THE MAYOR OF SAWMILL FLAT.

BY WILLIAM ATKINSON.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 1st day of September 1888. In faraway New York City good citizens were either in bed and asleep, or were preparing to retire; in more remote London, the milkmen and market-gardeners had already opened up the business of a new day; but in South-western Arizona it was the hour of sunset.

Seated upon a camp-stool, in front of a frame shanty that boasted two small apartments, was a man, handsome in spite of his rough dress and weather-tanned countencean, but prematurely gray and careworn. His white locks betokened threescore years at least; but if the register of a certain parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire tells the tale truly, John Lee was born in the year of grace 1850, and was therefore just thirty-eight years old. A shingle protruded from the entrance of the rude cabin, upon which some apprentice hand had printed the legend— "DR. JOHN LEE, Physician and Surgeon."

Now, although Dr. Lee was the only medical man within forty miles in every direction, he was not overburdened with patients, and had long since arrived at the conclusion that, viewed from a professional standpoint, Sawmill Flat was altogether too healthy a locality. Indeed, on this especial September evening he had been calculating the length of time since his services were last in requisition. He found that it was exactly eight weeks since he extracted a bullet from Tombstone Hank's hip—placed there by Hank's bosom friend, upon the occasion of a slight difference over a friendly game of Seven-up—for which the grateful Hank had paid him six dollars—nominally as a ten per cent. deposit, but in reality as payment in full. It will be readily conceded, even though Arizona doctors are not compelled to purchase dress suits, attend receptions, and make their professional calls in broughams, that six dollars is, to say the least, a thin income for two months; so it is scarcely surprising that John Lee was about resolved to

> Fold his tent, like the Arabs,
> And silently steal away;

or, in the more concise language of Saw Mill Flat, to "dig out."

For a man who had spent his boyhood's days in one of the most picturesque of the North Yorkshire dales, the prospect from John Lee's shanty door was not particularly inspiring. Immediately before him was the Santa Fe Trail—that great South-western emigrant road along whose thirteen-hundred-mile course hundreds of scalpless corpses have been left to rot in the summer sun and bleach in the autumn winds. Half a mile down the trail could be seen the score of low shanties occupied by the workers—who were also shareholders—in the Big Bug Silver Mine, whose location was betrayed by the huge derrick and pulley-wheel rising high above the cabins. Beyond the mine—south, east, and west—was an endless expanse of waste sandy soil, which sustained no life save that of the deadly rattlesnake.

To the north the view was not quite so dismal, although it was dull enough. More than a mile away, surrounded by a clump of dwarfed cotton-wood trees and sickly oaks, was the sawmill which gave the name to the settlement; while stretching away as far as the eye could reach rose tier above tier of low sandhills, that finally merged into the desert mountain range which crosses Central Arizona. Before the setting sun reached the horizon, John Lee was so disgusted that, as he had done many times before, he took refuge in a pipe of tobacco and shut out the view with thick clouds of smoke.

Now, because Tombstone Hank had settled with the Doctor upon "the instalment plan," it must not for a moment be supposed that Sawmill Flat was the home of a poverty-stricken community. Lacking it may have been (and was) in fine scenery and other natural advantages as well as in good society, schools, churches, and other refining influences; but in gold and silver—especially silver—by no means. For two years the output of the Big Bug Silver Mine had been enormous, and had made rich men of at least a dozen of the citizens of Sawmill Flat; while Jim Hawkins, the proprietor of the sawmill, and Andy Dunbar, the keeper of the general store, both had in addition to their respective properties at Sawmill Flat, healthy balances at the First National Bank of Tucson. As a matter of fact, money was literally "no object" to some of the Sawmill Flat people, who frequently paid most extravagant prices for the commonest necessities of life, but lived on and toiled on in the hope that railroads yet unbuilt would some day bring the outside world to their settlement; or else that they themselves, when rich enough, would leave Arizona Territory for the comforts and civilisation of "the States."

The clouds of tobacco smoke from John Lee's pipe so effectually shut out the Doctor's immediate surroundings, that he speedily lost himself in a maze of thought, and was considerably startled when a loud voice exclaimed: "Evenin', Doc.!"

"Good-evening, Hawkins."

"Going along, Doc.?"

"Going along where?"

"To the Flat. Where else? Come, hurry up, Doc."

"Why, what's going on? I've been as far as the mine once to-day, and it will soon be my bedtime. No; I think I'll not go, Hawkins."

"Not go? Why, man alive, it's the night of the town meeting. Come on!"

"Meeting? By Jove, that's a fact, though I had clean forgotten it. Anyhow, what's the use of me going to the town meeting? No; I won't go."

"Confound it all, Doc., ain't you a public-spirited citerzen? Ain't you a real-estate man? Ain't you a man of edgercation? Don't you live at Sawmill Flat, anyhow, and ain't this a meetin' of Sawmill Flat townsfolks?"

John Lee felt compelled to laugh at this man's curious but earnest appeal, and the laugh temporarily dispelled his blueness. Hawkins was a pretty shrewd man, and, in his way, he was generous too.

"You're dead in the south, Doc., that's what's the matter with you. Don't you lose heart so quick, partner, for this here place is jest agoin' to boom, sir, you bet! In two years from now the city of Sawmill Flat will have five thousand people and five railroads; and your two hundred acres, that you'd be derned glad to get two hundred dollars for to-day will be cut into streets and sold at high prices for city lots. —Bless my soul, Doc., you'll soon have a big city practice, and be a millionaire landowner to boot."

"Meanwhile?" grinned the Doctor.

"Meanwhile, if you want a nugget or two to help you out, you know where old Jim Hawkins lives, don't you?"

"You're very good, Hawkins—very good. Well, I'll go down and look on.

The two men took several paces in silence. Then, with much abruptness, Hawkins asked: "Why don't you merry Andy Dunbar's darter? Jen would say "Yes" too quick; and Dunbar would be tickled to death, and set you up in good shape. Why don't you do it, Doc.?"

John Lee pulled at his gray moustache for some moments before he replied: "Hawkins," he said, "a few months ago you showed your good-will to me, so I will answer your question. I broke one girl's heart, and that is sufficent for me. I do not love Jenny Dunbar, and I shall run no more risks where a good woman is concerned."

"Doc," said Hawkins bluntly, I ask your pardon, sir."

Sawmill Flat formed part of the town (or township) of San Bernardino, a district fully as large as the English county of Lincoln, settled by a sparse population of but two or three hundred, most of whom resided at Sawmill Flat. Looking to the future, this township had been formed for local government purposes, the chief executive being none other than Jim Hawkins, who was known as the Reeve. The other township officers were one Eliphalet Younghusband, Justice of the Peace, and his constable, Pedro Lopez. The law called for a town meeting twice a year, when all the male residents of legal age were entitled to give voice to their opinions and to present resolutions, &c., regarding public matters. Hitherto, during the six years' history of San Bernardino the town meeting had been systematically ignored by the citizens. But on the present occasion the Sawmill Flat people intended to boom their settlement, and become incorporated under the municipal laws of Arizona as a City. No cash and no enthusiasm was to be spared to bring about the desired result.

The meeting was held in the town-hall, which was a room about twenty feet square, and was attended by well-nigh every resident of Sawmill Flat. No time was lost in appointing the Reeve and the Justice a deputation to wait upon the Governor of Arizona for a charter; nor was it long before fourteen thousand dollars was subscribed to be spent in erecting a new City Hall and an Hotel, in sinking wells for a water supply, and in widely advertising the advantages and glorious outlook of the new City.

This having been done with much unanimity, Chairman Jim Hawkins arose to make a speech. "Boys—Feller Citirzens, I should say—from the looks of things, the City of Sawmill Flat will come into existence on the 1st day of January 1889. When it does, we want a man to take charge—a good man and a smart man. We don't want no shyster for Mayor, which we are pretty sure to get if we don't make the office a liberal paid one. We want a competent man, a man with a level head, and a man with interests in Sawmill Flat. In other words we want one of ourselves, and one of our best selves at that. Now, you fellers as know how to do things up in proper shape can make a good living, and you ain't going to neglect your business to run this city for next to nothing a year. We ought to pay the Mayor of Sawmill Flat a salary of at least five thousand dollars, and then he'll do the fair thing—at least, if he don't, we can string him up or tar and feather him."

This proposition of the Reeve's was also duly moved and seconded without a dissentient.

But the salary question being settled, there were many aspirants for the honour of the nomination to be first Mayor of the new City. The meeting now took the form of a genuine political caucus; and some sensation was caused when, after two or three names had been mentioned, Joe Brice got up and said: "Gents, I nominate my old pard, Zack Pegg. Zack is a rich man, and an old settler in the Flat, and he 'lows that if he's lected Mayor, he'll donate his entire salary to the citizens, which I think is handsome and generous."

But Jim Hawkins suddenly vacated his chair and took the floor. "Justice," he said, "have the kindness to preside for a few moments while I say my say. This here generosity of Zack Pegg's puts me in mind of the man what got pretty hungry and cut off his pet dog's tail, which he biled and eat, and then gave the bone to the dog. Zack would only be giving back to the boys what he got from them, which wouldn't be much of a virtue in Zack, seeing as he's a-rolling in boodle. But don't you see, boys, it's considerable like bribery to make such offers; and if Zack did get elected on any such scheme, he might find himself in the pen. [penitentiary], instead of Mayor of Sawmill Flat. No; I've got a name to propose that I think will fill the bill. It's the name of a clever man and well edgercated man, a man of experience, a man who owns real estate in this town, and a man that's one of ourselves. He needs the money that will go with the office of Mayor; and because he needs it, he'll try to earn it. I erlude to Doc. Lee; and he's a blamed good feller, as we all know."

The Doctor's name was cordially received and there was a hurrah as Hawkins resumed his seat in the chair. John Lee was well liked in the Flat, except by one or two new-comers.

One of the new settlers arose as Hawkins sat down. "Feller-citizens," said the man, "I take it that you meant what you said at the outset when you resolved that the Mayor of Sawmill Flat must be a good man, an honest man, and a man with a clean record. Now, I don't suppose you want a jail bird—a murderer, for instance—a"——

There was an angry buzz of voices, and many a hand found its way to a pistol-pocket when the insinuation was uttered. But anger changed to suprise when the audience discovered that speaker was looking squarely at Lee, whose face was a deep crimson. When, therefore, Hawkins called for order, quiet was quickly resumed.

"Gentlemen," said Lee in a low voice that noticeably shook with violent agitation, "I beg very respectfully to withdraw my name from the consideration of this meeting. On no account will permit my name to be presented for the Mayoralty.—Mr Reeve, if it is within your province, and if you will do me a favour, I should like you to adjourn this meeting for one week, when I will request the privilege of addressing my friends —and others—in this room."

It was well for John Lee, as well as for the man who had cast so terrible a slur upon him, that he promised what was evidently to be an explanation at a future meeting. Otherwise, there would probably have been a terrible uproar that night in the embryo City of Sawmill Flat. As it was, Dr Lee's request was complied with, and the meeting stood adjourned for one week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How A Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

Instead of thinking of what she should have attended to before going to bed the average married woman thinks of it afterwards. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fireplace, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar-door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go downstairs and and lock it, for I heard some person in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. He returns, and is just getting into bed when she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get into the pantry."

"Let her get in, then," says James, illnaturedly.

"My goodness, no," returns his wife; "she'd steal all the food."

Then James paddles downstairs again, and steps on a tack, and closes the door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb in, his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big jug."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen, and falls over a chair and breaks one or two cups in search of the big jug, and then jerks the stair-door open and howls: "Where are the matches?"

She gave him minute directions where to find the matches, and added that she would rather go and fetch the water herself than have the neighbourhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes upstairs, and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let us have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay——"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouted James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife as she pulls the clothes viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have And there's Amarintha, who, I believe, is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," said James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, and just about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she prods him in the ribs with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear about that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James.

"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had——"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort she pulls all the clothes off him, wraps herself up in them and lies awake until 2.0 a.m., thinking how badly used she is.

And this is how a married woman goes to sleep.

The Sultan of Johore.

A little party of Americans have paid a visit to the Sultan of Johore, and one of their number has given an account of their expedition from Singapore, which presents some picturesque details. The hospitable Sultan sent out his state barge, manned with Malays in canary-colored suits to meet them, and at the landing pier they were received by "the Illustrious Secretary of the Sultan," whose title and name are "Dato (lord) Abdul Rahman." He is a Commander of the English Order of St. George and St. Michael, and is stated to speak Malay, Chinese, English, French, and German with equal fluency. The Sultan, who is said to have inherited the other day from the late Sultana "a million and a half of this world's goods," appears from this narrative to be a prosperous person. The hall, approached by a marble reception room, in which the company were entertained at a banquet, is described as 150 feet in length. Every article of the service for seventy persons and sixteen courses was of gold, and one course was served on "the celebrated Ellenborough plate." At the table the Sultan remarked: "We are all temperance folk in this Mohammedan country. See, all I drink is pineapple juice." His guest gazed about the table, and found that the foreigners were the only persons who were drinking the wines provided for them. It is a noteworty fact that the subjects of this Malay Sultan, of this Malay state, are Chinese. They are, it is stated allowed to come to Johore and settle on the best pieces of land they can find unoccupied.

Fired on by a French Gunboat.

Advices from Dahomey state that the French gunboat Heron, one of the blockading squadron off the coast of Dahomey, fired three times on Saturday on the African mail steamship Boma. The Heron sighted the Boma off Grand Po Po and signalled to her to stop. The Boma continued on her course and the commander of the Heron opened fire. The Boma then slowed up and the Frenchman came within hailing distance.

The Commander of the Heron demanded the papers of the Boma for inspection, professing to believe that she carried contraband articles to Dahomey. The Captain of the Boma, protested, but eventually showed his papers. The matter has been reported to the Governor of Lagos.

Uncle Sam consumed 30,021,079 barrels of beer last year.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Brick is to be made from chipped granite and clay.

A patent has been issued for a lock which can be operated by a magnetized key.

A recent invention is a shoe with a hinged sole, for the purpose of facilitating putting it on or off.

A chemist in Berlin claims that he has discovered a system of reproducing natural color in photography.

A London firm finds a windmill the most economic means of securing the motive power necessary to run a dynamo.

It has been found that the same wire can be used for telegraphing and telephoning. The experiment was recently tried a distance of three and one-half miles.

A Chicago man has recently taken out a patent for an electric pickpocket and coat thief detector, which apparatus is intended, automatically, to sound an alarm bell whenever the wearer's personal property is interfered with.

Luminous figures on street doors to render the number of houses visible at night is the newest patent of an electric company at Berlin, Germany.

A street car in Fitchburg, fitted with steel ball bearings as an experiment, has been run for several months with out being oiled since it was first put in service.

Blaudyte is the name given to the new material made of Trinidad asphalt and waste rubber. It resists the heat of high pressure steam and lasts well in the presence of oil and grease.

There is a rock in Mexico which foretells the weather. In fair weather it wears a neutral tint, and when it is about to rain it turns a dingy red. Its temperature increases and it appears as if it were being heated by an internal fire.

Photographing under water has actually been carried out, so it is said. Experiments were made in 1889 in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight penetrated under the water. In very clear water, near Corsica, and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates to be 1,580 feet.

England has thirty-four astronomical observatories, America eighty, France seventeen, Austria twenty-four, Italy twenty-one, Russia fifteen and Belgium five. Besides these there are many private observatories all over the world. Among the 1,160 astronomers of note, now living, about one-half have private observatories.

He Loves Merry England.

Joseph Fernas, a gentleman of Belgian extraction, is a standing protest against those unpatriotic Englishmen who continually decry British art and the British climate and spend their money in inspecting statues and pictures in distant countries instead of searching for the beauties of their own. He comes from the land of Quentin Matsys and Peter Paul Rubens, but think you that his artistic soul is satisfied with the productions of these foreigners? Not a bit of it.

His ideal of really high art is to be found among the statues of London. For half a day he would stand before Charles Fox, sitting in Russell Square, clothed in as much of a Roman toga as can be seen through a sturdy accumulation of remnants of fogs. "Ah," he used to cry, "that's something like art!" And when he got tired of this view he patiently trudged to Charing Cross to gaze upon the magnificent statue of Charles I., covered from top to toe with the splashings of omnibuses and hansoms. Why should a man with such high tastes and appreciation of British art find himself in the North London Police Court?

The fact is, Fernas is in receipt of a pension of £40 a year, which is payable in his native city of Ghent. The moment he receives his annual allowance he comes over to London to spend it in gazing upon the statues aforesaid and visiting our museums. When, at the end of the year, it is all gone, the Consul has to pay his passage back to to Ghent, where he draws a fresh sum and and repeats the experiment. A policeman found him wandering on Stamford Hill without any means of subsistence and unable to speak a word of English. He was waiting be sent home by the Consul, as his pension was due on Aug. 2, but, as he had one or two coppers left, this consummation was for the moment unattainable. The magistrate discharged him, and in a day or two, when real impecuniosity has set in, no doubt the Belgian authorities will see him properly off. So many aliens come to our shores without a penny in their pockets that a person like Joseph Fernas stands out as an agreeable relief.

Top-Dressing Wheat Fields.

Many good farmers, where Winter wheat is largely grown, apply more of the stable manure to this crop besides dressing it liberally with commercial fertilizers. They claim that it pays better to apply to the wheat, not because that crop itself is a paying one, but the manure thus applied remains in the soil, helping the clover to larger growth. Again, by the time the land comes around to corn again the clover sod does as much good or more than a dressing of unfermented stable manure could do.

In plowing under green manure in the Spring, if the season following is dry, it sometimes does injury rather than good the first season. This top-dressing of composted manure never does injury to wheat if applied judiciously and with a due amount of mineral fertilizer. Spread the composted manure as thinly as you can; harrow it thoroughly to incorporate it with the soil. There are very few places where the amount of composted stable manure that a farmer can spare for wheat will hurt his crop. On the contrary, more stable manure for wheat might help bring up the average crop of this country to something like that of England, which is 29 bushels per acre.—[Prairie Farmer.

Harry Took the Hint.

Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring.

"Want to make me a present, Harry?" exclaimed Lucy, in well-counterfeited astonishment. "Why, Harry, you forget yourself!"

Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—[Thackeray.

DOCKING VERSUS COAL.

One Lesson Learned in English Naval Manœuvres.

One thing already made clear by these evolutions at sea is the importance of docking ships periodically for the purpose of having accumulations of green seaweed scraped from every curve below the water line. This is of paramount importance as affecting the speed of battle ships, and therefore their coal consumption. After cruising all night at seven knots speed, which took us at first far toward the coast of France, and then by change of course, back to within sight of the Lizard, every ship hit its place in the same formation they had fallen into when leaving Torbay, and one could not perceive the slightest irregularity of interval in either line. To keep station thus when winds are light, the sky unclouded as it was last night, and each ship leaves a wake of phosphorescent foam on a calm sea behind her, is not very difficult, perhaps.

The conditions changed somewhat this morning, when a strong wind from the east sprang up, and waves ran high enough to make green curtains for cabin scuttles. Under these changed conditions, however, the vessels kept accurately in position, thereby showing that the commanding officers had them completely under control. All this, simple though it may seem to landsmen, can only be achieved by ceaseless watchfulness and considerable skill in seamanship, when vessels of so many different classes are together, and when even ships of the same class must burn very various quantities of coal in order to keep station. When signals were exchanged this morning we found that the Anson, perhaps the fastest of all the Admiral class, when in proper order, had been compelled to keep her engines going at a rate of five and a half revolutions a minute faster than those of her sister ship, the Camperdown, and that naturally meant a much larger coal consumption.

It is estimated that docking and cleaning her before she came to sea would have cost about £200, and for that small outlay she would have been able to hold her own with any ship in this or the hostile fleet, except the Royal Sovereign. In her present state, however, the additional cost of coal necessary for her to perform similar work efficiently will amount to thousands, and there is the increased strain on engines to be thought of. Our friend the enemy need not expect to catch this ship napping, nevertheless. She can still go fast enough for any emergency that is likely to happen, but her expenditure for coal will be much greater than it need have been. Coals, however, come under one vote, and docking a ship under another, and members of Parliament who are curious in such problems may work out for the reason why economy of a few hundred pounds in one direction is secured by the expenditure of thousands in another.

Fifteen Decisive Battles.

According to Lord Creasy, the fifteen decisive battles were those at Marathon, September, 490 B. C., when Miltiades, with 10,000 Greeks, defeated 100,000 Persians under Datis and Artaphernes; at Syracuse, September, 413 B. C., a great naval battle took place, the Athenians under Nicias and Demosthenes being defeated with a loss of 40,000 killed and wounded of their entire fleet; at Arbela, October, 331 B. C., Alexander the Great overthrew Darius Codomanus for the third time; at Mataurus, 207 B. C., the Consuls Livius and Nero cut to pieces Hasdrubal's army, sent to reinforce Hannibal; Arminus, in 9 A. D., and the Gauls overthrew the Romans under Varus and established the independence of Gaul; at Chalons, 451 A. D., Actius and Therodrio utterly defeated Attila and prevented Europe from devastation; at Tours, October, 732, Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens under Abderahmen and broke the Moslem yoke from Europe; at Hastings, October, 1066, William of Normandy slew Harold II. and obtained England's throne; at Orleans 1429, Joan of Arc secured the independence of France; the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588, destroyed the hopes of the Pope in England; the battle of Blenheim, Aug. 13, 1704, when Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated Tallard, leading the French and the Bavarians, and thus preventing Louis XIV. from carrying out his schemes; at Pultowa, July, 1709, Czar Peter utterly defeated Charles XII. of Sweden, and established the Muscovite power; at Saratoga, October, 1777, Gen. Gates defeated the British and Gen. Burgoynes and thus secured for the United States, the alliance of France; at Valmy, September, 1792, the French Marshal Kellerman gained the upper hand for the French revolutionists over the Duke of Brunswick and the allied armies; at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte commanded the French and the Duke of Wellington the British and their allies, and the victory broke up Napoleon's revolutionary plans; two recent battles, not here included, are those at Gettysburg, July, 1863, and at Sedan, preparing respectively, for the downfall of the Confederacy and the captureof Napoleon III. and his army.

Drinking Cold Water in Winter.

Farmers are slowly learning the folly of turning stock out for water in the storms and cold of our severe winters. The lesson was forced upon me by not being able to get a well dug as I had planned in the fall. Having a well in an adjoining building, the cattle were watered in the barn ever since. It is cruel to drive cows out in winter, and they must be driven out, for they will suffer before they will leave warm quarters for the water they need, neither will they drink when out, as much as they would if they were comfortable and the water of the right temperature. When they return they are cold, and their once warm quarters have also become chilled by the opening of doors, and much time and feed is required to restore the loss of heat. In warm sunny days I let my cattle out, when it is a pleasure to them.—[J. W. R.

The Homestead Mill Saw.

A 110 ton saw is calculated to cut through almost anything, even through a nickel steel armor-plate; and for just this use has the gigantic saw been made for the Homestead mill, Pittsburg, at a cost of $35,000. The blade of the saw is seven and one-half feet in diameter, being geared from above and revolving horizontally. After one has gazed upon the huge steel carpenter's tool, he little wonders to see it slice off an angular slab of cold nickel-steel, weighing about a dozen tons, as easily as a carving knife clips off a crisp turkey wing.