

## NO BABIES

MY HARKLEY HARKER.

"No! Not one; and don't want any."  
"Never had any?" I asked, in reply.  
"Never had any. Ours is a very quiet home," responded my college friend, as we walked along the street on a burning summer evening.

I went to this very quiet home. It was beautiful, rich, and quiet as a grave.

In all that grave house there were only two voices that ever spoke in love. The other voices were those of servants, in reply to orders, or in harsh chatter among themselves. This man's wife, though wed at twenty, and his good mate these ten years, was an old maid, to all intents and purposes. The house was everywhere as fussy as an old maid's own chamber. She had a cat and a dog. The dog was the baby. It was washed, cuddled, dressed, and fed like a baby. It went to ride with us—an advertisement of the childlessness of that home to every discerning person in the park.

No baby. And yet I noticed that the husband himself was forced to be the baby. I am sure he liked it. She—almost—cut his food for him at the table, picked out the most toothsome portions for his plate, and—almost—adjusted his napkin. I am sure she puts the napkin on for him half the time, when no strangers are around the board. Of course it wasn't really pretty. A handsome young mother's ways with a baby of proper size are indescribably pretty and charming. But this lady's baby was too big. He wore whiskers, and could sing bass. He had no genuine baby ways, though I suspected that he probably put them on when the two were alone.

It reminded me of the first six months of my own wedded life. But somehow within a year I had to be a man; our first baby compelled me to graduate and make room for him. I had to wipe my own tears, and bind up my own small wounds, whine and whimper to myself, if I indulged these luxuries at all; and generally to run alone. You see, my wife could not attend both me, as a baby, and the real baby also; indeed she even went so far as to expect me to be self-reliant, cheerful, and manly, for the sake of the real baby and her tired self. Dear heart, she gave me a noble confidence, a grand womanly love and devotion. In any great trial she was my sympathizing helpmate and good angel, and continues to this day. But after our children began to come to us baby I could not be any longer. She seemed suddenly to wish me to be a giant, a warrior, a sort of rock for shelter in the storm, and all that sort of thing. In short, she began right away to call me papa and father. I concluded therefore that I would try to be father to the child and to their trustful, clinging mother also.

You would never mistake Mrs. Harker for an old maid. There has come into her dear face a deep and brightened beauty, a light of unselfishness and womanly repose which cannot result from loving and attending a cat, a canary or a poodle. She has lost that distressing self-consciousness of maids old or young, which makes their dresses seem "fussy" and their demeanor constrained and artificial. She has been forced to be unconscious of self in care for others. Hence she is at ease in society; she knows human nature and is not abashed by it; she knows human nature, too, in its purest and most lovely form, that of childhood. She is accustomed to the best of society—that of children yet unsoiled by the world. She keeps good company—that of infancy. I can see that her study of her growing boys makes her alert toward the evil that is abroad, so that she is "as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." If health is not broken by the unshared vigils of motherhood, if the husband is enough of a lion to keep the wolf of want and scantiness from the door, and be a generous provider, there is no wedded woman who is not more beautiful in a true husband's eyes with a baby in the house.

"But the baby keeps you awake o' nights."  
"Yes, and so you pay in turn the debt you owe your parents. I hate to be in debt too deeply to this human family."

"But your baby is often taken sick."  
"Yes. Before you die you also will have a sick day. It will not be unpleasant then to feel that at least you have earned kind care and tender, patient nursing."

"But your children may grow up to forget the debt."

"Quite likely, in a home as selfish as yours. It is well you have none."

"You are severe old friend. However, you cannot deny that the proper training of children consumes a great deal of one's time."

"Time! What is time good for if not for good deeds? How do you prefer to spend your time? Making money. I change my mind. It is not so well that you are childless, for what are you to do with all your money when you die? Leave it to your nephews, who will count your breaths for the last ten years. Working very hard for these thankless other people's babies, are you not?"

"Zounds! you hit hard, old chum."  
"Your opening remark gives me reason. You indicated exultation that God had denied you children. I beg to say that that showed you essentially a selfish man, and that, too, of the meanest kind. If a man is selfish in the markets for his children's sake—if for them he seems mean, grasping, and hard, he is lovely in character beside the man who is selfish in hoarding his own fire-side, bread, and home delights. You are stingy with your domestic joys—so stingy that you are glad, and laugh to think no innocent, dependent little human creature is billeted on you."

"But when I see other people's offspring grow up to break their parents' hearts—"  
"Then I say I have not begotten fools nor villains. My children, I am hopeful enough to believe, are not of that kind. By God's help mine shall yet be a great comfort to me till I die. I am thankful for my boy's little arms about my neck; it is a burden that lifts me. His childish trust in me is a continual exhortation. I would die rather than forget that boy's esteem. My two little girls with four soft hands can rub the wrinkles from my brow in less time than the day's fret took to cut them. I would not take untold gold for the nightly prayers of my babies for me. When life looks old and the world colorless at times I take a look at life and the world through my children's eyes, and all is new again. With them all is hope, and nothing worn threadbare; to be with them is to feel as they do. I expect my children to keep me young till they grow old, and then I'll use my grandchildren to keep my old soul warm."

"I'll adopt a baby or two."

"Do it, by all means. Discharge the cat and poodle. A live baby, adopted, is of more value than many canary birds. But even then you are still unfortunate. The children are not bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. As they grow up some one will tell them as much, and the consequent look in their eyes will never wash out afterward, weep they ever so much in secret. You cannot see your wife's youth in the adopted daughter; cannot gaze on her maidenly face and see, as in a living photograph, the face with which you first fell in love, now scarred with time and fringed with gray. Your adopted son can never be your youthful self again to your fond old mate. Her woman's heart can never quite speak these thrilling words, which fill a woman's ecstasy, "My boy!"

"Come, come! I take it all back. I confess that a childless home has a continual shadow. I congratulate you. Have a fresh cigar."

## A Brave Deed.

Lieutenant W. B. Huddleston, Royal Indian Marine, has just been presented by Captain Hext, C.I.E., Bombay, in the presence of all the marine officers in port, with the Stanhope medal for the most meritorious act in saving life in the previous year. The circumstances under which this act took place were as follows: In December, 1890, the Marine Survey steam investigator was engaged in trawling in 1,800 fathoms, in the Bay of Bengal. The officers and most of the ship's company happened at the time to be at breakfast, and Mr. Huddleston and the gunner of the ship, Mr. Peterson, along with a few larvae of the watch, were looking after the trawl.

As the ship drifted with the trawl down three large sharks appeared, swimming round the ship on the lookout for anything that might be thrown overboard. In these circumstances it is the custom (not exclusively, perhaps, for the benefit of the naturalist's department) to put out the shark line, and accordingly the gunner baited the shark hook and shot it overboard. It was almost immediately gorged, and one of the sharks was hooked fast. It is no easy matter to haul on board a struggling shark weighing several hundredweight, and so the gunner, in accordance with tradition, brought forward a loaded rifle to shoot the unmanageable beast withal. But in the excitement of the moment, and in his anxiety to get as close as possible, the eager marksman fell overboard.

By virtue of that curious paradox so commonly illustrated by sailors and fishermen, the man could not swim, but what was worse was that there were the other sharks close by attracted by the splashing of their captured mate. Without waiting to pull off his coat or kick off his shoes, Mr. Huddleston at once jumped overboard to the rescue, and it was not until he had got hold of the gunner and had seen him safely hauled on board that he began to think of himself escaping from imminent danger, for one of the sharks was already smelling at the brave young officer's cap which had fallen off and was drifting slowly away.

This act of devotion was brought to the notice of the authorities by the commander of the Investigator, the lamented Captain Hoskyn, and was by them reported to the Royal Humane Society, and Mr. Huddleston in May last year, received the silver medal of the society, pro vice servator. The act has now been singled out from the several hundred acts of bravery recognized by the society for the highest honor that the society can confer, and Mr. Huddleston is now decorated with the Stanhope gold medal, the first to be won by an officer of the Indian marine.

The fastest bicycle rider in the world to-day is George F. Taylor, of Ipswich, Mass., whose mile record recently made on the Springfield track is full four seconds faster than Windle's famous performance made last October on the same track. Taylor is 23 years old, a graduate of Harvard University, very powerfully put together, and has been on the track for a period of three years. He first became known to cyclists by breaking the inter-collegiate 2-mile record, and thus encouraged he tried for the world's record and nailed it in 4.48-4.5. He now holds the half-mile world's record with Zimmerman at 1.05, the three-quarter mile world's record at 1.36-4.5, the mile world's record at 2.11, and the world's two mile record at 4.48-4.5. And yet he is as modest about it all as though he had earned not fame but a right to be overlooked. He is the first champion cyclist that ever came out of the university save and except a couple of Cambridge men and one Oxonian who rode high wheels in the days of long ago.

## His Old Racket Wouldn't Work.

Papa Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk for a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent.

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.

"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does she? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that; got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I've sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it, Mr. Bendigo," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away from London for bigamy and served a year in prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give your reputation a good send-off. There—no thanks—good-bye!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could speak he said: "Some hyena has given me away on my dodge!"

Dr. Haffkine, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who has been making extensive experiments upon animals and upon himself, believes that susceptibility to cholera can be prevented, as in the case of small-pox, by inoculation.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

### A Valuable Country Opened.—Extract From a Letter Giving a Graphic Description of the New Land Opened Up.

The following are extracts from a letter which is dated Vernon, B. C., from a gentleman doing business in the far west. "I have now made a pretty thorough examination and enquiry into this region and its resources, and find that things are just opening. The O'Kanogan valley runs from north to south, skirting the O'Kanogan lake, 75 miles in length and about 2 to 4 or 5 miles in width, with valleys of great richness and fertility extending amongst the mountains, which here are of no great height and are everywhere grazed by tens of thousands of cattle, horses and sheep. There is a large primitive population, consisting of civilized Indians (who own large ranches and are well off, and quite unlike our Indians in the North-West), French half-breeds and white people who came many years ago from the Pacific coast. Most of these people have from 200 to 2000 head of cattle, besides great fields of grain which quite bewildered me, for the grain here far surpasses ours; oats, for example, returning up to 100 bushels to the acre and wheat 30 to 45. There are, besides orchards of apples, peaches and pears, of the finest quality and every species of vegetable ripening in the open air. The climate is wonderfully fine. Here there are but two months of winter, and even then it is not severe and the most moderate firing keeps everyone comfortable. During the coldest spell the register is seldom below zero. Ploughing is done down to December and January, Spring ploughing begins in March, and as I write, the wheat harvest is well through with. There is no prolonged rainy season, as along the coast; some parts require irrigation, which is cheaply done from mountain streams; others do not. The soil is rich, timber is abundant and game is so plentiful that farmers have to

### BUILD SPECIAL FENCES TO KEEP THE DEER OUT

of their fields. They go literally in droves. Life is easy to everybody for there is no horrible winter to fight, and the means of life in their finest shape are all here. That this is the finest fruit region on the continent I am fully satisfied. These mountains which are now grazed by cattle and horses innumerable, will yet be covered with grape vines and peaches and pears are at present fed by the primitive settlers to their pigs! All this is the plain truth, and you can imagine my feelings at not having discovered it before. During the last 18 months a large number of old country people and Canadians have come in and all are charmed and delighted. It is enough to look at the Indians alone to be inspired. Many of them are worth from ten to twenty thousand dollars and every body is comfortable. None of our people had access into this region until the railway was constructed from Vancouver to Vernon. The influx will be great hereafter. Many English gentlemen are here who are investing largely. The Earl of Aberdeen's properties cost him \$250,000. His brother-in-law (Majorbanks) and others, whom I have met are delighted. Indeed, who would not in a climate and such surroundings as these. The only objectionable feature is the large holdings of the primitive people, who came in some thirty years ago, and were subsequently, under the laws of the province, enabled to buy up for a trifle large tracts of land, for which they are now asking, and are actually getting, from \$30 to \$60 per acre. In one way they are justified, for I really believe that one acre of land in the valley, or its offshoots, is worth ten on the prairies. The large holdings are a grievance, however, to the Canadian settler, who cannot pay such high rates for cultivated lands, no matter how rich. The railway branch ends here at present, this being the starting point of navigation down the lake to its southern extremity.

Just now a small propeller conveys passengers and freight to the two principal points on the lake. "The Mission," which is the embouchure of the O'Kanogan valley proper, which is strictly settled and at the end of the lake. This latter is the point of entry southward through the mining regions and has a large population of miners tributary to it and thereafter getting a going at "The Mission," we shall establish a branch to accommodate the miners and Indian trade this fall. "The Mission" was founded by R. C. Oblats from San Francisco 30 years ago, and this is the finest agricultural part of the country, though the French now form a small interest compared with the others. From this point I traversed the whole valley, northward, over a magnificent road built some ten years ago by B. C. Government. I had gone to Penticton by boat and thence back by boat to "The Mission" where Mr. Cann and I took

### A TEAM TO DRIVE INLAND

along the valley of Long Lake, a long body of water lying parallel with the O'Kanogan Lake. It is a fine country all the way up to Vernon, the richest and most spacious region being that tributary to "The Mission," where a town is being started on the shore of the lake and where we are building. Vernon is the immediate creation of the Railway. Previously there were a few houses including the Hudson Bay Co. Post. Now the hotel in which I write and the adjacent buildings with a population of about five hundred, all new, have an air of neatness and good architecture very pleasant to look at, and the building lots are held at \$800 each on the main street. "The Mission" and Penticton are better points, commanding a large trade, and the profitable interests, not to speak of the mineral developments, which belong to the latter point such as the stamp mills, which are being put up. There seems no doubt that there is vast mineral wealth in this country. The Americans are taking advantage and are the most progressive in developing. This meanwhile and pending the development of the mines, there is here in other respects, the garden of British Columbia already well developed by an exceedingly comfortable through primitive people. I was surprised to find that the fur trade is profitable and exclusive, though mainly consisting of three kinds viz. bears, otters and beavers. No specialties are required by the Indians, they all dress like whites, live in good comfortable homes and amuse themselves by trapping in the mountains. There is a large Indian trade. And now about markets. The grain of the country finds a ready local market. There is a large flouring mill at Enderly, on the Spalumcheen

river, which supplies all the valley. The price of flour being about \$3.50 per 100 lbs. sack. Wheat and other grains are by an old custom of the country sold by the ton. The grain fetching from 75 to 85c per bushel. Other grains fetch good prices, particularly oats. Cattle with which the whole region swarms, are bought up by buyers from the coast, as also sheep, pigs, etc., which are raised in large numbers. Some farmers here have hundreds of pigs, there are a great many sheep, but, so far, I have failed to taste decent mutton, which is surprising in a mountainous country. Judge Spruiks and others tell me it is owing to killing the animals too young. There are tens of thousands of cows, and yet butter is imported from the east. Poultry is plentiful and women will not go to the bother of getting eggs. Consequently eggs for hotels, etc., are largely brought from the east and are sold at 40c. to 50c. per dozen. Butter is about the same price per pound. All this, which reminds me of old days in Manitoba, will soon be rectified, and I fancy larger exports will soon be made from a country like this, which has really a semi-tropical climate. Eggs and butter aside, living is cheap. Fruits, vegetables and meats are very reasonable, as might be expected. Lumber, too, is about one-third the price in Prince Albert, and buildings do not require to be substantial in this climate. Upon the whole it is a delightful country to live in, and do business in; in every one seems so comfortable, happy and prosperous; and I feel thankful that I have been drawn in this direction. Freight rates are very high, but profits are good. I have priced dry goods and other lines and find advances from 50 per cent. upwards. Nor is there much likelihood of a change in this respect. It is not like a prairie country. It seems manifest that the C. P. R. intends the abandonment of the terrible expensive and dangerous line between Banff and Vancouver and propose to follow the Crows' Nest Pass route to Penticton and so up this way by Racomose. Mr. Abbott, the General Superintendent, lately bought 2000 acres of land at Penticton and the company are putting on a steamboat on the Lake pending railway projection from the point downwards. From Penticton southward lies the mining country, running down to Osoyoos, near the boundary. Many miners are in that region now and quartz crushers are already at work. Penticton is now being subdivided for town purposes. Fine linen and cambric shirts are little worn and everybody I see goes about in the commonest garb. I feel quite at home with the lot and, if I had time, could fill the hearty invitations I have received to my satisfaction. The form is "Come and stay a few weeks over at my ranch."

## THE GENEROUS SIWASH.

### He Loves to Give Away all His Goods and Make a Reputation For Himself.

Speaking with a prominent Salmon cannery a few days ago, a representative of a new Westminster paper enquired how the Indians were faring this year in the salmon fishing, and whether they would be rich enough to indulge in the potlatch. "They won't have much money to throw away in that direction this season," replied the cannery. "Last year a great many Siwashes made good wages, and potlatches were all the rage for some time afterwards. They are a curious people, and it is astonishing the delight they take in appearing liberal and wealthy in the eyes of their friends. Last year I had an Indian working for me who earned \$1,400. He drew the whole of this in a lump sum, and laid it out in eight muskets, a dozen boxes of crackers, and the balance—about \$1,200—in blankets. Then the noble red man called all the Indians within reach together, and announced his intention of giving a grand potlatch. "The blankets were spread out in a two-acre field, with the crackers on the outside for his friends to lunch on, and the muskets in the centre. When the appointed time arrived to begin the ceremonies the Indian waded through the sea of blankets to where the muskets lay. Here he climbed on a box, and began a long oration, which lasted over an hour, at the end of which time he picked up the muskets one by one and smashed them over the box, signifying that all enmity between the tribes present was forever ended, and rifles would be no longer needed. Then he gave the signal that the potlatch had commenced, and the Indian women sailed in and packed away not only one pair of blankets, but as many as they could carry, and in a few minutes there was not even a single blanket left for the use of the generous contributor. This grand give-away, of course, made the Siwash very popular, and a few days after he was elected sub-chief of his tribe. A few weeks later this same Indian came to me dead broke, and got a sack of flour on credit."

"Is the potlatch common among the ordinary run of Indians?" asked the newspaper man.

"As a rule the head men of the tribe do this sort of thing," replied the salmon packer, "but once in a while an ambitious young Siwash tries to make a name for himself. Last fall a young fellow who had made a little money fishing for me, came into the office and got \$150 in silver. With this he climbed on top of a shack, and, after addressing the multitude for an hour and a half, scattered every cent of the money among the people below. This young Indian was looked upon as a coming man, and by the time he has squandered the earnings of half a dozen seasons' fishing he will be made a chief. But fish are few and there won't be many potlatches this year," concluded the cannery man.

## A Novel Procession.

A novel procession attracted a crowd of some thirty thousand people recently at Asbury Park, New Jersey, U. S. This was the annual parade of babies in perambulators. The procession occupied twenty-five minutes in passing a given point, and comprised three hundred babies. It was headed by a little boy ten years old in policeman's uniform, followed by a procession of children and a band of juvenile performers. The perambulators were all prettily decorated, some with flowers and some with ribbons and lace. A tiny baby under a tent-like canopy was labelled "Moses in the Bulrushes," tall reeds forming his floral adornment. A cradle one hundred years old, containing two babies, and carried along on wheels, attracted considerable attention. The organizers of the parade presented each child with a pound package of sweets, a nursing bottle, and an air-ball of bright colour with a string to it.

## WEATHER PROVERBS.

### A Curious Collection of Old Sayings.

The bulk of the proverbial prognostications already known to exist are based upon the action of birds, beasts, fish, and insects, and much has been done toward a scientific explanation of some of these. It has been found that the increase of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere is indicated by its effect upon the animal and vegetable world. Animals are observed to become restless before rain, and plants and trees also indicate change in the relative humidity of the surrounding atmosphere by the expansion and contraction of their leaves or flowers. Such changes are true signs of atmospheric variations, and it is these facts that the trite weather sayings embody.

Those popular sayings referring to years, months, weeks, etc., are not considered of any real value in determining the weather forecasts of the periods named, and it is in this respect that it is hoped for more valuable hints from the prognostics based on plants and animals. The ablest meteorologists of to-day, aided by the most perfect meteorological instruments and the results of years of accurate instrumental observation, are still unable to give reliable forecasts of the weather for a longer period than two or three days, and frequently no longer than twenty-four hours. It is thought that a more accurate observation of the condition of plants or the condition and action of animals might lead to some valuable suggestion in this important field of investigation. A most interesting series of prognostications is that founded on the movement of the clouds:—

"The motion, rapid or slow, was regarded as one of the best methods for foretelling the approach of rain or snow. When there was a mist before the rise of the full moon, if clouds were seen in the west before the sun rose, or there was a mist in the fields before sunrise, wet weather was expected. When the mists vanished rapidly and the moon seemed to rise faster than usual, fine weather was sure to gladden the hearts of the merry-makers on the succeeding day. When the winds changed and the clouds flew along 'tail,' the farmers predicted a storm."

Another quaint series relates to spiders and gnats and the signs they give of the approaching weather.

If spiders in spinning their webs make the termination filaments long, we may, in proportion to the length, conclude that the weather will be serene and continue so for ten or twelve days.

If many gnats are seen in the spring, expect a fine autumn; if gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, there will be fine weather.

If the garden spiders break and destroy their webs and creep away, expect rain or showery weather.

The various quadrupeds of course come in for their share of prophesying, and among the weather "rules" received regarding them have been the following:

If sheep, rams, and goats spring around in the meadows, and fight more than usual, expect rain.

If cattle leave off feeding, and chase each other around the pasture, rain.

If cats back their bodies and wash their faces, rain.

If foxes and dogs howl and bark more than usual; if dogs grow sleepy and dull, rain.

If moles cast up hills, rain.

If horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air and assemble in the corner of a field with their heads to leeward, rain.

If rats and mice be restless, rain.

The feathered forecasters have given rise to the following:

If peacocks and guinea fowls scream and turkeys gobble, and if quails make more noise than usual, rain.

If sea birds fly toward land and land birds toward the sea, rain.

If the cock crows more than usual and earlier, expect rain.

If swallows fly lower than usual expect rain.

If bats flutter and beetles fly about, there will be fine weather.

If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, rain.

Some of the queerest miscellaneous quips received are to the effect that:

If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright Summer's evening you may look for fine weather.

If there be many falling stars on a clear evening in the Summer there will be thunder.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.

If the marigolds continue shut after 7 o'clock in the evening, expect rain.

If fish bite more readily and gambol near the surface of ponds and streams, then look out for rain.

If porpoises and whales sport about ships, expect a hurricane.

The moon, of course, is the subject of many of the best weather predictions. Great confidence is placed in the old prognostic

I saw the new moon late yestern  
With the new moon in her arm,  
And if we're going to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.

It is also said of the moon that "if the new moon appears with the points of the crescent turned up, the month will be dry. If the points are turned down it will be wet."

One weather poet puts the case of the moon thus:

When first the moon appears, if then she  
Shrouds  
Her silver crescent, tipped with sable clouds,  
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,  
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.  
Or, if her face with fiery flushings glow,  
Expect the rattling wind aloft to blow.  
But four nights old, (for that is the best sign,)   
With shinned horns, if glorious then she  
Shine,

Next day not only that, but all the moon,  
Till her revolving race be wholly run,  
Are void of tempests both by land and sea.

A good many old housewives still remain their own weather prophets, and as a consequence one of the most popular of familiar weather sayings is: "When rheumatic people complain of more than ordinary pains in their joints, it will rain." Another home-made barometer is the tender corn or sensitive tooth, whose connection with the weather has been ably stated thus:

A coming storm your shooting corns pre-  
And aches will throb, your hollow tooth will  
Rage.

Krupp's great gun works at Essen consume 1,666 tons of coal and coke a day.

The old rifle was invented by Whitworth, in 1800, while the new repeating rifle is the work of Sharp, in 1848.