

Women as Inventors.

Up to the present date 5,200 patents have been registered in the United States Patent office by women. Many of these are as curious as they are ingenious. An Ohio matron devised a combination washing machine and see-saw. It consists of a hollow receiver containing a rotary clothes holder, which is revolved by the action of a see-saw. The merit of the invention is supposed to lie in the fact that a washer-woman can save her own energy, and at the same time afford pleasure and recreation to the children of the neighborhood by inviting them to "teeter" the machine, inside which the linen to be washed and a proper complement of soap and water have been placed.

A fair Philadelphian, in protest against the unbecomingness of the ordinary life-preserver, has designed a shape life-preserving corset, to be worn "by either men or women" when a boating accident is anticipated. One woman wanted a patent on a crimping pin, which could be used also as a paper cutter, skirt supporter, letter file, child's pin, bouquet holder, shawl fastener and book mark. Another woman took out a patent for a skipping rope, the handle of which contained a music box. As soon as the child began to skip the music started. A Pennsylvania maiden tried to convince the public that, as a rule, human bodies were not kept at the proper temperature in the interval between death and burial, and to emphasize her ideas she took out a patent for a corpse cooler.

One of the most novel patents ever issued was secured by a Boston woman on a device for restoring facial symmetry. The idea embodied in the patent was that if a gentle, continuous outward pressure was maintained on the cheeks from within the mouth, the full and plump effect of the youthful face would in course of time be restored. To effect this two disks mounted on prongs were made to press on the inside of the cheeks by means of a spring attached to the teeth. The gem of the collection, however, is a request for a patent on "artificial dimples." A small spot is to be smeared on the cheek or chin with colorless shellac varnish mixed with glue, and the centre of the spot is to be pressed firmly with a pencil point until the substance on the face becomes dry and hard. "The stiffened indentation thus retains the exact shape of a dimple, and a little face powder dusted carefully over it will completely conceal the varnish-glue compound." The person who adopts this wily device is warned not to smile too suddenly, or the dimple may be broken, although with gentle usage it will last a whole evening, if not longer. The specification concludes with: "While the dimple process is applicable to those whose faces comprise a soft, velvety or plump surface, as then a very deceptive dimple can be produced, it is not so available for thin or bony faces, nor where the skin is very thick and unyielding.—Globe-Democrat.

War and Its Awful Cost.

The cost of the Mexican war was \$66,000,000.
The total number of men in the world's navies is 237,000.
In the last 200 years France has spent £993,000,000 in war.
The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost nearly \$700,000.
In less than 300 years Great Britain alone has spent £1,359,000,000 in war.
The French army costs every year 675,000,000 francs; the navy 209,000,000.
The peace footing of the Russian army calls for the service of 170,000 horses.
The annual cost of the British army is £17,000,000; of the navy £14,000,000.
Austria spends every year 15,000,000 florins on the army. Twelve florins equal \$5.
During the retreat from Moscow the French lost or threw away over 60,000 muskets.
The wars of the last 70 years have cost Russia £335,000,000 and the lives of 664,000 men.
Italy spends every year 14,000,000 lire on her army and navy. Twenty-five lire equal \$5.
At Waterloo there were 145,000 men on both sides, of whom 51,000 were killed or disabled.
The annual army expenditure of Greece is 18,000,000 drachma. A drachma is about 20 cents.
It is estimated that the world's cannon has cost the world's taxpayers a little over \$40,000,000.
The estimated cost on both sides of the great civil war of the United States was \$6,500,000,000.

It is a curious fact that when red clover was first grown in Australia it never seeded, because the tongue of the native bee was too short to reach the pollen. The work of fertilizing red clover is chiefly done by the long-tongued bumble bee.

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K NIGHTS OF TENTED MACCABEES.
Diamond Tent No. 208. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Tuesday in each month.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY, Librarian. Open daily, Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a. m. till 10 p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 12 a. m. till 3 p. m. and in the evening from 7 to 9. Reading room in connection.

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Her Forceful Reasons.

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

George Holiday an' me's been engaged t' be married off an' on fer mos' two years, an' we don't seem t' be no nearer th' weddin'-day 'n we was at first, when he started t' propose ter me in a Brooklyn trolley-car an' th' car gave a lurch an' sent him bumpin' his nose against my head, an' that made him so mad't he did't continer th' subjct for a week.

We can't git married on nothin', that's dead sure. Not in New York.

George's brother an' sister-in-law got married that way over in Jersey City, an' when she first come to New York she aster throw her sweepins out o' th' winder; an' it's jest nip-an-tuck with 'em right long—scratchin' fer grub.

I've got three hundred dollars comin' t' me when I git of age, an' some quilts an' pillers my gran'mother left me up in Sullivan County; but George had'n't got nothin' but an' accordin' an' a kit o' tools—an' one er th' other o' them's in pawn most o' the time.

George can't stan' flats, an' he's got "workin'-man's country home on th' instalment plan" on th' brain; an' he says ter me, "Mary Ellen, if you think 't I'd ask my wife ter live in a stationery cirks waggon an' hang her washin' out on th' tent-pole fer th' neighbors t' count how many shirts I wear a week, an' buy her coal by th' quart, an' fight th' janitor at long range through an inch bore tube, why, ye're mistaken in yer man. That's right!"

An' I says ter him, "Well, if you think 't I'm goin' inter the suburbs, a-wadin' in dust an' snow an' mud th' year roun', an' split my own kiudlin', an' git blowed up with kerryssene, an' block out my destiny accordin' to a railroad timetable, why, ye're mistaken in your fiansee. See?"

An' then we didn't speak for a week.—Judge.

The Wrong Man.

A POLICE PROCEDURE THAT COLONEL BRINE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

A New York policeman was summoned to arrest a man considerably inebriated, who had offered a counterfeit dollar note in payment for beer in a Houston-street saloon. The officer conducted him to the station house, where, on searching him, a big roll of bills was found in his pocket, all genuine. It was evident that the man was not a "crook," and that the counterfeit bill was in his possession by accident.

"I'm a gen'l man, sir," said the prisoner, indignantly. "Kun'l Brine's my name. Brine, sar, from Georgia. I demand to know, sar, why you 'res' me, sar."

The officer experienced some embarrassment in explaining the situation to the Georgia man. He didn't like to tell him he had been suspected of being a "shover of the queer," so he said: "Don't be offended, Colonel; you are all right. I brought you in for your own protection."

"For my own prot'ehion? I'd have you un'stand, sar (drawing himself up with dignity) "Kun'l Brine's peff'ly cap'le (hic) 'tect himself."

"Colonel, you were in one of the worst dives in the city. You had a big wad of money, and the place was full of pickpockets."

"Did you res' er pickpockets?"

"No, we did not."

"Why didn't you res' er pickpockets? Tha's queer (hic) way'd doing b'is. You 'res' peff'y hones' gen'l man an' leave the pickpockets alone."

The Colonel was allowed to depart, and as he strode down the street in search of his hotel he was heard to mutter: "Why'b (hic) el didn't they 'res' pickpockets?"—Texas Siftings.

If She Should Die.

She was in the first blush of the honeymoon's happiness. He was there with her, but he was a man, and it didn't stick out all over him so. He was heartless, too, and she was sentimental. They were dining out, and the conversation turned on untimely deaths.

"Ferdinand," said she, lovingly, across the cold slaw chrysanthemums, "Ferdinand, dear, if I were to die, what would you do?"

He was just putting a piece of rare roast beef into his mouth, and he chewed in silence. Then, with the brutality of a man bent on his dinner, he said:

"I'd send for the undertaker."

And he doesn't know yet why she wouldn't kiss him good-night.

The laundress' motto: "Let's soap for the best."

The largest circulation of any paper in the country—curl paper.

A western editor apologizes for the deficiency of the first edition of his paper by saying that he was detained at home by a second edition in his family.