhering film with the fresh application. The double operation of smearing and peeling continues in swift succession, and by the method described there is no break in the long strip of bread, which falls in ever-lengthening folds by the side of the panthera as she works. A Zuni woman takes great pride in her ability to show the entire baking in one unbroken sheet, no matter how long she may continue. When finished, the long bolt of bread is folded much after the fashion of the leaves of an uncut magazine, and is then tightly rolled, so that it may not dry. In this manner it is kept in a state of preservation for future use, for it is seldom baked for immediate consumption.

"This 'paper-bread' is not used for ordinary household purposes, but is baked when a party of warriors or hunters are making ready for a long trip into the wilds, or when someone is departing on an extended journey."

Pine Nuts.

A small buff-colored nut called the pignone is the fruit of a species of pine tree, a native of Upper California, and its beautiful food qualities are greatly appreciated by California and Oregon Indians.

It is a little nut about an inch in length, and is rather three-sided, a trifle longer than round. The hard thick shell would sorely tax one's patience, and it surely would be difficult to get the sweet edible kernel free from outside entanglement; but, as the shell matures, a slight crack appears upon one side, allowing entrance for the blade of a pen-knife or nut-pick, and presto! the walls of the little brown house fall apart—a small white kernel is discovered, enveloped in a thin film of gummy brown. A most surprising number of nuts are found in one cone; this, however, does not appear so marvelous when one takes into account the actual size of the cone, measuring, as is often the case, a foot in length and seven hundred inches in diameter, having fully two hundred scales, in each of which lie two seeds, so that in a perfectly fertile cone a harvest of four hundred pretty brown nuts may be counted on. The yield from a single tree is often enormous.—Harper's Bazar.

The Cunning Reynard.

Boutwey's story is of a tame fox at Bridgewater, which had been brought up from a cub to run in the wheel as a turnip. One day, however, his vagabond instincts proved too much for him, and he determined to take a holiday. The feshpots of his Egypt were a dust and ashes to his palate compared with the chickens of his own selection. Unfortunately he chose the hunting season for his excursion, and soon came in contact with his hereditary persecutors. He evidently determined to give them a good run, for he took them twice through a stream, after a grand circumambulation, which involved a chase of nearly thirty miles; he made his way back with bounds in full cry, and re-entering the kitchen, resumed operations in the wheel with as much unconcern as though he had never left it. The fat cook, with whom he was a great favorite, succeeded in beating the hounds off till the arrival of the huntsman, who humbly assisted in saving a life, which, if sagacity and ingenuity be virtues, well deserved to be spared.—English Illustrated Magazine.

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

First Recognition for Adaptation of Steam to Navigation.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson River. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?"

"After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, 'Six dollars.' And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him, and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It has his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success, and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow-men was the six dollars paid to him by his first passenger.—Harper's Round Table.

The smoke of woollen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds. A lady ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine had been taken to pieces, and it was found the needle had broken into three pieces in the flesh. The process of extraction was most difficult, the pain reaching the shoulder, and danger of lockjaw was feared. Woollen rags were put on burning coals, and by holding the finger in the smoke, all pain was driven away and never returned, though the finger took long to heal.

The smoke and smell of the burning rags may be unpleasant, but that is a slight drawback compared with the danger of lockjaw, or great pain and consequent fever. Another instance was the cure of a wound inflicted by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministrator of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been

Bestow a boon on humanity and help to popularize the baked banana as an article of food for rich and poor especially the poor. No poor child need go to school hungry. One cent will buy a good sized banana, which, when baked in its skin in an oven for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is quite soft and bursts open, alone makes a full meal.

Bananas should never be eaten raw; they are very indigestible. Youngsters fed on raw bananas nearly always suffer from diseases of the intestinal canal and convulsions. Physicians call such children "banana babies."

Baked bananas are also the ideal food for nervous persons and anemics, also brain workers.—New York Sun.

A man owned a parrot for a long time, and all that it could say was "There is no doubt about it." At length the owner, being tired of this song, resolved to sell it. He took it to the market at Huddersfield, singing out: "Twenty pounds for my Poll."

A gentleman who was passing the market heard the price, and went to the parrot and said:

"Art thou worth £20?"

"Polly's reply was, of course: 'There is no doubt about it.'"

The gentleman was much pleased at this, and readily bought the parrot.

After some time the gentleman found out, to his surprise, that Poll was all "No doubt," and he, full of rage at his twenty pounds' worth of disappointment, exclaimed to the Poll:

"What a fool I was to give £20 for a thing like you!"

Poll then most decidedly replied:

"There's no doubt about it!"—From Answers.

Lady of the House—"Did you mail my letter, as I told you, Susan?"

Hired Girl—"Sure, mum, I did; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put another stamp on it."

Lady of the House—"That's right; only I hope you didn't put the extra stamp on so it would obliterate the address."

Hired Girl—"Indeed, I didn't, mum; I just stuck it on the top of the other stamp so as to save room."—New York World.

Flannigan—How'd yes git th' black eye, Casey?

Casey—Oh shilpped on' landed on me back.

Flannigan—But, me good mon, y'r face ain't located on y'r back.

Casey (gloomily)—No, neither wuz Finnegan.—Truth.

A FUNNY EYE-SIGHT.

The Indian Was Recently Freed of His Crossed Eyes.

At the battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, as some historians name it, Lieutenant Hallack, of the Union Army had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes. In 1865, he was promoted to be first lieutenant in the regular army, and was stationed at one of the Indian posts on the plains.

He had a small blue eye of glass, but thinking that he could not obtain artificial eyes so far away from the large cities, he bought two other glass eyes, for use should his regular glass eye be broken.

On a certain occasion, Lieutenant Hallack was visited by a one-eyed Indian warrior, who wished to see the "white man's funny eye." The brave was much pleased with the sight, and after awhile he besought the officer to lend him one of the extra bits of glass.

"But your sound eye is as black as coal and as big as a saucer," protested the lieutenant, "and these eyes are little and blue."

The Indian insisted, however, and at last prevailed on the lieutenant to lend him one of the eyes.

The lieutenant says that he never saw an Indian so delighted. Clad in a long shirt and an old plug hat, the brave walked around the camp as proud as Lucifer. His big black eye and his little blue eye were in amusing contrast.

He succeeded in making the other Indians believe that he could see through the blue eye as well as through his natural one, and no happier warrior than he ever strutted before admiring squaws.—Golden Days.

I went to Bethlehem several times, usually returning toward dusk, says a contributor to McClure's Magazine. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men" as they are called—merchants, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of labor in the East are from sunrise to sunset; and those men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed. I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows; and the window-sills were low and broad and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the walls, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a large recess, perhaps two feet deep, three feet high and six feet long. Here were piled blankets, rugs and quilts, neatly folded. At night the rugs were spread on the floor and the family slept on them, using the blankets and quilts for covering. On great occasions a little circular table, about three feet across and one foot

On a lonely farm near North Branch Mr. and Mrs. John Bonninman and two sons met instant death in a peculiar and dreadful manner. It is the custom among the farmers in that neighborhood to store their large potato crops in pits in the ground. The Bonninmans were well-to-do farmers and their pit was unusually large and elaborate. One day Mr. Bonninman built a fire in the pit, as he feared the frost would penetrate it.

In the morning he and his oldest son went to straighten up the place; together they lifted the heavy trap-door, and the father, a stalwart man of fifty years, let himself down into the pit. In an instant, to the horror of the young man, he dropped dead, or at least unconscious. The son gave a shriek of terror and went to the rescue of his father.

He, too, became a corpse, but his scream had brought his brother, a boy of eighteen, from the barn, and a moment later the mother came running from the house, followed by her youngest son, a lad of fourteen years. The second son arrived first and dropped into the death trap, thinking to help his father and brother, but the fire damp killed him in a twinkling.

When the mother arrived, she too, jumped into the pit. She was immediately overpowered, but had strength left to tell her remaining son not to come into the cellar.—New York

The oldest postmaster in continuous service in the United States lives in Central Pennsylvania. His name is Joseph Strode, and he lives at Strode's Mills, a pretty village in Mifflin county.

This old pioneer postmaster, says the Cressen Record, has held the one position since 1845. As a recognition of his long and faithful service for the government, the Post Office Department at Washington had his picture on exhibition at the World's Fair, and it was considered one of the most interesting features of that great department.

A lady had been ill and under medical treatment for a long time. As she grew no better all the while, she became distrustful of her physician's skill, and did not wish to see him and yet she was not bold enough to tell him so. She communicated the state of her mind to her maid.

"Lave 'im to me, mum, lave 'im to me!" said the girl.

By-and-by the doctor came to the door, and Bridget opened it about an inch.

"Sorry, sir," said she, "but ye can't come in the day, doctor."

"Can't come in? How's that?"

"The mistres do be too ill for to see