

Out from the broken calyx of the night... The new day merges with a slow sunrise...

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Foochow on the coasting steamer Na-moa, when Captain N., my 'fidus Achates' of the voyage, looked at the gathering clouds to the westward and remarked: "I hope it won't rain before we get into Amoy; we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, Captain?" "Look at that rock, and over beyond it, you can see through a rift in the clouds a little speck like a pin point on the top of that black mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda that high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signboard for this town as if that whole black cliff were painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide—A-M-O-Y. I never see either the pagoda or the city that a cold chill does not run all over me."

"Will you tell me why, Captain?" "Certainly, but it's a long story—well, here goes. Amoy was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the noted hatred of the Chinese for foreigners was more intense there than at any other port. I was then Captain of a steamer on the first line plying between Amoy and the English colony of Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

One cloudy evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footstep was dogged by a disagreeable looking coolie in the manner as soon as he had reached a comparatively open spot, where the growing darkness shut out the teeming hordes of a Chinese city. I saw that it would be impossible to avoid an encounter if this strange fellow should prove to be a highwayman. So carrying my hand to my hip pocket, where I felt the friendly "grip" of my revolver, I waited for the man to come closer.

I then saw that the coolie was in great distress, and moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained in Chinese and "pidgin" English that he had a brother in jail who was to be beheaded in two days more for capsizing in a sail boat and drowning his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the boatman into prison, where the face of a trial had been gone through with and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The coolie said that his family were all wretchedly poor, but that they had managed, by the sale of most of their belongings, to raise money enough to bribe the jailer to allow the prisoner to escape, and all that was necessary to save his life was to get him away on some vessel to the nearest foreign colony. The poor creature fell on his knees and implored me to save his brother's life. He would give me anything—everything he had—only to give the hunted creature a hiding place, to save a fellow-being from the headman's axe. All this was uttered between broken sobs, and the poor man wept as if it were himself who was only to see two more suns rise before the earth would drink up his life blood.

I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and yet I knew the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger in interfering with their ideas of justice, and, wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the coolie to choose some other means for his brother's escape, I said: "I'll show him away and carry him down to Hong Kong for 500 taels" (about \$50), thinking that such a price would be utterly beyond the coolie's means. The poor man seemed staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class, but he rallied in a moment and said he supposed he would have to pay it; that it was a fearful sum, that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned; but he must save his brother's life; if the Captain insisted he would have to pay it.

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the Viceroy I felt the same spirit of helplessness, yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor or feels in the fury of the storm. I said quietly, "Certainly, your excellency, my steward will turn over the keys to your servants, but they will find no such man on board my ship."

The search party went all over the ship, directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the bales of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the Viceroy, who said: "You have not searched this cabin; do so." I was wild with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glances showed me that the search party did not dare to ask their master to move from in front of the door. This relief was of short duration, for he again asked where he had searched everywhere. "Everywhere except in that apartment behind your excellency's chair," we were told. "Well, I'll do it for the regular fare" (about \$10), "bring him down to the wharf at 11:30, I am going off to my ship then."

The coolie seemed overpowered with joy and was still "kow-towing" his thanks as I moved away and he disappeared in the darkness.

I had no sooner reached the wharf, about 11:45 P. M., than I was touched by the same coolie, who now offered his services as "sampan" man. I followed him to the boat and there saw another man whom the dim lamp light showed to be as poorly clad as his brother. When we showed off I noticed that both were very clumsy with their oars, but as my ship was close to the wharf we were soon "astide."

Here I handed my overcoat to the boatman and he picked up a bundle tied Chinese fashion in a large handkerchief, and we went on board, leaving my new acquaintance in the boat. I sent my steward forward on an errand that would detain him for a few moments and then had the coolie deposit his bundle in a small closet in the cabin, and told him that that must be his brother's hiding place until we put to sea, and that he must be quick to get into it.

At a motion over the side the condemned man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast at the gangway, and slid noiselessly aft through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket. As he passed the cabin lamp curiously led me to take a searching glance at my strange passenger, and in spite of his unkempt hair and soiled and tattered clothes, his light complexion and refined features revealed in the coolie's brother a Chinaman of the higher classes.

I then tried to scrutinize the boatman, but the man's back was to the light, and the steward returning just then I paid my

sampan fare, and my strange acquaintance departed. I turned in, wondering who my mysterious passenger might be, and my thoughts were not without vague misgivings of the noted treachery of the Chinese.

I woke early, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform me that the Viceroy of the province desired to see me at his "yamen" at 10 that morning. This strange summons I at once connected with my harboring an escaped prisoner, and, full of vague distrust, I had almost decided either to put to sea two hours before the advertised time, or to obey an almost royal command. Disturbed by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the Viceroy had concluded, as he desired to see the ship, to visit the Captain, and that my presence at the "yamen" would be excused.

Such a thing as a Viceroy visiting in state a merchant vessel was almost unprecedented, and I began to fear that I was implicated in the escape of a political prisoner of high rank.

Now the customary official messengers began their tour in: First, two clad in robes of state announced that his excellency would arrive in half an hour; then four more that he was coming in ten minutes; then four horsemen grandly attired, paraded, rode down to the wharf where I was now waiting to say that their master would arrive in five minutes; then a procession of liveried servants bearing aloft on high poles red sign boards, on which all the virtues under the sun were ascribed in Chinese characters to their lord; soldiers with flags and swords and spears; men with whips and gongs to clear the way; mandarins on horseback; lictors with long whips; and finally, proclaimed that his excellency had arrived. Alighting from a gorgeous green sedan chair, borne by sixteen men in livery, he greeted me most politely and accepted my invitation to take passage in my gig to the ship. A large portion of his escort followed, occupying a small fleet of sampans.

The Viceroy was ushered into the cabin and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was concealed. After a few courtesies had been exchanged I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Chang, the leader of an insurrection, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, which seemed to point to his being secreted on board my ship; a sampan had been seen to go alongside of her the night before last; it reached the ship with two boatmen and one foreigner and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the sampan adrift. "Of course the Captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objections to allowing the sampan to be beheaded."

This was subtly put. To refuse to allow it would be equivalent to acknowledging that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his recapture and certain death, as well as my own dismissal from the company. Either course might endanger the lives of the foreign community in Amoy, against whom the hatred of the Chinese needed only a pretext to begin a general massacre. I felt the coolie come and go in my checks and for a moment I thought of delivering the refugee up to certain death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offence, and then revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought "this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal that he is, I will not betray him."

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the Viceroy himself was cunning at his escape.

The ship sailed on time and Prince Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, where he lived under English protection, until a severe illness led him home, but that privilege most mortals enjoy—of dying with his head on.

Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the Viceroy was influenced not only by personal friendship but by an enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his own head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subordinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying him he had no fear, as the wording of "foreign devil" would then weigh nothing in a Chinese court.

Two years afterward I received from the Viceroy of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of vases and some magnificent embroideries, "in gratitude for past hospitalities," and I found that my coolie friend had been promoted to the government of one of the largest provinces of the Empire.—Washington Star.

Force Expended in Climbing a Hill.

The physical energy or force sometimes exerted by the human body under certain conditions is known to be astounding, but no one has ever taken the trouble to put before us that force in figures. Dr. J. Buchheister has now made a most interesting calculation on the "work done" by mountaineers in ascending heights, which will serve as an illustration. Supposing a mountaineer weighing 168 pounds is making the ascent of a summit 7000 feet high from the point of starting, he has to expend an amount of physical force by multiplying his weight by the height to be ascended. In the case assumed a weight of 168 pounds multiplied by a height of 7000 feet equals 1,176,000 foot-pounds; or, in other words, 1,176,000 pounds have to be lifted 1 foot.

This is work performed merely by the muscles of the legs; but besides this, the contractions of the muscle of the heart have to be taken into account. Its function consists, as is well known, in propelling the blood collecting in the heart, on the one hand, into the arteries, and, on the other, into the lungs. This is effected at an initial velocity of 14 feet per second, which represents in the case of an adult a work of 4 foot-pounds for each contraction of the heart. The pulsations of an adult are on the average 72 per minute, but in ascending heights, owing to the additional exertion, their number is increased to an extraordinary extent.

Assuming, for the sake of simplicity in calculation, only 100 beats of the pulse per minute, this would give 400 foot-pounds per minute, 24,000 foot-pounds per hour and 120,000 foot-pounds for the five hours supposed to be required in ascending a height of 7000 feet. It is a work performed by the muscles in breathing, by the expansion and contraction of the chest, may also be estimated at four foot-pounds. Assuming, further, that the number of breathings per minute is on the average only twenty-five, although, as a matter of fact, it will be found to be higher in a mountain ascent lasting five hours, we have to add further work of 30,000 foot-pounds.

The total work performed during five hours by a mountaineer consequently amounts to 1,326,000 foot-pounds. In this estimate are not included the physical force spent in overcoming the friction on the ground, the exertions to be made in keeping the body erect at dizzy heights and in dragging heavy boots and foot-irons, nor the loss of muscle power in cutting steps in the ice, not to reckon the work performed in carrying an ice axe, or the physical force exerted in crossing fresh, loose snow. Taking all these conditions into account, Dr. Buchheister arrives at the conclusion that the work done in an ascent of 7000 feet, lasting five hours, cannot be placed at less than 1,380,000 foot-pounds.—Iron.

Antipodean Cannibals.

The savages of North Queensland, Australia, are still cannibals. The normal condition of these savages is inter-tribal war, and, this no doubt, was the state of the earliest society. Every tribe, and often sub-division of the same tribe, are at feud with one another and all the rest; the stranger is universally regarded as fair game, and especially as being providentially offered for the pot. A certain path to distinction among them is skill in furnishing human meat, which is not to be considered a staple, but as a highly prized luxury. When the black fellows feel the need of a Delmonico dinner, so to speak, they send out their crafty hunters, and prepare to dish up the stranger within their gates. Sometimes the harmless necessary stranger is sadly wanting. Then, if they are very sharp-set, they perhaps make an excuse for killing one of their own women, or a plump baby or so. Babies, as an element of the cuisine, are highly appreciated, their tenderness being recalled with watering of the mouth and gentle sighs of satisfaction.—Carl Lumholtz.

"Nine Tailors Make a Man."

The meaning of the expression "Nine tailors make a man," as traced to the singular custom of tolling the church bell a given number of times, at a burial, to denote the sex of the deceased. In some places the custom is still extant, and is generally three for a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man. These strokes, of course were counted and had an arithmetical idea connected with them, and thus the knell, at its conclusion, was said to be tolled or counted. By degrees this idea became confused or lost, and the participle "told" was referred to a supposed infinite "to toll," instead of its natural infinite "to tell." By carrying the history of this error a little further, we may arrive at an elucidation of an otherwise obscure proverb. The strokes told or counted at the end of the knell were called from their office "tellers." This term was again changed into "tailors," from their sounding at the end of "tail" of the knell; and nine of these being given to announce the death of an adult male, gave rise to the saying, "Nine tailors make a man."

The Phenomena of Echoes.

Every one is familiar with the phenomena of echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed, in a lesser degree, in the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming echo, lasting some minutes. Pliny tells of a cave in Dalmatia where a stone tossed in would raise a perfect storm. Fingal's Cave, on the Isle of Staffa, has an abnormally developed echo.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The Cold Day When He Was Left.—A Controlling Feature—Full of Enthusiasm—A Popular Resting place—Pedestrianism, Etc.

"Bless me, tailor!" Huffy cried; "You've made these trousers all too wide! The wind blows way up the inside." Then replied the tailor bold: "For me this day, too, seemeth cold; You know, your bill is growing old."—Puck.

FULL OF ENTHUSIASM.

Drow.—"You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?" Hobson.—"Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife."—Epoch.

CONTROLLING FEATURE.

Brown.—"The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin?" Jones.—"No, but I have been ever since we married."—Omaha World.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Jones (to fat friend).—"Do you walk much?" Pat Friend.—"Well, I should say so. I expect to lose twenty-five pounds." Jones.—"Good idea. The more you lose the more you'll gain, as far as personal appearance is concerned."—Texas Siftings.

BUT THE YOUNG MAN DIDN'T GO.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2:30 A. M.).—"Susie, what time is it?" Susie (with a second look at Reginald, who loosens his grip).—"A few minutes past 10, papa." Old Man.—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."—Yankee Blade.

A POPULAR RESTING PLACE.

She.—"Don't you admire Gothic architecture in churches, John? There is something about it that suggests repose." He.—"I dunno. Pretty much any style of a church suggests repose to me—provided the pews are comfortable."—Boston Transcript.

COMPETENT IN HIS LINE.

Seedy Visitor.—"Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?" Managing Editor.—"Who are you?" S. V.—"I am a doctor by profession." Managing Editor.—"What could you do on the paper?" S. V.—"I could edit the general news of the weak."—Voice.

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Emeline.—"Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off." Jack.—"What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me." Emeline.—"Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business."—Time.

TOUCHED A TENDER CHORD.

Tramp.—"Kind lady, will you give me something to eat?" Lady.—"We have some chops left over from breakfast. You can have those." Tramp (with a scornful look).—"Excuse me; they are a little too suggestive of the woodpile. I couldn't take any comfort eating 'em."—Kearney Enterprise.

HE WOULD PROVE HIS LOVE.

Amelia (in an insane interval).—"Oh, Arthur, I fear you do not truly love me." Arthur (struck to the heart).—"Not love you, my darling! What can I do to prove my devotion?" Amelia (frantically).—"I know not!" Arthur (after a pause).—"Will you play something on the piano?"—Puck.

A TERRIBLE RISK.

Young Wife.—"A tramp came to the door this morning, to get something to eat. I gave him a pie, and he asked me if it was of my manufacture. I said, 'yes,' and then he said he wasn't of much account anyway, and he'd risk eating it." The Wretch.—"You husband—'I guess, my dear, that that tramp must be a married man."—Yankee Blade.

THE DRAWBACK.

Customer.—"There's one drawback to a business like yours." Barber.—"What is that?" "It is impossible for men of your calling to get rid of unpleasant acquaintances." "I would like to know why?" "You can't afford to cut anybody."—Boston Courier.

GLOOMY PROSPECTS.

Wholesale Merchant.—"We will give your boy a chance, sir, to learn the business, but the first year he will not receive any salary." Father of the Boy (dubiously).—"What will he get the second year?" "Merchant.—"Well, if he is faithful and apt, the second year we will double what he gets the first."—Epoch.

A TRIFLE DISCOURAGED.

Captain (outward bound, to passenger).—"Are you feeling any better to-day, sir?" Passenger (discouraged).—"No, worse if anything." Captain.—"Oh, you'll be all right in a day or two, so don't give up the ship!" Passenger.—"No, I'll hold on to the ship if I can, but by George, I've given up about everything else."—Epoch.

GOT THEM MIXED.

"What kind of a bird do you call that?" asked the heavy-voiced guest of a waiter in the hotel dining-room. "That's a canvas-back duck, sir." "Canvas-back?" "Yes, sir." "I guess not. You've been keeping the canvas-back ducks and the sole-leather-back ducks in the same refrigerator and got them mixed."—Merchant Traveler.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

Tramp.—"Thank you very much for the lunch, mum; but could you spare me twenty-five cents?" Woman.—"Mercy! What do you want with twenty-five cents?" Tramp.—"Well, I don't want it for

myself, mum. I'm just collecting a little money here and there, the same as the rest of the profession, and when we get enough we're going to found a home for destitute tramps."—Judge.

PROFESSIONAL CONCENTRATION.

"That was a terrible thing," said Jenks to the family physician. "What was that?" asked the doctor. "That uprising among the iron foundries." "No, I haven't heard of it." "It was a general breaking out; an extremely rash affair." "But, my dear sir," said the doctor in a far-away pre-occupied tone, "there is nothing remarkable in that. A breaking out is in the natural course of things a rash affair."—Merchant Traveler.

WHO WAS BOSS.

A dastardly tramp, knowing that she was entirely unprotected, entered the home of a frail, meek-eyed little woman in Montana and said savagely: "Now, madam, you want to just fly 'round and get me up a square meal, an' a mighty good one, too! Don't let no grass grow under your feet while you're 'bout it, neither, or I'll—" Half an hour later the frail, meek-eyed little woman hailed a passer-by and said calmly: "I've got a feller layin' on my kitchen tied up with a clothes-line and gagged with a towel, that I'd like you to help me dump him into my wagon so I kin take him to town. I've an idee a couple of his ribs is broke, an' his head needs sewin' up in three or four places, an' his shoulders 'pears to be out o' joint." He got kinder sassy an' I had ter let 'im know who was boss, yer know."—Drake's Magazine.

The Richest of All Plants.

What is ramié? It was formerly placed by the botanists in the class of Urtica, but it is now called Boehmeria, or spearless nettle. I will call it by no scientific name; I will simply call it the richest of plants, for it possesses wealth of growth, wealth of development and wealth of fiber. In ordinary light ground, with a little watering now and then by rain or irrigation, no plant will grow so rapidly, no root will multiply more quickly and produce more stalks; no vegetable fiber is handsomer, richer or silkier than ramié. It is a perennial plant, and when once put in the ground it grows for over twenty years without replanting, giving, according to the climate, two and three crops a year. It is easy of cultivation, requiring only a soil clean and loose. It is planted in straight rows, three feet apart, in a small uphill form. The plants must be kept very close, in order to shoot forth straight stalks without any branches. It grows about like willow, an average of fifteen to twenty switches, from six to eight and ten feet high, covered on the upper part with large green leaves, white underneath. Through its leaves ramié takes its nourishment from the ozone of the air. This developed part of the plant, added to the large, extensive propensity of the mother-root, from which run horizontally and down a lot of rhizomes and small roots, explain the extraordinary vitality of the plant and its three or four crops a year in some countries.

The Chinese alone have, for a thousand years past, extensively cultivated the ramié plant; before them the Egyptians were shrouding the dead in magnificent winding sheets of ramié, which to this day are found in the bandages of their mummies.

A Lapp Wolf Hunt.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd. The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. When the snow is deep and soft, and it is announced that wolf-tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer, the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for an exciting chase. The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track he leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed. The wolf, though he may run fast, has but a slight chance of escaping the short men, on snow-shoes, rush through the wood, dart down steep hills, and jump from ledges several yards in height. Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf, he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snow-shoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death-stroke.

It Worked Both Ways.

Colonel Mosby related the following amusing incident, which occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864: "In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville, there came riding into our lines like a whirlwind a Yankee soldier on a black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, but the old black horse was up and he went on, leaping through our lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison and we mustered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The old black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the Federal lines and never came back."

Measures and Contents.

A barrel requires a measure 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep. One peck requires a measure 8 inches by 8-2-5 inches square and 8 inches deep. One gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 8 inches square and 4-1-5 inches deep. Half a bushel requires a measure 16 inches by 8-2-5 inches wide and 8 inches deep. Half a gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 4 inches square and 4-4-5 inches deep. Half a barrel requires a measure 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 15 inches deep. One ton of coal requires a measure 4 feet long, 3 feet 5 inches wide, and 2 feet 8 inches deep.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Four big sausages, made for S. B. Hill, of Letterkenny, Penn., filled a bushel measure. An accomplished young man of London is employed by a fashionable stationer to write speeches for wedding breakfasts.

The year 2118, according to the President of the Manchester Geological Society, will see the exhaustion of the English coal. Farmer Harms, of Kings County, Oregon, cut down a cottonwood tree recently, from which he took 700 pounds of fine honey.

An Allegan (Mich.) minister recently astonished some of the world's people down there by lifting a 300-pound box of chickens and depositing it in a wagon.

Mrs. Hiram Peters, colored, of Ritchie County, W. Va., has just found her son, who was stolen when an infant. He is now a clerk of courts in Iowa, and is worth \$20,000.

Governor Joseph C. Yates, of New York, was buried in 1837, at Schenectady. The other day the body, when taken up for reburial in New York city, was found to be petrified.

A Northampton County (Penn.) farmer while butchering the other day struck a bullock with a sledge-hammer, and left the animal for dead. When he returned from his breakfast the bullock was finishing a chest of meal.

A citizen of Hawkinsville, Ga., who was suffering from asthma, was advised to try a remedy sometimes used by the colored people. He got a hornet's nest, boiled it, made a tea, drank the liquid and was completely cured.

A girl at Reading, Penn., postponed her wedding because she was unable to secure the white horses owned by a certain liveryman for the date she had fixed. The animals are in great demand for weddings and are said to bring luck to the bride.

A newspaper in California relates that after a rain storm, which occurred there last November, many people of Angles Camp, Calaveras County, got money enough for their Thanksgiving dinners by picking up gold in the streets and in the shallow streams.

Many families on the shores of the Straits of Mackinaw, Mich., will buy no flour this winter. The recent wrecks there enabled them to get hundreds of barrels of it—and no questions asked. Some wreckers have flour to sell at twenty-five cents per barrel.

In some of the Indian villages of British Guiana, South America, a traveler notices there enabled them to get hundreds of barrels of it—and no questions asked. Some wreckers have flour to sell at twenty-five cents per barrel.

The feat of playing twenty games of checkers simultaneously and winning all but one, which was a draw, was recently accomplished by Clarence A. Freeman, in Providence, R. I. His contestants were experts from all over Rhode Island. The play lasted one hour and forty minutes.

Recently a party of hunters in the neighborhood of Fairfield, Iowa, brought to town in a wagon 847 rabbits, which they had shot in a day's hunt. Another party had shot in 150, and it is a common thing for a single hunter to capture twenty or thirty in a day. The country is overrun with the pests, and much damage to fruit trees and vines is the result.

Thomas Edwards, of Erie, Penn., was walking along the street the other day when his dog came up, pulled his coat and tried to make him retract his steps. He turned around and followed the dog a short distance and picked up a fine revolver. The dog seemed to know that the weapon was valuable, although it was too heavy for him to carry in his mouth.

The Gigantic Specimen of Tree.

The most gigantic specimen of the famous dragon tree of the Canary Islands stood, until within the year, at all 108,250 tons of night-soil, and 3765 dead animals, from only eight cities; the Ohio, 46,700 tons of garbage, 21,157 tons of night-soil, and 5100 dead animals, from five cities; and the Missouri, 36,000 tons of garbage, 22,400 tons of night-soil, and 31,600 dead animals, from four cities. Dr. Kilvington urges the cremation of most of the refuse, and twenty-three out of thirty-five health officials consulted by him favored the plan.

Uncle Sam's Timepieces.

It costs Uncle Sam thousands of dollars a year to have his clocks wound. Every Monday morning you see men in Washington going about the departments carrying little ladders, like those used by the lamp-lighters. Their business is to wind and keep in order the clocks in the departments. Each man has his own department or a section of the department to look after the clocks, and this is his sole business. In some places men are employed by the month for this purpose, while in other cases the contract is priced by the month or year to some enterprising clock repairer, who sends a "clock-neyman" around to wind the clocks and see whether they are in order, and then goes himself to make such repairs as are necessary.

The cost of winding and caring for the clocks in the departments runs at the rate of \$75 to \$100 a month in each department. There are in the Treasury Department nearly four hundred clocks. Some of these are expensive ones, and cost away up in the hundreds of dollars, though the average value of departmental clocks is not more than perhaps \$15 or \$20 apiece. A good many of the clocks in the halls of the public buildings, and also those in the rooms occupied by the heads of departments are very valuable, costing away up in the hundreds.—Baltimore Herald.

A Second Edition of Paris.

Society in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, is gradually becoming more and more European. One walking the streets just now observes that where he comes almost a second edition of Paris, says a correspondent of the *Espectador Financiero*. The fashions of that gay city are copied by women and men alike, and the fact that we have 2000 Frenchmen in the Republic, in round numbers, has made a decided impression on the social customs of the people. A man landing here from Paris finds himself perfectly at home, and would hardly dream that he was so far away from his native land. The same applies equally to a Frenchwoman. She hardly misses the gay life of the gayest capital of all the world. The Englishman, too, finds himself in a certain measure, among his own kindred here, but to the American a certain lonely feeling is ever present.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope is to be celebrated in Antwerp in 1890