AMERICAN SENTINEL.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

AT SEA.

BY MARY RIDDELL.

The morn is over the world,
And the sunlight floods the sea;
I sit and dream, as the waters gleam,
Of the dear dead past and thee—
Of the fair dead past, too fair to last,
And the heart that lived for me.

O heart that loved me so!
Still in your dreamless rest
You are not dead, and I lay my head
Once more on the tender breast;
I hide my face in its olden place,
In the place it loved the best.

Dear lips, pressed close to mine!
You are not cold in death,
For close in my ear sweet words I hear,
And feel on my hair your breath,
And a voice says low, "I love you so!
With a love that knows no death."

I open my eyes and look
Far out on the sunlit sea,
And the waters gleam, but my tender dream
Has passed from my heart and me,
And the grasses wave on a lonely grave
That holdeth thy heart and thee.

But the love that blessed us so
In the beautiful years gone by
Is more than a flower, to bloom an hour,
To droop at the noon and die;
'Twill brighten the years in far off spheres
Under a strange, bright sky.

I pray God hold thee fast,
Close in his strong embrace,
And some fair day I will come and say,
Viewing thy radiant face,
"Dear one, stoop low, for I love thee so!
With a love that time nor space
Nor all the tears of desolate years
Could rob of its heavenly grace."

Select Story.

A SINGULAR FREAK OF FORTUNE.

It is very easy to describe my position on the morning when my fate became linked with that of the left bag. I was homeless and hopeless, and I had expected to be neither. An adopted daughter, with love and tender solicitude poured into my lot without stint, and nothing from first to last to remind me that the tie was of sentiment only and not of blood, I did not dream of change.

But change befell. There are two stormy January days which I shall never forget. The first was that on which my friend and benefactor—plain Peter Forest, as folk called him in Hollborough—was stricken by death as he talked with a depositor in the private room at the bank. The second was the day of the funeral, and of the announcement by Mr. Phipps, the family solicitor, that no will could be found.

"It was my client's purpose to make one, I am quite sure," said the lawyer, "and again and again I urged him to carry out his intention; but he always put it off on the plea that there was plenty of time; as if life, at its best, were not terribly uncertain! And intentions which are not down in black and white can be of little service, unfortunately, to Miss Bradbury."

I heard as one dazed. The other and keener grief, which was still so fresh, denied me for the moment the power to fully appreciate the personal bearings of the disaster. But gradually I understood that Mr. Forest's wife being dead, and my claims in the eye of the law nonexistent, the whole estate passed to two brothers, nephews of the deceased, who were at the antipodes.

For fifteen years I had lived at Rayner's Hall. I had come there, a mite of three, carried in my real father's arms. It was a sad story, and I knew but the outlines. My father's errand was to solicit some financial help. In other days there had been a bond of friendship between his people and Peter Forest. He had walked twelve miles in the teeth of a bitter December blast to make the application, and the effort killed him.

Long privation had broken down my father's constitution; he contracted a chill and died on Christmas Eve, in the Hollborough Infirmary. Whom he had married, and what was the history of his recent past, did not transpire. From the few hints given Mr. Forest drew the conclusion that my mother was dead, and that my father was alone in the world. This being so, there was nothing to hinder my adoption.

Until the time when, if I may use the simile, the solid ground seemed to fall suddenly away from beneath my feet, I had not known what it was to have a single reasonable request refused which money could gratify. All my path had been hedged with loving care. Once I had tasted sorrow, when the great bereavement of his days descended on my adopted father. But I was only 11 then, and childhood soon recovers its buoyancy. Moreover, our common loss drew us together more closely still. None could make good the blank in the house. A true husband mourned a true wife underneath every effort after cheerfulness. But I do not think that I write presumptuously when I say that the old banker would have suffered more if he had had no little Marie to answer to the familiar name in his house.

It had all ended. I had read of Eastern mirage, but what could be more mirage-like than the bright fancy which for one short month had floated before my simple, girlish vision and now vanished? That Frank Crossley would be true as steel I believed. Unless I were a blind critic, indeed, the tone of sincerity was unmistakable in both his letters. [illegible] likely that the first of those would suit me best and would I please to take it, Frank pleaded. He had special official business in London next morning and there was a strong probability that he might be sent post haste out of the Kingdom on an emergency errand and be gone perhaps weeks, perhaps months. But he would manage a pause at Winchester in the early afternoon of the 16th, if I would grant him an interview, "just to say good-bye."

A good many turns of phrase and hints between the lines of this epistle were dubiously in keeping with the professed wish to take formal and final leave. And it is likely enough that the words that pointed to a very different aim were those which I read and re-read with most pleasure. At once I decided to consult my lost love's convenience. He should see me once again on something like the old footing, if we met, but to part for life. I was firmly set upon this, but was not allowed to carry my intention into effect. It was through the horrid intervention of the left bag that I was balked.

The day was cold, with a little snow upon the ground, and the threat of more hovering overhead in the leaden-colored heavens. Thanks to Mrs. Phipps and the housekeeper at Rayner's Hall, I had a plentiful supply of wraps and conveniences, and was as snugly ensconced in a corner of a first-class carriage, bound to the South by a route that skirted London, but did not touch it, as if I had still been a presumptive heiress. I had to change three times—the last time at Winchester—for Bramhurst. My whole thoughts were centered upon the latter break in the journey. Hope and fear were fleeter far than the express, and had reached the rendezvous before I was well started.

There were several stations at which the train stopped between Hollborough and the London suburbs. At the second of these—I did not notice the name at the time, but it was Packley Junction—my solicitude was briefly invaded. A man of, perhaps thirty, decidedly well set up and faultlessly dressed, and carrying a medium-sized brown bag, which seemed heavy, opened the carriage door and sprang in. I was both annoyed and disappointed; the former because I was quite sure that a choice of empty first-class compartments was offered, and, with foolish pride, I resented the infliction of strange company; the latter because I thought the guard had been tipped to see that nobody came into my part of the carriage. If it was so, his efforts had failed.

"That's the lot o' luggage. Re[illegible] now!" I heard a porter shout. "[illegible] cuse me, you go to Croydon?" as[illegible] the stranger.

I was so taken aback that I [illegible] swered "Yes."

"You know our friend F. C.?"

More amazed yet, but leapin[illegible] the conclusion that he recognized [illegible] though I could not return the [illegible] pliment, and that it was Frank[illegible] Frank—to whom he so curtly refe[illegible] I again murmered, "Yes."

"You have come by his arr[illegible] ment?"

A third time I gave the affirmative. My brain was in a whirl. How singular that Frank should have a confidant! Could it be that the dear boy was solicitous on my account by reason of my having to travel alone, and that he had prevailed on a friend to see me through the longest part of the trip in safety? This was the first hypothesis that took even the semblance of coherent shape in my thoughts. And it was formed only to be falsified by the stranger's conduct. The whistle had sounded, we were beginning to move, when, with a quick nod and the enigmatical words, "Tell him Biggs makes for Harwich," my mysterious companion jumped out, and in a second had slammed to the door.

"Your bag!" I cried.

He did not seem to hear. It was on the rack overhead, and my weak, girlish arms could do very little with its weight, though I tried to get it down with the idea of dropping it from the window. On, on, we glided, getting up speed every instant. For good or for ill, I and the bag were left together.

A presentiment came over me that I was caught in the meshes of a fresh trouble, though I was unable to guess of what kind. Recalling again every bit of the fragmentary episode, I could make nothing of what had passed. I collated the sharp challenges to which I had yielded unwitting and unwilling response, with the order to "Tell him Biggs makes for Harwich," and with the phenomenon of the deserted bag. Chinese characters were not more enigmatical than was the drift of the drama in which I was an actor. For the next hour and a quarter my gaze hovered about the bag.

We were pulling up again. And now I have to write words that chill me with a sudden shudder as the pen helps to conjure back the scene. I was arrested on a charge of receiving stolen property—the said property being in the bag which was close against my own chattles, in the position into which it had half fallen and half been lifted. Two plain-clothed officers and one in uniform had been in anxious waiting. They came along the platform and stopped at my carriage while I was trying to secure the guard's attention to speak to him about the bag. He who was evidently chief pointed to the bag and spoke.

"*Fragrante delicto*," he said, mouthing the Latin as though he liked it. But I do not wish to be bitter in the retrospect. Perhaps it was that Inspector Wyllie was satisfied that he had made a fine capture.

With a face which I knew to be alternately pale and red—the flame would mount when I thought of my shame—I was forced to alight and go with the officers. Protest was utterly unavailing. The story which I stammeringly told provoked smiles of skepticism, and every proof of my identity and *bona fides* which, in my almost frantic state of mind, I had the wit to tender, was received with similar disbelief. It was natural, no doubt, to suppose that a female rogue and an associate of criminals—as I was held to be—would have a plentiful supply of bogus defences to set up against the threatening avalanche of ruin. In the view of the detectives, one damning fact weighed down all I could do or say or show. I had been taken with stolen wares in my possession.

When the bag was opened, through the medium of one of a set of adjustable keys which Inspector Wyllie produced, I got a glimpse of gold and silver gems in dazzling variety.

"Send a telegram to Mr. Phipps, solicitor, of Hollborough," I begged. "He will prove that I am innocent; that I have nothing to do with this wretched bag."

"All in good time, Miss—ahem!—Bradbury, as you say; or Mrs. Cope, as my papers state," retorted the inspector.

Under that last insult—the refusal to grant me a right to my own name—my powers of resistance temporarily collapsed. I would let them do what they pleased. They must find out their blunder soon. The worst mischief that could lie in the track of this strange affair was already made certain. My train was gone. I could not possibly get to Winchester now in time to meet Frank. Receiving neither word nor sign, Frank would sure[illegible] and [illegible] daughter, and will identify the property," said the new arbiter of my destiny.

The period of waiting was brief. A tall, military looking gentleman, well on in the sixties, judging from his white hair, the lines upon his face and his slight stoop in the shoulders, accompanied by a lady in middle life, entered the room. He walked at once to the table, loaded with jewels and precious metals.

"Yes, yes; these are the missing articles. I have no inventory, but I should surmise that all are here. What say you Helen?" As he turned to his daughter with this question on his lips, he faced me, and he gave an unmistakable start.

"Who is that?" he asked quickly of the nearest policeman.

The color surged back into my face at the reply.

"The young person who had to run the gauntlet with the scoundrel's booty, and did not manage to get through. Mrs. Cope I call her. She chooses to be styled—ahem!—Miss Bradbury."

"Bradbury!—your name, Helen!"

A sudden impulse seized me. I made a new dash for deliverance. "And I am Marie Bradbury, the adopted daughter of the late Mr. Peter Forest, banker, of Rayner's Hall and Market Square, Hollborough," I said firmly. "I have asked that a message might be sent to Mr. Phipps, solicitor, at Hollborough, Old Toll Bar, who I know will come at once and clear me. I have no connection with your bag, nor its contents. How I came to be in the same carriage with it, or rather the bag with me I have explained."

But my courage was rising. I could see that my persistence and the boldness of this fresh appeal impressed even the head of the Wintfield police and Inspector Wyllie. The latter remarked in an aside, which was audible enough in that contracted space:

"I have wired this Mr. Phipps; but I thought it was a ruse."

Sir George Harper and his daughter were earnestly talking to each other, and both were agitated to a degree that evidently puzzled those who seemed to be momentarily forgotten.

"Do you mind coming to Wintfield Hall if this trouble passes—as I believe it will? We should like a few words with you," said Sir George Harper in curious, strained tones.

How my heart blessed him! He was sharper than the detectives. He had a clear perception of the tokens of innocence. Inspector Wyllie looked his astonishment. Before anything else was said a diversion occurred. Somebody outside was demanding admittance. We listened to voices in loud altercation at the door.

"I tell you I do not care for twenty baronets!" I heard—ah! with what joy?—my ever valued friend, Mr. Phipps, ejaculate. "I insist on being allowed to enter!"

And he did enter, and the storm of his indignation, of which these were the first mutterings, fairly broke when he understood precisely what had happened. He had small mercy on the blunderers.

I was restored to liberty and formally rehabilitated in character. At last my tale was accepted as true, and immediate steps were suggested to catch, if possible, my shady acquaintance of Packley Junction, and to intercept Biggs at Harwich. But it seemed to me afterwards a just recompense of determined error that no success attended the double chase.

It was, of course, later that I received the particulars which I here condense into a paragraph. There had been a burglary at Wintfield Hall, and the thieves got away with considerable booty. But a warning had been received in the neighborhood, and justice was on the track of the perpetrators on account of a similar operation. Two men appeared to have been engaged, and they got but a short start at the outset of the pursuit. To divert suspicion it had been planned that one of the scoundrels—the youngest and least practiced—should meet a female confederate, the alleged wife of a noted receiver, at Packley Junction and transfer the spoils to her. In certain points my dress and appearance agreed almost exactly with the description the fellow had of this woman. And as I answered his challenge exactly as she would have done—though with a very different idea dictating my assent—he believed he was properly carrying out their precious scheme. But instead of thinking of Frederick Cope, rogue and now prisoner, I had supposed he meant by "F. C." Frank Crossley. The woman who should have acted as go-between had been stopped by the arrest of the man whose name she bore.

Mr. Phipps and I were both pressed to go to Wintfield Hall. And we went. Almost the first thing I saw there was a painting of a girl. The portrait was a right noble work of art, and to my intense surprise the features were like my own.

"It is a portrait of my daughter in youth—on the eve of her unhappy marriage," said Sir George Harper. And still there was the queer quaver in his voice.

"You mean Mrs. Bradbury?" said Mr. Phipps swiftly.

"Yes, and you see the resemblance;" gently he drew me to the front. "I want an explanation, and of the identity of name, too."

Mr. Phipps succinctly related what he had heard from his late client respecting the circumstances of my adoption, and I corroborated.

"It is indeed my lost child—my own Marie, and none other!" cried the lady who was listening so intently a few steps away.

She came forward, a sweet and gracious lady, my mother—my real, true mother—and before I could realize what was befalling me, I was gathered into her embrace.

My father had won the heart of a girl above him in rank. My mother had married him in defiance of the wishes of her relatives. The union had not turned out well. My father was wild and forward, a sharp disagreement arose, and, taking me with him—partly out of revenge, perhaps—my ill-starred parent forsook his wife. She went home to her father, and sought for years without success to ascertain the fate of her husband and child. What had really happened has been shown. I never knew whether Peter Forest had at any time discovered that I was not the waif without kin or kind he had at first thought me. If so, the strands of love were knit so tightly then between us that he shut the knowledge out of his mind, and avoided all risks of having to give me up. Even in that case I can not find it in my heart to censure him. It was affection's fault.

A long letter accounting for my erratic behavior followed in the wake of a telegram to the Rev. Eustace Awkwright, rector of Bramhurst.

What an astonishment I had prepared for Frank! He waited in vain for me at Winchester, came on to London and, being ordered to Malta, got a few hours' grace to visit home. At Hollborough we met and, greatly daring, he took me too The Firs and introduced me as the grand-daughter of Sir George Harper. It was a delicious stroke of self-directed irony that, finding the story no fiction, Maj. Crossley again welcomed me with effusion as Frank's prospective bride.

Frank went to Malta and returned and claimed me for his wife and received me at the hands of Sir George Harper. If he has ever regretted the bargain he has not told me so.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEA.

The *Electrical World* says: "The value of little inventions has had a singular proof or manifestation lately in the great run on "pigs in clover," a puzzle that has, we venture to say, been seen by nearly all our readers, for it has already made its way everywhere. Mr. C. M. Crandall, the inventor of this toy, says that for twenty years past he has had his mind on the availability of the rolling of marbles for a toy, and that in his model room the first experiment with his "pigs" took the form of a table, two feet in diameter, on a ball and socket joint. This was soon reduced to the hand toy now so familiar, of which 300 gross have been turned out daily for some time, while the demand has not yet been met by the supply. Mr. Crandall is a prolific inventor of toys, but it will be noted that it was twenty years before he evolved this last popular novelty in practical form. His perseverance and his success should give encouragement to other inventors, many of whom are at this very moment working upon new ideas of at least equal worth and utility. In the field of electricity alone, there is room for scores of Crandalls, who in some way or other are to hit the needs and fancies of the public. One does not look for the invention of such great novelties as the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and the electric motor every day of the week; but electrical improvements and devices, as trivial and as valuable as "pigs in clover," may be arrived at endlessly, and are not to be despised.

THE WORLD FULL OF DEATH TRAPS.

According to the *American Analyst*, the worst enemies of the human race are the doctors, who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world full of death traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink what you relish because you will eat or drink too much. Another says that you must only eat what you fancy, because otheswise you will bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth, a pad on your chest, and a swarth of flannel round your loins. If you live in town, you will die of fog; if you go to the country, you will be poisoned by bad drainage; if you drink water, you are tempting the typhoid fiend; milk spells scarlatina, and tea cake is sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household. The volume in your hands may have been perused by a person recovering from an infectious illness!

In the experience of Dr. Hoskins, the currant will outyield any other berry, with same soil and care, and yet it is rated as least productive in a recent list of alleged profitable small fruits.

An English doctor says that of 1,540 cases of gout only one was that of a total abstainer, and his ancestors were beer and wine drinkers.

Warmth is the best of all medicines for roup and swelled heads and eyes. Place the birds by a stove if possible.

Eat ripe fruit or sauce every day, or twice a day, if possible.

Most plants will not thrive in a cold, wet soil.

Foul air in stables affects the quality of milk.

LITTLE WONDERS.

Pliny, the Elder, who wrote during the first century of the Christian era, mentions the fact that there existed, even at that early date, a copy of Homer's "Iliad" small enough to be completely hidden in the shell of a hen's egg. Prof. Schrieber, a German inventor of a stereographic process, in order to offset the wonder vouched for by Pliny, translated both the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in so small a compass that the volume containing both books complete could be with ease hidden in the shell of an English walnut. We do not rely on the word of an ancient historian for the verification and substantiation of the claim of Schrieber, as the work is still in existence, as is also its author, unless he has died within the past year.

In the year 1881 the Chicago *Inter Ocean* made mention of a gentleman who had written the entire first chapter of the gospel of St. John on the back side of a postal card. That little notice, innocent as it was, caused the editor several sleepless nights. Within the next three days postal cards and slips of paper with minute specimens of penmanship began to pour in from all directions. Among the hundreds of specimens submitted for inspection the editor acknowledged that the greatest curiosity was a postal card from John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., upon which was written 4,100 words in legible characters, the whole embracing the first, second and third chapters of St. John and 19 verses of the fourth chapter of the same, and also the sixth and seventh chapters of St. Matthew, besides having nine words in which mistakes occurred crossed out. All of this wonderful production, which the editor acknowledged would make three columns of his paper set in minion type, could be plainly read with the naked eye.

A Lacedæmonian once wrote in letters of gold a poem of eight lines, the whole of which he inclosed within a grain of allspice and sent as a present to the Shah of Persia; an act which the untutored monarch did not seem to appreciate, inasmuch as he ordered the penman thrown into prison, where he languished several months until at last set free through the influence of the American consul.

In 1883 a Jewish penman at Vienna, Austria, wrote 400 letters on a common-sized grain of wheat. It seems that the Emperor had failed to sign a bill allowing the Jew to become a clerk in some of the royal departments, giving as a reason that it was absolutely necessary to have an uncommon good penman in that department. After finishing the cereal wonder and dispatching it to his majesty, he picked up a common visiting card and wrote a prayer for the imperial family on its edge. This was also sent to the Emperor. It is needless to add that the dextrous Hebrew was installed at the head of a department the next day.

These wonderful feats with the pen, which are all true to the letter, have been completely overshadowed by the incomprehensible achievements of William Webb, of London, Eng. In 1886 Mr. Webb invented a machine which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby he was able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the two hundred and ninety-fourth of an inch in length by the four hundred and fortieth of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of a dot over the letter "i" in common print. With that machine Mr. Webb, or any one else who understood operating it, could write the whole 3,566,480 letters of Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one inch square. When this wonderful microscopic writing was enlarged by photography every letter and point were perfect and could be plainly seen.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are twelve tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which can not be distinguished with the naked eye. The name of the artist who constructed this little wonder has been lost, but the existence of the thing itself will not be questioned by any one from the old witch headquarters of the Bay State.

Dr. Peter Oliver, who was born in England somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, tells us of seeing a carved cherry stone that would be a wonder even in this era of fine tools and fine workmanship. The stone was from a common cherry, upon which were carved the heads of 124 popes, kings, saints, queens and emperors, and, small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced, on the authority of Mr. Oliver, that the heads of the popes and kings could readily be distinguished from those of queens and saints by their mitres and crowns. The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner £5,000 for his treasure.

Mark Scarlost, a blacksmith who lived under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, made a chain of forty-five links, to which he attached a padlock made of steel and brass, consisting of fifteen pieces besides the key. The chain was so small as to freely admit of being fastened about the neck of a common every day flea, and the apparatus, flea, chain, padlock, key and all weighed but a grain and a half when exhibited before the wondering royalty on a plate of polished silver.

The reader will, no doubt, think these flea and cherry-stone stories worthy to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, noting, as he will, that they nearly all bear the date and stamp of "ye olden times;" but what will he say when informed that within the last five years a San Francisco professor has equaled Mark Scarlost's ingenuity in every particular.

This Golden Gate grasper after the infinitesimal exhibited a perfectly-trained team of fleas, drawing a miniature tally-ho coach made of gold, with all four wheels perfect, each turning on its axle. All the elite of San Francisco witnessed the professor's wonderful exhibition of his control over these frisky little pests, and all were unsparing in their praise of the queer little team, the professor and the golden coach.

The first watch was made in Nuremberg in a cherry-stone about the year 1477. Soon after its invention curious gold and silver smiths began to experiment in what they could do in the way of diminutive time-pieces. One of these, now over 200 years old, is kept as a wonder in one of the Swiss museums. It is only 3-16 of an inch in diameter, but small as it is, it not only indicates hours and minutes, but seconds, days of the week, days of the month and the number of the year.

Another of the old Nuremberg wonders was in the form of an acorn, five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and half an inch long. It was perfect in every particular, kept good time and was used as a charm on a lady's necklace.

One of exactly the same pattern, but provided with a tiny pistol, which was used as an alarm, is now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, London. King George III. of England had a watch not larger than an old-fashioned silver five-cent piece, which had 120 different parts, the whole not weighing as much as a silver dime. It would take a column to enumerate all the dainty little time-pieces that have been invented during the past 400 years. They have been made no larger than peas, and set in rings for physicians to facilitate the counting of the pulse. They have also been fixed in bracelets, brooches, eyeglasses, tops of pencils and even in umbrella handles. Finished workmanship and plenty of money will provide almost anything that can be conjured up by a myriad-minded people.

The enginemakers, like the watchmakers, have also tried to attain distinction in the matter of the diminutive. In 1870, John Penn, the eminent maker of great steam engines, who resided at Greenwich, England, came in possession of what was then the smallest steam engine in the world. It stood on a three-penny piece. It really covered less space, for its base-plate measured only three-eighths of an inch by about three-tenths. From the extreme smallness of the model some of the details were omitted, but not enough to interfere in any way with its going. The screws were only one-eightieth of an inch in diameter, and these were duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which could only be loosened by aid of a tiny wrench made for that purpose. The weight of the whole model, without the three-penny base, was less than the weight of the coin itself.

Six years later, at the time of our Centennial exhibition, Penn would have felt ashamed of his "three-penny piece" engine had he had it on exhibition in Philadelphia. During the progress of that great exposition, Levi Taylor, of Indianola, Ia., placed on exhibition, "side by side" with the great Corliss engine, an engine perfect in all its parts, built on a twenty-five-cent gold piece, and with some of its parts so small as to only be seen by aid of a powerful microscope. The entire engine weighed but three grains. In other words it would have taken 146 such engines to balance an ounce avoirdupois. Three of the Penn engines would have weighed more than 146 like that made by Taylor.

The engine made by D. A. Buck, of Waterbury, Conn., is usually given in lists of small things as the smallest engine in the world, but this is a mistake; the one mentioned last above, so far, takes the palm for smallness.

The writer cheerfully admits that the Buck engine is more perfect in its details than the Iowa wonder, but the fact that its base plate is a gold dollar forever kills its claim to being the smallest, as the Iowa engine, as mentioned above, uses a twenty-five-cent gold piece for the purpose. Buck's engine has 148 distinct pieces of machinery, held together by five screws. Three drops of water fills the boiler to overflowing. The diameter of its cylinder is one-twenty-eighth of an inch; the length of stroke, three-thirty-seconds of an inch; its entire weight, four and a half grains.

In the year 1882 a mechanic by the name of Goldie, living at Jamestown, N. Y., constructed a miniature locomotive, perfect in all its parts, which weighed but one pound and a half. A circular track ten feet in diameter was also built by the inventor, whose time must have hung heavily on his hands, and hour after hour he amused himself in watching this pocket edition of the most useful piece of mechanism spin round and round in its endless flight. Goldie claims to have worked upon his model during all his spare time, for over eight years. As it stood finished ready for the track, it was comprised of 266 pieces, held together by fifty screws. One ounce of water filled the boiler, and the pumps threw one drop each stroke.

RISKS ENCOUNTERED ON THE STREETS IN CITIES.

The *Albany Law Journal*, usually devoted to stern legal lore, thus facetiously enumerates some of the dangers incident to metropolitan life:

"Instead of snow balling there is the base ball nuisance, maintained by small boys, without pay, in imitation of men who play ball for salaries larger than those allotted to most of the judges. Instead of coasting or 'bobbing,' there is the swift and stealthy bicycle, as deadly as the ancient war chariot, running people down, or at least causing the nervous man to jump to one side like a tarantula. Then a school of sweet little girls on roller skates swoops down upon us, making it dangerous to turn either way, and compelling us to stand still and see our salvation. Our neighbor's coal hole is open or insecurely covered, and one leg slips in or both heels fly out, with woe to brittle bones. There is the peel of orange or banana dropped upon the flagging in disregard or defiance of our statute in that case made and provided.

"There is the danger of the whip-lash, flourished by the profane driver of an over-freighted wagon, or stuck out at conventional right angles over the sidewalk by the liveried lackey upon the carriage-box, threatening loss of eyesight or a mark on the cheek like a saber slash in a German student's duel. We bruise our legs in climbing over skids stretched across the walk, or we barely dodge a box or barrel, or one of those pasteboard safes spoken of by the funny man of the *Times*, falling from a hoistway. A rickety sign endangers our head or a low wire our thought.

"We stop to chat with a friend, and lean against a deadly charged electric pole and it is all over with the conversation. A passing plumber burns our coat with his unextinguished hand furnace. A passing carpenter lacerates our trousers with a saw; a passing porter imperils our head with a long piece of gaspipe on his shoulder.

"One is annoyed if not endangered by the servant washing the sidewalk by a hose, or a fireman carrying his wriggling serpent up a ladder. A fresh young Italian maid from Cork, with a white muslin nightcap on her head, runs us down with a baby carriage, scarring our shins or necessitating a visit to the chiropodist.

"Then there is the woman's umbrella that wasteth at noonday, scooping us up after the manner of a drag net, or impaling us in its blind and headlong charge. All these are sidewalk perils. If we undertake to cross the street, dangers multiply. The pedestrian has no rights which the driver is bound to respect, and the footfarer, unless a handsome woman personally conducted by a big policeman, will be subject to being run down by the driver of a beer wagon, or a physician in a hurry, or the chief of the fire department on his 'golomping' way to a conflagration, or a coroner intent on beating a rival, or a belated voter standing out till the last moment for his price, or even a hearse on its business way back from the grave.

"Runaway horses are another source of midway perils, and so are wagons turning around corners with long irons or beams projecting from behind. This list might, perhaps, be increased, but these common instances show that man walks the city amid perils scarcely less than those of the desert, the sea, the forest, or even the battlefield; almost as deadly as those encountered and enenumerated by St. Paul.

"Most of them, indeed, are 'perils by false brethren,' against which the injunctions and penalties of the law are futile. To avoid misapprehension, we will add that these lines are not written in the interest of any particular accident insurance company."

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