A MODERN MAN-OF-WAR.

A Floating Mass of Iron, Guns, Engines, Machines, and Irresistible Force.

An Aquatic World, with all the Social Grades, Distinctions and Privileges of the World Terrestrial.

Could that grand old sea-lion, Lord Nelson, come back to earth, and with his historic ship "Victory" sail round those mammoth iron monsters, the modern men-of-war, he would blink and rub his eyes. He would gaze in amazement at the floating masses of iron and wonder however they kept afloat. Then he would turn from the black mass with its muddy colored funnels, its ventilators, and its thousand and one appurtenances foreign to the ancient three-decker. He would compare his cumbrous old guns with the destructive machines of the present day, and would say that it was the custom to kill by machinery. In a word, England's greatest naval hero would find himself partially in the position of Bellamy's hero in "Looking Backward." He would notice a vast change in human devices, although human nature might be just the same. To contrast the "Victory" and—well, say the "Warspite," now lying at Esquimalt—would be an intensely inter-sting proceeding. But if one were to go through a similar process with regard to the same old ship and those top-heavy, ungainly, unsteamable and unsteerable turret ships to be seen protecting the English coasts, the contrast would perhaps show in favor of the "Victory." She at least was manageable so long as there was a breeze, but the others are the cause of daily complaint at headquarters. It is ships like the Warspite that seem to have just hit the mark at the proper limit. They are capable of immense destruction and are manageable even under very extreme circumstances. The Warspite is not by any means a handsome boat; she has the appearance of a British bull-dog, and would give one that impression. Viewed from a distance, she is seen to sit sullenly down in the water, black and forbidd ng. On her upper deck can be seen four engines of destruction, white but repellant-looking; from her main d ck grin the shining muzzles of more deadly reapers, and here and there can be seen peeping out these treacherous machine guns which cause such awful havoc when turned loose on opposing forces. One mast only pierces the air from that small army of funnels and air conveyers. It looks bare and sickly to the eye accustomed to the comfortably rigged masts and spars of less modern ships, but it is kept only for use. There is nothing ornamental about it. It carries a gun; so did the huge masts of Nelson's "Victory," but the guns taken up the rigging of that old ship were muskets in the hands of sharpshooters. How Nelson would stare at the sligh machine in the "Warspite's" crow's nest if he saw it working.

After climbing the black, heavily armored sides of the "Warspite," the view is a little cheering. Everything is bright, neat, shining; everyone looks brisk and busy. The sight is not wonderful, but it is interesting. Everything is in its appointed place; everyone knows his order reigns supreme. The brass work is bright as gold, the wood work painted pure white, the decks scrubbed to shining pitch. A special feature is the brightness of the guns. On the upper deck are four of them capable of throwing a 380 pound projectile at a velocity of 2050 feet per second, with a charge of 166 pounds. These guns mounted on barbettes, rake fore and aft and to either side. On the main deck are half a dozen six-inch breech-loading guns, throwing a projectile of 100 pounds, with a charge of 48 pounds. They are nice looking instruments to admire but, well handled, would do terrible damage and be feared more than admired. There are two more to be added to this number as soon as some necessary alterations are made in the arrangements of the main deck. On the deck below this are some more machines of a destructive character. There are eight — four six pounders and four three pounders, all quick firing guns. These are supplemented by ten Nordenfeldt machine guns, all of which are ornamented by stacks of Martini-Henry rifles which line the main and lower decks. The deadly torpedo is not absent by any means, it is painfully present.

The Warspite is not a mere armory though; it is a little world in itself, and its customs, laws and manners are as clearly (possibly more clearly) defined than the great world outside. It has its departments which are as sacred to each other as the prescribed realms of autocratic Europe. No one overstops the boundaries; no one is guilty of trespass. Those in command have access to every place; those under command have no access at all. Their limits are known to a fraction of an inch; a transgression is unknown, and a transgressor would be frowned out of existence, if not punished. Still there is no discontent at this; each man knows his place and keeps it. He enters the service on that understanding, and abides by his agreement. Of course it goes without saying that the officers' quarters are the best appointed portions of the entire institution. Such is always the case, the maxim being that those carrying the responsibility should have the cream of the reward. But it is not to be inferred from this that the crew, the rank and file, are uncared for. Not at all; they are comfortably housed; well fed; and clothed both comfortably and cleanly. The full complement of men is fixed at 550, which includes about 70 marines, but this number is apt to vary in view of transfers which are made from one ship to another. There is, for the men, all reasonable amusement or recreation; gymnastics are not forgotten, there being a complete set of appurtenances for a gymnasium and athletic training school.

The quarters for the official staff are somewhat more comfortable than those of the men, the comfort approaching positive luxuriousness as the grade of the occupants rises; till the sanctum of the commander is outshone by the sanctum sanctorum of the admiral. This is approached by the ordinary mortal on board with fear and trembli g, and there is no small deference in the demeanor of the officer who draws near on business. The quarters are principally on the main deck, but there is a large contingent of machinists, engineers, stokers and other hands necessary to the navigation of a vessel such as the Warspite drawing ch ss on 28 feet of water. The engine hands are made up of a staff engineer, five engineers and assistant engineers, 12 engine-room artificers, 15 leading, and 86 ordinary stokers.

The visitor to a warship, although deeply interested at what he sees, is scarcely ever very much surprised at anything. Every one expects to see guns and machines of war; he expects to see destructive engines of deadly power, and it is natural in one to expect to see these instruments in a state of shining cleanliness. But he is not in a position to see an engine emporium on board ship. The Warspite is a large engine shop below the lower deck. With the bu l, the guns and other accessories, one would think that such a mass of iron could never float; but it does. With a double set of compound engines, each set consisting of one high pressure and two low pressure, she has also fifty three auxiliary engines, four of which are for electric light purposes. It would be tedious to begin to enumerate their uses; it would seem that there is an engine for everything, and that before long there will be engines in the places of officers and men. One deck of this great leviathan of the British navy is a mass of hissing steam, rolling wheels and revolving cranks. Her main engines have 1,000 indicated horse power, with twelve boilers.

The electric light system is an interesting feature, though not wonderful in these days of floating passenger p laces on sea and rolling hotels on our railroads. The Warspite carries four machines, one of 400 and three of 200 volts, Siemen's dynamos, running about 400 incandescent lights of 16 candle power, placed throughout the ship. Three search lights of 25,000 candle power, and a yard-arm light of 160 candle power are adjuncts of the system. The lighting is well distributed throughout the ship. The dimensions of this floating arsenal and army, running at a rate of over 17 knots at full speed, are 315 feet long, 62 feet wide, and nearly as many deep. She has a coal capacity of 1,200 tons, which would last for from three to four days running at full speed. Her boats and steam cutters are small institutions.

The hours at sea which would otherwise be tedious on the Warspite are rendered enjoyable by an excellently trained and very capable band of about seventeen instruments.

OBITUARY.

The Death of John McIntyre of Lytton—A Brief Sketch of his Life.

To the Editor:—It was my painful duty a few days ago to announce through the medium of your widely read paper, the death of John McIntyre, long and favorably known throughout the province who departed this life on Monday, July 21st.

The deceased was an old pioneer of the Pacific coast, having arrived in the Golden State in 1849, where he was engaged in many enterprises, with varying success. Leaving California in 1858 to seek his fortune in British C lumbia, he f llowed mining for many years on the Fraser, Cariboo, Big Bend, and Peace River, and when travelling from the latter country in 1872 he was almost reduced to starvation, his scanty supply of provisions having given out; his mining ventures in this province never met with the success he deserved.

In 1877 he assumed the business of the late Thomas R. Brice, and with his honesty and fair dealings, he soon accumulated considerable wealth. For the last few years he had spent a goodly portion of his means in sending out parties prospecting in this vicinity.

Deceased was a man of sterling qualities, generous to a fault, and as it may truly be said of him "that his left hand never knew what his right hand gave away." Few t at have ever passed away from our midst have caused a deeper feeling of sorrow. The esteem in which he was held was shown by his many friends travelling long distances to pay their last tribute of respect.

The Rev. Mr. Hall came from Kamloops to perform the burial service. He spoke long and eloquently over the remains and he feelingly reminded his old friends that stood around the gr-ve, that their lives, too, must of necessity be of short duration.

Deceased was born in Scotland on May 2nd, 1824, being at the time of his death upwards of 66 years of age.. He leaves no relatives in the province. May his soul rest in peace! T. Seward.

A RETALIATION SCHEME.

An Effort to Settle the Behring's Sea Question by Retaliating Upon the Canadian Pacific.

Washington, July 29—There is no doubt that the administration is doing all in its power to bring about some settlement of the Behring's sea difficulty, and threatened retaliation on Canadian business, as indicated in these dispatches yesterday, will be brought forward. Secretary Windom will in a few days make a report to the senate concerning the special privileges now granted the Canadian railroads by stationing United States customs officers on Canadian soil to bond goods which are brought into the United States free of duty. It is in the power of the administration to withdraw these officers and compel the Canadian roads to employ American elevators and American workmen and bring their cars on the American side to be bonded. This would shut out the Canadian Pacific road from engaging in interstate traffic between the Pacific coast and the Eastern States. It is thought probable such action will be taken, and a few steps of this kind will be sufficient to convince the Canadians that they cannot insist on destroying the seal industry. It is not known that Secretary Windom will recommend the removal of the customs officers to the American side, but there may be some indication that such a scheme is anticipated. The removal would injure the people on the American side to some extent and would meet the protest of railroads having Canadian connections.

A MURDER MYSTERY.

It is Solved After Thirty Years—A Boston Man Killed for His Money.

Confession of One of the Assassins Who Was About to Die in New Mexico.

Boston, July 27.—A murder mystery of thirty years' standing has been solved by the deathbed confession of the murderer, and the mysterious disappearance of a rich Boston liquor dealer is thus accounted for. On the night of December 13, 1869, James Martin started from his place of business with the intention of walking across the bridge to his home in Charlestown. That was the last seen or heard of him until the story of his murder was brought to light a few days ago. His dog appeared on the doorstep next morning wet, with blood on his collar and head, but that was the only clew to the cause of Martin's disappearance. As he was known to have had a large sum of money with him on the night he disappeared it was believed that he had been murdered, but as his body was not found his case was included in the long list of unsolved mysteries.

Edward Callahan returned from California a few days ago, bringing the solution of the mystery and confirming the theory that Martin had been murdered for his money. In 1885 Mr. Callahan was in the southern part of New Mexico in the employ of the Southern Pacific railroad. One evening when walking along the track he came upon a very dilapidated tramp who was dying. He said that his name was Tip McLaughlin, and, knowing that death was at hand, he gave Callahan the history of his life, which was a continual story of crime. His murderous career in the West created quite a sensation, and his escape from death through influential friends secured for him the nickname of Tip McLaughlin.

Afterward he killed a man in Sacramento, was tried and convicted and sentenced to be hanged. When he was taken out of court the officer in charge of him said: "Well, McLaughlin, I guess we will take a drink before I lock you up." They went into a saloon and McLaughlin sat down to play studhorse poker for the drinks while the officer looked on. Pretty soon McLaughlin said he was going out of the back door for a minute. He did so and the officer did not catch him. He got down to San Francisco and there he shipped on a trading schooner going down the coast and then went off into Southern California.

Callahan, in one of his talks with McLaughlin, spoke of returning to his home in Boston, and that brought out the confession of the murder in 1859. The story is told in Callahan's words: "He asked if I remembered anything about the disappearance of a man named Martin. I did not know much about it, although I had heard my cousin, who was a friend of Martin, speak of it. Then he told me that he was one of the men who helped to kill Martin and throw him over the old Charlestown wharf. He said that Martin had a dog with him, and that the animal fought so hard in defence of his master that they had to throw him overboard too, to defend themselves and stop the noise."

"GOT HIM ON THE LIST,"

And They're Sure He Won't be Missed—Leclaire Cornered and the $900 Found.

When Leclaire stole the $900 from the gentleman with whom he was sleeping in the same room, he must have formed his programme in a very impromptu manner, or else he acted on the impulse of the moment. In any case, he displayed strategy of no mean class. He acted so cleverly that for some time it was by quite a slender thread indeed that the law held him. It was quite a difficult matter to prove whether he was the guilty party, but the police officials held on to him and ferretted out one circumstance after another till a strong chain of evidence was forged out of the primary thread, and Leclaire was held secure. It was a close hunt while it lasted, but it proved successful.

Leclaire had accomplices here, one of whom took a warm interest in his defence, and who left by the Kingston a night or two since. He either made or had other confidants; one of them was used for his conviction. The money, with the exception of a few dollars, disappeared almost immediately after the robbery was committed, and no trace of it could be found although it would seem that Leclaire's every movement was known from the time of the occurrence till his arrest. He found means either to give the money over to one of his friends or to conceal it himself, and it was this fact that puzzled the police. Now, however, the whole thing is cleared up through the indefatigable efforts of the Chief and Sergeant Walker. The latter has been seen working hard at something or other for the last few days, but both the Chief and he were hermetically sealed when asked what progress was being made. It is now understood that the whole affair is clear as day, the money, with the exception of fifty cents, is all accounted for, and but $50 is wanting of the $900 recovered.

Leclaire has elected to be tried under the Speedy trials act and his case will probably be tried on Monday.

TO HUNT AND TAKE WHALES.

Capt. Whitelaw's Big Scheme to Establish a New Provincial Industry.

The application of Capt. T. P. H. Whitelaw, owner and master of the American wrecking steamer bearing his name, for permission to hunt and take whales in the Gulf of Georgia, was forwarded to the Minister of Customs yesterday.

Capt. Whitelaw's project is a big one, like the majority of his ventures, and he feels confident that there is plenty of money in it. He feels certain that whaling, with steam launches and the latest and most improved patent guns, of which he has obtained control, can be made one of the most profitable industries of the province; and his intention is to show that he is right in his estimate of the possibilities of the whale fisheries, and then establish a local company in which he will become a stockholder.

There has been no whaling done in the Gulf of Georgia for the past 17 years, as, with the old-fashioned methods adopted, it could never be made to pay in the past. Capt. Whitelaw intends to fit out the old Alexander as a floating refinery, for reducing the oil from the whales taken on the scene of their capture. His method of killing will be a new and thoroughly scientific one, allowing no whale that has been captured to escape, and having received the necessary permit from the Canadian Customs he will at once proceed to carry his scheme into execution.

A CLEVER WIFE'S RUSE.

How She Persuaded Her Husband to Take Her to Europe.

"Women are smarter than men every time," said the manager of a large tourist excursion business in an argument over the respective qualities of the sexes to a New York Times reporter, "and I can tell you a little story to back my statement that I think is a clincher. When I was in Chicago some years ago an elderly lady came into my office one day and asked me to prepare a trip to the continent for her husband and herself. I set to work on it the following morning and had just about finish d the schedule when a man came rushing in, introduced himself as the husband of my previous day's caller, and told me to stop my work. He said he did not want to go to Europe, and he wouldn't go, and he would be blessed if his wife was going either. He notified me also that he held the family purse-strings, and then departed.

"I threw the schedule away with a mild objurgatory remark about female ways and started in on something else.

"Half an hour later in came the lady and said that I was not to bother with what her husband said. She told me that the trip was going to be made, and that he was going with her, and that when she made up her mind to do any thing she generally did it. She left a one-hundred-dollar guarantee with me to finish up the itinerary, and I went ahead.

"When the starting day came around the husband walked in to see me, paid up like a little man, and went away with his tickets, but he offered no explanation as to his change of mind.

"In the fall of that year I met the couple on the steamer coming home, and one night over our cigars the husband told me the story of how his wife persuaded him to take the trip.

"'She didn't say a word to me on the subject,' said he, 'after the day I called on you to countermand her orders, and I swelled with pride to think how easily I had knocked the idea out of her head. On the Sunday morning before I called on you again we went to church as usual, and after the sermon and just as I was preparing my mind for dinner, the pastor nearly stunned me by announcing that my wife and I were to start for Europe in a few days, and that we wished the prayers of the congregation. All eyes were turned on our pew at once, and every body joined in the requested prayer. What could I do but look thankful? I had a bad fifteen minutes' walking home, and I didn't enjoy dinner a bit; but the funny side of the affair struck me in the afternoon, and before long I was congratulating my wife on her cleverness, and looking forward with interest to the journey myself."

TRANSLATING THE MENU.

How Erastus Gurley Threw a Waiter Into a Cataleptic Fit.

Erastus Gurley was in town yesterday, and, as usual, proceeded to make his presence felt, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. He arrived about ten a. m., and for a change dropped into a cafe for dinner. The obsequious waiter had just flicked a bit of lint from Mr. Gurley's coat collar when Mr. Gurley opened out on him.

"Yes," he said, glancing at the menu, "you may bring me some eggs blushing like Aurora."

"Beg pardon, sir," explained the waiter, "it's not on the bill."

"Isn't, eh? What's this œufs a l'aurore?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young man, blushing and shifting somewhat uneasily.

"And I feel just like having some breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce."

The waiter turned red, white and blue.

"Got you again," chuckled Mr. Gurley. "Well, I suppose you call it culottes a la royale, sauce veloute."

"Oh, that! Yes, sir; yes, sir;" and the waiter briskly rattled the cutlery around Mr. Gurley's plate as though he would fain drown Mr. Gurley's voice.

"Be sure you bring a stew of good Christians."

"Now you are joking," mildly expostulated the waiter, with a sickly smile.

"Not a bit of it, man. See here on your bill. Compote de bons chretiens."

"O—ah—ugh," gulped the waiter.

"And don't forget the fountains of love."

"The—ah—I beg pardon."

"Right here on your menu — puits d'amour."

"Well, well," and the accompanying grin was ghastly.

"And a mouthful of ladies."

"Eh?"

"Bouche de dames — quick, help — a glass of water—dash it in his face!"

But Mr. Gurley was too late. The waiter was in a dead swoon, almost a cataleptic fit, from which he never recovered until along in the afternoon. As Mr. Gurley went out he inquired of the cashier if the waiters there understood French.

"Only by ear," answered the lightning-change artiste, "which ear I couldn't inform you."

Lack of Cleanliness.

A funny story is going the rounds of a young lady who found a horse-shoe, and, wishing for good luck, placed it under the pillow in company with her false teeth. In the morning in the hurry of dressing she substituted the shoe for the teeth and wore it for some time before the mistake was discovered. This story was told to a young lady visiting Meadville, Pa., and with grateful astonishment in her voice she exclaimed: "And never washed the shoe!" She was evidently more surprised over the lack of cleanliness than the size of the girl's mouth.

Different Kinds of Men.

A philosopher who has plumbed the depths of science may nevertheless seem very ignorant in good society. He may be a chemist, but the "chemical affinities" are not subjects for drawing-room chat. There are celebrities, however, who add to a thorough knowledge of one field of study a familiar acquaintance with almost every topic discussed by the thinking world. It is delightful to meet with such men.

VEGETABLE IVORY.

The Source and Use of a Queer-Looking Tropical Nut.

On the Atlantic docks in Brooklyn a few days ago, a reporter of the New York Evening Post picked up a queer-looking nut. In size it might be compared with a walnut, though it was somewhat larger; but in shape it was very different, being not round, but flat on several sides. It differed also from the walnut in the surface of its shell, which resembled the chestnut's in color, but not so smooth; and it differed still more in the substance of its shell, which offered only a moderate resistance to the point of a penknife. The moment, however, that the shell was penetrated, a resistance was encountered which was by no means moderate. The nut inside was a solid white substance, almost as hard as marble.

Ascertaining that this was a specimen of the ivory nuts, which are articles of commerce, the reporter visited the chief local dealer in them and asked some questions about their nature and uses. The dealer said: "While 'ivory nut' is the name used in this country, the Spanish name is 'tagua,' and in England and Germany the nut is known as the 'corozos nut'—which it is not, the corozos nut being something entirely different. The nut without its shell is here also called 'vegetable ivory.' It is one of the uncultivated products of South America, and is imported chiefly from Ecuador and the United States of Colombia. It grows upon a species of palm tree about twenty-ten feet high, which is found in immense groves along the banks of the larger streams, preferring low, marshy soil, but not disdaining the higher ground. What is called the female tree yields a perfumed blossom, and, like the cocoanut tree, bears buds and blossoms at the same time that the ripened nuts are dropping to the ground. The buds and blossoms, but its flowers never turn to fruit. The nuts grow in thick clusters close to the trunk of the tree. They are gathered by the natives, who carry them in canoes or on their backs in baskets from the groves to the towns and villages along the rivers, where they sell them for a mere trifle. The traffic in the United States of Colombia is chiefly on the Magdalena river, and in Ecuador along various streams. The nuts are collected at the villages by small, flat-bottomed steamers, burning wood for fuel, and drawing only four and a half feet of water when loaded. These carry the nuts principally to Aspinwall, whence they are shipped in schooners and by the steamers of the Atlas line to the various importing places. The schooners are rarely loaded with ivory nuts alone, but receive about half their cargo in cocoanuts, which are invariably put on top of the ivory nuts; the latter would break the cocoanuts if their positions were reversed, while the cocoanuts could as easily break a pile of cannon balls.

"Hamburg, Germany, is the largest market for ivory nuts. New York comes next, and is the only port in this country to which they are shipped. San Francisco tried the trade but had to give it up. London is third, though not many years ago it was second. I think that perhaps fashion has had something to do with it in setting its face against articles made from the ivory nut.

"Those articles are principally buttons, and for a common or medium-grade button there is no better material. At the factories boys called 'shakers' are employed to knock off the shells of the nuts. The 'ivory' is then taken by sawyers and 'slabbed,' that is, cut with fine saws into disks. After being assorted as to sizes the slabs are put in bins to dry thoroughly. At first they are bluish white; when dried they lose some of their bulk and turn dead white. Next, girls put them into turning-machines, by which they are converted into various button shapes. Dyers then take them and turn them out of their vats in four, or five sets of colors. To others a mottled appearance is imparted with brushes. They are also made to imitate very closely tortoise-shells, black cloths, especially black silk, and Scotch goods. I dare say you have often had ivory-nut buttons on your clothing, and thought they were bone or cloth-covered. They wear and hold a polish excellently. Such things as baby rattles, umbrella heads, cane heads, and hooks and eyes, are also made from ivory-nuts.

"The older the 'ivory' gets, the harder it becomes, and, if undyed, the whiter. Its usefulness has become greatly restricted by the small size of the nut. Experiments have long been unsuccessfully tried to make the ivory into blocks of any size by reducing the nuts to powder and then moulding the mass together by powerful machine pressure. If any one could succeed in inventing means to do this, it is safe to say a fortune would await him. 'Vegetable ivory' would then supersede celluloid, which is affected by moisture and smells of camphor, and is also much more expensive. The supply of ivory nuts is vast. At the head of the Amazon river, not to mention other parts of South America, there are thousands of acres thickly covered with nuts, which, left for years untouched, are rotting away.

"In the market here eight grades are recognized, according to the places from which the nuts come. The Ecuador nuts rank highest, and of these there are two grades, the first coming from Tumaco, and the second from Guayaquil."

Cornwall's Uranium Mine.

The discovery of a lode of uranium at the Union mines, Cornwall, was announced several months ago. This is believed to be the only known lode of that metal in the world, as it had previously been found only in isolated pockets and patches. Since the discovery was made steps have been taken to develop the lode and to work the mine. Experimental works for procuring the metal from the ore were fitted up in London, and there the ore has been submitted to treatment in order to determine the best and most economical method of extraction. The market price of the metal is about ten thousand dollars per ton. It is proposed to substitute it for gold in electro-plating, and it is also expected to prove very useful in electric lighting.

SHOE-LEATHER OILS.

How Grease Affects the Wearing Quality of Foot-Gear.

Animal oils and greases incorporate themselves with the fiber; they do not evaporate. Their action, says the Boots and Shoes Weekly, is like that of compounding various metals—instead of forming a composition, in the one case, all the elements are so compounded that their individuality is lost, and separation is almost impossible; in the other, the elements are mixed, but can be separated almost without loss in bulk. Moisture will drive the grease to the surface, and gradually the interior will be robbed of its life, but there is no evaporation. Consequently the leather retains its flexibility much longer than when the grease is also drawn out by heat and the action of the air.

Animal oil does not penetrate the leather so quickly as oils that are more volatile, but this very quality is what makes them more valuable, as they are taken up by the fiber, not simply sucked in and filling around it, and they are equally difficult to draw out. Rancid oils, oils that have undergone a chemical change that marks the first step toward vitiation, have lost their most valuable properties, and the process of decay which has begun introduces gases, creating the volatile element which so quickly robs the leather of its nourishment. At the same time the fiber is injured by the decaying grease.

Vegetable oils rank next to animal in their preservative qualities, but the oils extracted from flax seed and cotton seed, unless purified, are of such gummy nature and so easily affected by heat that they are unfit for use by the curriers. Cotton-seed oil, purified as it is now sold for market oil, is an excellent but an expensive oil for leather. Pure olive and castor oil possess the qualities requisite for preserving leather and keeping it soft, but their cost precludes their general use. Castor oil is the best.

Fish oil is used more than any other and to its use may be attributed much of the poor wearing qualities of the leather now in the market. By an improved process of manufacture fish oils are deodorized so thoroughly that their presence can not be detected. They penetrate more readily than either animal or vegetable oils, but they do not incorporate themselves with the fiber. They simply fill up the interstices, and being of a slight nature they are easily drawn out by heat or moisture. They impart a soft condition to the leather when it is new, as much so if not more than do the animal oils, and because of that they are not condemned. If used freely in connection with hard grease they become rancid, and impart an odor which is retained as long as there is any grease in the leather.

Mineral oils are being introduced quite freely, and as they are thoroughly deodorized they find ready purchasers. These oils are the worst possible that can be put into leather. They have wonderful penetrating properties, but they are heating, and their volatile properties deprive them of the permanency so necessary for the preservation of the leather. They do not take kindly to other oils or greases, and are easily cut by water. While the natural heat from the feet will cause evaporation, particularly if the leather is moist, they do not become rancid, but they are more injurious to the fiber than even the most rancid animal oil.

The shoe manufacturer should condemn all leather treated with mineral oils. A little care on his part will enable him to determine the oil used, whether animal, vegetable or mineral. Good grain and clear fleshed stock invite the eye, and if properly treated with oils the leather will prove acceptable, but grease is the life of the leather, and just in proportion as the grease is pure and incorporates itself with the fiber is the leather durable or otherwise.

Sand Bags for Health.

The sand bag is invaluable in the sick-room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.

Counterfeit Coin Fake.

A clever swindle is that which is sometimes worked on persons ambitious to become counterfeiters. The swindler exhibits a finely-finished mold, and, claiming to possess the secret of a metallic compound which no expert can detect from pure gold, proceeds to cast a $5 piece. He melts the secret compound in the victim's presence and pours it into the mold, on opening which a new $5 piece, perfect in all its details, is revealed. The truth is that the molten stuff went into another part of the mold, and the new $5 gold piece is a genuine gold coin placed there beforehand by the sharper to deceive his dupe and induce him to pay a high price for the mold and the secret of the metallic mixture.

Practice and Theory.

Practice and theory must go together. Theory without practice to test it, to verify it, to correct it, is idle speculation; but practice without theory to animate it is mere machanism. In every art and business theory is the soul and practice the body. The soul, without the body in which to dwell, is indeed only a ghost, but a body without a soul is only a corpse.

Portable Coal-Gas.

An English inventor claims to have a system by which coal-gas can be compressed into eight per cent. of its natural bulk, and in that shape carried about and turned into an illuminant at any time by simply turning a stop-cock and lighting the evaporation.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

SKIN DISEASES

Itching, Burning, Scaly, Crusted, Pimply and Blotchy Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

ACLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONIAL.

About two years ago I was attacked with an inflammatory disease on my face (psoriasis), which was very troublesome, being extremely itchy and painful, giving rise to the production of small, bran-like scales. My general health was affected by it. I used the Cuticura Resolvent, Cuticura, and Cuticura Soap according to directions, and experienced a change from the very first day; they worked wonderfully, and by their continued use for about five months I was completely cured. I have unbounded faith in the Cuticura Remedies. I regard the Cuticura Resolvent as the very best blood purifier; a trial will convince anyone. The Cuticura Soap is the best in the market, and cheap at twice its present price. I shall use no other for the toilet and bath. Will the prevalence of skin diseases among us as a people (and they are the most difficult to deal with), I regard the Cuticura Remedies as more important and intrinsic value to the world than any other medicine now before the public. I am, with deep gratitude.

(Rev.) WM. CHEELMAN, York Corner, Me.

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Are compounded upon scientific principles, are absolutely pure, delicately manipulated, and in every respect bear the stamp of a refined and cultivated origin. Wherever there is the highest intelligence, there you will find the greatest appreciation of these remarkable remedies, Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, internally to cleanse the blood of all impurities and thus remove the cause, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, to clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair, cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases and humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 75c; Soap, 35c.; Resolvent, $1.50. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

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