

YOUNG FOLKS.

Their Resolutions.

There were three little folks, long ago
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.
"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys."
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.
"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote the plump little Pete,
Whose taste for sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.
The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will"
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep drooped,
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

Peter Schuyler's Ladder.

"Master Corwin!" said one of his school-boys at recess time. "The fire bells are ringing. Could I go to see where it is?"
"Is the fire in your district?" asked Master Corwin, writing at his desk.
"N—no sir."
Another voice said in a low tone.
"Please the fire in your district?"
"Is the fire in your district?"
"No, sir."
Soon Master Corwin laid down his pen, went to a blackboard, and seizing a piece of chalk, dashed off a sketch of a ladder with a broken round.
"No," he murmured, "that is not what I intended. I have only one broken round."
He began again his sketch. When he had finished there was a sorry-looking ladder on the board—three of its rounds in a very mutilated condition.
"Now, scholars, if I want a good ladder, can I afford to have one whose rounds are broken?"
"No, sir!" came from his scholars in a round chorus.
"Neither can you be out of school, if you are going to learn anything. You want to go and you want to stay out, but every day is a round, you know, in a ladder. You break something important if you are out."
Peter Schuyler told his grandfather after school what the master had said.
Grandpa Schuyler was a carpenter at work in his shop, mending a ladder.
"Ha, ha!" cried grandpa. "The master was telling his own experience! He went to climb his ladder and three of the rounds were cracked, and down he came! I am mending his ladder now. He—he is right about school. You must be there every day and must not keep running out."
Peter was looking out of the window.
"There," said he, "I'd like to have that boy's chance. His father is rich."
"O, Clarence Smith? Humph! I don't believe he will climb high."
"Why not?"
"See where he is going?"
The boy went into a beer shop. He came out, bringing a pail and wiping his lips. Then he turned in the direction of his home.
"His father has taught him to like that sort of drink. Peter I want to make you a ladder, I know you are poor, but if you have got a ladder with three rounds in it, you won't stay poor. It will be a small ladder, and you can put it in your pocket-book."
Peter grinned: "No money in it, but a ladder!"
"You wait and see if my ladder won't bring you some money."
Grandpa Schuyler's tiny ladder was two inches long and half an inch broad. It had three rounds; on one was the word, "Honesty," panned in ink; a second was marked, "Diligence," a third was inscribed, "Temperance."
"I don't know but I ought to make it four rounds, and what the fourth will be, perhaps your grandpa will tell you," said grandpa Schuyler.
Peter lived with his grandparents and he did not need to go far to find his grand-mother. She smiled to see the ladder and said: "That fourth round, Peter, I will name prayer. Through the day, Honesty and Diligence and Temperance will give you a good lift, but you won't want to stop there. Tired and worried, you want to go a round higher and you will get into a large, beautiful, beautiful chamber of Peace. There you can lie down and God's angels will watch over you."
"Grandma, don't you want a fifth round, one to start with in the morning same kind as you leave off with?"
"Peter, you are right. You tell your grandpa."
Grandpa made the fifth round, and in Peter's pocketbook was deposited this tiny ladder, its mite rounds labelled "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer," again.
"A good, strong ladder," said grandpa Schuyler.
The next morning Master Corwin sat at his school desk as usual.
"Where, where are all my boys?" he wondered, looking round. "Ah, Peter Schuyler is here, yes, and several more. Girls are all here."
The fire of yesterday had been extinguished, but breaking out again, it proved a fiery magnet whose attraction had been too powerful for a number of the boys, Peter, though, had borne in mind that ladder in his pocketbook, and also the master's talk about broken rounds, and he had come to school.
"I want to drill you to-day in arithmetic," the master told the class in arithmetic to which Peter belonged. "Don't get tired of it. A drill to a soldier means work, patience, attention. You will get your pay for it."
Compensation came to Peter that very day, and in this way.
"Peter, I have some interest to pay, and the man to whom I owe it says it is so much. I am not extra on figures. Just see if he is right," said grandpa Schuyler.
Peter found that a mistake of ten dollars had been made.
"Ah, it pays to be on a ladder whose rounds are not broken," thought Peter when his grandpa generously rewarded him. He could not help telling the master that his attendance at school had helped him collect a mistake of ten dollars.
"Indeed!" said Master Corwin. "You believe in having a ladder whose rounds are all in, good and strong. It pays to follow up school."
"I have a ladder in my pocketbook. My grandfather and grandmother made it, Master Corwin."

Ever Lost Hope

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of the Andes.

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Books and Papers.

Bible that was printed
in 1535.
An illustrated book yet
a Bible now owned by
Oswego, N. Y. It is
ed at Cochran, Ga., is
an ordinary envelope,
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to its population than
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the voice. The words
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a dead language, vow-
preserve usage, which
After the Babylonish
in Hebrew was modified
the school of reading
and emphasis. Then
of words from
the verses.

"A pocketbook ladder! I have heard of ladders you could take down and fold up. Let me see the mighty one in your pocket-book, please."
Peter produced his ladder.
"That is curious—'Prayer,' 'Honesty,' 'Diligence,' 'Temperance,' 'Prayer!' Indeed!" said Master Corwin.
To himself, he said: "Peter's ladder is interesting. Afraid I can't climb some of those rounds."
What about the first and fifth, Master Corwin?
Once, though, he prayed. "I can get along myself," had always been his proud assertion in later years.
That evening he was at the home of Clarence Smith, making a call.
"Why, how tired you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "That must not be, Master Corwin. Here, let me see what I can do!"
Before he could realize what she was doing, she had nimbly started to a closet and brought back a glass of crimson wine.
"Now, take this! Do, Master Corwin! It is just what tired teachers need!"
She extended the glass in her hand, and he held out his surprised by this abrupt approach of temptation.
"Climbing up so many stairs in your schoolhouse," she said, "you must get very tired. Now refresh yourself! Take a biscuit to go with it?"
"Climbing up!"
Did that expression remind him of Peter's ladder?
He certainly seemed to see it stretching up before him. He caught also those words going up in grand succession: "Prayer," "Honesty," "Diligence," "Temperance," "Prayer." His glass was going up to his lips. He felt his weakness. He glanced again at the ladder and then he glanced upward. "God help me," he cried in the depths of his soul. His wineglass went down. He set it on a table near him.
"I thank you, Mrs. Smith. You are very kind, but excuse me if I do not take this."
"Why, Master Corwin! You are not one of those tea-totallers? You have so many boys to look after."
He smiled. "You are very kind. You know how many boys I have that will look to see what my example is."
In a few minutes he left the house.
His face was flushed as if he had been facing a fire. He muttered: "I am mortified! To think I should not promptly have put away that temptation! I believe another moment I would have put that glass to my lips if it had not been for Peter's ladder. Those prayer-rounds, I—!" He did not think any further along that line of thought, for he was not prepared to make the advance.
He made it, though, when he reached his home and was alone in his study. He fell upon his knees and in his weakness reached up and took hold of the strength of God.
"Peter Schuyler's ladder in his pocket book," thought the teacher, the next day, looking at his scholar. "I wonder if he knows how much good that ladder has done. He is not the only one that through God's strength means to climb it."—[N. Y. Observer.]

THE WALLOUS INN.
An interesting house inhabited by an interesting family—One branch is now in Nova Scotia.

Longfellow's Wayside Inn is in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles west of Boston, on the main road between Boston and Worcester. It was built by John Howe early in the 17th century for a country seat, and is declined with the fortunes of the family, from a stately mansion to an inn, but never a humble one. It was first licensed under the name of "The Red Horse Inn," September 14th, 1633. When Sudbury was burned by the Indians in 1676 it was the only house in town that escaped destruction. It is a great plain colonial mansion, built of solid oak, and made picturesque by its gambrel roof, moonstone chimneys, and its original tiny windows (eighty in number), with its leaden sashes. And strange enough it looks in this country of to-morrows with no yesterdays. No wonder its picturesque image lingered in Longfellow's mind until he used it as a connecting link in a chain of poems.

Longfellow first saw the inn when at the age of nineteen, he was on his way to New York, to sail for Europe. It was then a coaching station. Later in life when the inn still called the Red Horse inn, became a favorite resort of some of his friends, he visited them and took observations for the poems afterwards written at Craigie house and Nahant.

Longfellow's description of Lyman Howe, the landlord, is said to be true to life. He was "justice of peace, proud of his name and race, and coast of arms, and known everywhere as 'The Squire.'" One old man in Sudbury said to me, "I'd a known he meant Squire Howe if he hadn't put his name there; it sounds just like him." He was very proud of the family silver brought from England, all bearing the Howe crest. And their rare and delicate china would delight the heart of a connoisseur.

These Howes were descended from the noble family of that name in Britain, and showed their pure ancestry by their refined speech and manner. The grand sire, whose sword is mentioned in the poems, was Colonel Howe, who was appointed a member of Lafayette's staff because of his knowledge of French, and that accounts for Lafayette's visits to the inn. Colonel Howe died of smallpox, which he caught from a traveller, in 1788.

The inn came to Lyman in direct descent from the founder, John Howe, but at his death it passed away from the Howes, and became the property of his mother's sister, Rebecca Balcom, wife of Daniel Puffer, of Sudbury, grand-uncle of the writer. Since that time it has been a peaceful farmhouse.

John Howe, a cousin of Col. Howe, the "grandsire," whose sword hung peacefully in the parlor, was engaged in newspaper work in Boston when the Revolutionary war began. He remained loyal to the King of England and emigrated with his family to Nova Scotia. When the British Government rewarded the U. E. Loyalists, for their patriotism, with grants of land, John Howe received a grant of land about two miles from Halifax. Here his son Joseph was born in 1804. He was the Hon. Joseph Howe, who is considered one of the greatest orators the Dominion of Canada ever produced. He died in 1873, a few weeks after his appointment as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia.—[Canadian Magazine.]

HEALTH.

The Night Air Injurious.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? A partly open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate told me that the air of large cities is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room then from the outside, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of comprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.

Position for Healthy Sleep.

Many people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste in the mouth in the morning, which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which is difficult to the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to good results. The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few persons can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side.

Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia means a difficulty in preparing the food eaten so that the nutriment can be extracted from it to supply the wants of the system.
If food is eaten rapidly, it is swallowed in large pieces and these are dissolved from without inwards by the juices of the stomach, as a lump of ice in a glass of water is dissolved from without inwards.
But this is a slow process, and if protracted beyond four or five hours, the food begins to ferment, to sour, causing belching, weight or heaviness at the pit of the stomach, sourness and a variety of other symptoms with which dyspepsia are very familiar.
One of the causes then of dyspepsia is eating too fast. If a person eats too much, the food remains in the stomach undigested, unmelted, undissolved, because there is not enough gastric juice to reduce it to the proper condition for yielding its nutriment; as so much ice may be put in a glass of water that after awhile it ceases to melt, and the food thus remaining unchanged for an unnatural time, it begins to sour as before, because the person has been eating too much. A man may have dyspepsia for the want of a sufficient amount of gastric juice to digest the food, although a very little food may have been eaten; hence the frequent complaint, "It makes no difference whether I eat much or little; the smallest quantity of anything distresses me." Such a person has dyspepsia in an aggravated form, from having had it for a long time. The limited supply of gastric juice is the result of poor or bad blood.

All the blood of a dyspeptic is bad because the food is imperfectly digested and the blood which it makes is imperfect, hence contains but a small amount of the elements which compose the gastric juice. The always successful remedy is to live out of doors night and day, exercising until very little tired; then rest, exercise again until very hungry, until hungry enough to feel that plain bread and butter taste deliciously; take a very small amount, such as by observation causes no discomfort whatever; then go on as before until very hungry again, take a little fresh meat at the next meal and a bit of bread crust; make the next or third meal of the day of berries, grapes, fruit or melons.

Persuading in this way, almost any dyspeptic will find himself getting better and better every day, because every breath of out-door air taken relieves the blood of some of its impurities, and every step, every motion of the hand or arm, carries off out of the system, through the pores of the skin or otherwise a greater or less number of impure blood atoms; the blood being thus relieved of more of its impurities, makes a better quality of gastric juice; this in turn digests the food more thoroughly, imparting more strength, giving a more vigorous appetite and the man is getting well before he knows it. The gizzard or stomach of a chicken when opened is found to contain grains of corn or wheat and small pebbles. The action of the muscles of the gizzard is to keep the grains of corn and sand in a constant circular motion, causing attrition, the sand being harder than the grains; hence the action is a kind of grinder; so with the human stomach. In dyspepsia the muscles of the stomach are too weak to perform this grinding process and the human mill works so slowly that the food begins to decay before it is properly manipulated. All dyspepsia are weak; every muscle of the body is weak and those of the stomach have their corresponding share of debility; but they will get stronger inevitably by making better blood, by giving a better digestion in the way above described. Bilioussness also causes dyspeptic symptoms.

When a man is bilious, it means that he has an excess of bile or a deficiency of it, which means the same thing essentially, although it is not known that such a sentiment has ever been expressed in writing or in print. When a man has yellow jaundice he is bilious in the proper sense of the term, meaning that the bile has not been withdrawn from the blood by the natural and healthy action of the liver, as shown by the yellowness of the skin. The blood is then so impregnated with bile, which is of a yellow color, that it tinges the skin and whites of the eyes. In this case there is a torpid liver, a sleepy liver; it does not act, does not work. But the liver may withdraw the bile from the blood and accumulate it in the gall bladder, where it may be

detained, and as a result, the discharges are of a lightish color that are attributed to a deficiency of bile.

Hence excess of bile and deficiency both mean that there is too much bile in the body either in the blood or in the gall bladder. But the exercise already referred to will purify the blood of any of its unnatural constituents, of every kind of impurity, while careful eating imparts strength to make better blood. Thus it is seen that whatever may be its symptoms, that is, the feelings, the manifestations to which it may give rise, the thing to be done is to get rid of the bad blood and supply a better in its place. The way to do this is to engage in out-door activities and so select the food as to enable the stomach to act upon it in such a manner that it may yield its nutriment, to the system naturally.—[Hugh Slevin, M. D.]

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

The Ideas of a Boston Man Who Does not Believe in Ben Franklin.

The hard times in the United States have set people moralizing on how to meet the emergency. Here is what one philosopher says:—Never keep money which is due to another. Simple as it is this rule, there is none so generally disregarded. We have a large class in this community whose bank accounts would allow them to owe no man anything save charity and good will, yet who make it a matter of pride to pay no small debts save by lordly courtesy, or at such times as it may please them to mail a check to the marketman or the mechanic. To them it appears as though the good name they have always borne put them above suspicion. They would pay instantly upon being dunned by the humble creditor, and later would await their pleasurable months and borrow money rather than ask for his due, since to demand his own would be to lose their custom in future. If you cannot pay what you owe, or owe nothing, you have no duty in this respect; but if there is the least sum due for work or purchases see to it that the sun does not set to-night until that sum is put into circulation.

Spend all you can possibly afford to disburse. I give this advice boldly, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, although it is just to the contrary to that usually offered. But one does not have to be a political economist to see that the relief would be instantaneous. Debt is always to be avoided, but the last available dollar is a blessing to the community. What possible good does money do which is hoarded instead of being put into circulation? Suppose a man in the possession of an income of \$10,000 a year were to enter into one of our suburban villages and daily spend among his neighbors that proportion which he would receive each day? I do not mean giving it right and left for the support of the poor and shiftless, but buying the labor or products of his poorer brethren. Does it require any instruction in political science to see that he would at once turn that town into a very paradise of prosperity? And if all those in comfortable circumstance would scrupulously do this, the dissemination of comforts would increase in proportion to the money spent. The philosophy of Benjamin Franklin has cursed this country with a mania for hoarding. We fail to realize that the identical economy which may be commendable in the young mechanic, may be a positive wrong in the retired merchant.

Did you ever calculate the amount of good done by (let us call it the Franklin phraseology) the useless extravagance of inviting a lady to the theatre? In the first place, in accepting, she will probably disburse for gloves, millinery or seamstress work quite a pretty sum, each payment being a blessing to the one who receives it, sometimes representing to the employe the bare means of life. Then your own disbursement will help support the hack driver, the florist, the hotel where you dine together, while it would be impossible for the worthy corps of the employes of the theatre to get their daily bread were it not for just such extravagance as that of which you are guilty.

To rigidly economize at such times as the present, so that you may have the means to give for benevolent purposes is simply to withhold with the one hand that you may disburse with the other. If the two rules herein recommended were observed by every person in the community, only the inebriate and the culpably shiftless would be a charge on their fellows. As intimated here, I do not in the least share the general commendation of Benjamin Franklin. His maxims are worldly, sensual, selfish, entirely ignoring chivalric, spiritual or lofty ideals. The effect of his parsimonious ideal of human conduct is to be seen in just such stringency as that which is now felt by the American people.

Had Been Kept Too Long.

"Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer of some men who were about to begin their dinner on an outward bound troopship from Portsmouth to India.
"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed one of the men; "this salt junk ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, and I wish to report it."
The doctor was at once sent for to inspect the meat.
"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat," said the doctor. Allow me to tell you that greater men than you ever will be have eaten it. Why, even Nelson, our once-famed Admiral, wasn't above eating it, and has made many a meal of it."
"Oh! has he?" said the complaining individual.
"Yes, he has," replied the doctor.
"Oh, well," said the man, "the meat was fresh and good in his time. You see, sir, it's some time ago since Nelson lived; it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

A Ring Under a Tree.

During the recent gale a holly tree growing near the Lake of Menteth Hotel in Scotland, was blown down, leaving a pretty deep cavity in the soil where the roots had been. Shortly afterwards a young woman found in the loose earth a gold wedding ring with the initials "W. A. G." engraved on the inside. Singular to state, about three weeks after the great storm, another gale from the opposite direction lifted the holly tree into its original position, and it appears to be thriving, being covered with berries. The owner of the ring so strangely recovered has not yet been found.

NEWS OF ELECTRICITY.

A HANDY TANK FOR ELECTRICITY.

What a handy reservoir of electric current the storage battery is when no other source of electricity can be tapped, was shown recently at a wedding reception. It was desired for the one evening, to produce a special effect of light in a large library. Storage cells were set up in a barn about 50 feet in the rear of the residence, and temporary wires run into the house. By this means the library was filled with a glow of soft even light, and the beauties of the paintings that adorned its walls were fully brought out. Impromptu plants of this kind are so quickly installed that they are being very much resorted to for special occasions. The entire plant in question was erected and ready for operation within twelve hours from the time the order was given.

TUNNEL DRIVING BY ELECTRIC MOTORS.

The introduction of electric power in the improvement of drilling and quarrying machinery within the last few years is evidently destined to work a revolution in the accomplishment of tunnel engineering projects. Excavations that formerly occupied years can now be made in a few months, and a striking reduction in the estimates of the time required for the carrying out of engineering plans is apparent. It is stated that the proposed Simpson tunnel is to be constructed at a cost and rate which will place its predecessors in the shade. Motive power is now easily obtained from water in the Swiss mountainous districts, and the facility with which electric power can be transmitted renders the site of a generating station a secondary consideration. This new tunnel through the heart of the Alps is to be completed in five and one-half years.

THE SCIENCE OF ELECTRIC COOKING.

A London paper expresses the opinion that the effect of the advent of electric cooking apparatus will be to evolve a highly scientific species of cook, with, unquestionably, highly up-to-date notions about the "living wage." It quotes from a description of the electric process in the latest culinary manual: "Cookery is raised from the rule-of-thumb level to that of an exact science by the use of a graduated thermometer. For bread or puff pastry a temperature of 370° Fahr. is required; for pork, veal or ordinary pastry, 350°; for beef, 340°," and infers that formulae are forthcoming for jam tarts, mince pies and Christmas puddings. The completion of the list of materials available for the purposes of the chef and the determination of the proper temperature for cooking them "to a turn" is a matter that involves not only the knowledge of modern kitchen lore, but also a familiarity with the specific heats, latent heats and density of the heterogeneous mass to be cooked. Some of the recent cooking appliances are fitted with a whole battery of switches, various combinations of which, like the stops of an organ, are necessary to produce various effects. The instructions which go with the apparatus are elaborate. For instance, after the treatment of a joint up to a certain point has been specified, we are told that "if these switches are now turned off, and the heat is applied from one side only," if this accuracy and flexibility in the con- struction and diffusion of heat rays in the development of the subtle flavors of animal juices and tissues is to go much further the electrical cook will attain to the rank of the virtuoso, the dinner menu will be constructed after the manner of a concert programme, and such items as "A symphony in venison," "Nocturne in fricasseed pheasant" or "Rhapsody in frogs' legs," will be both consistent and justifiable.

A Royal Highness' Costume.

It appears to be not generally known that the unhappy Lobencula has, in his fight, his royal sister, Nina, with him. She is decidedly plump, tremendously embonpoint, and her skin is of a coppery hue. She wears no dress, the only covering about her waist being a number of gilded chains, some encircling her, some pendant. Round her arms are massive brass bracelets. A blue and white Free Mason's apron appears in front and looks strangely anomalous there, though really not unbecoming. From her waist also there hang down behind a number of brilliant-colored woollen neck wraps, red being the predominant color. Under the apron is a sort of short, black skirt, covering the thighs, made of wrought up hide. Her legs and feet are invariably bare, but she wears round her ankles the circlets of bells worn by women to make a noise when they dance. Her headpiece is decidedly pretty, a small bouquet of artificial flowers in front and amongst the hair, standing in all directions, feathers of bee-eater's tails. A small circular ornament, fashioned out of red clay, is fastened on the back of her head. She has always been a great favorite with European settlers.—[London Figaro.]

Tools of the Pyramid Builders.

A two years' study at Gizeh has convinced Mr. Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stone-workers of 4,000 years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what have been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramid builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of to-day, were set with jewels (probably corundum, as the diamond was very scarce), and even lathe-tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen, that the cutting-marks in hard granite give no indication of wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a whole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout.

A Would-Be Life Saver.

Tommy—"Say, Billy, d'ye see Johnny Jorkins' es gotten a medal from the Humane Society for fishing outen de river little Jimmy Johnson?"
Billy—"Yes, I'd like to sport a medal like that."
Tommy (in a whisper)—"Wott I yer gi me ter axerdentially fall into the river so I can fish me out?"
Billy—"But I can't swim."
Tommy—"That don't matter. I'll hold yer up till der boat comes."