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BRILLIANTS.

Man's greatest strength is shown in standing
still;
The first sure symptoms of a mind in health
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.
—Young.

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its
lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
—Gay.

There is a constant fever in my breast,
A something hoped which dies when hope is
given;
A sweet delight, and yet a strange unrest;
A thought that trembles betwixt earth and
heaven.
Would I loved less! or would the power were
here
To own my love, and triumph over fear.
—Kate L. Robertson

HOUSES OF WASHINGTON CITY.

Without the Darkness of New York Residences—The Apartment House.

Washington houses have not the costly features of those in New York, but they have not also the darkness of New York houses. The New York residence in general has only a front and a back, its sides being hermetically closed up by other houses; consequently in the middle of the house there is always a dark place. In what are called English basement houses this is lighted by a skylight, the stairs being thrown into the center of the house, and houses of that class are coming more and more into request.

The problem in New York is how to get the ashes and garbage out of the house, because there are no alleys in that city, neither through the houses nor back of them. Therefore the houses are made high-stooped, the owner having to go up ten or twelve steps, while the servants come out under this stoop with the ash-barrel. In the English basement houses the servant's basement is reached by stairs in the middle of the house front; in Washington, however the obliquity of many of the streets permits the houses to overlap each other, and exposes their sides as well as the front. These houses are like stairs which are turned upon their side. The city in general being right angled, while the alleys are oblique to these streets, you can either have side windows to your house or large bays.

Washington is also going into the apartment house business, having been inspired thereto by the success of the first apartment house built here, the Portland, which was supposed originally to be a foolish experiment; but I understand that every apartment in it is taken and that there is a demand for more. These apartments are adapted to housekeeping, are all on one floor, and the building is situated where two broad streets come to a point, so that it has light and air everywhere. They retain the absurd names of English baronial families for these houses. One is called the Portland, another is the Richmond and another the Woodmont. There is no need of excellent names of our own region to put upon those houses, and it seems very preposterous in the capital of the United States to know no other nomenclature than the leavings of British feudalism.—"Gath's" Washington Letter.

The Readers of Book Manuscript.

A large publishing-house states that it generally employs as readers men and women of culture, who themselves have done literary work; sometimes a lawyer who finds time from his professional duties, or a doctor similarly situated, and sometimes a woman of refined education qualified to do the work. When any manuscript on a scientific, medical, or special subject is handed in some recognized professional man in that particular is engaged. Nearly all writers bear a part of the expense of the first edition—all new writers do. It is a fact not generally known that Longfellow paid within a small amount of the total cost of production of his first volume of poems, and James Russell Lowell paid all the expense of his first work.—Chicago Times.

The Multiplication of Aphides.

Perhaps no more striking illustration of the wonderful reproductive powers of certain insects could be given than that contained in a new work by Theodore Wood, an English entomologist. It is assumed first that 100 aphides weigh no more collectively than a single grain; and secondly, that only a very stout man can weigh as much as 2,000,000 grains. Then it is found that if multiplication were entirely unchecked, the tenth brood alone of the descendants of a single aphis would be equivalent in point of actual matter to more than 500,000,000 of very stout men, or one-third of the human population of the globe, supposing each person to weigh 280 pounds.—Boston Budget.

Beauty and the ——.

King Milan's queen is said to be the most beautiful woman in Servia, and by this charm, together with her decision of character, she has completely established dominion, not only over her husband's heart, but over his actions likewise. If Queen Nathalie may lay claim to be the handsomest women in Servia, King Milan is far from being the handsomest man there or anywhere else. His head is round and large—too large for his body—his cheeks flat and wide, with a small nose and a little mouth. When at school at Paris he was thought to resemble Prince Napoleon, and always considered himself flattered by being complimented the likeness.—Chicago Herald.

Where the Daughter Missed It.

Anxious Mother—Well, darling, did you have a pleasant time?

Charming Daughter—Oh! so nice. George was all attention, and we had oysters twice and terrapin and canvasback duck. He is so liberal.

Anxious Mother (hoarsely)—Wretched girl, you have ruined your chances for life. Rather would I have heard a tale of a walk home to save car fare.—Philadelphia Call.

As many as 14,000 tints are used in Gobelin tapestry work, a great increase in numbers and fineness due mainly to chemistry

Hypnotism Produced by Telephone.

M. Liegeoles, professor at the faculty of law at Nancy, an enthusiastic experimentist, has just invented what he calls l'hypnotisme telephonique. He sends people to sleep several miles distant from him by transmitting to them by telephone the order to go to sleep; he then, by telephone, suggests to them the acts he wishes them to commit, and his orders are faithfully obeyed. One young man was told to fire a revolver and steal a 5 franc piece; on waking up he committed both offenses. A young girl who was sent to sleep by the telephonic order was told to sneeze twice on waking up and to sing a song; she did both.—Scientific Exchange.

Snow at 30 Degrees Below Zero.

The editor of The Boston Journal recently told a correspondent that the report that snow had fallen in the west when the mercury was 30 degrees below zero is an error, asserting that it is then "too cold to snow." The St. Paul Pioneer Press denies the assertion most emphatically, saying that, in Minnesota, it does snow, and snows furiously, when the mercury is 30 degrees below zero. These, the editor adds, are terrible storms for the people who are caught in them.—Chicago Journal.

Fishes in North American Waters.

Naturalists now count no less than 1,870 different kinds of fishes in North American waters, of which 590 live in the rivers and lakes, and 550 kinds belong to the Pacific. Of the remainder, 105 dwell only in the deep waters of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, never approaching the shore or the surface.—Exchange.

MUSKRAT HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

Thousands of These Rodents Killed for Their Fur and for Their Meat.

Along the lowlands of Dorchester county, Maryland, bordering Fishing bay and its numerous tributaries, notably the Blackwater and Transquakin rivers, is found a class of hardy trappers, or muskratters, as they are locally known, who depend entirely upon hunting and trapping for a livelihood. The marshes which they frequent in quest of muskrats and otters embrace portions of Lakes, Straits, Drawbridge, and Bucktown districts, and in an area covering thousands of acres. The marsh in summer affords excellent pasturage for cattle and hogs, which are only half tame, and many of them can only be captured when the winter drives them to the uplands for food. Looking from any point on the edge of the upland the eye has an unobstructed and almost unlimited range to the horizon over what resembles a vast prairie. Through these marsh lands small rivers and innumerable little streams permeate, occasionally emptying into large lagoons or lakes before reaching Fishing bay. At times the lakes are filled with wild ducks and geese, affording rare sport to gunners. Keeping well away from the lagoons, the marsh furnishes a solid footing, but as the streams are approached a margin of several hundred yards of treacherous bogs and quagmires is encountered, which is a terror to the foreign huntsman, who sometimes finds himself waist deep in the mire, the result of a single unwary step.

It is among these bogs that the trapper plies his skill most successfully. He may be seen making a circuit of the ponds on their very edges, and apparently without the least concern where his foot falls. His eye is quick to detect a pitfall, and he seems to escape almost dry shod where the wits of the trembling stranger would fail him about how to follow. The rats cut pipes in every direction, and build their houses in mounds of mud and marsh grass. These houses are always built over a well in the marsh, which affords an easy escape if the house is molested. They generally contain from four to eight rats. On a windy day the skillful trapper sometimes meets with success by approaching the houses noiselessly from the leeward and driving a gig crashing through them. Sometimes several rats are thus pinioned at one stroke, but it is only at favorable times that this method can be adopted, for even the cracking of a flag under the foot will suffice to give the alarm, and an immediate exit through the well to the pipes under the marsh is made. They are usually trapped by the use of what is called a choker. This consists of a triangular-shaped wire suspended by a strong cord from a pliant pole driven into the marsh and bent over so as to allow the wire to intercept his ratship in his passage through a pipe. An ordinary day's catch by a single trapper is about thirty rats. The meat is considered wholesome and is greatly relished.

The fur, which is of two varieties, black and brown, the black being considered most valuable, is sold to dealers at prices varying from 12 to 18 cents. There are probably 75,000 skins sold in Dorchester county during the trapping season. One dealer in Cambridge has shipped as many as 30,000. During the late freshets and high tides the marshes have been about four feet under water, and the trappers have not reaped such a harvest in ten years.—Baltimore Sun.

To Those Who Seek a Publisher.

"There never was a good tongue," says old Fuller, "that lacked ears to hear it." "Excel and you will live," says the prince of French aphorists, Joseph Joubert. There are grades in merit; it is merit to produce a work of genius; but there is also great, though lower, merit in studying the taste of your time, watching its tendencies, and thereby producing just the work that is currently demanded—just what readers want and children cry for. This also needs labor and special preparation. The advice I should therefore give to every young person who asks me how to find a publisher, would be, if I dared—for we are all weak—"First produce something that will be thought worth publishing."—"T. W. H." in Harper's Bazar.

A Silver Fork in His Boot.

Two Hungarian noblemen, booted a la Magyar, were lately dining with a Parisian friend. While the roasts were coming on, Nobleman One observed Nobleman Two sticking a silver fork into his boot. He said nothing, but reflected. Over the walnuts and the wine, he introduced the subject of prestidigitation. "It is very easy," he said; "look! You see, I have stuck this fork into my boot. But is it there? Not at all. Presto, change! It is in my friend's boot." And he drew it from the boot of Nobleman Two, who outwardly smiled, but inwardly gnashed his teeth. Nobleman One walked off with the fork in safety.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Three Centuries of Artistic Cooking.

When Catherine de Medici was married to Henry II she introduced into France, with her corrupt and effeminate followers, a system of epicureanism that had been confined to Italy. Paris then became the center of artistic cooks and cooking, and has continued such ever since—a period of more than three centuries. It has taught so much of the modern world to cook, has sent so many of its cooks abroad on high culinary missions, that other cities can now compete with it in what it is prone to believe its exclusive specialty.—Chicago Herald.

Lighting a Fire on a Damp Day.

An exchance gives the following very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas which always pours into the room when a fire is lit in a stove, heater, or fireplace on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual, but before lighting them, ignite a handful of paper or shavings placed on top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney, which draws up the smoke and gas at once.

Dark-Shelled Eggs and White.

A Boston writer declares it to be a matter of fact rather than of fancy that there is more nutriment in a dark than a white-shelled egg. The white of a white-shelled egg is like milk of lime-water, while that of dark eggs has substance, is gelatinous in appearance, and will hold together if lifted a few inches, and, it is claimed, is one-third more valuable for any culinary purpose.—Exchange.

One Way to Clean a Clock.

Boiled clocks are among the novelties at New Orleans. A genius of a clock repairer there takes out the works, winds up the spring, and sets the machinery going in boiling water. After a time it comes out perfectly cleansed, and is thoroughly dried and goes "like a clock."—Philadelphia Call.

The Dude of the Dog Creation.

A St. Paul dog fancier observed, as a fine and graceful greyhound dashed by him, "Yes, he is a pretty animal, but he hasn't got enough sense to take him out of the wet. He is to the dog creation what a dude is to the kingdom of man—pretty to look at, but of no earthly service."—Pioneer Press "Listener."

Natural Soil as a Filter.

Recent experiments confirm the opinion of sanitary authorities that, though natural soil is an excellent filter for impure air that may pass through it, it is a poor filter for infected water.—Boston Budget.

In several parts of Russia the practice of sacrificing animals as a part of public worship is still maintained.

The Invention of Crockery Coffins.

Crockery coffins are proposed by a Philadelphia inventor. His idea is to glaze them, thus making a tight and imperishable receptacle, the object being to protect underground water currents from pollution.—Exchange.

RAPID INCREASE OF INSANITY.

A Prime Cause of the Alarming State of Things—What the Statistics Show.

The very rapid increase of insanity in the United States during the last two or three decades continues to be the subject of much discussion among alienists and all those who are concerned in public charities. That a prime cause of this alarming state of things is the shipment to our shores of the enfeebled and defective of other countries is now beginning to be understood.

The statistics of insanity show that, in general, the proportion of the insane is greatest in the older states, where the foreign population is most numerous, and it is least where the communities are new, as, for instance, in the pioneer counties of Wisconsin. The south, which has drawn comparatively little from immigration, suffers from insanity to a much less extent than New England and New York; and it is an established fact that the negro race is much less liable to insanity than the white. The average of insanity in New England is 1 to every 359 of the population; in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, 1 to every 424; while in the extreme southern states the average is only 1 to 935.

The west, like the south, is more free from insanity than the northern seaboard states, the average being one to every 610 in the interior states, and one to 750 for the northwestern states. In the far western states and territories it is only one out of 1,263, they being settled by a picked population, whose energy and soundness makes them pioneers. It is noteworthy, however, that insanity is about as frequent in the Pacific states as in New England, the explanation being that vice and indulgence prevail to an exceptional extent among the population drawn to the Pacific by the mania for gold. The average in Massachusetts, for instance, is one to 348; in California, one to 345. It is also remarkable that the rate of insanity decreases as we go west and south of New England, as these averages will show; New England, one to 359; middle states, one to 424; interior states, one to 610; northern states, one to 750; southern states, one to 629.

The state where the proportion is highest is Vermont, 1 to 327; and New Hampshire comes next, with 1 to 329. We are at a loss to understand why insanity is so frequent in the District of Columbia, the average given being 1 to 189; but perhaps the large average in Vermont and New Hampshire may in part be due to the circumstance that those states receive the refuse of Canadian poor-houses, they having a much better organized system of charitable relief than the Dominion can boast of; and it is undeniable that some of the very worst of our immigration comes from over the Canadian border.—New York Sun.

TRAITS OF THE MAN HUNTERS.

The Master of the Bloodhounds and His Wonderful Convict Catchers.

"Wynton, allow me to introduce my friend E. O. Crauswell, who is the keeper of the dogs at Pratt Mines, Ala., and who has the only pack of genuine bloodhounds in the south."

The speaker was L. W. Johns, the mining engineer. Mr. Crauswell advanced and extended his hand to your correspondent. He was heavily built, six feet eight inches tall, of florid complexion, and wore a wide brim slouch hat. His feet were encased in high-topped boots, in which his pants were stuffed. His coat was worn open in front, showing an immaculate shirt of snowy whiteness, on the bosom of which, half hidden in the ruffles, glistened a large diamond. He had the appearance of a desperado, but he was genial and frank and an interesting talker, with a voice as soft as a woman's, and with actions as timid as a girl's.

In 1882 he came to this place and began to train bloodhounds. He brought to the mines five famous dogs that had been owned by his father, among which were Fannie and Bucker, the two famous man hunters of the south. The dogs are kept in a kennel in the stockade enclosure, and are nursed and fed by their master as tenderly as children. Their food consists of bread and raw beef.

The animals, when three months old, are put through a course of training. A trusty convict is started off on a run with the dog at his heels, and runs a short distance. A run of five minutes is taken, and it is increased until the dog can trail well at a start of thirty hours on him. The dogs are not difficult to train; the only difficulty is to keep them from changing tracks, which is, in dog parlance, to put a dog on the track of a man and his sticking to it without changing even if other tracks cross it. Fannie will never give her tongue to any other but the first track she took, even if 100 persons were to cross it. She will follow the track to its end, and, if she does not find the man, she will stop and return home.

When a convict escapes, a general alarm is sounded, and the dogs are ready. They are taken to the place where the escaped convict was last seen. Crauswell mounts his fast horse, and the dogs are let loose. Each dog circles for a track and begins to hunt. Every one goes to work for the trail, like as many human detectives. When the trail is found the dog who discovers it makes a signal and every other animal follows. Fannie and Bucker always take the lead from any other dog. Crauswell and horse follow at full speed, and the longer the chase the more interesting it grows.

The longest trail this man and his man hunters ever had was in March, 1884, when a negro escaped from from the shaft prison. He had gone forty miles and had been away about twenty-eight hours. The dogs had trouble to catch his scent after such a time. The negro took an astonishing run and went about ten miles through water. He was found at last on top of an old house on the mountain near Warrior river. He was half starved when captured.

Crauswell was asked to speak of some of the characteristics of his dogs. "I am convinced," said he, "beyond the shadow of a doubt, that a bloodhound has more than mere instinct. I believe that they think and reason like human beings. I know that Fannie and Bucker do. The dogs are docile in camps and very vicious on a trail. Their sense follows the movements of men. There is no trouble to get them to take the track when they find it.

"After a convict is captured the dogs return satisfied, and as happy as if they had caught a rabbit. When they return to the prison they become perfectly docile; when called out again they grow very excited. The affection of the dogs for me is more like that of a child to its father than anything else I can describe. I feed them myself and they have great confidence in me. I have five fine puppies, 4 months old, that have fur on them like sheep, which are now ready to track a man to the depths of hell, if he could travel there, and as for hiding a trail, it is an impossibility. I am raising them for sale, and I guarantee them to find a trail thirty-six hours cold."—Nashville American.

Simple Design for Heating by Gas.

A New York artist has produced a simple design for heating entirely by gas at a mere nominal expense. It is a well-known fact that gas throws off no smoke, soot, or dirt. The artist filled a brazier with chunks of colored glass, and placed several jets beneath. The glass soon became heated sufficiently to thoroughly warm a room 10x30 feet in size. This design does away with the necessity for necessity for chimneys, since there is no smoke; the ventilation may be had at the window. The heat may be raised or lowered by simply regulating the flow of gas.

The colored glass gives all the appearance of fire; there black pieces to represent coal, red chunks for flames, yellowish white glass for white heat, blue glass for blue flames, and hues for all the remaining colors of spectrum. Invention already is displacing the present fuels for furnaces and cooking ranges, and glass doing away with delay and such disagreeable objects as ashes, kindling wood, etc.—Scientific American.

Introduction of Cattle Into America.

The first herd of cattle known on the continent of America was brought by Columbus on his second voyage. From these, and from other small herds brought by later Spanish navigators, the wild cattle of South America descended. In 1553 the Portuguese took cattle and hogs to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The Canadian cattle were introduced in 1608. In 1620 Virginia had 500 head of cattle. The most stringent laws were passed prohibiting the killing of any domestic animal. In New England cattle were introduced in 1624. It is said that for a time price was regulated by color, a red calf being cheaper than a black one because it was more likely to be mistaken by the wolves for a deer and killed.—Chicago Times.

No Progress in Fiddle-Making.

In walking through the exhibition of musical instruments at South Kensington I was much struck with the contrast which does not appear to have thus forced itself upon general attention, if I may judge by the critical notices that have been published. I refer to the great and still continuing progress of improvement in the construction of the pianoforte, as compared with the absolutes absence of even the smallest step of improvement of the violin, violo, violoncello, or violone. The clavichords, harpsichords, clavicymbalums, spinets, gravicembali col piano e forte, were all mere tom-toms compared with the modern piano, while the fiddles, big and little, of the same date are the models which our manufacturers can only endeavor to approximately imitate.

Innumerable attempts have been made to improve upon the model of Stradivarius, but all have pitifully failed. Every curve of his models, their thickness, their bulge of back and belly, and even the queer unaccountable f-shaped openings must be imitated with abject servility in order to produce a fine instrument. Had the Cremona makers any theory, or did they work by "rule of thumb," or, more probably, did they, by patient and persevering study of a number of failures, arrive at practical truth by practical exhaustion of error?—Gentleman's Magazine.

Lieut. Greely's Tribute to Celia Thaxter.

Concerning Celia Thaxter's poem, "A Tryst," which Lieut. Greely says his men were so fond of reading during their Arctic exile, a writer in The Philadelphia Press relates that, in the summer of 1884, Greely, who was seeking rest and health at Portsmouth, N. H., went over to the Isles of Shoals one day to visit Mrs. Thaxter. As he reached the porch of her house the poet came forward and extended her hand. Greely took it, dropped on one knee, and kissed it, "I have come," he said in his husky, trembling voice, "on a pilgrimage to thank the poet for the lines that have lightened many a weary day and night for a handful of men who never expected to see their home and friends again." Here he had to pause, and, raised by the kind, motherly woman, sank into an armchair.

Among those who witnessed the scene there was not a dry eye. After he had rested a little, and had told of the many times he had read aloud the poem "in the desolation of the north," he asked her how she could have written it and if she had ever seen an iceberg. "No," she replied, "but I have ever lived by the sea, in summer and winter, and I suppose imagination has done the rest." "Wonderful!" was all that the pilgrim could reply.—Chicago Tribune.

Scarcity of Wood in Italy.

Wood is so scarce in "sunny Italy" that it is actually sold by the pound; and yet it is almost the only fuel used by the common people. In Venice we saw steaming-hot boiled potatoes and other cooked food for sale in the groceries. Every device is resorted to to save fuel. American tree-murderers ought, by all means, to see Italy as a warning of what a country stripped of wood may become.

The climate of southern and middle Italy in summer appears to us tourists very like that of America. There is the same brilliant sunlight and fierce heat. The dust is blinding. Mountain and valley are as parched and brown as the Ohio river clay hill-side in August. We have now journeyed over half of Italy in one direction and another and I have yet to see the first good-sized tree. They are scrawny, little, dried-up things such as the American farmer would chop down and throw away. There are not very many even of that kind.—Foreign Letter.

Discoveries in Old Aztec Ruins.

A citizen of Tempe, Arizona territory, has been excavating in some old Aztec ruins near that place, and has found quantities of flint arrow-heads of splendid workmanship, superior to those now found among the Indians, nicely painted pottery, ornaments made of shell and of slate representing different birds, a number of toys made of clay, beads made of shell, a number of what seem to be precious stones, stone axes and hammers, stone and bone tools, "metates" or mills for grinding grain, large stone mortars and pestles, and numerous other curiosities. He also found during the process of excavation anumber of furnaces, which had evidently been used for smelting ores, as there was among the debris slag and considerable rich copper and silver ores that had been taken there by the Aztec miners.—Chicago Times.

How the Bride's Veil Came To Be.

It was once the custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided and hanging over her shoulders. At the celebration of her marriage with the Palatine, Elizabeth Stuart wore "her hair disheveled and hanging down her shoulders." It has been suggested that the bride's veil, which of late years has become one of the most conspicuous features of her costume, may be nothing more than a milliner's substitute, which, in old times, concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she knelt at the altar.—Boston Budget.

The Ridge on the House Roof.

The origin of the ornamental ridge with which large steep roofs of houses in England and sometimes in this country are furnished is a curious incident in architecture. In early times turfs or clods were placed on the upper ridges of the slanting sides of the rough roofs to keep out the rain. Out of these lumps of earth clusters of flowers and weeds grew freely, which builders afterward reproduced in the conventional foliage of the ornamental ridge.—Chicago Times.

One Garment That Changes Not.

There is one garment which is sacred from the craze for change that attacks tailors and those who make men's fashions, and that is the dress coat. The body coat, the sack coat, the cutaway and the blouse all change with the seasons, but the dress coat changes so little that no one is able to detect the difference between the old and the new, except by the signs of wear.—Globe-Democrat.

Life on Board a Torpedo Boat.

The officers and men in charge of the torpedo boats have no pleasant time of it. The steel plates of which a first-class torpedo boat is built are only an eighth of an inch thick, some of the smaller ones are only one-sixteenth of an inch, and the consequent weakness of structure, with their great length in proportion to breadth, makes the strain of rising and falling in a short sea apt to break their backs. In such a sea, therefore, it is dangerous to drive them at less than eight to ten miles an hour, when they go through the waves instead of over them.

At about this speed in most boats the vibrations of the engines and the vibrations of the boat synchronize, and the combined oscillations make the bow and stern of the boat wave up and down till they nod at each other. Men who are standing on the deck astern jump up and down like marionets. Even in absolutely smooth water, when you sit in the small cabin and try to eat, your knife and fork clatter on your plate like castanets. The water sweeps clean over the deck, which, after awhile, the vibration makes to leak like a sieve, so that everything below—clothes, beds, etc.,—is wet through. Truly service in a torpedo boat is not one of pleasure.—All the Year Round.

How Dead Folks are Photographed.

Photographing dead people is a commoner thing nowadays than one would suppose, when photographs from life may be had so cheaply; but folks go along from day to day putting off the taking of their pictures, or they forget it, until sickness reaches out and gets them, and the next thing their friends know they are dead. A few hours before consigning their remains to the grave the relatives recall the fact that there is no picture of the dead and they rush out for for a photographer.

A picture taken under such conditions as those found in the corpse-room can not be the best in the world. The casket must be uprighted, and we have to do as well as circumstances will permit in the matter of light. Sometimes the eyes are pushed open, but usually the remains are photographed as they appear in death, and from that picture a life picture must be worked out by our crayon artist. I have made many portraits of dead people in that way, and, as a rule, a photographer who knows his business gets a good portrait. The charge usually made for photographing a corpse is $20, which of course does not include the cost of the crayon portrait.—J. C. Strauss in Globe-Democrat.

Cloth from the Mulberry Tree.

Two days later we reached Levuka (in island of Ovalau), the former capital of Fiji and principal European town, and found what we had searched for vainly in Suva—tapa, a cloth made out of the bark of the mulberry tree. The process of making it is by beating it out to the required substance after the outer rind is stripped off; it is then moistened and pressed together to the size required, in lengths varying from three to 100 feet.

It is then stained with natural dyes in primitive but artistic patterns. Some from the island of Rotumah are so finely marked that they give the impression of having been traced with an etching pen. These fine specimens are perhaps less useful for decoration than the bolder designs, which are much used by the better class of natives for their sulus. Those of a cinnamon color fall in well with their burnished bronze skins and thick dark hair, of which they are justly proud. The ends of the bushy form it naturally assumes—turned by the lime dressing to the color of undyed sealskin—give the effect, in strong sunlight, of an aureole to the head.—Belgravia.

The Wonders of Chalcedony Park.

The silicified forest of Arizona, known as Chalcedony park, is undoubtedly one of the greatest of American wonders, remarks Mr. George F. Kunz. This marvelous deposit, eight miles south of Corriza, covers a thousand acres, and consists of fallen trees which have become buried and silicified into probably a million tons of agate and jasper. Some of the trunks are 150 feet long and ten feet in diameter, and others are broken into every conceivable shape. Silicified wood is obtained from many parts of the world, but nowhere else is it so beautifully colored as here, every imaginable shade of red, brown and green being presented.

The most remarkable feature of the park, and a phenomenon perhaps unparalleled, is the natural bridge of agatized wood, spanning a canon fifty-five feet wide. The tree is from three to four feet in diameter, and more than a hundred feet of its length are in sight, both ends being imbedded in the sandstone at the sides of the canon.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Famous Chinese Rice Paper.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese made paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp. Now each province makes its own peculiar variety. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is cut spirally by a keen knife into thin slices six inches wide and twice as long. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window frames, paper sliding doors, and paper visiting cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British government visited Pekin several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out on the floor, proved to be the visiting card of the emperor.—Philadelphia Call.

The Bloodhound on the Trail.

The Georgia bloodhound does not quarry his game, unless it is a rabbit—a small rabbit. He is neither fierce nor powerful. A boy can hold a pack off with a cornstalk. But for trailing a fugitive—for hugging him close as a shadow—or for flying along his track when even the grass has forgotten its impress and the wind has powdered it over with dust, he is as relentless as death itself.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE
RUSSIAN
RHEUMATISM
CURE
DOES THE BUSINESS.

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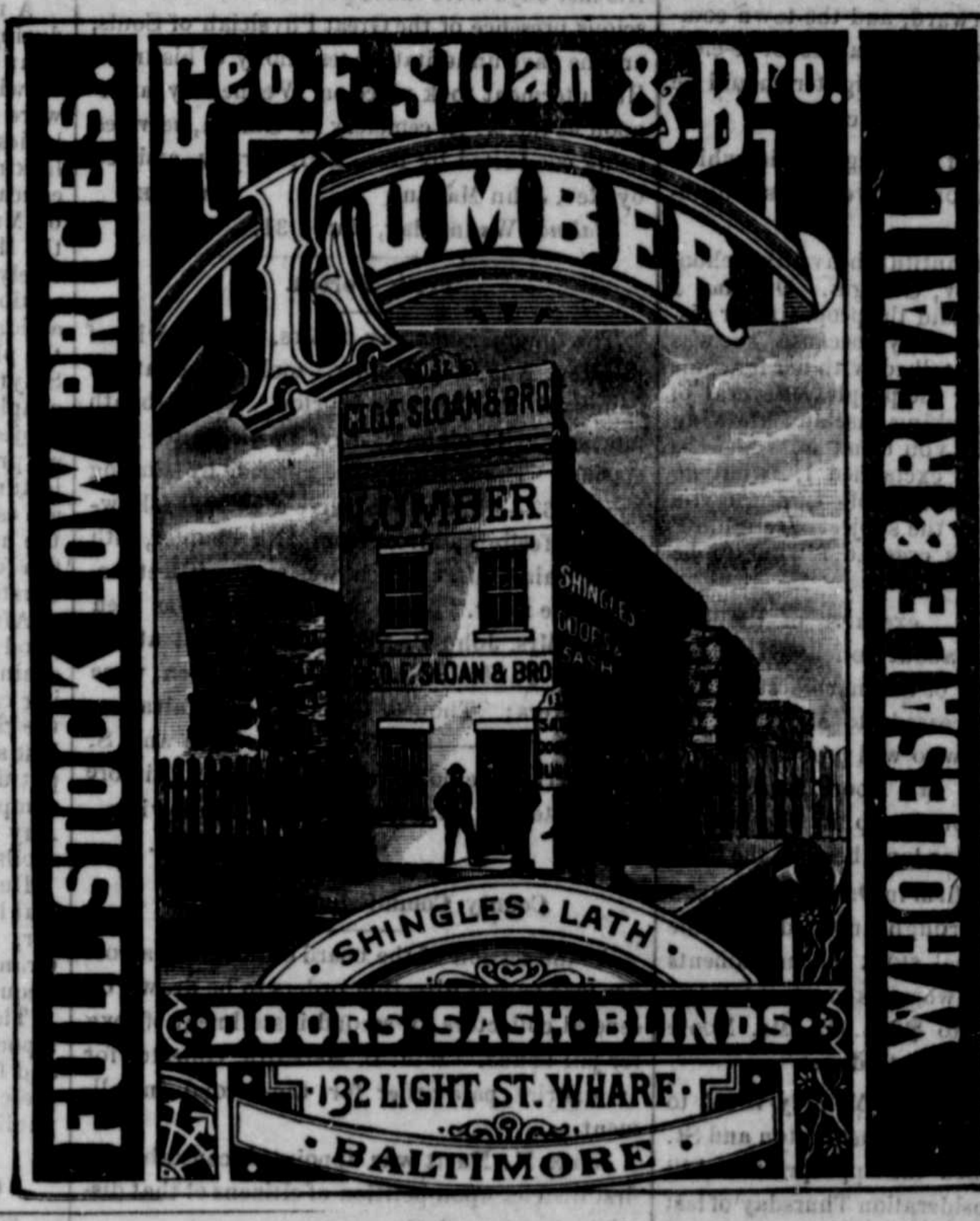

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