

The Closing Year.

When chimneys no more smoke hold,
For that the swallows all are gone;
When winds be calm, blowing cold
From sailing ships and the wet down...

MAT'S HUSBAND.

By E. L. KETCHUM.

She doubtless had a woman's reason
For marrying him. That kind of reason
May not satisfy other people, but
It is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called
"various" by his Texan neighbors.
O. I. Hill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself
not a very energetic or useful citizen...

Nominally, Sam was a cowboy; but
most of the time he would tell you
he was "jes' layin' off a spell," rest up
like.

He had always been just so—distinguished
for laziness in an easy-going
community—and nobody expected him
ever to be otherwise; and it puzzled
him immensely when energetic,
capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for
"reg'lar company," to say nothing of
the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably
had some reason for marrying
Sam; but it is quite certain that reason
was Sam was tall, and big, and
handsome in his careless, slouchy way;
he had always managed, no one knew
how, to wear good clothes, too. These
facts, and his perennial good-nature
and friendly ways, were the only
points in his favor. Against him
were the points so forcibly taken by
his father-in-law, and, also, that he
got drunk whenever he could possibly
do so, and was, morally, so weak that
any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along, no
one but Mat knew. Once in a great
while Sam would do some work and
earn a few dollars. If he got home
with it without stopping at the saloon,
well and good. But if ever than not,
he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip o'
two," and that would settle it. As
such times, he would stay and buy
drinks for everybody present while
his money lasted. Then he would
come home in a maudlin, fearful state
of intoxication, and invent some tale
to account for his condition and the
disappearance of his money, winding
up with the promise never to let it
happen again. And Mat would pretend
that she believed him, and would
stroke his curly head until he felt
astounded. Then she would look at the
handsome scamp for a few minutes
with love unutterable in her eyes—the
girded eyes back of which were a world
of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firmest
mouth and weary look might indicate
ever so much, but her lips never
expressed it. And Sam gradually
grew more and more useless and shiftless,
trusting to his wife's ready wit
and fertility of resource to carry them
both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places, too.
Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars
at the saloon, and Mat found
some means to pay the debts—only
herself knew how. But the second
time she informed the saloon man that
he must trust Sam no more. And,
besides these things, to live—how did
they do it? Nobody could guess.
Perhaps even Mat herself could not
have told; yet five they did—or,
rather, existed—and, for the most
part, kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never
for very long. He always found some
excuse for leaving a place within a
few days. He could almost always
find another job easily enough, for he
was an excellent "hand" when he
chose to be—but he did not hasten
about finding a new job when he had
given one up; not until they were
reduced to the very last straits could
Mat get him to leaving work again.

One day, Sam left home for a ranch
about thirty-five miles distant, where
he heard they wanted help. Two days
passed—three—four—five—and no
word came from him. Mat was not a
little worried, although Sam had
often been away for two weeks at a
time without sending word to her.
But this time it was different; there

was no excuse for his not sending a
message, as the stage came by the
ranch he had gone to three times a
week. If he had found work there,
as he expected, he could easily have
could easily have notified her. So
late in the afternoon of the fifth day,
she threw her shawl over her head and
went down to her father's to find if
they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the
doorway talking to a couple of strangers.

"No," he was saying, "they haint
b'en no person 'long yere las' few
days, but what b'longs yere. Mobb,
though, he mout a b'en seed over yere
' Bacon's. Ben thar? No? Wa-ah,
my boy's comin' in 'm thar purty
soon, an' he c'n tell ye. Come in an'
feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with
the supper, and during the course of
the meal learned that the two strangers
were officers trailing a horse-thief,
who had stolen a valuable horse at a
ranch forty miles east and sold it at
Pickett Station, and who was believed
to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation,
a sudden nameless fear came upon her,
making her feel faint and ill. As
soon as supper was over, she took her
shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to
find the door open. She entered
hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and
breathing stertorously. He had evidently
been drinking, as his clothes
were scattered about the floor, and
Mat, looking out the back door, could
see his pony standing patiently where
Sam had left him, waiting for some
one to come and feed him. Mat
leaned over the sleeping man and
kissed him gently, her eyes full of
love. Then she turned to pick up his
clothes and put them away. The
trousers were heavy, and something
jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively
Mat thrust her hand into it,
and drew it forth, clasping several
gold pieces. As she did so her eyes
opened wide, and she stood as if
stunned. For a time, her heart chilled
with the same strange fear that had
stricken her awhile ago and impelled
her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook
Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam! wake
up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at
her stupidly. "Hio, M-Mat! Yere,
be-ye? Gimme kiss," he said, in a
dull tone.

"Not twell ye tells me whar ye done
got these yere things!" Mat's voice
sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head,
looking at her in drunken wonder.
"W-why, them—them thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely, and said in
a hoarse tone—a tone of earnest force:
"Feed me, Sam Toms, whar ye done
got these yere coins! Quick, now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man,
whose eyes opened wider as he asked,
operatively:
"Whar ye so all-fired fussy 'bout?
I can't do nothin'." And he
laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous
way.

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes
she had guessed the truth. Slowly
the coins fell from her hand to the
floor; slowly her head bent forward
until her face touched the pillow. For
minutes she did not move—not until
Sam, who had been staring at her
wonderingly, reached out his big hand
and laid it caressingly on her head.
Then she sprang to her feet, her hot
eyes glaring, and her form trembling
with anger and horror. She did not
speak, but fixed her gaze on his face
for a few seconds. He did not meet
her look, and, presently, she turned
and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after
her, but she did not answer. He got
out of bed slowly and started to dress
himself. He had almost finished,
when Mat, accompanied by her father
and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an' 'taw's th' money,"
she said, and passed on out through
the back door, without looking at
Sam.

There was a jail at the cross roads;
it was a primitive affair, but solid and
substantial. It was a dugout in the
side hill, and had a heavy oak door
and great steel hinges and lock. It
was plenty strong enough to hold a
dozen men, all anxious to escape, and
Sam Toms did not try to escape. He
only sat still in the low, damp,
darksome room and tried to understand
how it had all happened. It must be
a drunken dream—but no, he was
almost sober, and knew where he was
and how and why he was there. But—
he could not understand. Had Mat—
was it really Mat who had given

him up? There must be some mis-
take.
The big strong man finally began to
realize it all. He lay down on the
bunk and cried himself to sleep, like
a child.

It must have been about one o'clock
in the morning when some one silent-
ly entered the house of old Bill Bunn,
constable. This some one entered by
the back door, went stealthily into the
room where Bill and his wife slept,
rummaged about a few minutes, and
then emerged from the house. It was
a woman, and she had something in
her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened, a little
after this, by a rattling, jarring sound.
He sprang up, just as the big oaken
doors swung back and revealed the
figures of a woman and two saddle-
horses.

"I come f'r ye, Sam," said the wo-
man, with a sob. "I done bring both
poules an' ou' clo's. Le's go, Sam;
we c'n git 'cross th' rivah beto' mawn-
in'." Come!"

He clasped her in his arms, and they
clung to each other a little while.
Then Mat said, more steadily:
"Come, Sam. Le's go ova'h 't Mex-
ico—an' mebbe we c'n try 'n do bet-
ova'h thar."

And they rode forth in the bright,
free moonlight, down toward the Rio
Grande—into a new and better life.—
—The Argonaut.

A Wonderful Machine.

C. M. Spencer, whose inventions
some time ago much simplified the
making of screws, has, with A. H.
Eddy, President of the Eddy Electric
Company, recently invented and com-
pleted a machine which is believed to
be as far ahead of his other inventions
as they were ahead of the old hand
machines. The new machine, says
the Hartford (Conn.) Courant, is in
successful operation, and every test of
it has proved highly satisfactory. Human
ingenuity, it would seem, can
develop screw machinery no further.

The machine will take the wire from
a coil, head the screw, cut the threads,
cut off the screw from the coil and
make the slot. No machine has been
invented before that will do all this.
It does without any additional
handling of material what before this
present invention was always done by
two or three machines. Besides, it
separates the finished screws from the
slavings, depositing them clean and
bright in a receptacle placed to re-
ceive them. All other machines have
to be fed with the straightened wire,
the rods being about 10 feet long.
The last two or three inches of every
rod are wasted. With this machine
the only waste is at the end of each
coil, two or three inches, and the coil
may be 400 or 500 feet long.

The advantage of feeding from a
coil is not only in saving of waste,
but also in the saving of labor. Put
on a coil of wire, start the machine,
and it will attend to itself. The operator
can attend to other duties if he
likes, and when he returns he will
find a lot of completed screws, the
little machine being still at work and
attending strictly to business.

Simplicity is the ruling feature of
this machine and the impression pro-
duced in watching it work is the wonder
that no one ever invented it be-
fore. It is safely covered with patents,
of course. In other machines the wire
is revolved rapidly against the tools
and die. In this the wire is held in
the same position throughout the pro-
cess and is carried by an arm against
the different instruments, which operate
upon it until the completed screw
is turned out.

The Gun Not Needed.
A certain doctor in northern Maine
is noted for his love of hunting, and
he is reckoned a pretty good shot.
During an epidemic not long ago a
well-known lumberman (now de-
ceased) had the misfortune to have
several of his men quite sick, and one
of them being in a dangerous con-
dition, the lumberman started in haste
for this doctor. Now our medical
friend is sometimes quite slow in get-
ting ready for his trips, and on this
occasion, after being called, he was
usually so. Suddenly the thought
came to him that he was to go so far
into the woods he might see some
game, and stepping to the door where
the nervous lumberman was impatient-
ly waiting, he inquired, "Say, don't
you think I had better take my gun
along?" "Gun? no!" was the excited
reply, "the man will be dead enough
before you can get there."—Lewiston
Journal.

A young man who lost both his legs
a year ago while saving a girl from
being run over at a station on a French
railway is about to marry the girl,
daughter of a wealthy silk manufac-
turer.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WHEN SHE WAS THREE YEARS OLD.
If I were Three,
And had a pink shell for an eye,
And trod everything my eyes could see;
Then I should love, and laugh, and never
hat.

If I were Three,
With just a curled-up rooster for a mouth,
And all a mother's love for rest only;
Should not care if wind blew north or
south.

If I were Three,
And all my pet asked for was a kiss,
And he protested that he loved but me;
I think I'd give him one, when he brought
this.

If I were Three,
—[Price Collier, in St. Nicholas.

A QUAIL'S NEST
After we had inspected the young
hawks, a neighbor of my friend offered
to conduct us to a quail's nest, writes
John Burroughs. Anything in the
shape of a nest is always welcome, it
is such a mystery, such a centre of
interest and affection, and, if upon the
ground, is usually something so faintly
and exquisite amid the natural wreck-
age and confusion. A ground nest
seems so exposed, too, that it always
gives a little thrill of pleasurable sur-
prise to see the group of frail eggs
resting there behind so slight a bar-
rier. I will walk a long distance any
day just to see a song-sparrow's nest
amid the stubble or under a tuft of
grass. It is a jewel in a rosset of
jewels, with a frill of weeds or turf.

A quail's nest I had never seen, and
to be shown one within the bounding-
ground of this murderous hawk would
be a double pleasure. Such a quiet,
secluded, grass-grown highway as we
moved along was itself a rare treat.
Sequestered was the word that the
little valley suggested, and peace the
feeling the road evoked. The farmer-
whose fields lay about us, half grown
with weeds and bushes, evidently did
not make stir or noise enough to dis-
turb anything. Beside this rustic
highway, bounded by old mossy stone
walls, and within a stone's throw of
the farmer's barn, the quail had made
her nest. It was just under the edge
of a prostrate thorn-bush.

"The nest is right there," said the
farmer, pausing within 10 feet of it,
and pointing to the spot with his
stick.

In a moment or two we could make
out the mottled brown plumage of the
sitting bird. Then we approached he-
cautiously till we bent over her.

She never moved a feather.
Then I put my cane down in the
brush behind her. We wanted to see
the eggs, yet did not want rudely to
disturb the sitting hen.

She would not move.
Then I put down my hand within a
few inches of her; still she kept her
place. Should we have to lift her or
bodily?

Then Miss E— put down her
hand, probably the prettiest and the
whitest hand the quail had ever seen.
At least it startled her and off she
sprang, uncovering such a crowded
nest of eggs as I had never before be-
held. Twenty-one of them! a ring or
disk of white like a china tea-saucer.
You could not help saying how pretty,
how cunning, like baby hen's eggs, as
if the bird was playing at setting as
children play at housekeeping.

If I had known how crowded her
nest was, I should not have dared
disturb her, for fear she would break
some of them. But not an egg suffered
harm by her sudden flight; and no
harm came to the nest afterward.
Every egg hatched, I was told, and
the little chicks, hardly bigger than
bumblebees, were led away by the
mother into the fields.—[St. Nicholas.

The Coulees of the Columbia.
In Washington a coulee is a ravine
that a river has worn for itself and
then abandoned for another course.
The coulees of the Columbia River
are immense ravines worn out of the
basaltic rock with perpendicular walls
on either side from 1000 to 1500 feet
high. Through this region the Great
Northern Railroad runs. Not long
ago an Indian approached a gang of
railroad laborers working in Salmon
coulee with a great piece of ice
wrapped in a blanket, which he of-
fered for sale. The workmen in-
stituted a search in the direction from
which he had come and soon found a
cold stream trickling through the shell
rock, and farther up the ice beds were
found. They were formed among the
masses of shell rock by the melting
snow in winter, the water running
down among the rocks and freezing
at night. Ice remains there perpetu-
ally and in large quantities.—[Boston
Transcript.

Cattlemen's war in Wyoming is still
smouldering.

GREAT RIDERS

Matchless Horsemanship of the Cossacks of Russia.

Soldiers Who Can Outride the Circus Performer.

A tribe of people known centuries
ago as the wild Kazaks of Duleper
and the Don, freebooters, as the name
implies in the Tartar tongue, has
gradually been brought under rigid
military rule, so that at the present
day the descendants of this restless,
warfaring race furnish the Russian
empire with one of the most valuable
elements of the national army. Their
career as freebooters came to an end
under the reign of Ivan IV., and since
then they have rendered excellent ser-
vice as scouts and skirmishers, and
their good offices in the protection of
the frontiers from the Caucasus to
China are almost invaluable.

They are light-armed soldiers, and,
according to a writer in the Post-Dis-
patch, above all, artists on the horse.
They ride their horses as easily bare-
back without saddle or bridle as with
the usual equipments, and always at
the briskest trot or the wildest gallop.
The "Djigitovka," as they call their
military code, which prescribes the
many hazardous exercises practised by
the Cossacks, is calculated to fit the
young cadets, the "Djigitas," for the
hardest and most perilous service ren-
dered by this branch of the Russian
army. When the cadet has gone
through the intricacies of the Djigitovka,
at which time he has attained his
21st year, he has lost all sense of
difficultly or fear and enters upon his
active regimental service for four
years.

Among the most commonplace exer-
cises which the code prescribes are
hurdle racing on the part of the men
armed with sword and gun; shooting
in every imaginable position, as turn-
ing backward in the saddle or using
the horse as a bulwark to fire from
behind. The latter exercise is particu-
larly interesting. The Cossacks
approach at a mad gallop, come to a
sudden stop and jump from their
horses, while the latter, trained as
carefully as the men, lie down with-
out a word of command and protect
their riders with their flanks.

The Djigitovka is divided into two
kinds of exercises, the arbitrary and
the voluntary. The latter embraces a
line of feats of which the best profes-
sional circus rider need not be ashamed.
The men jump to the ground and back
on their horses as they gallop madly
along; they bend way down and lift
objects from the ground as they tear
over the open fields; they jump from
one horse to another while the latter
goes at full speed, or they slide along
standing upright in the saddle and
throwing the spear. In the latter
case the Cossack stands really in his
stirrups, which have been previously
crossed back and forth to bring them
on a level with the saddle. Standing
on their heads while charging over an
open field is by no means an unusual
exercise. One shoulder pressed against
the saddle, the Cossack maintains his
equilibrium by clatching the stirrups
with both hands.

The ambulance service with the Cos-
sack regiments is limited to manual
help. Two mounted men on horses
will hold a wounded comrade between
them to remove him from the battle-
field. Besides these wonderful feats
of individual horsemanship the Cos-
sacks execute exploits in groups,
such as a daring rider carrying a com-
rade on his shoulders to fire at high
range.

Cossack military training comprises
two chief branches, that of handling
the horse, and using either sword or
gun with equal facility and to the
greatest disadvantage of the enemy.
While the regular code exercises are
hazardous enough, the voluntary ones
are always accompanied by great risk
and danger, and energy and dauntless-
ness are as necessary elements as sup-
pleness of limb. Much depends also
upon the horses, and, because men
and animals differ materially in point
of natural aptitude, the latter exercises
are not required generally but can be
chosen at will, although the hardest
and most vigorous cadets are encour-
aged very liberally to go through them
and personal rivalry has much to do
with developing marvellously fearless
Cossacks for his majesty, the czar.

Accidents, which are bound to oc-
cur now and then, do not diminish
the number of candidates for that
course of military training. A Rus-
sian proverb says, "Those who cut
wood must not mind if the chips fly,"
and General Zeydlitz's reply to his
royal master has become proverbial
among the Cossacks. "How is it,"
asked the czar, "that so many men in

your regiment break their necks?"
"Your majesty," answered Zeydlitz,
"if you desire it it shall be stopped,
but in that case I will not be responsi-
ble for the conduct of the regiment
when it faces the enemy."

Portugal's Capital.

The earthquake and tidal wave that
destroyed Lisbon in 1755 gave the city
a reputation which it has since never
lost. There are few geographical
names more familiar to the schoolboy
and to the general reader. To avoid
the recurrence of a similar catastrophe
the Government established a uniform
architectural design that will permit
the exterior walls of masonry to fall
without drawing with them the inter-
ior of the building, of which they
are independent. Two houses are al-
ways built together, and when the
framework is entirely finished and
solidified the walls are put around the
structure. The Lisbon houses receive
the light only in front and in the rear.
In the middle is a sort of court per-
fectly dark.

This method of construction is at
least a partial explanation of the uni-
form appearance of the city, to which
the architects have found it almost im-
possible to give greater variety.
Though the streets of Lisbon are com-
monplace, and its public places with
their ornaments inferior to those of
other great capitals, the situation of
the city on the Tagus and its fine back-
ground of hills give it a noble aspect.
The streets on the hills seem quiet af-
ter the quays, with their fishermen,
hurry of business and the noisy street
railroads, of which the number is con-
siderable. On the great avenues the
shops are brilliant with their display
of foreign goods, and curious for the
display of native laces and jewelry.

To see the people, however, it is
necessary, as in Spain, to visit the
bull-fights, where all classes, massed
in a great arena, present a chaos of
irregular and brilliant color. The
gallegos with their green caps, the
fishermen with their red berets, the
peasants with broad-brimmed hats and
many colored garments, and the fish-
women, decked with great ornaments
like idols, mingled with the upper
classes, who were showily, though not
so gaudily dressed. As in Spain, the
bullfight is the crowning sight, having
been seen which the stranger leaves
the country willingly, as if there was
nothing more to be seen.—[San Fran-
cisco Chronicle.

Bees and Their Business End.
Scarcely a summer passes in which
children are not fatally injured by
bees. A paragraph sent by the Lon-
don Standard's Paris correspondent
gives a striking illustration of the
deadly power of bees when assembled
in sufficient numbers. At Mantes,
Lucien Petit, seventeen years of age,
while driving in a cart drawn by a
horse and donkey, passed a garden in
which there were some forty bee-
hives.

Whether from the excessive heat, or
some other cause, the bees swarmed
out on the approach of the cart, and
the hat just had time to jump down
and take refuge in the ditch full of
water when they attacked the team.
Maddened by the myriad of stings, the
poor animals galloped away at a
furious rate, followed by the bees.
The donkey soon succumbed, and the
horse survived only a very short time.
The lad in the ditch witnessed that
extraordinary scene, trembling with
fear. When the horse and donkey
were dead, the cloud of bees flew
back to their hives, and Lucien Petit,
taking courage, crept out of the ditch
run off to Mantes, where, it can easily
be imagined, his story was scarcely
credited.

A Fortunate Find.
I. N. Locke of Wayne County was
formerly an active trader. In May,
1872, he was in Chicago, and bought
a lot for a small sum. He put the
deed in an envelope and placed it in
his pocket with other papers. A few
days afterwards, while getting into
his buggy, he lost the envelope and all
its contents. He advertised for it, but
reaily cared only for the notes, think-
ing the lot of little value. John
Ritchey, a victim of softening of the
brain, was wandering aimlessly on the
street the day Locke lost his papers.
He found them and laid them away,
and even after his death no notice
was taken of the supposed worthless
papers. About ten days ago John
Ritchey found the package and gave it
to Mr. Locke, and through his attor-
neys his claim has been established.
Had the deed remained concealed a
few days longer the twenty years
would have expired and no claim
would have been allowable. It is a
lot on the boulevard addition, and
the parties occupying it have given Mr.
Locke \$20,000 for a quitclaim.—[Lu-
diansopolis News.

A Parable.

"Who sang the song that thrilled my soul
last night?"
Queried the King. His courtiers bowing
low:
Before the throne with gold and gems
alight,
Answered him, musing: "Sire, we do not
know."

"We heard the song. It echoes in our
heart!—
The singer from our vision passed away:
We deemed him only of his song a part;—
And then—it is so long since yesterday!"

The singer heard, nor hearing felt regret;
What could it matter where their praise
might fall?
The song, at least, they did not quite forget.
Naught is the singer, but the song is all.
—[May Lennox, in Independent.

HUMOROUS.

With the accountant it is always
summer time.
A man who is in society and wants
to keep in must be constantly going
out.

Sam Pathizer—You look run down,
old man. Kant Helpt—I am. My
creditors are after me every where.

It isn't considered good form for a
physician to tell his bachelior patient
that something is the matter with his
liver.

"Who won that long-distance walk-
ing match?" "Spriggins." "He did;
who was his trainer?" "His 10-month
old baby."

Ralph—There is one thing I notice
that every girl likes to have her finger
in. Robert—What is that? Ralph—
An engagement ring!

See how the wind will whistle,
but let us still be gay.
For it cannot whistle "Comrades"
Or "Tarara Boom-de-ay."

"That wallpaper has a very cold
look," said a customer to a dealer.
"Well, you see it is intended for a
frieze," was the dealer's reply.

Mr. Youngwife—My dear, the bank
in which my money is deposited has
broken. Mrs. Y.—What a mercy
you've got your checkbook at home,
love!

Lieutenant Thorpe—Were you pre-
sent when Meynell died? What were
his last words? Lieutenant Foley—
He hadn't any—his wife was with him
at the time.

"The mean things that are said
about women," said a very nice man
to me today, "are just as likely to be
outrages as the nice things which are
said about the men."

First Orator—Everyone thought you
were very happy in your speech to-
night. Second Orator—Ah! First
Orator—Yes; everybody said you
loved to hear yourself talk.

Miss Greenleaf—I have just been
reading a book called How Men Pro-
pose. What is your opinion on that
subject? Miss Brownleaf—Simply
that they don't do any such thing.

Featherstone—What did you leave
your suburban boarding place, for?
I thought your landlady was going to
be like a mother to you. Ringway—
She was. She wanted me to sleep in
a cradle.

Paint from Cottonseed Oil.
A new paint, which is said to be
specially useful for the protection of
metallic surfaces, is prepared from
cottonseed oil. A gallon of pure cot-
tonseed oil is put into a suitable iron
vessel and twenty pounds of melted
lead poured into it. After a thorough
stirring the lead separates into glob-
ules, and when the oil has been poured
off after cooling, there are found to
be about seventeen of the twenty
pounds of lead remaining, the other
three pounds having been absorbed by
the oil. On the lead which has been
employed being again melted, and the
operation being repeated to the fifth
pouring—the amount of lead being
less at each succeeding pouring—the
total quantity of lead absorbed is about
ten pounds. The oil thus charged
with the lead is then used as a paint,
being employed in the usual manner
for metallic surfaces.—[Veayue.

Quite Appropriate.
A book pedler, who was wearing a
small circular piece of court plaster on
his face, removed it while shaving, a
few mornings since, and replaced it
when his toilet was complete.

Contrary to his usual experience, as
he went about his business during the
rest of the day, he was everywhere
received with smiles, which grew
broader and broader, until at last
somebody laughed in his face. Led
by this to look in the glass, he was
somewhat taken aback to discover
that, instead of the court plaster, he
had affixed to his face a little round
printed label which had fallen from
the back of a new mantel clock pur-
chased the day before, and which bore
the appropriate inscription, "War-
ranted solid brass."—[Yankee Blade.