

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion relate many amusing and startling incidents of marches, camp life, fighting experiences and battle scenes.

Memories of Libby Prison.
A war time comrade of Captain Samuel T. Hamilton, police marshal of Baltimore, tells a very interesting story of him in connection with the incarceration of Captain Hamilton and himself in Libby prison.

"We were quartered on the top floor of that hell hole," said the old soldier, "and from the top floor clear down to the cellar there ran a hatchway, used in time of peace for lowering and raising hogsheads of tobacco. One of our fellows, who was a good deal of a devil in his way, had occasion to visit the edge of this hatchway one night, and noticed a guard in the cellar squatted on his haunches, with his musket in his arms and apparently fast asleep. On the edge of the hatchway there was a barrel with a rope handle on each side. This barrel was used as a receptacle for all sorts of refuse. This daredevil soldier quietly stepped among the sleeping forms, touched Sam Hamilton lightly on the shoulder, awakened him and beckoned to him to follow to the hatchway. Then he motioned to have Sam take one handle while he took the other, and in a whisper he said, 'One, two, three,' and at the word 'three' both let go. That barrel was aimed squarely at the head of the sleeping sentinel, but by some occult means he seemed to realize that he was in danger, and suddenly jumped to one side, and as the barrel struck the ground he gave the alarm by firing his musket. The shot was taken up and repeated by the guards outside, and then two battalions of artillery, stationed over at Belle Isle, belched forth a volume of smoke and flame. In an instant the long roll was sounded, and from the left to the right flank of Lee's army around Richmond could be heard the alarm repeated from regiment to regiment. There was a great commotion, and of course an investigation.

"Next morning, when it was discovered that the sleep barrel was missing from the upper floor, an attempt was made to force a confession from the culprit. Every one was as mum as an oyster. No one knew anything about it. Finally the governor of the prison announced that, until the offenders made a confession, that floor would be kept without rations. This lasted twenty-four hours. Then Sam Hamilton asked to be taken to the governor.

"When he reached that august person's presence he said: 'I did not do this thing, but I am going to confess that I did. I cannot stand it to see my comrades starved to death, as the man who did it is too mean to confess that he was guilty of the accident, or crime, whichever you like to call it. I am not guilty, but I will confess that I did it just to stop this starvation.'

"Well, if you are not guilty," said the governor, who had something of a sense of humor, "what do you confess to?"

"Well," replied Hamilton, "you can take me out and shoot me if you like. I would just as soon be in hell as in this place. I cannot stand it to see these poor fellows here kept without food any longer."

"Hamilton was confined in the dungeon for another twenty-four hours, and then he was released and the rations were restored. I have always suspected," continued the narrator, "that the governor of Libby was confident that Hamilton was the man who pitched that barrel down there, but he was too much of a good fellow at heart not to appreciate the joke of the situation."—Washington Post.

An Artillery Dog.
A dog that, without being trained for the army, can take the place of a man in serving a gun is a dog worthy of being remembered, and Mr. W. Carver only gives this particular dog his due when he narrates his doings in the Indianapolis News.

Styx was a fox-terrier. He came into the battery one morning just as the soldiers were "hitching up," at daylight, to resume their march in Louisiana. He attracted the writer's attention by running up to him and placing a small stick at his feet, asking plainly that it might be thrown, so that he could catch it and bring it back again; but as the captain of a battery has at such a time something better to do than to throw sticks for dogs, his opportunity was disregarded.

Styx, however, was not disconcerted. He picked up his stick and started with the column, keeping somewhere between the gun-carriages of that battery all day. The writer says:

"Late in the afternoon, when we halted for the night, he reported himself at my particular fire, as if on duty as an orderly. He asked for no food or caresses, but putting down a stick at my feet, declared in his fox-terrier language that if I would please throw that for him just once, he would consider all obligations discharged in full, and I threw it. He brought it back before it had fairly touched the ground.

"The next day we were in action. The enemy, in their retreat, had made a gallant stand at a narrow pass where it was most difficult for us to advance, and here the genius of Styx came into play.

"The 'No. 5' man, as he is called, runs between the limber and the gun when the battery is in action, carrying the missile or cartridge from the ammunition chest to the 'No. 2' man, who places it in the gun, when the 'No. 1' sends it home with the rammer.

"Styx had joined one of the gun de-

tachments, and was acting as 'No. 5' man. Receiving the cartridge from 'No. 6' who took it from the chest, he rushed like lightning to the gun, and delivered his burden to the expectant artilleryman. He was in his element now. The thunder of the guns could hardly drown his shrieks of joy as he rushed back from having delivered one charge to get another. This was something like. Now he saw what a battery was for.

"That day gave Styx a reputation through our whole corps. The commanding general heard of him, and requested me to bring him up to headquarters. An admiring circle of officers sat about him one evening, and discussed the possibility of using dogs in artillery in general."

Three days later Styx was in the midst of his favorite battery, when an almost spent six-pound solid shot struck the ground and rolled, as it seemed, slowly into the battery. Styx jumped for it, and the moving mass of iron that seemed as harmless as a rubber ball crushed the life out of the little volunteer. The career of Styx was ended.

A War Hero.
Gen. Alger is in many respects an ideal Secretary to be at the head of the great War Department during the trying period of a great war. He was 25 years old in 1861, when he bade farewell to his bride of a few days and volunteered as a captain of a Michigan company of infantry. In the battle of Booneville, Miss., although he was so ill he could scarcely sit on his horse, he led a small body of men in a perilous charge upon the rear of the Confederates under Gen. Chalmers, being sore-



GEN. B. A. ALGER.

ly wounded just afterward, not by the lead of the enemy, but by a tree, which broke his leg as he passed it on his horse. For bravery in this engagement he was made major, and afterward colonel, in Custer's famous brigade. He was afterward brevetted major general "for gallant and meritorious services," and was on private service while still lame, in 1863 and 1864, receiving orders personally from President Lincoln. He therefore fully understands the relations between the executive and the military in time of actual war.

Narrow Escape from Death.
There died in Philadelphia recently Charles B. Mason, a veteran scout of the Union army, who during the war had an experience of a close call by death unrivaled in fiction. A file of soldiers with leveled guns stood before his kneeling figure. The command to aim had been given, and then the unexpected happened. Mason had many thrilling adventures while fighting under Sheridan.

On this particular occasion, becoming detached from his comrades, he wandered so close to the Confederate lines that he was taken prisoner. He was placed in the guardhouse for the night, and the next morning was taken out with a number of other Union prisoners who had been captured and booked for a trip to Libby prison. Unfortunately for him, however, as he left the tent a Confederate spy who was in the crowd surveying the prisoners as they were placed in the line recognized him as a Union spy, and he was once more remanded to the tent. That evening he went before a drum-head court martial.

"To be shot at sunrise as a spy." That was the brief finding and sentence of the court martial.

That night, with the death watch patrolling about the guard tent, he found no chance of escape. Letters to his sweetheart and comrades were written, and when daylight came he was led out to what he believed to be certain death.

The spot chosen for the execution was in a pretty little ravine along the stream just outside the Confederate camp, and to this place he was conducted. A white handkerchief was placed over his eyes and he was made to kneel upon a rude pine box which was to be his coffin. The rifles were loaded, the firing squad took their position, and with the admonition, "Take careful aim, boys," the sergeant in charge moved away to the rear.

"Ready," he commanded, and the hammers of the rifles rose with a sharp click; "aim," and before he could give the final command there swept over and above Mason a sheet of flame and a storm of lead, and the sergeant with more than one-half of his men fell dead or mortally wounded. The remainder of the party fled without firing a shot as a line of bluecoats charged over the bank. In a moment Mason was in the hands of friends, but he fainted from joy. He had been rescued by a squadron of the Thirtieth New York Cavalry, which was out on a scouting expedition, and his position had been discovered by one of the members of that command, who summoned the others in time to save his life.

Sulphate of quinine has some very curious properties, one of them being its power to impress an image of itself on a sheet of sensitive paper in the dark.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Profitable Breeds of Poultry—How to Mix Kerosene Emulsion—Planting Beans with Corn—Points in Butter-Making—General Farm Matters.

Profitable Poultry.
An experienced poultryman says: "There are breeds for all purposes—summer eggs, winter eggs, broilers, roasters and general purposes. We have had heavy egg records with the non-sitting breeds, but the bulk of their production is in spring and early fall. Unless under very favorable circumstances, they are but ordinary layers during the winter. Our winter laying breeds are of the broody class, and they give comparatively few eggs during the warm season of the year. Much of their time is taken in incubating. Then we have a class that are better adapted for broiler raising than for roasting purposes. On the other hand we have breeds that make better roasters than broilers. Again, we have general purpose fowls—reasonably well adapted for all that one could wish for in poultry. To become more plain, the summer layers are the Leghorns, Minorcas, Andalusians, Spanish, Polish, Hamburgs and Houdans. The winter layers are the Asiatics—Brahmas, Cochins and Langshans and the Americans—Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. The best for broilers are the Wyandottes or Plymouth Rocks. The best for roasters are the Brahmas or the Langshans. The best general purpose fowls is the Plymouth Rock."—Denver Field and Farm.

Kerosene Emulsion.
The efficiency of kerosene emulsion depends on how it is made. The most important part is the agitation of the material. Simply stirring the mixture will not answer, as violent agitation, by pumping the liquid back into itself, is necessary. Use soft water and avoid water containing lime, and also use plenty of soap. An excellent method is to shave half a pound of soap and add it to a gallon of boiling water. Let the water boil until the soap is dissolved, and then remove the vessel from the fire. Next, add two gallons of kerosene and a gill of crude carbolic acid, while the water is hot, and briskly agitate until the result is a substance having the appearance of rich cream. It requires about ten minutes to agitate the mixture, as no free kerosene should be noticed. When cold add twenty gallons of soft water and spray with a nozzle. The carbolic acid is not included in the usual formula, but it will be found of advantage. Use the crude acid (not the refined), which is a cheap substance. Kerosene and crude carbolic acid will not mix with water, but both substances form an emulsion with strong soapuds.

Planting Beans with Corn.
It used to be the practice more than it is now to plant one or two beans in each hill of corn that is eaten out by the cut worm. It makes much extra work to harvest these beans. But this plan is perhaps better than to plant in late some more corn that will not be ripened with the other, and can be used only for feeding as soft corn. The corn shades adjoining corn too much. Beans of the bush variety will not shade it at all. The extra sunlight which gets down to the soil where a hill of corn has been destroyed makes the corn hills on either side more prolific than they would have been.

Points in Butter-Making.
Butter-making has undergone many changes of late years in the line of washing, salting and working. Formerly it was churned until it was one solid mass; it was washed once, salted and worked. It was thought best to churn at a temperature of about 62 degrees, but gradually the temperature has been lowered until now it is not unusual to churn as low as 48 degrees. A low temperature has many advantages. The loss in butter fat will be less, the butter will need less washing and have better body than when churned at a higher temperature. With proper precaution, the loss of butter fat in churning need not be more than about one-hundredth of 1 per cent. The loss depends largely upon the temperature and the evenness of ripening. If the cream has been gathered for several days, unless the oldest has been held at a low temperature to prevent any partial ripening, or it has been thoroughly stirred each time new cream was added, it will not be evenly ripened and the loss will be unduly large. Less time will be required to churn at a high temperature, but it will be at the expense of butter fat.—Indiana Farmer.

How to Set Out Trees.
In preparing to set out trees, shrubs, vines, etc., a hole should be dug large and deep, a foot at least larger than the natural spread of the roots, from the fact that a tree or anything set out should grow a year or two in good loam before it runs its roots into the original gravelly material; otherwise its progress in growing is apt to be very slow and sickly looking. If it lives at all. When setting out a tree, shrub or vine—in fact, anything of size—the loam should not be shoveled in in a body, for any person can see that in this way it can not be air-tight. Around the roots the loam should be very carefully shaken in, and at the same time using water, which will make a porridge of the loam so it can be carried into the least hole, crack or crevice, and thus it is made air-tight around every fiber, which, the reader can see, is of great importance for the tree to start right away and so continue to grow right along. Trees often die from the effects of being set out in a hurry and the roots bent and cramped into a

post hole. Anyone setting out trees in this way should wear a boot or shoe a few days two sizes too small, so it may cramp his toes; then he can pry the tree that has its roots cramped and bent to fit a small hole.—Woodward.

Horse Marks and Terms.
Grinders, the back teeth.
Bore, to bear on the bit.
A white eye is a glass eye.
Hand, one-third of a foot—4 inches.
A white spot in the forehead is a star.
A white stripe in the face is a blaze.
A strip between the nostrils is a snip.
A snip can't be anywhere except on the nose.
A white face from eye to eye is a bald face.
Croup, that part of the horse back of the saddle.
White around the top of the hoof is a white coronet.
Forearm, that part of the leg between the elbow and knee.
Appel, the gentle tug on the rein given by the horse at each step.
A star, blaze or bald face can't be anywhere except on the face.
Elbow, joint of forelegs next above knee, lying next to horse's side.
White below the pastern joint is a white pastern. Above the pastern a white leg.
A horse has pasterns, not ankles, and there is no such joint as a hind knee or fore shoulder.
Bucking, leaping vertically into the air with all four feet, and coming together on the ground.
Amble, a gait like pacing, but slower, in which the two legs on the same side are moved together.
Forge, to strike the toe of the forefoot with the toe of the hind one; very often the result of bad shoeing.
Frog, a triangular piece of spongy horn in the middle of the sole of the foot.—Rural World.

Developing Good Hogs.
First, choose the breed. Have an ideal animal and work for it. Breed from matured and well-bred sows. Don't sacrifice individuality to pedigree. Breed prolific sows only. Avoid cross-breeding and feeding too much corn and ice water, as this lessens the vitality and tends to make too light a bone. Feed young stock and the breeding sows oats, shorts, bran and oil-meal, with but little corn. Give plenty of exercise. In finishing off a fat hog nothing is ahead of corn and pure water.

Give plenty of room in sleeping quarters and teach young pigs to eat early. March and April litters are best. Keep salt and charcoal by them at all times. The growing of frame for the first six months and the keeping of equal-sized pigs together must be looked to. It requires intelligence of the highest order, after the ideal hog is secured, to keep it, and not allow it to degenerate.

Transplanting Rutabagas.
Last spring I planted an experimental patch of sugar beets. The seed, being sown too early, came up poorly and did not make a stand. Having some rutabagas which were too thick, my boys transplanted three rows of rutabagas into the sugar beet ground. The rows were twenty rods long. We harvested seventy-five bushels of rutabagas from three rows. Allowing nine rows to one rod in width, the yield was 1,800 bushels of rutabagas per acre. The same rows produced ten bushels of sugar beets, making the yield of 2,000 bushels of roots per acre.—T. W. Clark, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Farm Philosophy.
One of the best devices for feeding loose cats and hay to sheep is to place the feed just outside the sheep lot fence made of pallings placed such a distance apart that the sheep can reach through to eat.
A farmer can bring an orchard to the bearing point, and at the same time produce nearly as much corn, potatoes or other produce, as if it were not there. It will add greatly to the value of his farm, whether he intends to make it his home or sell the place.
When fowls are afflicted with vermin, the most practical remedy is a thorough dusting with a good quality of insect powder, applied with a blower. The habit of applying grease or oil to a fowl is of ancient origin, and exhibits poor judgment. Insect powder is just as cheap.
A gallon of scalding hot water, half a bar of common laundry soap and three table-spoonsful of crude carbolic acid makes the best disinfectant for a hen house. Apply with a scrub brush. In addition it will be well to burn sulphur and tar in the house, but not where exposed eggs are being hatched.
The Iowa experiment station analyzed 1,000 samples of sugar beets from all counties in that State. The result was quite satisfactory, but high and low grade beets were produced in all sections, due doubtless to the lack of observing proper methods of culture. All parts of the State are adapted to beet culture.
E. J. Hiatt, of Athens County, Ohio, writes to the Breeder's Gazette that blood, breeding and feeding should each have about equal credit for the most perfect type found in herd or flock. When breeders and farmers will see the need of these three requisites improvement will come more rapidly. Strictly high-class animals are not found in large numbers.
The susceptibility of plants to change in their chemical composition by seed selection and proper cultivation is seen in the development of the sugar beet. When Napoleon set about making Europe independent in her best sugar supply the beet contained but 3 per cent of its weight in sugar. But the world has seen the yield of sugar from the beet multiplied by four. It is suggested that the quality of all cereals can be greatly benefited by proper seed selection.

CUBA'S RESOURCES.

Great Commercial, Agricultural and Mineral Wealth of the Island.

The area of Cuba is about 42,000 square miles. Its greatest length is 769 miles, and its breadth ranges from 20 to 135 miles. Perhaps there is no space of earth the equal in size to Cuba that can begin to compare with her in the production of those things that are useful to man. Antonio y Morales, a noted authority, has prepared a table showing the variety and quantity of the staples that can be raised on a tract of thirty-three acres in Cuba. A farm of that size in one year produces thousands of pounds of sugar, coffee, tobacco, cacao (chocolate), cotton, indigo, corn, rice, sage, bananas and yucca. The choicest lands in California—note for the variety and quantity of their products—cannot approach the soil of Cuba in this respect. With its mild climate, its exuberant vegetation and the eagerness of the earth to respond to the slightest efforts in the way of culture, Cuba offers an ideal home for the man in love with the agricultural life.

The commerce of Cuba, even under the blighting rule of the Spaniard, has been great. In 1833, before the curse of war fell on the island, Cuba exported 718,204 tons of sugar and produced \$15,894 tons. Its exports of molasses to the United States alone in that year were 7,654 hogsheads. Of rum the exports were 9,308 pipes. In 1863 the Cuban exports of leaf tobacco were 227,865 bales. Of manufactured cigars 147,365,000 were exported and of cigarettes 39,581,493 packages. These are only the main exports. They show what may be done with the exhausted soil and climate of the island when its people were in a condition of virtual slavery at a time when chattel slavery had been abolished only seven years. It is an axiom of economic science that free labor is infinitely more productive than slave labor, and the industrial growth of the United States is an example of the expansion of industry when enterprise is unhampered by the curse of slavery and by foreign political interference. Cuba's chief industries were growing in spite of the strain upon her before the present war began, for in 1894 her total production of sugar was 1,064,214 tons, an increase of 238,320 tons over the preceding year.

The natural resources of Cuba are infinite, one may say, in variety. Of her area only 10 per cent is under cultivation, 7 per cent is not reclaimed, and 6 per cent is under forests. Great tracts of the island are practically unexplored. She had in 1894 a population of a little more than 1,500,000. Of these nearly one-half have been starved to death during the present war. Cuba could support in plenty a population of 10,800,000. Her forests are stocked with the finest wood in the world—wood, several species of which are as hard as iron, turning the edge of the ax and remaining imperishable under water. There are found woods invaluable for the dye industry, ebony, cedar, fustic, lancewood, mahogany, rosewood, jocuma, acana and many others. There are fifty varieties of palm. Her fruits are valuable and little cultivated. The climate is admirably suited for the olive; and the orange, the lemon, the pineapple and the banana are indigenous.

The mineral resources of the island are great, yet the mineral industries are in their infancy. Almost all the metals are found in Cuba. There are gold, silver, mercury, copper, lead and all the forms of asphaltum; antimony, magnesium, coppers, gypsum, red lead, ochre, salt, arsenic, talc and many others. Copper is abundant in all the metamorphic rocks of Cuba. It is true that coal is yet undiscovered, but under a free republic capital would flow into the island, and there is no doubt that true coal would soon be found to replace the bituminous that is now used, and which is found in springs and ad mines in great quantities.

Cuba is rich in marble, awaiting the capital of the speculator. Great deposits of this rock are found, and in the Isle of Pines there is marble of a quality as fine as the best of that material used by the sculptor. Beautifully colored marble and jasper are common. On the coasts are immense deposits of rock salt, and there are also unlimited quantities of the purest white sand, capable of being converted into fine earthenware. Even the illustrious Humboldt was amazed at the richness and variety of the mineral wealth of Cuba. How much of this wealth has been utilized may be gathered from the fact that at the end of 1891 the total number of mining titles issued in Santiago district was 236. Of these 188 were iron, 28 manganese and 63 copper.

As a pastoral country Cuba was more productive a century ago than she is now, but her pastures are broad and rich and the possibilities are unlimited. Cuba, with her grand natural pastures, was just beginning to raise fine Durham and Devonshire stock when the ten-year war desolated the country and put a stop to the industry. The millions of acres of free land in Cuba are ready for the agriculturist, the cattle, sheep and hog raiser, the oxton and fruit grower, the miner and the reducing plant, and even for the silk grower and manufacturer. The mulberry tree grows to perfection in the island. Silkworms, according to Dr. Auber, are more prolific and productive in Cuba than in any other country on the face of the globe. Here is a land prepared to yield up utilities that will add immeasurably to the happiness of the world; waiting to blossom into a garden and to swarm with population; to develop almost every acre of pasture; to be converted into an industrial microcosm in the macrocosm of the world at large. Cuba is waiting the hour when the capitalist, assured of peace and uninterrupted

growth, may safely enter and reap the harvest which nature has prepared for man in the misruled, throttled and neglected Pearl of the Antilles.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How Sardinian Women Dress.

The women of Sardinia are described by a visitor to that island as being of elegant figure and graceful carriage, with large black eyes, dark hair and brunette complexion. They dress in very much the same style as women in other parts of civilized Europe, except that there is not the same extreme haste to adopt the latest fashion. The wives and daughters of the farmers and tradesmen, by the gorgeousness of their costumes, amply compensate for the simplicity of dress among the upper classes; and at their religious fetes and other festivals, when they appear in gala dress, they present a wonderful spectacle. These costumes are a sort of family heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter and treasured as highly as hereditary jewels of ancestral portraits. The fashion never changes, and instead of feeling ashamed of being seen in the same dress at two different entertainments, they glory in its antiquity and in the number of occasions on which it has been worn. The costumes of the women vary greatly in different parts of Sardinia. In some districts a small black jacket, open in the front, is worn over a very short bodice of bright colored silk and brocade, which is loosely laced before and cut rather low; there are apparently no corsets. The petticoat is of light brown cloth, very full, and between it and the bodice is a sort of neutral ground of protruding garment, which by no means adds to the general beauty of the toilet.

Bits for Bookworms

Mrs. Craigie's "School for Saints" has gone into its second edition both in England and America. The first English edition numbered 10,000 copies. Rudyard Kipling's next serial will be a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure, entitled "The Burning of the Sarah Sands." It is to appear in a young folk's weekly.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of Prof. Todd, of Amherst, has completed another book. It is called "The Corona and Coronet," and will not be published until September.

General James S. Clarkson writes for the Century an account of General Grant's famous Des Moines speech, telling the circumstances under which it was written and delivered.

General Horace Porter's admirable volume of reminiscences, "Campaigning with Grant," is to be published shortly on the other side of the Atlantic by Fischer Unwin, of London.

The Macmillan Company of New York is handling the American end of the extensive Lewis Carroll memorial enterprise, and is receiving subscriptions for it. The plan is to endow an "Alice in Wonderland" cot in the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond street, London.

Henry James, the novelist, is about to settle down at Rye, the ancient cinque port on the borders of Kent, England. He has taken a house which has a fine hall, a paneled staircase and a couple of paneled rooms, besides a delightful walled-in garden with an ancient mulberry tree.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, is a married man with two sons. His tastes are distinctly aristocratic. He belongs to an old noble family of Chieti, in the marches of Ancona, and, being married to a daughter of the Duc Galese, is allied to most of the great Roman houses.

It may not be generally known that the lines by George Eliot, beginning, "Oh, may I join the choir invisible," which are given on the title page of Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible," and from which the title and motif of his book are taken, are engraved on George Eliot's tomb at Highgate cemetery.

Richard Harding Davis' new serial, "The King's Jackal," which is being published in Scribner's Magazine, is said to be full of the king of characters. Mr. Davis particularly delights in a modern banished king who is in need of funds and organizes a daring plot to get them, a young American girl with a great deal of money, a modern prince with medieval notions, an adventurer, and a dashing newspaper correspondent who has been everywhere, knows everything, and can slap kings on the back. The scene is laid in Tangier.

Voyage of a Pin.
It was a long, dark voyage for such a small thing as the sixteenth-inch of the sharp end of a pin to take from a boy's foot to the tip of his tongue; but it was done in Newark, and the journey was ended a couple of days ago. Kenneth Morehead, 6 years old, ran part of a pin into his instep last summer. It was discovered in his leg by X-rays, and then lost, and was not heard of again until his wagon tangled, and the pin came out.—New York Press.

For Those Deprived of Sight.
A reading-room for the blind is a unique department of the new congressional library at Washington. No other library in the world has a separate department for those deprived of sight. The nation's new reading-room for this special class will eventually contain practically all of the books and periodicals published in the blind alphabets of every language.