

I'll Not Confer With Sorrow,
I'll not confer with sorrow,
Till tomorrow,
But joy shall have her way
This very day.
No, eglantine and cresces
For her tresses!
Let care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.
Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter,
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

THE OLD SILVER WATCH

Charles Eames stepped into the office of his friend Bowles, editor of the *Glennville Courant*.

"How are you, Eames?" asked the editor.

"I ought to feel happy, I suppose," said the young man, a little ruefully, "for I've just received notice of a legacy."

"Indeed, I congratulate you."

"Wait till you hear what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"My aunt Martha has just died, leaving fifty thousand dollars."

"To you? I congratulate you heartily."

"No; she leaves it to a public institution. She leaves me only her silver watch, which she has carried for forty years."

"How is that?"

"She didn't approve of my becoming an artist. She wished me to be a merchant. If I had consulted her wishes, I should, doubtless, have been her sole heir. This small legacy is meant more as an aggravation than anything else."

"But you can make your own way."

"I can earn a scanty living at present. I hope to do better by and by. But you know my admiration for Mary Brooks—If I had been Aunt Martha's sole heir, I could have gained her father's consent to our marriage. Now it is hopeless."

"I am not so sure of that. This legacy may help you."

"An old watch? You are joking."

"Not if you will strictly observe my directions."

"What are they?"

"Simply this: Agree for one calendar month not to mention or convey the least idea of the nature of your aunt's legacy. I will manage the rest."

"I don't at all know what you mean, Bowles," said the young artist; "but I am in your hands."

"That is all I wish. Now remember to express surprise at nothing; but let matters take their course."

"Very well."

It was a very pleasant dinner. The young artist remained afterwards.

"I have an engagement, Mr. Eames," said Mr. Brooks, "a meeting of the Bank Directors, but you mustn't go away, Mary will entertain you."

The young man did not go away, and apparently was satisfied by the entertainment he received. He blessed his aunt for her legacy, if only it had procured him this afternoon's interview with the young lady he had admired. But it gained him more. Every four days he received a similar invitation. He could not fail to see that Ezekiel Brooks looked with evident complacency on the good understanding between his daughter and himself.

"What will he say?" thought the young man, "when he finds out what sort of a legacy I have received from my aunt?"

Occasionally, too, he felt nervous about his hasty assent to the proposition to buy 400 shares of railroad stock at 56, when he hadn't \$50 ahead. He reckoned up, one day, what his purchase would amount to, and his breath was nearly taken away when he found it amounted to twenty-eight thousand dollars! Still, it had been in a manner forced upon him. He asked no questions, but every now and then the old gentleman said, "All going well! Stock advancing rapidly."

With that he was content. Indeed, he was so carried away by love of Mary Brooks that he gave little thought to any other subject.

One day Mr. Brooks came up, his face beaming with joy.

"Wish you joy, Eames," he said, "Wimbleton's gone up like a rocket to par. Give me authority, and I'll sell for you."

The artist did so, hardly realizing what it meant till three days after, he received a little note to this effect:

DEAR EAMES—Have sold out your five hundred shares of Wimbleton at 101. So you bought at 55. This gives you a clear profit of forty-five dollars per share, or twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars. You had better reinvest your surplus. Call at my office at once. Yours very truly,
EZEKIEL BROOKS.

Charles Eames read this letter three times before he could realize its meaning. Could it be that without investing a cent, he had made over twenty thousand dollars? It must be a dream, he thought.

But when he called at the old gentleman's office, he found it was really true.

"Mr. Eames, how about this money? Shall I re-invest it for you?"

"Thank you, sir. I wish you would. I should like a little in hand, however."

"Certainly. What will answer?" and the old gentleman wrote a cheque for five hundred dollars, and placed it in the young man's hand.

It was more money than he had ever before possessed at one time. This was convincing proof of the reality of his good fortune.

The next day he went to the city and ordered a handsome suit of clothes at a fashionable tailor's. The fact was his old coat was getting threadbare, and his overcoat decidedly seedy. While he was about it he bought a new coat and boots, as well as other needed articles, and still returned with money enough in his pocket to make him feel rich. He changed his boarding-house, engaging a handsome room at a much nicer boarding-house.

"It seems to me you are dashing out, Eames," said his friend the editor.

"You know I've had a legacy," said Eames, laughing.

"I begin to think you have," said the editor.

When Eames appeared on the street in his new suit it was a confirmation of the news of his inheritance. His removal to a fashionable boarding-house was additional confirmation. It was wonderful how he rose in the estimation of people who had before looked upon him as a shiftless artist.

All at once it occurred to him.

"Why shouldn't I propose for Mary Brooks? With twenty thousand dollars I could certainly support her comfortably. There was a very pretty cottage, and tasteful grounds, for sale at five thousand dollars. This would make a charming home."

One morning with considerable trepidation, young Eames broached the subject to Mr. Brooks.

"No one I should like better for a son-in-law, if Mary is willing," was the prompt answer.

Mary was willing, and as there seemed no good reason for waiting, the marriage took place within a few weeks.

"Charles," said his father-in-law, after the young couple returned from their wedding journey, "it is time for me to render you an account of your money affairs. I have been lucky in my investments, and I have thirty-one thousand dollars to your credit, or deducting the amount paid for your house, twenty-six thousand dollars. By the way, have you received your aunt's bequest?"

"I received it yesterday," said Charles.

"Indeed?"

"Here it is," said the young man, and he produced a battered silver watch.

"Do you mean to say this is all she left you?" asked his father-in-law, stupefied.

"Yes, sir."

Ezekiel Brooks whistled in sheer amazement, and his countenance fell. For a moment he regretted his daughter's marriage, but then came the thought that his son-in-law, through a lucky mistake, was really the possessor of quite a comfortable property, which under his management might be increased. So he submitted with a good grace, and is on the best of terms with his daughter's husband, who is now in Italy with his wife, pursuing a course of artistic study. He treasures carefully the old watch, which he regards as the foundation of his prosperity.—[*Yankee Blade*.]

A Famous Goose.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words: "Died on Duty." In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farmyard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it.

One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him, closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the Reynard nearer to his prey.

In the height of its despair the poor bird ran his head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford, and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through its body.

The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor did it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down the latter day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was bought away with it as a regimental pet to England.—[*Chamber's Journal*.]

An Old Clock Maker.

Hiram Camp, president of the New Haven (Conn.) Clock Company, has been in the clock-making business for over sixty years, all the time with one concern. He probably knows more about the history of clock manufacture in this country than any other man in the Nutmeg State, which gave birth to the business a hundred years ago, and has monopolized it to a great extent ever since. In the days of wooden clocks the manufacturers made up a few at a time and peddled them through the country, and the filling of an order for a hundred clocks would have been considered the work of an ordinary lifetime. Now the companies in Connecticut and other parts of the country turn out over two million clocks a year.

Warm Salt Baths are Refreshing.

A warm salt bath is very refreshing to any one suffering from the exhaustion of travel or of a long shopping expedition—which is as trying to mind and body as anything that can be undertaken by a woman. Away from the seashore a very simple substitute for sea-water is a cup of rock-salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. When the salt is irritating to the skin take a warm bath and sponge off with a mixture of violet or lavender water and alcohol, about half and half, and rub briskly with a warm friction towel. Such a method prevents the exhaustion and danger of cold which follows a warm bath.—

Ten Cents a Day Without Board.

California miners who have returned from China declare that the Lig Hill mines, of the richness of which many surprising stories have been told, are ordinary quartz mines. They are all operated by Chinese, who have learned from foreign miners how to run stamp-mills. The ore runs from \$25 to \$50. The price paid for labor is ten cents per day without board.—[*New York Tribune*.]

Privation.

Mr. Phileas Fogg (in the west).—I suppose you meet with a good many hardships out here on the plains? Lariat Luke.—Hardships? I should say so! Why, pard, I've sometimes been obliged to chaw smokia' ter-backer!—[*Puck*.]

A SHIP'S LARDER.

THE MOUNTAINS OF FOOD USED ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

Beef, Butter, Bread and Vegetables by the Ton.

In the busy season the City of Paris carries about 550 first cabin, 250 second cabin and 650 steerage passengers. There are 400 in the ship's company, including doctors, printers, boiler makers, six bakers, three butchers, seventeen cooks, hydraulic, electrical and other engineers to the number of thirty-two, 148 stewards and eight stewardesses. So there may be about 1,850 aboard.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the passengers are seasick from the time they pass Sandy Hook until East-net is sighted, they manage to consume in one trip something like 13,000 pounds of fresh beef, 3,000 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 2,000 pounds of veal and pork, 15,000 pounds of bacon, 500 pounds of liver, tripe, and sausages, 200 hams, 300 pounds of fish, 23,000 eggs, 17 tons of potatoes, 3 tons of other vegetables, 3,500 pounds of butter, 600 pounds of cheese, 600 pounds of coffee, 350 pounds of tea, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 150 pounds of powdered sugar, 670 pounds of loaf sugar, 3,000 pounds of moist sugar, 700 pounds of salt, 200 pounds of nuts, 500 pounds of dried fruit, 20 barrels of apples, 3,600 lemons, 20 cases of oranges—and other green fruit in season—300 bottles of pickles, 150 bottles of ketchup, sauce, and horse radish, and 150 cans of preserves.

There are also quantities of poultry, oysters, sardines, canned vegetables, and soups, vinegar, pepper, mustard, curry, rice, tapioca, sago, hominy, oatmeal, molasses, condensed milk, "tinned" Boston beans, confectionery and ice cream. Fifty pounds of ice cream are served at a single meal in the first cabin.

Thirty tons of ice are required to keep the great storerooms cool. Eight barrels of flour are used daily. The bakers are busy from dawn of day. They make 4000 delicious Parker House rolls for breakfast every morning. Thirty eight-pound loaves of white bread and 100 pounds of brown bread are baked each day; also pies, puddings, cakes, etc.

Eight barrels of common crackers and a hundred tins of fancy crackers are stowed away in the storeroom, together with 100 pounds of wine and plum cake, not a crumb of which is left when Liverpool is reached. Six thousand bottles of ale and porter, 200 bottles of mineral waters, 100 bottles of wine, and more or less ardent spirits are drunk inside of a day by the guests of this huge dining hotel. About 2,000 cigars are smoked on board, but many more are smoked. Two hundred pounds of toilet soap is supplied by the steamship company.

One of the odd sights to be seen on the double-decked Inman pier upon the arrival of the "queen of the ocean greyhounds" is the great stacks of soiled linen which are being assorted by about a dozen stewards. Here is the wash list for a single trip: Napkins, 8300; tablecloths, 180; sheets, 3600; pillow cases, 4400; towels, 16,200; and dozens of blankets and counterpanes. Although the list is very short, it requires four large two-horse trucks to carry the wash to the Inman Company's steam laundry in Jersey City. In less than a week it is back in the lockers of the linen rooms, which are in charge of a regular linen keeper. There is no washing done aboard. Many of the ship's company have their washing done in New York, but the greater number have it done in Liverpool.—[*New York Sun*.]

A Diamond-Set Tooth.

A short time ago a lady with a badly decayed upper lateral incisor entered a St. Paul (Minn.) dentist's office, and, after examination, the doctor informed her that the only means of saving the tooth would be to substitute a gold crown. In a joking way he referred to the diamond story, and laughingly suggested that there was an excellent opportunity to try the experiment in her case. To his surprise his patient, who proved to be an actress, assented. Dr. Ellis procured a small-sized brilliant, and embedded it in the gold crown which he built on the remains of the natural predecessor. The actress is delighted with the result, and declares that the next gem inserted shall be a carat in weight. The stone is not conspicuous, and might escape notice altogether, although a ray of artificial light makes it sparkle in a way likely to arouse curiosity. The actress is the nearest actual approach to the little girl in the fairy story from whose mouth gems dropped whenever she spoke. It is hardly probable that any such fashion will become general, although an inspection of the jeweled incisor shows that the effect is far less startling than would be expected.—[*Pioneer Press*.]

Meeting His Indebtedness.

Creditor—May I ask whether you ever expect to meet your indebtedness? Hardup—Meet it? Why, great Scott, man, I meet it every time I go into the street! Don't you throw it into my face often enough?—[*Bazar*.]

History of the Gallows.

Evidently the stout arm of a tree served as the primitive gallows, and such was in use at a very early period in man's history. In the book of Esther we read that Haman was hanged on the tree that had been prepared for Mordecai. In more recent times, in ancient ballads and accounts of the gallows, references are made to the "fatal tree," the "gallows tree," the "triple tree," "Tyburn tree," etc. A tree was not, however, always conveniently placed to convert it into a gallows, and thus the introduction of the simple construction, consisting of two upright posts and a transverse beam, the principle of which has not been materially altered from its first introduction.

The gallows at times differed in height, which was increased in accordance with the heinousness of the crime of the culprit. These elevated erections were made use of at the executions of the regicides in the seventeenth century, and thus it was that long ladders were required in carrying out the last extremities of the law. When ladders were used the executioner mounted one and the culprit the other. The rope having been adjusted to the cross-beam, the executioner would descend and remove his ladder, leaving the condemned wretch on the other, engaged in his last appeals for mercy. These prayers were at times exceedingly prolonged, after finishing which the miserable wretch was expected to throw himself off the ladder and thus to a certain extent become his own executioner.

Courage, however, would often fail at the last moment, and his prayer would be continued for a long time. When it was evident that the culprit was praying against time, the executioner would stealthily reach the ladder on which he stood and overthrow it, and the body would consequently then be swinging in the throes and agonies of death. At one period it was customary to carry out the execution of a criminal as near as possible to the spot where the crime for which he suffered was committed.

Fortune in a Toy.

George D. Smith, at present proprietor of one of the best-known restaurants in New York city, has had an eruptive money-making career. Twenty years ago he started in Chicago with a good capital, but no business experience. Two years later some one else had the capital and Mr. Smith had learned something about business.

Mr. Smith, when almost at the end of his financial rope, invented the street toy called "Bazook," which sold at the rate of 50,000 a day when at the height of its popularity. Mr. Smith cleared \$50,000 in a few months out of this toy.

He derived an income of \$200,000 a year from the profits of the "Bazook" he started on the profits of the "Bazook" he now nets him \$50,000 a year.

John Brisben Walker, the millionaire magazine proprietor, tried a dozen different roads to wealth without success, until as a last resource he went to Colorado, and securing a ranch began to grow "alfalfa" grass on a large scale. The alfalfa netted him large sums, which he invested in Western lands, which have since made him a millionaire.

A. B. de Frece gained independent wealth as easily as rolling off the traditional log. Mr. de Frece has a national reputation, won by his successful management of all the large fairs which have taken place in this city during the past five years. Mr. Frece some years ago was in the wholesale button business. He invented a peculiar style of button which, in addition to giving him a good sized fortune, brings him in an annual income of many thousands.—[*New York Journal*.]

Woods that Sink in Water.

There are 413 species of trees found within the limits of the United States and territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood found only in southern Florida, which is more than 30 per cent. heavier than water. Of the other fifteen, the best known is the lignum vitae, and the mangrove. Texas and New Mexico, lands full of queer creeping, crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak which is about one and one-fourth times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quick as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000 feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida, or in the west and southwest.—[*Commercial Advertiser*.]

An Emperor Shoots Capercaillie.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has been capercaillie shooting. He began to shoot capercaillie forty years ago, and since that time His Majesty has killed 645 of them. He has bagged fifty-six woodcock during his sporting career. Most American citizens know what woodcock is, but nine out of ten of them will have to plunge into the dictionary to ascertain what kind of a creature a capercaillie is.—[*New York World*.]

NAVAL FLAGS.

THE GOVERNMENT FACTORY FOR MAKING PENNANTS.

Busily Bespangling Our Banner With Four New Stars.

Visitors, reporters and others who attended the McCalla court martial at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, had their attention attracted by great piles of brilliant hued bunting, either spread on the floor or heaped up on the tables of a room just across the hall from the one used by the court martial.

It is in this room and the adjoining one that all the flags used in the United States Navy are manufactured. In the first room, flags are measured, cut and designed, and in the second the work of embroidering and putting them together is carried on.

Just now an unusually large force is hard at work, as all the old flags, which contain but 38 stars, will give way to new ones, to which have been added four more stars, representing the four new states. The new flags are being made under special orders from the Bureau of Construction and Equipment. The flags that are in a good state of preservation will not be destroyed, but a new jack, containing the additional stars, will take the place of the old one.

Not only are United States flags and pennants made at the Brooklyn Navy yard, but the flags and emblems of every nation in the world are also made there. Every United States man-of-war when she goes abroad carries with her the colors of every nation that she is about to visit. This is done in order that she may be able to raise the colors of every distinguished foreigner who may come aboard.

The flags and pennants of nearly all other countries are more expensive than those of the United States. This is largely due to the intricate devices on foreign flags, such as coats-of-arms. On many flags these devices are either painted or stamped on the flag. Not so, however, with the flags manufactured under the supervision of the United States. On such flags all devices are embroidered by hand, and as many of them are intricate to work, they add not a little to the cost. Some of the designs are very handsome, and require no small amount of skill to finish in an artistic manner.

There is no embroidery of any kind on the regular Union Jack, but the flags of the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy and the Admiral are all decorated.

The naval flags of the United States consist of about 30 different designs, including the signal code of our navy and the international signal code.

All the work is done by women, except the cutting and roping. In order to know what the flag and pennant of a vessel is, it is necessary to know the correct hang of the flag and the way it will have when carried by the breeze, but the wearing quality of the flag will be in a large measure curtailed if it is not properly cut. That is, if the material is not cut in a certain way, the flag will soon wear or flap itself to pieces.

The largest United States flag made at the Navy Yard is 36 feet long and 19 feet wide. The pennants are made in four different sizes for vessels and two for boats. The former are 70, 10, 25 and 20 feet in length, while the latter are six and nine feet.

One of the curiosities at the yard is what is known as a homeward bound pennant over 400 feet in length. People who were down the bay the day of the naval parade will remember that the Boston flew from her mast an enormous pennant.

When a man-of-war goes on a cruise which promises to be a long one, her quartermaster carefully preserves what is known as the tale of each pennant which has become too much worn for further use. These tails are sewed together, and the longer the pennant thus made, the greater the length of time it indicates that the vessel has been at service.

It may be imagined with what feelings of pride, sailors watch a 400-foot pennant flying from the mast as the ship plows her way homeward. The pennant now in the Navy Yard was taken from the Lancaster after her long cruise several years ago.—[*N. Y. News*.]

An Enormous Chain.

The big chain that was used in raising the steamer *Armstrong* was made by the British government for the purpose of blockading the harbor in the Crimean war. It was sent out to Quebec, Canada, by the British admiralty, many years ago, to be sold for what it would bring. Some idea of its size and strength may be conveyed by the fact that each link of this great chain weighs 68 pounds, and is supposed to have a breakage capacity of 125 tons.—[*New York Press*.]

No Time for Small Finances.

Collector—Please announce to Professor Penny that I have called in regard to a little bill that has been running for four months. Servant—I'm sorry to inform you, sir, that the professor is engaged on an article on "What to Do with the Surplus," and cannot be disturbed.—[*Munsey's Weekly*.]

The Man Who Heard It Before.

You tell him a joke you relied on as new, He smiles in a wondrous way, From a comely neighbor you recite him a bit, He says he saw that at the play. You give him a story that never yet failed To set all who heard in a roar; He nods half approval and turns him away, And murmurs, "I've heard it before."

The girl whom you woo in your tenderest tone, Whose heart you are seeking to gain, Listens coldly to all you may have to propose.

Seeming only to wish you'd refrain, You seek for some phrase not totally trite, And 'en the thesaurus explore, Its all of no use, and you bid her good-by— You see she has heard it before.

How sad it must be to go onward like this, With nothing on earth to enjoy, And never make anyone happy yourself And only find things to annoy, His life like an orange whose juices are gone, 'Tis a dry, empty shell, and no more. Alas! he is much to be pitied, not blamed— The man who has heard it before.

—[Washington Post.]

HUMOROUS.

A walking match—The living skeleton.

Dear are not the bravest of animals, yet they always die game.

Money talks, sure enough, and people are generally willing to listen to it, too.

Gladstone, though not monarch of the forest, is a fell destroyer among trees.

The poet's expression, "Had I the wings of a dove," was no doubt merely a flight of fancy.

Customer—Is it customary to fee the waiter here? Waiter—Yes, sir. Customer—Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour.

Is that cement any good? asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler. "Any good?" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."

It would be an awful strain on a man to be polite through all the worries of business if he were not consoled by the prospect of getting even after going home.

Mr. Phunnyman (looking up from his paper)—"Another cashier gone with the deposits." Mrs. Phunnyman—"What was the sum?" Mr. P—"He wasn't satisfied with some—he took everything."

AT PRIME. The lamb's in the lion. Fierce wars and wrangling cease, The cat steps on the backjack, And all the world is peace.

Valuable Hints to Fishermen.

Clarence Deming, in a recent article, gives some valuable hints to fishermen as regards the weather question. He says that when fishing for trout in swift or rippling waters the weather makes little difference unless it rains. Nor does cloudy weather aid one to take fish in water over fifteen feet deep. A lake or pond under a heavy sky is no place for fishing. If the sky is blue, the water is clear, the wind is light, and the weather is generally speaking, almost as timely as a cloudy one for lake fishing, or for the usually smooth reaches of a stream. For pickering the wind-beaten water is the best of all whether the day is bright or not. If you happen to know where a large, timid, and shy trout lies in still water, your time of all others for taking him is during a hard rain which beats the water and prevents the fluky aristocrat from either seeing you or feeling the jar of your approach.

Alligators to be Protected.

Fashion's mandate that purses, reticules, traveling bags and footwear must be made of alligator hide has made alligator hunting an industry in Louisiana and Florida, and the monsters are rapidly being exterminated. So marked has been this destruction that the Police Jury of Paquetines Parish, La., have been compelled to prohibit the further killing. It seems that alligators feed largely on muskrats, and since the lessening of the number of the former the rats have increased enormously, and have seriously damaged crops. The jury prohibits the killing of alligators in the bayous, marshes, canals or on any portion of the land or body of water under the penalty of \$25 fine and imprisonment of not more than one month for each offense.—[*New York Times*.]

Coffee Making by Electricity.

At a certain Berlin cafe the lighting and ventilation are effected by means of electricity. In the centre of the room there are several large glass jars through which passes a platinum wire in spiral form. The electricity, on heating the wire, speedily raises the temperature of the water in the jars to boiling point and prepares the coffee in the sight of everybody. Lastly, a small electric railway transmits the coffee to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

A Unique Barometer.

An old Belfast (Me.) sea captain is credited with devising a unique barometer. It consists of a thin strip of white pine with a number of cross-pieces upon it. This is hung on the side of the building, and when damp weather is approaching the barometer bulges out in the centre, while in dry weather the centre sinks in and the ends come out.