

The British Government proposes to build a very extensive barracks at Halifax, which, in case of war, would be occupied by troops on their way to India by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The site for these barracks has already been selected.

The farm products of Vermont this season will realize \$30,000,000, which, declares the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the best year's showing for the Green Mountain State farmers since the war. Improved methods of culture are largely credited with the prosperity.

Musical therapeutics is a subject that is attracting considerable attention among physicians and philosophers in London, where an attempt is being made to introduce music as a medicine for the sick in the hospitals, and several American physicians are also studying the idea. Herbert Spencer was recently consulted in the matter, and gave it as his opinion that exhilarating rather than solemn music would produce the best results.

The report comes from the village of Llanon, Cardiganshire, Wales, that the rector of the parish, the Rev. William Herbert, lately entertained 500 of his parishioners at a "tea," in commemoration of the recovery of his eyesight in his ninety-fifth year. He is the oldest clergyman in Wales, and had held the living at Llanon for half a century. He became blind six years ago, and resigned his charge. Lately he underwent an operation for cataract, which proved entirely successful, and he is now able once more to read the service in his church.

In excavating the Casa Grande ruins in Eastern Arizona with a view to repairing the walls, Messrs. Stouger & White find the cement foundations as hard as when they were laid, which was, perhaps, 1000 years ago. The mystery is, marvels the New York Post, how the builders, with the materials to be found in the desert, were able to make a cement as hard as the celebrated Portland. The oldest writing discovered in the ruins is the name of "P. Weaver, 1831," which was evidently scratched by that famous trapper, long since dead, who lives, like Daniel Boone, in tradition.

"Banks in the residence districts of this city," states the New York Observer, "are becoming very numerous. These banks do a very large business with women. One of them, the Fifth Avenue Bank, is known as 'The Women's Bank.' Of its \$5,250,000 of deposits, over two-thirds represents the money of three thousand women customers. It is said that the bank finds this business so profitable that it actually pays one hundred per cent. annual dividends, and its stock is worth more than that of any other bank in this city, with the exception of the Chemical and the First National."

It is said that a few years ago some of the members of foreign legations in Washington gave the police no end of trouble. They knew that they could not be punished for any ordinary misdemeanor, and frequently raised a row on the streets. When arrested they had to be released as soon as identified. Finally the police tried a new dodge. They had a few sluggers loafing around the station, who made it a point to pitch into the foreigners, and give them black eyes and bloody noses. This quieted the riotous members of the legation, and for some time past they have given the police very little trouble.

The Department of Agriculture of Victoria, Australia, sent circulars to the head teachers of all the State schools outside of the metropolitan area a short time ago asking for their views as to the desirability of giving instruction in agriculture to the children attending those schools. Of 1248 teachers eighty-four per cent. are favorable to the introduction of agricultural lessons in the rural schools, and thirty-four per cent. of them already have some acquaintance with the theories of agriculture. In fifty-two cases school children already care for gardens or trees in the school reserves, and the majority of the scholars attending 369 other schools have garden plots or assist their parents at home in gardening. In 161 schools the pupils have regularly made collections of wild flowers, weeds, grasses, insects and butterflies, and these collections have been used in object lessons.

IVORY NUTS.

A MATERIAL FROM WHICH MANY BUTTONS ARE MADE.

How the Nuts Are Grown in South America's Equatorial Regions—Principal Uses of Vegetable Ivory.

Do you know of what material the buttons on your coat are made?

Well, perhaps, if you did you would never recognize it in the raw, for in four cases out of five it is a material vulgarly known as vegetable ivory. To the trade it is the ivory nut. Down on the pier of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will be seen long rows of sacks made of jute, which bear the appearance externally of being filled with potatoes. These are stacked at the head of the pier in the open air. There is no danger of them being carried away, for they are as heavy as lead and not extremely valuable, as they are. Potatoes would not remain in that exposed position untouched a single night. The ivory nut, however, is valuable only when it comes from the hands of the manufacturer in the button or the ornamental state.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions of South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty, incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the tree—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. The nuts are grouped together within the covering somewhat like chestnuts in the burr, which nuts they resemble in shape. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato, and as hard as an elephant's tusk.

The grain of the ivory nut is white and even of texture, so that it is easily carved, sawed and worked into any desirable shape. The ivory nut tree is not farmed or raised artificially, as is the banana tree, but grows in its natural state and after its own manner in the forests, the same as the hickory or the chestnut or walnut.

About 4000 tons of the ivory nut are brought to this country annually. Owing to the cheapness of the raw material there is not more than \$150,000 per annum involved in the traffic. Perhaps 1500 persons in New York are employed in the handling and manufacturing of the nut and its products.

"The principal use of vegetable ivory now," said a broker who deals in the article incidentally, "is the manufacture of buttons. A good many people probably think the buttons on their spring clothes are made of rubber or bone—and so they used to be. Now, however, vegetable ivory is the principal thing used. The nut in its green state is filled with a milky substance, which hardens upon ripening into a fine, even grained and a tough substance. In this state it is sawed into slabs of the necessary thickness and turned into buttons by machinery.

"Unlike rubber and bone, ivory is not affected by heat or cold, and is not liable to break in the eye. The manu-

facturers are located in a number of Eastern cities, though the raw material that comes to this country is usually landed at this port. The cost of manufacturing is the principal item of expense. About eighty per cent. of the cost of the manufactured article is in the labor.

"In the earlier stages of its use vegetable ivory was principally known in the shape of ornaments of various kinds. If you remember, some years ago it was extensively handled by train men and street fakirs, who peddled basketsful of little trinkets made from the ivory nut. At present, practically the whole product of the ivory nut goes into buttons.

"One of the peculiar features of the material in relation to buttons is its susceptibility to coloring matter. It can be colored anything that is desired by the manufacturers. You will notice that the artistic tailor makes use of this to great advantage in his adaptation of buttons to garments. In the Scotch tweed suits of light and mottled textures, or

garments of any color whatever where a solid button is used, one in perfect harmony with the material may be selected. The varieties in shape and color are almost countless."

The nuts, when scraped with a knife, emit a rich odor, similar to what is known as the Brazil or cream nut. Lying there, stacked up on the pier, they are interesting if only as illustrative of the great variety of extraordinary things brought to New York from various parts of the world and the ingenuity of those who have cleverly adapted them to the uses of mankind.—New York Telegram.

FUN.

It's the Irishman who wants his memory kept green.—Yale Record.

The man who rides a wheel often comes to whoa.—New York Journal.

A man may be lantern-jawed and yet his face may never light up.—New York Press.

A distant relative—The rich old uncle who won't speak to you.—New York Journal.

When you feel it is all for the worst, it cheers you greatly to be told it is all for the best.

Visitor—"You say you are here as the result of sowing wild oats. What did you raise?" Prisoner—"Checks."—Punch.

Mamma—"Why, Johnny! why do you call grandma grandma?" Johnny—"Coz papa said he was an old woman."—Harper's Bazar.

Jack—"That is a beautiful dog Diana Scadhunter leads on the street." Tom—"Yes. It is trained to point eligible young men."—Puck.

She—"Why do you always refer to music as a woman?" He—"Well, you couldn't conceive of music as existing in silence, could you?"—Life.

Husband—"You look very happy tonight, my dear." Wife—"Well, why shouldn't I? I made twenty calls today and found everybody out."—New York Journal.

An Austin (Minn.) cow is the proud yet puzzled mother of a young animal that seems to be half calf and half bear. She ought to start a board of trade with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Von Crusser—"After the encouragement you have given me, to refuse me is a—bitterly rude thing to do." Laura—"And to accept you would be a still more bitterly rude thing."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Tommy—"Papa, I was playing with the sickle this morning and I fell down and cut a finger." Papa—"Did you cry?" Tommy—"Nope, but Willie did." Papa—"What did Willie cry for?" Tommy—"It was Willie's finger I cut."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Cholly (with unwonted enthusiasm)—"By Jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the State Senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to anyone. Deuced clever law, that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by Jove!"—Life.

"Rosin is a very fine violinist." "He is, indeed; but there is something strange about his musical ability." "There is?" "Yes; he plays first fiddle in the orchestra, but plays second fiddle at home, and his wife isn't much of a musician either."—Cape Cod Rem.

Girls of Fifty Years Ago.

The old Boston "Farmers' Almanack" for 1836 thus describes the farmer's girl of that day "Give me one of your ruddy farmer's daughters, who thinks more of the yellow harvest's abundance than of the spring posies—a good, buxom country lass, who knows how to boil a potato, and can tell a mealy chenango from a blue nose; one that can make good brown bread and is never afraid to be seen in the dough. Our genuine farmer girl is modest, but has no affectation. She affects not to be delighted with the effluvia of a marigold nor to be disgusted at the sight of a cow. She can make butter as well as eat it. She can ride a trotting pony without being strapped on; and, though she never cut a pigeon-wing or whirled in the mazy cotillon, yet she can leap a fence like a foxhound and dance good old Rural Felicity to a charm."—Chicago Post.

A "Human Freedom League" has been organized in Philadelphia, which aims to establish a new holiday for the nation, to be known as "Liberty Day." It intends no disrespect to the Fourth of July, but asks for another day devoted to liberty in all its phases.

A SEA LION HUNT.

HOW THE MONARCHS OF THE OCEAN ARE CAPTURED.

An Interesting Chase After the Huge Amphibians—Catching Monsters With a "Riata"—Exciting and Also Profitable Sport.

It is, perhaps, a fact not generally known that San Francisco supplies all the zoological gardens and menageries of the world with sea lions, but such is the case.

If the lions are wanted for their oil alone, or the skins, a rifle ball in the ear, or near it, bring them to the try-pot. If hit anywhere else, a ball has no more effect upon them than it would have on a grizzly. But the hunter who desires living sea lions is compelled to go about his task with the utmost circumspection. Various devices have been tried. Strong nets have been made and set where the lions would become entangled in the meshes and so roll the nets about them as to make it possible to take them. They have been cut off from a return to the water while on shore and gently driven back to a point from which they could be transported to some suitable place where they could be left until it was ascertained whether they would live in confinement, but such driving overheats the bulky beasts, and the thrashing about which they do so bruises them as to make them sick and kill them.

Louis J. Ohnimus has caught many sea lions for various institutions, and his years of experience with the animals at Woodward's Garden and elsewhere have made him an authority in respect to them. Mr. Ohnimus long ago discovered that any abrasion of the skin of sea lions, when removed from their natural home, would certainly cause fatal sickness. His many experiments also established the fact that young sea lions cannot be raised in captivity. The late R. B. Woodward offered a standing reward of \$300 to any one who should raise a sea lion, and very many persons attempted the task, failure being inevitable. In one instance a sea lion pup lived for six weeks after capture, but worried constantly until death relieved it.

The ordinary price of living sea lions, which is \$350, indicates something of the difficulty in taking and keeping them. The methods of capture used by Ohnimus are very simple and successful, although not unattended by danger. He merely lassoes the beasts and uses expedients to prevent their knocking themselves about while confined.

When an order is received for one or more lions Ohnimus hunts up the half-dozen long ropes of an inch diameter and so worn as to be soft, which he uses, sees that the running nooses are in working order and he is then ready to proceed to the chase. By preference he goes down the coast in a schooner, which lands the hunters, to the number of five or six, with their ropes and other things. The schooner then stands off and along the shore, far enough away not to frighten the lions.

The men conceal themselves until the animals have regained confidence and have resumed their ordinary habits. Before long some of the beasts crawl to places on the rocks and others scuffle along up the beach. If possible, the hunters select one on the beach, and if necessary, wait for hours until one of good size gets far enough away from the water to enable the men to cut off his retreat from the sea. His enemies then rush at him with loud yells and generally

succeed in so confusing the huge bulk of blubber that the lion loses all sense and toddles about helplessly. When a point has been reached within fifteen or twenty feet of the lion, the lasso coil is deftly thrown, and as it settles down over the head and neck of the lion, a twitch of the rope throws the greater part of the loop to the ground on one side of the animal or the other as is desired. A flounder or two and the flipper on the side to which the loop has been twitched is seen to be within the loop. Then the line is tightened and the loop is seen to have passed about the beast over the shoulder and under the flipper.

The rope end is handed to an assistant while another lasso is thrown over the head of the lion and by a similar process engages the other flipper. The ropes are pulled in opposite directions and the lion flounders about, roaring and gnashing in a vain effort to reach its tormentors. In the water the beasts travel at a rate estimated at twenty miles an

hour, but on land an ordinarily active man can avoid danger from the tusks of the enraged beasts. As soon as the lion is securely roped about the shoulders and flippers a third lasso at a favorable opportunity catches the prey about the tail, sometimes by throwing the loop, but more often by spreading it upon the sand and waiting until the huge lion in his struggles chances to flit his hind flippers within the snare. A fourth rope is then taken and applied to the tail of the lion in a manner similar to that last mentioned, when the four ropes are in place and the running nooses adjusted.

The men holding the ropes attached to the tail of the lion take positions in front of the animal, while those holding the ropes over the shoulders are required to go behind the beast. All of the ropes are then pulled tight and the lion finds itself inclosed in a trap from which there is not only no escape, but in which it is unable to tumble about to an extent likely to abrade its hide, tear its flippers or do other harm.

After the roping is completed and the men have rested a little and allowed their prey to quiet down somewhat the final act in the scene is done, which is to get the lion into a box in which he can be transported and properly handled. Mr. Ohnimus takes with him several large, strongly made boxes thickly lined with gunny bugging. After securing his lion as described a box of the proper size is selected and carried to the spot where the hampered lion is lying. The box is open on one side, and while the rope men pull their lines tightly the box is inverted over the beast and held in position by one or two of the men while the others push planks underneath both box and lion.

When a sufficient number of boards have been worked into position they are firmly tied in position, and the box is then turned over and the boards firmly nailed down to serve as a cover. In the turning process the lion usually rolls himself as the box turns, but sometimes the fit is too snug and the beast is unable to turn. After all is snug the ends of the boards last used are sawed off, and the sea lion is ready for shipment.

Usually the box is shoved into the sea and towed alongside of the schooner, where it is hoisted aboard and set for San Francisco. The lions after being boxed up seem to realize the hopelessness of their position, and soon cease to struggle. The soft lining of the box prevents injury to the valuable capture, and unless an accident occurs the lion is soon on its way to its intended purchaser.—San Francisco Examiner.

Duel Between Truck Drivers.

Two trucks, one driven by a long man and the other by a short one, met in Maiden Lane, New York City, the other afternoon. There was a third truck by the curb. The street is narrow and there was no room to pass. "I've got the right of way here," shouted the short driver.

"You're a liar," shouted the long man. "I'm going up hill, and I've the right of way myself."

"I've got a load on my truck," the short man retorted.

The long man said he didn't care. Each refused to back his team and let the other pass. They argued for five minutes and then the short man got off his truck, took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The long man jumped off his truck, too, and made the same preparations. Neither spoke a word. The short man walked up to the long man and biffed him on the ear. The long man responded with a hot blow on the mouth. Then they went at each other—biff, bang, smash. The short man's lip was cut open; the long man's nose was bleeding and his ear was swelled. At the end of two minutes the short man's right eye began to swell up and one cheek puffed out. In another minute the short man held his hands up above his head and said: "I've had enough."

These were the first words spoken after the men had got off the trucks. The long man dropped his hands. The little man pulled down his shirt sleeves, put on his coat and got on his truck. Then he backed his team with his loaded truck out of the way. The long man drove ahead without a word, and the crowd that had watched the fight cheered the short man for knowing he had enough.—Chicago News.

Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, tells his congregation that the Pacific Coast is now the stronghold of Unitarianism.