

Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor and praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood.

"Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller.

"Very well, then," replied the Czar, "I have earned eighteen altinas."

Muller brought eighteen ducats, offered them to Peter, and told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood.

Peter refused the sum, saying, "keep thy ducats, I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want the money to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need."

At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "these I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the bars of iron forged by Peter the Great and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen in Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities in St. Petersburg.

Metallie Tungsten.

We learn that a Swedish metallurgist has discovered a method of reducing tungsten, by which he obtains it at once in a state of fusion, and that ingots of the pure metal weighing several pounds each are now on exhibition at Stockholm. We are informed, too, that the cost of obtaining tungsten by the new method does not exceed a few shillings per pound. If really obtainable thus cheaply, a metal which will bear exposure to so intense a heat without undergoing either fusion or oxydation must prove of incalculable value to certain of the arts, provided that the difficulties in the way of working it are not insuperable. With the exception of gold and platinum, tungsten is the heaviest metal yet known. Its specific gravity is about 81, that of gold being 19.36, and that of platinum, 21.53.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Horse Taming.

Anything a horse can touch with his nose without being harmed, he does not fear. Therefore, the hand, the halter, girth, blanket, saddle, harness, umbrella, buffalo robe, or whatever is brought in proximity to him should be introduced to and touched by that delicate organ. A knowledge of such important facts as we learned by attending a course of lectures, is the main secret of Rarey's success in horse taming.—*Mass. Plowman.*

The Ocean a source of Electricity

An important experiment has been made by M. Duchemin, of Paris, during a holiday at the seaside. He made a small cork buoy, and fixed to it a disk of charcoal containing a small plate of zinc. He then threw the buoy, into the sea, and connected it with copper wires to an electric alarm on the shore. The alarm instantly began to ring, and has gone on ringing ever since, and it is added that sparks may be drawn between the two ends of the wires. Thus the ocean seems to be a powerful and inexhausti-

ble source of electricity, and the small experiment M. Duchemin may lead to most important results.

Bleaching.

Perhaps there is more prejudice than taste in the preference of pure white to a tint such as that of unbleached cotton, or linen that has been prepared by a process that does not darken it. During the siege of Granada, Queen Isabella, to insure the success of an assault, vowed that she would not change her linen until the city should be taken. The assault failed, and many weeks elapsed before the queen changed her linen. All her ladies, of course, followed suit, and before the city was taken the linen had acquired a warm *Titianesque* tone that was greatly admired by the cavaliers; and continued to be admired and imitated long after the incident that gave it a chance to be appreciated. We have been told that ladies tint their lace with coffee, to give it an agreeable tone. Others put blue into their starch to neutralize the warm tone of cottons that have been long shut up, and, perhaps not properly cleansed from soap. Altogether the evidence by no means proves that pure white is the best foil for flesh of any and every hue, from the sickliest shade-grown young or old lady, down to the healthy brunette who delights in sunshine. And artists incline to warmer hues—whether because Titian and Reynolds were so inclined, or because they are really more beautiful, is a question that may as well be considered before we rot more cloth by bleaching.

From some observation and inquiry, we believe that bleaching takes half the durability out of cotton and linen; and we believe that it is more a matter of fashion and prejudice than of good taste.—*American Artisan.*

Sunken Lake in Oregon.

The Jacksonville (Oregon) *Sentinel* describes a remarkable curiosity, known as the "Great Sunken Lake," and situated in the Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. The lake rivals the famous valley of "Sinbad the Sailor." It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to the water all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the currents of the air do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles, and its width at ten. There is an island in its centre, having trees upon it. No living man has ever been able, nor probably ever will be, to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains, in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by some of the most reliable citizens. This lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.