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The Chimes.

Stop thief!
The old year goes
O'er the drifted snows.
And the gray old year hath brought me grief
He hath stolen the bud and the dancing leaf,
And the dear little robin that used to sing
At my window sill in the balmy spring.
And the rapturous kisses my lover gave
He hath hidden them, too, in a narrow grave
Deep down from the light of the broad, blue sky.
And so through the rush of my tears I cry
"Stop thief!"
As the old year goes
O'er the drifted snows.
For the gray old year hath brought me grief.

All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums,
And clanger of bells in the windy vale.
He brings the song of the nightingale.
And what if his robe is fringed with snow
The April buds in his bosom blow.
He sendeth a new love into me
From an ancient country across the sea.
And far to the south we will sail away
Through the purple dusk of a perfumed May.

All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums,
And music of bells in the wintry vale.

—*Norma Irving.*

THE BRIDE'S ROSES.

This grand and ancient temple, which was built in the far-gone days of the old British regime in America, stands amid the low-lying hills that encircle the swift-flowing Rappahannock, with the spires of Fredericksburg shining in the distance, and the everlasting pines, for which Virginia is so noted, standing in thick files on either hand.

Centuries upon centuries have expended their strength upon the massive walls, and yet they stand, more by most eloquent monuments of the strength and durability of old-time architecture.

One can even yet discover some traces of the old altar-stones and the tablets whereon the names of the dead and gone vestrymen are recorded, and the pew once occupied by Washington and his relatives is still reverently pointed out to every sight-seer who turns out of the beaten thoroughfare of travel to have a look at this sacred and venerable pile.

"But the bride's rose, have you seen that?" questioned the guide as we were making our way out over the crumbling heaps of mortar.

"The bride's rose? Why no, what is it?"

Our guide was a woman—a gray and gnome-like old creature, who lives in a little hut near at hand and earns an honest penny now and then by showing travelers over the ruins of old Potomac Church.

She turned back on the instant, shaking her gray head slowly from side to side.

"Ah, you must see the bride's rose," she said; "come along."

We followed her back over heaps of debris, under the crumbling arches of the old English temple—bats and ghost moths hurtling in our very eyes, and the hush of the falling twilight all about us. Through the main aisle, out at the great arched door, down the fallen steps into a little court-yard.

The old woman stooped down and parted the rank, luxuriant growth that covered the ruins at our feet.

"There it is," she said; "look!"

We stooped down, and looking closely, saw amid the rank grass a great cluster of scarlet roses. The shrub upon which they bloomed seemed to be small and stunted in its growth; but the flowers were a marvel of perfect loveliness—so large, so fine, so delicate in tint and texture, more like the cultivated bloom of a hot-house than the wild growth of the fields.

"Stop! You wouldn't touch 'em!" cried the old woman in utter horror, as we put out our hand to pull one of the perfect flowers. "Don't, for pity's sake! It is the bride's rose, red with blood, and presently the bride herself will come, as is her wont every night, and gather them, and every morning they bloom again afresh. Don't touch 'em!"

We drew back with an involuntary shudder, and the old woman rose to her feet, letting the rank grasses close around the blood-red blossoms.

"Come," she said, in a sort of awed whisper, "you've seen the roses; let's be going. The dark will be upon us—and the bride walks at dark! We mustn't be here when she comes! Hark—that! her voice now! Don't you hear? She always comes a-singing, so that her lover may know when to meet her. Don't you hear?"

With her skeleton finger uplifted and her hollow gaze fixed on mine, the old creature stood and listened. A faint, sweet murmur that might have been the echo of distant song, or the pulsing of the summer air, thrilled the twilight silence.

"Don't you hear?" she cried, in terror. "Come away!"

And, half in awe myself, as I looked back at the gray ruins, over which the summer darkness was falling, I followed her across the green copse, through the moaning pine ridges and up the low doorway of her little hut. There was a light within, and we could see her daughter busy preparing our evening meal.

The old woman sat down upon the stone sill, and wiped the perspiration from her brow.

"We've run a risk," she said; "if we'd ha' lingered another half hour 'twould ha' been the last o' us. None ever lives as once sees the bride. One man was foolhardy enough to try it long ago; he waited and watched to see her come, and he was ne'er heard of again."

"She must be a terrible bride, then," I answered, sitting down beside her; "won't you tell me about her? Tell me the story from beginning to end. There is a story, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes; I've told it hundreds of times in my day. Listen, and you shall hear it. It all happened centuries ago, when the old church yonder was being built."

Then she continued: "A great gentleman came across the sea from England—Lord Culross by name. He lived in a great house down among the hills below there, and had no end o' servants, and dishes o' gold and silver to eat out of, and fine carriages to ride in; and his daughter was the grandest lady in the whole country, and the handsomest. She had a skin like the snow, and cheeks like primroses, and eyes like stars, and she wore gowns o' the finest silk ever worn.

"Well, Lord Culross meant to marry her to some great man who was to come across from England; but the Lady Diana—that was her name—what should she do but fall in love with the head architect, who was a-building the old church down yonder.

"He was a fine young fellow, but he come o' the people and wasn't over rich, and he daren't show himself at Lord Culross's great house; so every evening at twilight the Lady Diana she comes down to the church to meet him, and they walks up and down—talking o' their love, till the midnight stars were a-shining overhead.

"Lord Culross knows nothing about it, and he sends to England for the fine gentleman to come over and marry his daughter. And he comes, and puts a glittering ring on Lady Diana's finger, and the wedding day is fixed and the wedding finery a-making up—white silks and satins and laces, such as never was seen afore under the sun.

"And Lady Diana is afraid to say a word, but she goes on a-meeting her lover. Every evening at twilight she goes down to the church; and if he isn't there she falls to singing in her soft, sweet voice, and he hears her, and comes, and they walk up and down together.

"But at last the wedding-day comes, and the wedding feast is cooked, and all the grand wedding guests invited. And the wedding finery is all in readiness, and Lord Culross commands his daughter to get ready for her marriage. And she dare not disobey or open her mouth to tell him a word about the man she loves. So she sits white and still, like a ghost, while they robe her in the white silks and laces, and jewels, and then they lead her down the great staircase, and put her in the carriage, and the grand wedding party drives down to the new church. They are to be married there—the very first marriage before the new altar.

"A groom gallops ahead, to bid the head architect to have the bells in readiness to ring for the wedding, and he goes up on the dizzy steeple in a great hurry, to see for himself that all is right. He has heard nothing of the marriage, and has no dream that Lady Culross is to be the bride.

"But presently he looks down, just as the grand party comes dashing up; and he sees Lady Diana come walking up to the steps, all in her white silks and laces, with her white veil flowing to her feet, and she a-leaning on the arm of the fine English gentleman, and all in a minute it flashes through his mind what is going to be—that Lady Diana has played him false, and has come to church to be another man's bride.

"He grows blind and sick, and reels where he stands, and presently he falls headlong down from the dizzy steeple. He strikes the flagstones in the court-yard, right at Lady Diana's feet, as she comes sweeping up on her bridegroom's arm.

"She sees him, and knows him, and falls on her knees beside him, with an awful cry. The blood stains her white marriage robes, and the white roses in her hair fall out, and lie dabbled in a pool of red blood.

"They raise her up, and carry her off, for the wedding does not go on, and the poor lady lies in a swoon, and that night she dies, a-calling on her dead lover's name.

"The next day, when the men come to wash away the blood-stains from the flag-stones where the poor architect fell, they find that Lady Diana's bridal roses have taken root, and are growing betwixt the flag-stones in the court-yard, and instead of being white, they are blood red.

"That's the story of the bride's roses. And for hundreds and hundreds of years they have grown and bloomed in that same spot; and every night, as surely as the dark falls, the poor, broken-hearted lady comes a-singing, with her white laces, and her long marriage veil a-trailing and rustling, and she stoops down and gathers the red roses; but when the next morning comes they are blooming again as fresh as ever. Winter or Summer, the bride's roses never fail.

"They are emblems of her love."

A Dollhouse that Cost $3500.

The Chicago *Times* describes the costliest dollhouse in the world: It was erected by Thomas Lynch, Jr., for his little four-year-old daughter, at a cost of $3500, and is as complete as the wildest juvenile dream could wish it to be. It is built of brick, with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a reproduction of the great modern residence of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid oak front door, and an electric pushbell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house.

On this door, which, by the way, is four feet high, is the name of the proprietor on a silver slate, "Miss Lilla Lynch." There is a hall lighted by a multitude gas lamps suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hard woods. There are umbrella and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the parlor doors, and the parlor is fitted up in grand style. The furniture is all of white enameled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. There is an elegant mantel filled with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, and little lamps of the rarest patterns. A beautiful chandelier furnished with real gas hangs from the centre of the room. Centre tables, divans, easy chairs, sofas, etc., fill up the apartment. Dolls from Paris occupy positions here and there, just like real people.

Then there is a dining-room furnished complete, with sideboards, china closets, etc., of rich design. The bedroom is a marvel of beauty, and is replete with all conveniences. The ceiling in every room is 6 feet 2 inches high, and the upper stories are just big enough for four-year-olds to move about comfortably.

"The only thing I have to live for," said Mr. Lynch, "is the happiness of my wife and children. That is why I built this house."

An Ornithological Tragedy.

"Some young fellows," said General George A. Sheridan, "were telling stories and having a hilarious time. An old gentleman sat a little apart and seemed unable to join in their merriment. He was railed on his morose ness and requested to tell a story.

"'I don't know any stories in your vein, my young friend,' said he, 'but I will relate a little incident with a moral. There was once a little bird. He had flown about all one long cold day trying to find something to eat. But his search had been a complete failure, and late in the afternoon he flew home, weak and disconsolate, and climbed feebly on to his perch, about ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. He was nearly ready to drop when he detected a dead sheep which Providence had placed over in the bushes. He climbed down from his perch, hopped over and managed to climb up on the sheep. There he pecked and pecked and pecked away until his little craw was filled with nutritious, if unsavory, food. Then he felt much better. He flapped his wings and hopped nimbly about and finally flew back to his perch. Then his little throat swelled with gratitude, and he sang all the songs he knew and tried to sing several he didn't know, when a hunter came along, and, hearing the little bird, levelled his gun and shot him.'

"The old gentleman seemed to have finished his story. 'But the moral. What is the moral?' asked the young men.

"'The moral, my young friends, is: If you will eat carrion, don't crow over it.'"

Looking Ahead

Mrs. Gabb (useless)—Your little son doesn't appear to have much appetite.

Mrs. Gabb—No, he is quite delicate.

Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?

Little Man—No, 'm. You see, mom made me eat a hot biscuit one we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.—*New York Weekly.*

WHAT A "LOOKER" IS.

The Name by Which Salesgirls Know Some Shoppers.

They Make a Deal of Trouble and Seldom Buy Anything.

"Here comes a looker," said one New York saleswoman to another so loudly that her remark was overheard by a *Daily News* reporter, who was standing at a counter near by.

"Yes," said the person addressed, "and she's got a beau with her, too."

"Maybe she will buy something, then, just to show her young man what an economical shopper she is," said the first speaker.

The young lady who was evidently meant by the sales-girls was fine-looking, neatly dressed, and, as far as appearance went, was certainly worthy of attention. So, with some curiosity, the reporter asked the pretty girl waiting on him what was meant by calling that young lady a "looker."

"Why, don't you know?" said she, smiling. "How green you men are about shopping! Every woman knows that a 'looker' is a woman who simply looks at goods, doesn't expect to buy any, puts you to all the trouble she can, asks you to cut off a sample and then says she will call in again to-morrow. And so she does, to bother some one else.

"A looker," continued the saleswoman, "is usually to be found frequenting the large dry goods stores. Her visit is timed to that portion of the day when you are most busy and desirous of making your sales as large as possible in order to stand in well with the 'powers that be.'

"Then in comes a looker and wants to be shown the goods at once. How we hate her. Oh," said the girl impulsively to the reporter, "if we only dared talk to her as she deserved wouldn't she just catch it, though."

At this thought the shop girl's eyes fairly danced as if in anticipation of how she would get square for once and for all with the thoughtless lookers if she had but half a chance given her.

"The looker," resumed the girl, "is generally making a crazy quilt, or something or other, and belongs to the same class of young women who go around bothering young men for their neckties, and who feel deeply aggrieved if they don't instantly promise them their very best ties before they have done wearing them.

"She comes here for samples of silks and dress goods. 'Mamma wanted a sample and couldn't come out herself.' Or 'papa wanted to see what the goods would look like before I ordered the dress,' and so on. Finally we hit upon a scheme that put an end to the looker's using our samples of goods for fancy work. We cut the sample as narrow as possible and then clip a little piece out of the centre of the same to let the looker when she says, 'Oh, what did you do that for?' that we were only cutting our trade-mark into the goods in order that she might know from what store she procured them. That generally has the desired effect and gives the looker to understand that we are perfectly aware of what she wants the samples for, and don't intend to let any one make crazy quilts at our expense.

"Another species of looker is one who comes from a well-to-do family, and has nothing to do to kill time. She is not intellectual enough to read. It makes her head ache. 'Calling is a bore,' she yawns, and then she 'guesses' she will go shopping. She expects us to be pleasant and affable and so obliging. 'Show me this.' 'Now, show me that.' Everything must be hauled out for her inspection. Rarely she buys; makes us provoked, cross, angry and mad, until we wish that the whole tribe of 'lookers' could be turned, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt, and we could turn the hose on it and put an end to her forever."

Silver Prayer Books.

The average New York man, especially the one who does not attend services in a fashionable Episcopal church, has been taught something that he never knew before by the General Episcopal convention that was held in New York city recently. But unless he is blessed with riches, his new-found information will avail him nothing but regret. In the show windows of the large manufacturing silversmiths during the entire session of the convention there were displayed a dazzling collection of prayer books and hymnals bound in part or wholly in solid silver, quaintly fashioned and exceedingly rich in design.

The best known manufacturer of this line of goods exhibited his wares to a correspondent of the Indianapolis *News* the other morning and explained the growth of this peculiar industry.

"We first began binding prayer books in silver," he said, "about five years ago. Since then we have sold many thousands of volumes. We buy the books from English firms. They are remarkably strongly bound in leather, handsomely printed and finely finished. Then we mount them in metal. Here," he added, producing a prayer book and hymnal bound together by a cover of solid silver with a floral design of gold in bas relief, "is a pretty trifle that costs $200. Rather heavy, it weighs over a pound, but it is neat and very fashionable. No, we have not sold many of this style, but of those that run from forty to seventy-five dollars we have had a large trade. We have a larger style that weighs two pounds, and is a marvel of skillful work, but we have not sold six copies in two years. It is too heavy for practical use, but it makes a beautiful parlor ornament. The little prayer books that come in leather with silver corners and edges, range from twelve to fifty dollars, and have had a great run, both in and out of town."

"What will you do with your old stock now that the convention has made some changes in the text?"

"Those that are bound in leather and silver will not be changed save by the introduction of a single leaf noting the convention's changes. But those that are bound wholly in silver are all right. The books can be slipped out of the silver covers and replaced by new editions at a trifling cost, comparatively speaking. It is now too late to make new stock for this winter's trade. We will manage to get along with those we have in stock, and next year we will come out with new books in newer and more elegant bindings than have ever been seen."

Longfellow's Memory.

About 1856 an Englishman of letters, Mr. Kingston, visited this country. While in Boston he took occasion to call upon the poet Longfellow with letters introductory from mutual acquaintances in England. As he describes the interview in his "Western Wanderings" it must have been very gratifying to the visitor.

"We were soon discussing books and writers of books the leading spirits of our two great countries. After talking for a few minutes he stopped short and said: 'I am certain of it; we have met before—many years ago, though.

"'When can that have been? I must own that I have no recollection of your countenance; for me, from being near-sighted, countenances don't make much impression on me,' I replied.

"'Did you not cross from Ostend to London one night in September, 1842? And did you not spend the first part of it on deck, as the cabin was crowded?' he asked.

"'I am pretty certain that I did undoubtedly, about that time, and I think I made a note in my diary that I had met on board a very agreeable American, with whom I had much conversation, but little thought I who it was!' I exclaimed, gratified at being so recognized."

Formula for Buying a Horse.

A friend of mine, who is a greenhorn in the matter of horseflesh, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was anxious to purchase a horse, but was mortally afraid of being taken in. He tried to persuade an acquaintance experienced in such matters to accompany him to inspect an animal that was on sale at a horse dealer's establishment. "There's no occasion," said the latter, "for me to accompany you. All you have to do is to seem knowing. When you get to the place put your hands in your pockets and your stick under your arm, and in an off hand manner say, 'Groom, run him down. Now then, pull him up and let him walk;' then in a knowing but doubtful tone, 'Open his mouth. What did you say his age was? I think he's a little long in the tooth. Seven years did you say he was? I should call him 10 or 11 years old. Oh, he's a very cobby little chap; but I think you're asking out of the way.'" My friend found the above an excellent formula.

A Delicate Palate.

According to the chef of the Grand Hotel in London, the French and the Russians understand the art of eating better than any other nation. By way of illustration the chef told this story: "Bouillibaisse is a famous Marseillaise dish of fish, garlic and all manner of curious ingredients, which you may be sure is seldom asked for in a London hotel. One day we had a Russian gentleman among our guests and he asked for a dish of bouillibaisse. I made it. He ate it. 'Is it right, sir?' asked the waiter. 'It wants something.' In the Mediterranean is a certain shell fish which is always used in preparing the dish and which I not unnaturally did not possess. Not one person in a thousand would have noticed the difference. You see, the Russian's palate recognized even the nuance."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Sir John Lubbock has just discovered that the death rate in London is 16¾ per 1000 as against 17½ in other English cities.

A grocer in Jersey City, N. J., had been complained of to the county board of health for selling sunburned potatoes. The complainant alleged that such potatoes are poisonous.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," has invented a steel railroad cross tie which, if it is as successful as the inventor claims it will be, will revolutionize railroad construction.

A big kaleidoscope which revolves for several minutes for the benefit of the person who drops a nickel in the slot with which it is provided is the latest production in this prolific line.

The oldest medical work, an Egyptian papyrus dating from 1500 years or more before Christ, and containing prescriptions then old, has been translated by George Ebers, the German novelist.

The increased binding power of cement due to the addition of sugar is thought to be due more to mechanical than chemical causes, as sugar retards rather than accelerates the setting of the cement.

A further step toward the artificial production of the diamond has been made by passing an electric current through carbon electrodes in a cell containing fine white sand and electrolyte, the whole being under considerable pressure.

While all races have a general similarity in the proportion of the height of the head to the whole body, the yellow races have comparatively "big" heads. Women, moreover, in all races, other things being equal, have bigger heads than men.

Experiments recently made in France with a view to discovering the vitality of trichinæ show that even when exposed to a temperature of 20 degrees to 25 degrees below zero for about two hours the little animals become merely as lively as ever on a return to normal temperature.

Fish meat, according to Professor Atwater's researches, does not contain more phosphorus than ordinary butcher's meat. The benefit which certain workers are said to derive from a diet of fish should therefore be referred, not to the phosphorus, but to the greater digestibility of the fish.

Aluminum is developing a value in another field of usefulness—the manufacture of ship plate. A plate of which ten per cent. of it is used possesses great strength, will take a high polish, and is absolutely proof against the corroding action of sea-water and the adherence of barnacles, sea grass, and other similar matter. Gun barrels made of this alloy will not rust.

The native Egyptian is an extremely good subject for surgical operation. Clot Bey, the founder of modern medicine in Egypt, says that "it requires as much surgery to kill one Egyptian as seven Europeans. In the native hospitals, the man whose thigh has been amputated at two o'clock is sitting up and lively at six." Shock is almost entirely unknown, and dread of an impending operation quite an exception.

Professor G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College, has a small flint-stone idol, recently brought up by a sand-pump in Boise City, Idaho, from a depth of 320 feet beneath the surface of the earth. He and many other scientists think it is the oldest mark of human life that has yet been discovered, and believe it to be the work of the mound-building man. It shows its great age by the peculiar coating of sesquioxide of iron that covers it.

The Murderer in the Jury Box.

During the assizes at Exeter, England, some years ago, Sir James Pure, chief justice of the court of common pleas, presided at a trial for murder. The evidence left no doubt of the guilt of the man in the dock. To the great surprise of the judge and the public, the jury acquitted him. So utterly wrong appeared the verdict, that it is said the judge called the foreman of the jury to his private room to ask him on what grounds he had discharged the prisoner. The foreman said: "I am going to tell you something which you must not reveal for three days." The judge assented to this. "Well, sir," continued the foreman, "I am the man who committed the murder. It was not the man who was tried this morning. From knowing all the circumstances of the case, I pointed out the various discrepancies in the evidence, and got them to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Tomorrow I leave for America. I make this confession to you in case anybody else should be charged with this murder."

He was not heard of again. It was said by some that the real murderer got himself placed on the jury purposely to acquit the man charged with his crime.

The Lighthouse.

High lifted on the island cliff
Its lantern fronts the sea,
And sendeth forth a fine, straight ray
Of dazzling light to me—
A slender line of shimmering shine
Across night's gloomy sea.

It is the path set for my eyes
To travel to the light
And warm their darkness in the blaze,
And be made glad and bright.
None other may on oh just that ray
Or have the self same sight.

And yet, a hundred other eyes
Beat on that central blaze,
Find each its separate, shining path,
Its line of guiding rays
And all eyes meet in concord sweet
By all these differing ways.

No voice shall say, "The Light is mine,
All other eyes are dim"
Nor hand the glory hold or hide
Which streams to me and him
Some claim or some disclaim its law
More than belongs to him:

O Light of Truth, which lightereth all,
And sheweth all aright,
What favored soul or souls shall say,
Mine is the only sight
Each hath his own, to him made known
And all lead unto God.

—*Susan Coolidge in Indep.*

RUMOROUS.

A second story—Acknowledging the corset.

A tender recollection—The orchid's memory of the time when he was so severely strapped.

Fond Mother—Oh, John, the baby can walk! Cruel Father—Good! He can walk the floor with himself at night, then.

Speaking of the hopeless fire in the Ancient merchant marine, it is in order to remark that a little smack might develope into a coal-ship.

Mrs. Brown—What prompted that bold young man to kiss you at the door last night? Cora—Why, ma, I don't think he needed any prompting.

"My goodness!" said she. "That's hardly worth mentioning," said her spiteful neighbor, in her spiteful way. And now they never speak as they pass by.

The failure of a Philadelphia woolen firm is said to be due to the fact that the boxes wouldn't take basic paper. Some all-wool suits will doubtless be the result.

"Where do all the pins go?" asks a contemporary. That is the question that bothers the man who puts around in his bare feet [illegible] for the night. We [illegible] know is where all the pins go to.

It having been demonstrated that the quality of chewing gum is improved with age, it would now be interesting to know if a good deal of it can be chewed up without allowing it to come in contact with a neighbor's garden.

Tonsorial item.—Judge (who is bald-headed)—I hold that if a witness testifies against you in court your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

New York's New Croton Aqueduct.

From an article in the *Century* on the above subject, we quote the following: "Compared with other tunnels, the new aqueduct is easily at the head of all works of a like character in the world. The cities of Chicago and Cleveland are each supplied with water through tunnels extending out into a lake. The first Chicago tunnel is 5 feet in diameter and 10 567 feet long. The second tunnel is 7 feet in diameter and 31 490 feet long. The Cleveland tunnel is only 5 feet in diameter and 6664 feet long. All of these tunnels were laid in comparatively soft materials. The Baltimore water supply includes a rock tunnel, twelve feet in diameter and seven miles long, and is lined with brick-work for about two miles. The old Roman aqueducts were several of them longer than the Croton Aqueduct, but they were all very small, and were merely masonry conduits a few feet in diameter. The Liverpool water supply is conveyed by an aqueduct about twice as long as the Croton Aqueduct, but it is mainly a surface aqueduct, there being only a little tunnel work. A portion of the aqueduct is merely a pipe line. The supply is from a reservoir, formed like that at Croton or at Sodom, by building a dam across a narrow gorge in a valley among the mountains in Wales. The dam is larger than that at Sodom, being 136 feet high, while that at Sodom is only 78 feet. Compared with the proposed dam it will be small, as the new dam is to be over 200 feet high, and will be the highest dam in the world. The aqueduct tunnel, when compared with railroad tunnels, is a little smaller in diameter than the three most famous tunnels, but is very much longer. The Hoosac Tunnel is only 24 000 feet long, the Mont Cenis is 8 miles long, and the St. Gothard 9¾ miles long, while the new Croton Aqueduct, as we have seen, is nearly 30 miles long."