

The experiment of shipping potatoes from Montana to the East has proved a great success, and the farmers of that State are correspondingly happy.

The New York Advertiser is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciations seem to have grown decidedly tame in these later years.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kilbreth, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Teutonic and Westernland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving passengers unnecessary inconvenience.

The Chicago Record states that in a very able and scholarly address delivered before the Kansas Irrigation Association Judge J. S. Emery, of the National Irrigation Society, put forward some facts of vital interest not only to the inhabitants of arid States, but to the whole Nation. It will doubtless be a surprise to most readers to learn that that portion of America which may be considered as practically arid and unproductive is nearly half as big as all the United States, save Alaska. Judge Emery vouches for this fact and also for the other fact, sustained by the opinions of expert geologists, that of this enormous area 100,000,000 acres can be reclaimed by the use of proper methods of irrigation.

Not even the prospect of an English prison seems to daunt the swindlers who flourish on American credulity by pretending to discover large estates in Great Britain awaiting American heirs, remarks the New York Press. The latest discovery of the kind is called the "Hyde estate," which is estimated at the modest amount of \$360,000,000. This enormous sum, we are told, is anxiously waiting in the Bank of England for American owners, in the proportion of probably of about \$1,000,000 apiece. The expectant millionaires have presumably by this time been mulcted in various small amounts to pay preliminary expenses, and after they have been sufficiently bled the estate will doubtless be heard of no more. It is to the credit of the London authorities that they have done what they could to put a stop to this form of swindling, but, while there are dupes there will be knaves, and the English estate fraud seems to be as irrepressible as the green goods came and the Russian thistle.

The annual report of Governor Renfrew, of Oklahoma, furnishes an interesting picture of the wholly unique American way of colonizing and State building, according to which new commonwealths grow up into the Union as naturally as a younger child is born into a family, on equal terms with the rest from the beginning. Oklahoma, it is true, is not yet a State, but it is getting ready to become one. As the Governor remarks, at the original opening of Oklahoma proper the world beheld the strange spectacle of a city of 10,000 inhabitants built in a day, and a Territory of 9400 square miles settled in half a day. That was four years ago. Its present population is given as 250,000, and the value of its property as \$20,000,000. Nothing there was begun more promptly than provision for churches and schools. Already there is a schoolhouse convenient to every family, a Territorial university, a Normal School and an agricultural and mechanical college. As for churches, there are ninety-five Baptist, fifty-five Congregational, forty-two Methodist, thirty-one Presbyterian, twenty-four Catholic, and so on. As to Statehood, some desire to have Oklahoma admitted at once; others would wait a little, hoping that Indian Territory may yet be joined with Oklahoma, both making one great State, in which case, says the Governor, "it would be equal to the greatest and, in my opinion, the finest State west of the Mississippi."

THE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

Dark hemlocks, seventy and seven,
High on the hill-slope sigh in drear,
With plummy heads in heaven;
They all over the sunbeam.

One broken body of a tree,
Stabbed through and stashed by light-
keen,
Ensnared and grim to see,
Hangs o'er the hushed ravine.

A hundred masts, a hundred more,
Crowd close against the sunset fire,
Their late adventure o'er,
They mingle with the spires.

But one is lying prone, alone,
Where glancing gulls to seaward swoop,
White sand of burial blown
In sheets about its sleep.

When lightning's lashed and sea is still,
Ye sacrificial mysteries dread,
Seapeagons of shore and hill,
Your riddle may be read.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.

BY M. BABINGTON DAYLEY.

HE was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illuminated by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigious streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, free-handed young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle.

"Not to-night."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose your're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly. He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me to-night, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an availableansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubtly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her captious admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly—very humbly—I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still a severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said again.

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely that in less than two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied.

"I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

The Last of Her Tribe.

The last survivor of the Delaware Indians, who formerly owned all of the lands in this section of New Jersey, died a day or two ago in her humble cottage in Southampton township, N. J., and was buried from the little Methodist chapel at Tabernacle. Her name was Ann Roberts, and she was the widow of John Roberts, a mulatto, who died a number of years ago. They had several children, some of whom are still living. A picturesque figure she was as she stood erect in front of her cabin with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and the neighbors all had a wholesome respect for her. She was nearly six feet in height, very muscular, and despite her years—she was past ninety—could do a day's chopping in the woods with almost any of the men in the neighborhood. The house she lived in was bought with some pension money she had secured on account of the death of one of her sons in the war. Somehow she managed to pick up a living for herself until her last illness, when the neighbors kindly supplied her wants until the end came, when they gave her a Christian burial.

"Indian Ann," as she was called, was the last survivor of the Elcepi-plock Indians, a branch of the Delaware. They were assigned to a reservation in Shamong township in 1757, where they remained for a long time prosperous and happy. Then they were removed to another tract of land in Oneida County, New York. Indian Ann's parents accompanied them, but soon became weary and returned to Burlington County, where they lived in a cabin on the Woolman farm, near Mount Holly, until their death, which occurred some time in the fifties.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The muffler was originally called the mazzler, because it went over the muzzle or mouth.

THE ART OF SAW MAKING.

HOW AN AMERICAN TOOL HUMBLED A TOLEDO BLADE.

The Fine Points of a Good Handsaw—Tempering Is a Mysterious Process—The Band Saw.

SOME of those swords of the middle ages and the crusades are still in the museums of Europe, and the modern steel-makers who have examined them with professional criticism, while admiring their beautiful workmanship and exquisite art, unhesitatingly say that none of them can compare with the steel made to-day.

An American manufacturer of tool steel declared that an American handsaw was made of stronger, tougher and better steel than a famous Toledo blade exhibited in France. He proved his assertion, for a sword made of the same steel from which the saw was made stood the test to which both swords were subjected, and then cut the Toledo blade in two without nicking the edge of the American sword.

A good handsaw must of necessity be made of good steel. Its temper must be such that the thin saw-blade must spring in an even curve from point to butt when it is bent. It must be elastic without being brittle, tough without softness, and the steel must be of an even temper. From good, honest steel alone can such virtues spring, and when a carpenter has such a saw, polished to a silver luster, rightly "hung," well "set," with the handle properly fitted to his hand, he has a treasure.

The making of saws, from the tiny scroll saw blade to the long pit saw, from the diminutive buzz saw of the dentist to the seventy-inch circular used to slice up the redwood of California, requires the best of raw material and the most skillful and expert of steel-workers.

The best Swedish and American irons only are put in the melting pots to make the steel, and powerful steam hammers work the ingots before they are rolled into plates, sheets and flat bars. The largest saw works in the world are near Philadelphia.

The high perfection attained in the metal-workers' art is not in evidence until the saw blade or disk, after being cut to shape and having the teeth cut, reaches the tempering and hardening stage. The steel making, the "coo-ging" of the ingots under the steam hammering and the rolling mill are interesting, and so is the great shears which cuts and shapes the saw blades and circular plates for buzz saws. The teeth-cutting machine is an attractive piece of mechanism, but the hardening and tempering are done by men, each one an expert, a master of his art.

When the saw blade reaches this department it is soft. When bent it is slow to return to its original shape, and if bent beyond its elastic limit it remains bent. To make a saw of it the blade must be tempered, and each variety of saw must have a different temper. The circular saw which is to go through pine logs must have a toughness, hardness and stiffness different from the saw which is to cut up steel rails into thirty-foot lengths in a rolling-mill. Still, the process, the simple manipulation of the blade and disk is about the same. The desired results are secured by a variation in temperatures in the hardening and annealing furnaces, the time in which the blades are kept in the furnaces, the composition and temperatures of the tempering baths.

The blades are first hardened by being heated and then suddenly cooled. The greatest care must be exercised in dipping the heated blade in the water, for if one side cools quicker than the other the unequal tension distorts the blade and it is warped. The larger the saw the more difficult is the process.

The workman poises the blade over the bath, watching it keenly. The film of oxide on the steel changes color as it cools, and when the proper tint glistens in the blade it is plunged into the water. When it is cold the blade is hard, but its toughness has disappeared, for it is as brittle as glass. A hammer blow will shatter the steel to bits, for all its molecules are in a state of extreme tension, ready to fly apart on the slightest provocation. To restore the toughness, the essential elasticity, the temper must be "drawn," so the blade must be heated again.

Here the mysterious art of tempering is seen at its best. The workman gives the steel just the right amount of heat, and then withdraws the blade from the furnace. Again he watches the chameleon-like oxide or skin; it changes and blends from one color to another, sometimes a pigeon's egg blue, an amber, a straw, a yellow or a deep-blue color. When the proper color appears the blade is dipped in the cooling bath, oil or water or some secret mixture, and it is ready for another set of experts, the men who handle the cold blade to the proper thickness. This in itself is a severe test of the temper, and a saw blade which successfully passes through this department not only receives that "tension" which the hammering gives it, but can be guaranteed, so far as the temper is concerned. The hammering makes the blade or

disk true, perfectly flat and of uniform texture. Up to this point the blade has been of the same thickness, but in a saw the toothed edge must be thicker than the middle and back of the saw or the saw would have no clearance and would stick in the wood. The smiths hammer the blade thinner back of the teeth and this gives the saw that stiffness and tension which are all-important.

The blade passes from this department to the polishing-rooms, where it is ground absolutely even and highly polished. Machinery has to a great extent taken the place of manual labor in grinding and polishing saws. When the saws are polished they are placed in a machine which automatically sharpens the teeth. Then the handles are fitted on and the laws are tested and packed.

In some circular saws the teeth are inserted instead of being cut in the disk. The teeth with their holders are fastened in the rim of the disk so that they will not fly out when the saw is zipping through a log with its edge racing 10,000 feet a minute. Yet, when dull, the teeth can be easily removed and new ones inserted at the saw-mill. To the unobservant all saw-teeth are alike, but the saw-maker knows teeth as chisel, solid, beveled, gullet, diamond, hook, lancet and scores of others. If a rip-saw is examined it will be seen that the teeth are the largest at the handle, gradually diminishing in size toward the tip. Yet, to such perfection has saw-making machinery been brought, a machine will take a blank blade, and, beginning with large teeth at the butt, will bite out the teeth in uniformly decreasing size to the tip. The strip of steel, sometimes eight inches wide and fifty feet long, which makes a band saw, has its teeth cut by machinery. The strip is fed into the machine; after each bite it moves along a certain distance and the machine bites again. Band saws are gradually superseding circular saws in saw-mills, for on large logs two circular saws are required, one at the bottom and the other for the top, and sometimes the saws getting a trifle out of alignment, do not track, and damaged lumber results.

The band saw is an endless-tooth steel belt running at a high speed over a wheel above the log and under a similar wheel beneath the log. With it the largest logs can be sliced up into boards, and, as the band saw is thinner than the circular saw, the loss of lumber in sawdust is less and more can be obtained from the log.—Chicago Record.

The Story of the Thumbs.

"If you will allow me the Hibernicism," said a young lady of observation, "I would like you to note for me that the true index finger is the thumb. I do not mean that from the length of its phalanges you can find out whether there is a blonde divinity or a brunette fate awaiting you, or that from its spatulated or oval nail I can tell whether you like pictures or horse races—all that sort of digital conjuring I leave to the palm mysticists. But what I do mean is that the thumb is a remarkable indicator of its owner's bodily and mental condition."

"The new-born babe holds its thumbs in the palms of its hands, clenched in its little fists, and it is only when the mind and body both expand that it takes its thumbs out and holds them up as independent organs. What deep connection there may be between this fact and our simian ancestry I cannot say. Let mothers watch their children's thumbs, and if they stick out boldly it is an unfailing indication of good health and aggressive disposition, while if they have a tendency to seek the shelter of the fingers it means feeble health and subservient will."

"Just notice the thumbs of your friends now, and you will see the same relations between their posture and the man's constitution of mind and body. The conditions are simplicity itself; the weak man's thumb is weak and pendant, the strong man's thumb is strong and erect. The parallelism is so marked that you can tell from a glance at a man's thumbs whether he is an aimless thinker or a man who carries his ideas, or somebody else's, into action."

"It may be treachery to my sex, but I don't mind telling you that it will be a good thing for you fellows to mark well the thumbs of the ladies of your choice. If the girl's thumb, be it ever so prettily rosy, has a tendency to stand at right angles to the hand—well, the gray mare will need a bit, that's all, while if it lies flat, or droops a little, you can count on marital submission to the master mind, and that's the sort of domestic paradise all you sons of Adam are looking for, isn't it?"

"With the waning of the powers of frame and brain pot comes the depression, I had almost said the recession, of thumb, and whether in senility or idioy the thumb is always turned in. And then, when you turn your face to the wall and know no more summer's heat nor winter's cold, those that stand about you and say: 'Well, poor old chap, he's gone at last,' will find that you have tucked your thumbs away in the shelter of your hands, just as you had them when you were a little baby."—New York Sun.