

# The Chronicle.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

The Chicago Herald emits a growl over the discovery that of the books taken out of the public library by public school teachers for themselves and their pupils, nearly one hundred per cent. consist of the trashiest and most rancid sort of fiction.

The number of men in the field in the late South American war would not have made a small army corps, and the losses were scarcely more than the killed in a lively skirmish during the Civil War. They had one great advantage, however, remarks the Detroit Free Press. They had one general for every forty soldiers.

According to the Detroit Free Press, a New York chemist is out with the good news that beef at eight cents a pound is just as nutritious as beef at twenty cents. It is harder to masticate, and there is more danger of being choked to death, but after it is once in the stomach it is all right and begins to put fat on the ribs.

At a recent pharmaceutical conference in England it was stated that the patent medicines have paid to the British Government, so far, in 1890, the enormous sum of \$1,110,000 in the shape of duties, and it is estimated that before the end of the year \$7,500,000 will have been expended by the owners of the nostrums. "And yet," comments the New Orleans Times-Democrat, Englishmen jeer at Americans for their use of patent medicines.

The Prairie Farmer believes that "few people who live at a distance from the great lakes have an adequate conception of the magnitude of lake commerce. It will surprise them, perhaps, to learn that during 234 days of navigation last year tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States, and 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London."

A leading iron journal states that improvements in the new navy are bringing young men to the front in all departments, not the least of which is steam engineering. In the modern ships, in addition to the great triple expansion main engines, with all their complicated parts, there are dynamos, blowers, steam steers and auxiliary engines of all kinds and sizes, scattered in widely separated parts of the vessel, and with the small number of engineers carried, a large and intelligent force of machinists is a pressing necessity.

A significant fact in the history of inventions is that many of the most valuable devices now in use have been the work of mechanics. There is a growing tendency on the part of employers to encourage their workmen in this line. One of the mechanics of the Pennsylvania lines is working on a device by which coal will be fed to the fire-box of a locomotive in the same manner that a base-burner is fed. It is claimed that if the device is perfected it will greatly increase the heat in the fire-box, as no cold air will rush in, as in the case when the door to the fire-box is opened to throw in coal.

Professor William D. Marks, Supervising Engineer of the Edison Electric Light Company, of Philadelphia, an electrical expert, says he is willing to stake his reputation as an electrical engineer on his ability to construct an electric motor that could take a train of cars from Philadelphia to New York in thirty-six minutes. The Professor might have made it even thirty-five minutes, observes the New York World, but as he has placed his reputation at stake in the matter, he may wish to be entirely on the safe side. One hundred and fifty miles an hour is the speed Professor Marks's motor would have to make.

Says the San Francisco Chronicle: Matches are a great modern convenience, but they bring many evils in their train. It is estimated that at least twenty per cent. of the fires in large cities may be traced to their use. A recent report of the Fire Marshal of Boston discusses the subject at great length and seriously recommends legislation to compel the adoption of safety matches which will only ignite under certain conditions. The losses entailed are great enough to be appalling, but very few persons, even when they are fully aware of the dangers of a cheap match, will take the trouble to insure themselves by buying the better but dearer article.

THE FIRE MADE HIM LIMP.  
First Tramp—Hello! What makes you limp?  
Second Tramp—The result of a fire.  
F. T.—A fire?  
S. T.—Yes; fired out.—New York Journal.

## TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT.

Where my true love abideth  
I make my way to-night—  
Lo, waiting, she  
Esmeth me  
And calleth in delg'it:  
"I see his steed a-near  
Come trotting with my dear—  
Oh, idle not, good steed, but trot  
Trot thou my lover here!"  
Aloose I cast the bridle  
And ply the whip and spur,  
And gayly I  
Sped this reply  
While faring on to her;  
"Oh, true love, fear thou not—  
I seek our trysting spot—  
And double feed be yours, my steed,  
If you more swiftly trot!"  
I vault from out the saddle  
And make my good steed fast  
Then to my breast  
My love is pressed—  
At last, true heart! at last!  
The garden drowsing lies,  
The stars fold down their eyes—  
In this dear spot, my steed, neigh not,  
Nor stamp in restless wise!  
Oh, passing sweet communion  
Of young hearts, warm and true!  
To thee belongs  
The old, old songs  
Love finds forever new!  
We sing those songs, and then  
Cometh the moment when  
It's "Good steed, trot from this dear spot—  
Trot, trot me home again!"  
—Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

## THE BIG CHEESE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

The Saltons were as poor as people could be, and live comfortably and respectably. Mrs. Salton said it was owing to her husband's industry and energy that they got along at all—wages were so low, and market prices so high; while Mr. Salton declared that their cosiness was entirely the result of his wife's good management. They were very united in their affections, and they had three good children.

But, to Mrs. Salton's regret, they were all brys. She would have liked a daughter to grow up in the house, and assist her. So pressed was she sometimes for a little maid to sew up a seam, or wash the dishes, that she told Joe Sheppard, the overseer of the poorhouse, that he might send her an orphan girl, if he had a bright and docile one, and she would try her, and perhaps keep her till she was eighteen.

"Well now, Mrs. Salton, I reckon I'm lucky enough to have just what you want," said Joe Sheppard. "It's Sophy Niles. She's above the generality of poorhouse girls. Come to us because she was left with an old grandmother, and she had to come. Sophy could have earned her own living, tho' she was but twelve, but she couldn't support her grandmother, so th' overseers brought 'em both. Sophy ain't so chirk since th' old lady died, but she's a good girl, an' a good-mannered girl. Never has to be spoke to twice."

Mrs. Salton agreed to take Sophy Niles.

"I think I'll have to, Nathan," she said to her husband. "I feel lazy this spring; I suppose it is because the baby is cutting his teeth so hard, and breaks me of my rest so."

"There isn't a lazy bone in your body. With the family, the cow, the pigs, the hens and the baby to take care of, you have too much to do. I only wish you could have a good strong woman—"

"O, nonsense! I only want a little lift now and then. I'm glad you didn't think it extravagant for me to take Sophy. She will do."

Mr. Salton was a farmer, but he did not own a farm. He worked for a rich man named Arthurson, who owned a very superior farm, and kept a great deal of help. He had to work regularly every day under Mr. Arthurson's orders. At certain seasons of the year, however, he would be unemployed. He was subject to rheumatic fevers, which incurred expense. He had lost two children, and he had other misfortunes which kept him poor. But just now he was struggling very hard to pay up the mortgage on his little home. He counted every cent with this object in view. He had been a little surprised that Lizzy, who was one with him in all his plans, should wish to take another mouth to feed. Still, he supposed his wife knew best. She knew how she felt. If she needed the girl's help she should have it, if they did not pay the mortgage for another year.

Sophy came just at the right time. she was a quiet, colorless girl of thirteen, doing just as she was bid, and she seemed to have a knack with the baby, so Mrs. Salton said she made a good beginning.

Two days after she arrived, Mr. Arthurson came riding down to the little house on horseback. A terrible thing had happened—a dog, supposed to be mad, had bitten his dairyman's wife; the husband had gone off in great haste to get a famous doctor, and might not be back for two days. Mr. Arthurson's cows had been just driven up for milking, and there was no one to milk them. Would Salton and his wife, who understood the business also, come and milk them? They might have most of the milk, in payment, until the dairyman came back, and other arrangements could be made.

For three nights, Mr. and Mrs. Salton went to the villa, and milked Mr. Arthurson's numerous cows; and then they had a barrel of milk.

"What had we better do with it, Lizzy?" asked Nathan Salton.

"I used to have good luck making cheese when I was a girl at home," said Mrs. Salton. "I would like to make a cheese."

This was finally decided upon. But they had no press; so Nathan contrived one with part of a hoghead, with heavy rocks for pressure. It took a good deal of time and trouble, but the cheese seemed to be a success. It worked very nice, and was immensely large.

"It will bring a good price if I have

any kind of good luck," said Nathan, "and will go a long way toward paying off the mortgage."

All the family stood around and admired it—it was so big, and promised so much. Sophy led the baby, who was learning to walk, around it several times. The two boys wanted it cut; but their mother told them nothing would be so nice as to sell it, and to pay for their house, so that nobody could take their home away. They went to bed then, and one and all dreamed of the big cheese.

The next morning the children's father said: "I am going to town."

And his wife said: "I will go with you, and get a little stuff to make jackets for the boys."

"Will you take the baby?"

"No, I will leave him with Sophy. He is a very good with her."

They were delayed a little by two old farmers coming in to look at the big cheese, but at length they got off. Lizzy started off with an unusual sense of comfort and security.

"Sophy is a very good girl," she said. "I only wish she were brighter and better favored. I don't like a girl to be so plain and quiet."

"Oh, handsome as is handsome does," replied Nathan.

Yes, Sophy seemed a little dull, and, with her pale hair, pale eyes, and her pale cheeks, was not at all pretty; but she washed the dishes, and coaxed the baby into being contented, and made heavy pudding for the boys' dinner very faithfully. She was as sober and steady as a little old woman. But she smiled on the baby, and nursed the ailing chicks, and always looked out that the cat was fed. She seemed to have a fellow feeling for all dependent creatures; so one could see her quietness was not moroseness.

Nothing went wrong in the little house until afternoon. Then a shabby old wagon drove into the yard, and two dark, ill-kempt men got out. Sophy went to the door, and they begged for something to eat. While she hesitated, listening to the whisper of little Hiram behind her, "them's gypsies, Sophy," one of the men thrust his elbow against the door.

"Let's see what you have in here," he said.

Both of the men pushed in, and the children were looked at.

The former looked about them. The kitchen was neat and cool. One began looking from the various windows; the other went into the buttery, where he found a dried apple pie, which he commenced to eat. Then the man at the windows looked at the children, and they looked gravely back at him.

"I say," said he, and his listeners certainly gave him all needed attention.

"Where's th' big cheese?"

"Hold on a minute, Jim," called the big black fellow in the buttery. "Sure all's clear?"

"Yes. There's nothing in sight."

"There's no hurry, then. I'm hungry."

"Oh, dash the eatin'!" returned the other. But, he too, went into the buttery to have a look about. For an instant the three children standing wide-eyed, in the centre of the big kitchen, were unobserved.

"Go out th' side door—still now," whispered Sophy to Hiram. "Creep through the bushes up to Mr. Arthurson's—don't let 'em see you—an' bring some one quick!"

As the boy disappeared, the men came out of the buttery.

"Look here, girl! Where's the big cheese?"

Sophy did not speak. The men began to frown.

"None o' that! You'll have to tell, ye know," said one.

Little Sammy began to cry.

"Let th' young ones alone," said the other man. "It is in the house, of course. Where does this door go to? Where does that one go?"

"The baby's there," said Sophy quickly. "He's asleep—don't disturb him."

The men pushed their way into a shed-room. Sophy turned instantly, and pulled Sammy into the other, which was bare, shaded, and almost empty. But there was the baby, asleep upon an old settee, and there, upon the floor, was the big cheese! There was little else. Mrs. Salton had been in the habit, during the summer, of placing the child here, away from the light and flies for his afternoon nap.

Catching up the baby, Sophy flung the blanket and pillow on the cheese, and laying the little fellow down on them again, placed Sammy upon one side and sat down on the other, hushing and talking to the child, who sat up on his strange couch and began crying vigorously. The men, who had been searching through the house, came back.

"Say, now," said one, "that cheese is neither in the house or barn. Where is it?"

"It's too heavy for th' old wagon, I b'leve, anyway," said the other.

Sophy got up, and taking off the long apron in which she was enveloped, spread it over the baby's lap so that it covered a spot where she could see the cheese's edge.

"Can't you speak, you girl! How much does it weigh, anyway?"

"The girl's a fool," said the other.

Sophy sat closer on the edge of the big cheese and speechlessly dangled a spoon on a string for the baby, warning Sammy (who in his fear sat somewhat uneasily) not to move.

"I'm bound to have it—I tell you!" exclaimed the more determined of the men, taking her by the arm. "Look here," he added, shaking her, "you know enough! Where did Salton put that cheese?"

Sophy trembled, but did not stir, and Sammy began to whimper.

"Hold on," said the more pacific rasical. "Don't raise a row with the young ones, an' I'll tell you a better job, Jim. That are baby—see!"

The men exchanged glances. Sophy looked up at them.

"Poh! Salton's poor!" said one.

"Arthurson's got money," returned the other. "He'd stand by him."

"Too much of a job. Th' young one 'll yell so!"

"Gag him. My woman 'll keep him all safe till we get the swag."

Poor little Sophy turned white. The spoon dropped from her nerveless hand. She cast a glance at the window. The blind was tightly closed.

"All right," she heard one say. "Go out and turn th' horse and bring in my ole coat. I'll sag th' baby in't that."

As the other obeyed, the remaining wretch picked up the spoon, and approached the child, apparently with the intention of thrusting it into his mouth. Sophy stood up.

The next instant she had snatched the shoe from her foot, struck the man a blow in the face with the heel that made him reel, and clutching the child by the belt of his dress, sprang to the door.

"Help! help! help!" she screamed, piercingly.

Two burly, resolute men ran into the yard followed by little Hiram,—Arthurson's men; and before the evil fellow in the house could escape, they were on him. During the tussle of securing him, the other escaped on foot, leaving his team.

Meantime, poor frenzied Sophy ran down the road with baby, head downwards, but tightly held—until, at the turnpike's end, she ran straight into the arms of Mr. Salton and his wife, and then fainted dead away.

They brought her back. The poor, weak, overwrought child had swooned spells at night; but Mrs. Salton held her in her arms, and could not be kind enough to the lovely, faithful young thing—who was never lonely again. The good couple took her into their hearts with a warmth and completeness which left nothing to be desired. They made her a daughter in every sense of the word.

The law disposed of the villain Jim, so that he, nor his mate, never were seen by the Saltons again. The horse, which was a good one, fell to their lot. The price of the big cheese, exhibited at a large fair, brought the sum of its worth several times over—the money being returned to the happy maker. This, added to a good amount for which the horse was finally disposed of, paid off the mortgage on the cottage; and the Saltons are now prosperous and happy.—Yankee Blade.

## Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

England is the country where the mackintoshes and silk gossamers are manufactured. Those used in European countries are all imported from London and Manchester. The first gossamers were manufactured in this country in the early seventies at Boston. They were made in the beginning under a patent, and the sum of \$10 was then charged for a gossamer that can now be bought for \$1. This cheapening of the article is altogether due to the fact that the patent has expired. The English goods sold here are the rubber and cloth of the finer make. Ordinary rubber clothing is not imported, but is entirely the result of American industry. The rubber manufacturing centers of the United States are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, but Massachusetts leads them all in the importance of the traffic and quality of the output. The workers in these rubber goods are a well-paid lot of people. Rubber is bought in bulk, in chunks and barrels from Para, Brazil. Chicago spends every year fully \$1,000,000 for its rubber goods.—Chicago Post.

## Cost of Running European Steamers.

Reliable data concerning the cost of running the fast European steamers have hitherto been difficult to obtain. Some statistics of the voyage of the Normannia, the magnificent addition to the Hamburg-American line, have been collected, and as the figures apply practically to a run of the City of Paris from New York to Liverpool, they are interesting. When the Normannia starts on an eastward voyage she carries nearly 3000 tons of coal in her bunkers, and it costs about \$3.50 a ton. The stokers daily shovel into her furnaces between 250 and 300 tons. The expenditure for coal approximates \$1000 a day, or \$8000 for the voyage. All expenses included, it may be said that one trip of the Normannia costs its owners not less than \$25,000. The receipts from all classes of passengers on a good midsummer trip are over \$50,000. Usually the Normannia carries 800 tons of freight, which, at the transportation rate of about \$10 a ton, amounts to \$8000.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## Diamonds to Be Found in America.

Major Powell, of the Geological Survey, says that diamond fields are likely to be developed in the United States. He says that diamonds of fine water have already been found near Atlanta, Ga., and in Russell County, Ky. He believes that systematic investigation would lead to valuable discoveries of precious stones. Garnets, some of them worth \$70 and \$80 each, have been shipped East to the amount of hundred of pounds by the Navajo Indians, and some exceptionally fine specimens have been found in Virginia. Opals of great value have been found in Oregon. Turquoise mining is rapidly developing in Colorado. It has been pursued with more or less success in New Mexico for some time. The Virginia garnets are said to be superior in luster to the finest products of Ceylon.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Mirrors of Wood.

In Germany wood with a mirror polish is coming into use for ornamental purposes in place of metal. The wood is first submitted to a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days at a temperature of about 175 degrees Fahrenheit, then dipped in hydrosulphate of calcium for twenty-four or thirty-nine hours, after which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added. After another dip in an acetate of lead solution at about 100 degrees, a shining metallic surface is given by polishing when dry with lead, tin or zinc.—New York Telegram.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Wyoming is twice as large as England. The first steel pen was made in 1830. Boston is two hundred and sixty years old. The first game of cricket was played in London, England, in 1774. New Haven, Conn., is called the City of Elms; Nashville, Tenn., the City of Rocks. At Eureka, Cal., one of the miners has a pet sheep that follows him all through the mine. It is said that some of the trees at the base of Mount Tacoma, in Washington, are 650 feet tall. The heart of a man guillotined in France recently continued to beat six minutes after the head was severed. Roller skates were first patented by a London fruiterer named Tyers in 1823, and his pattern had one line of wheels. A woman at Hagerstown, Md., has a goose which came into her possession when she was married, twenty-one years ago. Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, the authoress of "Nearer My God to Thee," was an Englishwoman. She lived in Cambridge, England, and died in 1849. As early as 1853 a Bristol and Exeter broad-gauge locomotive, carrying a light load and turning on a falling grade, developed a speed of eighty miles an hour. Gloves with webs between the fingers are a new invention intended to aid swimmers in getting a better purchase on the water than is given by the bare hand. A Pennsylvania horse thief, recently captured, had a memorandum of many owners of valuable horses, and maps showing every road in the eastern part of the State. The Yellow Stone National Park extends sixty-five miles north and south and fifty miles east and west, contains 3575 square miles, and is upward of 6000 feet above the sea level. Frederick Babuce, of Reading, Penn., suddenly experienced a loss of weight from 150 to eighty-six pounds, and soon afterward found the cause of it to be five lizards that had been living in his stomach. It is estimated that if the tobacco used in France during a single year were twisted into a cord two inches in thickness, it would be long enough to encircle the earth thirty times, following the line of the equator. Paris, Ky., claims to be the largest live turkey market in the world, and that fact is attractively set forth in an advertisement of the advantages accruing to the fortunate persons who are wise enough not to live anywhere else. A man owned a five-foot strip of land in New York city and quarreled with the owner of the adjoining property over the price of it. He then built two houses on the strip, which was a block long. The houses are four stories high and but three feet wide inside, but have deep bow windows which are utilized for rooms. Here is the "man of figures" at his weary work again: There are over 300,000 people who walk about the streets of London daily, and in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes. This would in a year form a leather belt six inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick long enough to reach from London to New York. The origin of the expression "Hobson's choice" is given thus: Tobias Hobson was the first man in England to hire out hackney horses. When a customer came for a horse he was led into the stable where there was a great choice, but Hobson obliged him to take the horse nearest the door, so that everybody was alike well served, according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your selection was forced upon you to say, "Hobson's choice."

**The Trick Proved Futile.**

A teacher's standing frequently depends more on his ability to deal with human nature than with the intricate problems of the text book, and this applies to colleges as well as to primary schools, says the Lewiston Journal. A well known professor of one of our Maine colleges has always been dreaded more by the incoming freshman class than by any other man on the faculty. This feeling wears away somewhat during the last part of the course, but there is always an awe inspired atmosphere as thick as a Down East fog-bank in this man's classroom, be it filled with quaking freshmen or self-satisfied seniors. Jokes have, however, been frequently tried on him, since college boys are very brave when they think their tracks are well covered, but the jokes have usually been found to have a double back action kick, like an old first look musket.

With the expectation of getting an "adjourn" from his recitation the next day, some scamp one night broke into his professor's classroom and painted every seat in the room with fresh paint. When the class assembled the next day the professor said very blandly: "You can sit down, gentlemen, or stand up, just as you please. Mr. A., will you please demonstrate—" etc.

The class stood for the full hour, its members finding relief by standing first on one foot and then on another.

On another occasion, when the mercury had dropped below zero, another attempt was made to get an "adjourn." The stove and every window was removed from the recitation room, but the professor was found there at the usual hour seated comfortably in his chair, with overcoat, winter cap and woolen gloves on, and without apparent discomfort to himself conducted a recitation of an hour's length, with heaven's breezes wandering uninterrupted through the room.

**When Eating Fish.**

"When you eat fish," said a distinguished physician to me, "don't eat anything with it. Bones are apt to slip into the bread or the cracker or the potato or anything else you take with the fish, and thus become lodged in the throat."

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Fringes are much used. Corded camel's hair is a novelty. Sandalwood glove boxes have again appeared. Small yellow birds are used on large black hats. Tufted camel's hair is likewise new and unique. White chamois gloves are fashionable for traveling. Old English and India designs are used for silverware. There are five shades of canar colored hair dye on the market. The best dressed woman in Lenox is Mrs. William D. Sloane. In Alaska a girl is ready for society as soon as she enters her teens. There are 14,465 women commercial travelers in the United States. Fancifully worked crochet buttons are the stylish buttons for autumn. Girdle-shaped belts are of calf leather, finished to resemble suede kid. The Queen of England's savings, in round numbers, are \$8,000,000. Blue heliotrope, brown, and red will be the prominent colors this fall. Very large plaids will be worn, made up exceedingly plain, and cut on the bias. The newest engagement present is a gold bangle fastened with a tiny padlock. Miss Jessie Langford is the only licensed woman pilot on the northern lakes. Fainting seems to have gone out of fashion as completely as pigtails and tuckers. Woven camel's hair dress material is striped with real camel's hair in different colors. Twelve different colors appear in French Venetian with figured brocade trimmings. Bureau drawers may be perfumed with good cologne sprinkled on pieces of pumice stone. Even the dresses of toddlers uncertain of locomotion, brush the ground and raise the dust. Handsome black soutache forms the border and Vandykes on many imported robes of ladies' cloth. The latest fad of New York society women is a rivalry in securing the hand-somest metallic bedsteads. Rosa Bonheur sold her last picture for \$10,000, and says she has worked enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. The Queen of England is a great collector of portraits of those who have distinguished themselves in her service. A cable from London says "fickle fashion has decreed that women's hair must now be the color of mahogany." Chicago has three women members in the Board of Education and three inspectors on the Board of Health staff. The Queen of Italy is fond of mountain climbing and has just ascended Colle di Valdobbrata, which is ten thousand feet high. Several women of the English nobility, who adopted the divided skirt as a fad, have discontinued the use of the garment. The most elegant robes have outlined sleeves almost covered with the braid in embroidery designs which ornament the skirt. Mme. Blavatsky has started a club for working women in London. One gentleman gave her \$5000 for the purpose. At the English seaside resorts the fashionable women are carrying Spanish sunshades, yellow silk or satin, covered with black lace. Hearts, stars, half moons, anchors, foils and clovers are a few of the designs in white velvet that are pasted over the fashionable veils. Velvet and felt bonnets have altogether taken the place of straw, tulle and lace hats so recently displayed in prominent millinery show rooms. Corsets are imported from Germany and France, but the greater number of those sold in the United States are of American manufacture. The Queen of England's ladies in waiting only receive \$1500 a year, and they are expected to wear a new costume every time they appear at dinner. A successful broker on the open Board of Trade in Chicago is Miss Fannie A. Blinn, a young Vermont girl, who was a clerk in an insurance office, a few years ago. Miss Elizabeth Cotesworth is about organizing a co-operative company of English gentlemen for the raising of fruits and vegetables to be delivered directly to the consumers. The Ladies' New York Club will open its new club house this fall. This club is particularly convenient for out-of-town shoppers. It is a year old and has about four hundred members. Miss Hattie Blaine, the youngest and prettiest daughter of the Secretary of State, is an intrepid canoeist, and her skill is displayed at Bar Harbor was admired by many spectators. Three of five medals awarded at McGill College, Canada, were recently carried off by lazy students. In the department of philosophy the first and the second places were won by ladies. The girl who pays \$5 for six tickets to have her finger-nails cultivated and bleached has very little to do with her money. There are hundreds of them in the manicure shops of New York city. The champion woman swimmer of the United States is Miss Alice Ward, of Brooklyn, who swam a mile off Coney Island in sixteen and one-half minutes (with the tide). The young lady is sixteen years old, and has won the prize three times in succession. The whole world's produce of salt in 1890 was 7,500,000 tons. England produces the most.