Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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LABOR IN VAIN.

He had heard that gold was to be picked up by handfuls in "Amerikky," and, being somewhat in want of this particular commodity, he went out there. But, alas! for Dennis, gold seemed as scarce in the new land as it was in the old, and it was three weeks before he obtained work of any sort.

"Are you a good engine-driver?" asked his prospective employer.

"That I am!" said Dennis proudly, though, truth to tell, the only engine he had ever driven was his father's plough.

"Then take yonder traction-engine into that shed," said the proprietor of the sawmill.

And Dennis mounted his iron steed and started the machinery. After pulling and turning the different levers for some time, he managed to get the engine into the shed, and thinking by reversing the levers it would stop, he did so. To his amazement, however, the engine only went back to whence it came. After doing this for some time, and meeting with no better success, the foreman asked him what he was doing.

"Well," said Dennis gravely, "I've got the thing in twice; why don't you shut the door?"

His satanic majesty never offers to go into partnership with a busy man.

It isn't necessarily a compliment to say a man is sound. Some men are all sound.

A GAME FOR KINGS

TOLD BY ONE OF NAPOLEONS VETERANS.

I won't answer for it that the story is a true one; but why need a good story always be true? My old friend, Lamballe, believed in it thoroughly and told it with such picturesque gestures, such evident delight, that I asked for nothing more.

He lived in a little hunting lodge at the end of the park. Among the guns of the Old Guard that were hung over his chimney place were branches of trees, laden with bird's nests. It was long since Lamballa had placed them there.

Racked by rheumatism and tortured by many wounds that would not heal, the brave man's spirit still remained ready for action, always on the march, with his bayonet upright over the great highways of Europe. Surely, at night, his Emperor came to him in his dreams.

He talked of him so often, with so much of the ardor of love and as if he were present, that as a little boy when I ran away from the chateau to go and see Lamballe and his dogs I hastened back through the covered paths, my heart filled with anguish. I felt a vague, secret fear lest I should meet him, the Man, who still seemed present in Lamballe's little lodge, even though troops of Englishmen were every day visiting his tomb in the Invalides.

The old fellow was always to be found, sitting in a large straw armchair, before the open window. Outside the meadows and softly curving hills stretched as far as the eye could reach.

It was there, out in that great distance, that the thoughts of the old soldier would go, suddenly, in the midst of his stories. Sometimes they would wander long before returning.

And I sitting on my little chair would not dare to move, carried away in that mysterious past and distance, like a little child whom some kind soldier has met on the way and carried back to the camp on his shoulders.

Then Lamballe would continue:

"That year he had conquered everywhere. We had reached the end of Europe, and as he wanted, for once, to see close at hand the Emperors and Kings who had never shown him anything but their backs, he invited them to dine, in friendly fashion, at Tilsit, where he was.

"I knew the men whom he charged to carry his invitations. Ah! they had fine stories to tell of the way their messages were received.

"You see, the Kings trembled in their shoes. They feared some unexpected farce for dessert.

"To be brief, there were only two who dared to come and taste of our cooking; the King of Prussia, and Alexander, Emperor of Russia.

"Naturally, they arrived with all sorts of pomp and ceremony, mounted escorts, soldiers, flags, and even cannon behind. Every one had turned out dressed in his best.

"He was the only one who did not change his dress. He wore the same grey clothes and his hat. He did not need to dress up in order to look better than the others.

"The dinner was served in a palace—I have forgotten which one, it was some German puzzle—up on the top floor. Probably the guests had preferred that, so that they could see off in the distance and also watch us, their soldiers, scattered about, making friends.

"We had fought for so long against each other that we were not sorry to scrape acquaintance and drink a glass together before loading up our guns again.

"Up there, at the Emperor's table, they were talking about us. Each man was boasting of his own men.

"If ever you get to be a colonel, little one, you will understand what that feeling is. A man loves his regiment better than his wife. He watches its thoughts and its honor as truly as if his own honor were wrapped in the folds of the flag.

"Every officer in the army carries this anxiety in his heart, but no one ever felt it in the way that he did, and that was the reason we loved him more than the sunlight.

"I do not know just which one of the three it was that raised the question as to which could best rely upon the devotion of his men.

"'I am sure of mine,' said Alexander.

"He replied: 'Every one of my soldiers is ready to die for me.'

"Then the King of Prussia exclaimed. 'Let us put it the proof.'

"'This very moment!' cried the Emperor.

'And, warmed with wine, he said to a footman:

"'Send up Moreau, of the Guard, to me.'

"An utter silence followed his words. He was frowning in a terrible fashion when Moreau entered.

"He was a Voltigeur, and his bravery was famous among the bravest. He had as many words as he had chevrons.

"Ushered in by the footman, he stopped for a moment, on the threshold of the door, making his military salute, his hand at his temple.

"'Moreau,' said the Emperor, 'are you ready to obey me?'

"'Yes my Emperor.'

"'Without discussion?'

"As he spoke, the Emperor looked at him, a strange light in his eyes.

"'Without discussion,' Moreau repeated, quite unmoved.

"'Very well, then jump out of that window.'

"At these words the Voltigeur started slightly, almost imperceptibly, a mere start of surprise. He drew up immediately and said:

"'My Emperor, you know I have a wife and two children. I recommend them to you.'

"'That is understood. Jump!'

"Moreau saluted once more, walked to the window and jumped.

"'My turn, now!' said Alexander.

"He seemed very impatient to try his authority and he ordered a lackey.

"'Send me up a man of the Guard—the first you see.'

"At this, the King of Prussia turned pale. He did not know what to do to equal the others.

'A Grenadier appeared.

(I insert a parenthesis to say that old Lamballe, when he told me the story, each time described in technical terms the soldiers' uniforms; the details are somewhat confused in my memory and I do not wish to make myself ridiculous repeating them wrongly. Hence the omission.)

"A Grenadier appeared. Alexander cried:

"'What is your name?'

"'Ivan Ivanovitch.'

"'Very well. Ivan Ivanovitch, throw yourself out of that window.'

"'Yes, my Emperor.'

"He did not say, 'Ah!' nor 'Oui!' but simply 'Yes,' as tranquilly as if he had received the command to relieve a guard.

"And, one, two, three, in six steps, with his head held high and his knees stiff, he strode to the window and disappeared.

"The King of Prussia was distinctly uneasy. He said to his servant:

"'Go and demand, in the King's name, the bravest man in the army.'

"A man of the lancers presently entered the room, a superb fellow, six feet five inches tall, with a collection of medals across his breast and a deep scar over his brow.

"'My friend,' said the King, 'at the command of their Emperor and to prove their obedience, a French Voltigeur and a Russian Grenadier have just jumped out of that window. Have you the courage to do as much?'

"In a calm voice the Prussian replied:

"'Is it for the country?'

"'No,' replied the King, in a voice that trembled.

"'Then I refuse,' said the lancer simply."

BUBBLES.

Some diseases, like some fishhooks, are not catching.

The man who serves you with milk likes cream puffs.

Spooney couples in the park seem to prefer the dark meet.

The unsuccessful laundryman lays it to the irony of fate.

A barrelful of money wouldn't be much if it was a gun barrel.

As you might say, hydrophobia is a dog-gone crazy thing.

A girl must have time to burn when she does burnt-wood work.

The photographer is not gullible just because he takes you at your word.

Even when the weather is first-class you can truthfully say, "Oh, it's fair."

There's always something going on if it is only an excursion.

Of course, it is quite possible to eat light lunch in the dark.

A faded, rickety old umbrella is a difficulty many people have to labor under.

A traveling dress may often be described as "fits and starts."

Even a very tall man, you know may be a little short of ridiculous.

The enterprising undertaker thinks he is equal to any undertaking.

A woman with an abundance of hair is often falsely accused.

Selfishness is one thing a person cannot keep to himself.

After an illness, you know, it may take four or five weeks to make one strong.

Procrastination is the thief of time but it seldom gets into jail.

"That's what I call hard luck," said the facetious man, as he picked up a silver dollar.

GROW YOUR OWN SOAP.

Natural soap may be made from a tree known as sapindus utilis. This plant, which has long been known in Japan, China, and India, bears a fruit of about the size of a horse-chestnut, smooth and round. The color varies from a yellowish-green to brown. The inner part is of a dark color, and has an oily kernel. The tree bears fruit in its sixth year, and yields from 50 lbs. to 200 lbs. of fruit, which can easily be harvested in the autumn. By using water or alcohol, the saponaceous ingredient of the fruit is extracted. The cost of production is said to be small, and the soap, on account of possessing no alkaline qualities, is claimed to be superior to ordinary soap.

Mrs. Cheerful—"I wonder why young Heavytone always has to be coaxed before he will sing?" Merry—"Why, I suppose he doesn't like to hear it any better than the rest do."

Bachelors define marriage and misery as synonymous.

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About the ....House

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A little variety can be given to peas by cooking them with green string beans in slightly salted water. Put both on together, drain when soft, put in a generous lump of butter, a waft of paprika, and with flour. Put back a tablespoon or two of the water in which they were boiled and let all simmer for a few moments. Minced parsley adds to flavor and appearance.

It is a good plan to save all pieces of old table linen for use in drying green salads after they come from their bath.

If the eggs come from the icebox they will whip much stiffer than if kept in a warmer place.

A wire spoon whisk is best for eggs when they are beaten separately. A revolving beater is best when the yolks and whites are whipped together.

A dish of powdered charcoal kept in the refrigerator will help to keep the air sweet. It should be changed twice a week.

Tea matting, which any grocer will give to customer for the asking, may be charmingly utilized in decorating a room with flowers, ferns or foliage. Fashion the matting into baskets, cornucopias and the like, and tack them under pictures in corners and in other desirable places.

An old housekeeper says that a little dissolved gelatine added to the cream will prevent all danger of its turning to butter, as it is apt to do when it is whipped in hot weather.

A roast of veal is made more "tasty" by seasoning over night in this way. Take equal parts of pepper and salt, and moisten with grated onion. Rub this thoroughly into every crevice and cranny of the roast and put it in a double baking pan. Next day, "lard" with its own suet or a little bacon, and let it brown slightly. Then dredge with flour, putting a half cup of boiling water in the bottom of the pan as a gravy foundation. By renewing the flour every time it is dredged the gravy will be found thick and creamy, when the meat is roasted.

French-fried toast is more delicious and easier of digestion if the crust is cut from the bread just before it is dipped for a moment in scalded milk. Pat as dry as possible with an old napkin, and give it a coating of beaten egg, using a pastry brush. Have ready butter in a frying-pan and fry quickly, dusting with powdered sugar and ground cinnamon before serving, which should be done promptly after cooking.

Besides making an excellent sweet-pickle, cucumbers can be converted into one of the richest of preserves. Sliced lemons, spices and plenty of sugar aid in the transformation. Big yellow cucumbers which have gone to seed are best. Peel and scrape carefully and cut into long slices, then prepare the syrup according to any of the old-fashioned "pound for pound" recipes. Put cucumbers and lemons in together and use a spice-bag, as directed in former cases. Put away with waxed papers when quite cool, using either large or small glass jars.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Poverty Cake.—Break one egg into a cup, beat with it a piece of butter the size of an egg, and fill up the cup with sweet milk or luke-warm water; add one cup sugar and one and three-quarters cups of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Bake in three layers and put together with lemon filling, for which take one egg one-half cup sugar, half cup sweet milk and two-thirds of a teaspoonful of flour. Cook till it thickens, then beat in the juice and grated rind of a lemon.

Cucumber Pickles.—Put small cucumbers in a stone jar, scatter a handful of salt over them, and cover with boiling water. Let stand over night, then drain and repeat the process. Rinse in clear water, wipe and put into boiling vinegar sweetened and spiced to taste.

Old-Fashioned Gingerbread. — One cup each of butter, sugar, molasses and buttermilk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger and soda, the latter dissolved in hot water, two eggs, and about five cups of flour. Stir the first four ingredients with the spice till light and creamy, then add the milk, eggs and flour. Beat hard, and bake in sheets of pattytins.

Banana Shortcake.—Make a rich biscuit crust, bake in jelly cake tins not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly, well mixed with sugar, so as to form a sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Chow Chow.—Half a peck of green tomatoes, two large heads of cabbage, fifteen good-sized onions, twenty-five cucumbers, one pint of horse-radish, half a pound mustard seed (white), one ounce celery seed, one ounce turmerice, half a teacupful ground black pepper. Cut the tomatoes, cucumbers, onions and cabbage small, and pack them in salt for one night. In the morning drain the salt off, and lay them in vinegar and water for a day or two, then drain them again. Boil the spices in half a gallon of vinegar, with three pounds brown sugar, and pour it over while hot. Repeat this for three days, then mix five ounces mustard and half a pint of the best salad oil. Add two quarts more of vinegar when the pickle is cold. This is good to eat in two months.

Chocolate Ice-Cream.—One quarter square of chocolate, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of boiling water, one-third cupful of thin cream, a few grains of salt and two drops of vanilla. Melt chocolate in small saucepan placed over hot water, add sugar and boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Pour on slowly the cream, add salt and vanilla, then freeze.

Spanish Pickle.—Slice very thin one gallon green tomatoes; let them remain in brine one night. Prepare a mixture of white mustard seed, one pint grated horse-radish, one-third pint green peppers, one-third pint of chopped onion, one tablespoonful ground black pepper, two tablespoonfuls cloves, two of mace; put in the jar a layer of this mixture, than a layer of tomatoes, and so on until it is filled. Pour on sufficient elder vinegar to cover the whole. To one quart of vinegar, add three quarters of a pint of sugar; boil together and pour over the pickle. This quantity will fill a two-gallon jar.

TAKING OUT STAINS.

Here is a serviceable list to be kept for reference: To take out grass stains use ordinary coal oil: wet the spots thoroughly just before putting in the wash tub.

For iron rust wet the spots with lemon juice, lay the garment in the sun, and spread thick with salt; every now and again squeeze lemon juice over, keeping it wet. Two or three exposures may be necessary.

When your tablecloth and nice napkins are stained by fruit, have a small bottle of javelle water prepared at the druggist's, and saturate the spots, letting it lie awhile before laundering. If fruit stains are taken in time, however, have some one hold the spot over the sink and pour boiling water slowly through. Oxalic acid eats a hole in a few moments unless immediately washed out.

Glycerine takes out coffee and tea stains. First soak in cold water, then spread with glycerine and leave all night. The stains will disappear in the laundering. Those who have used vaseline know what an ugly stain it leaves on linen. This can be removed with chloroform or ether, but must be used with care. Have a cup or bowl handy; pour a few drops of ether on the stain, invert the bowl over the spot to keep the fumes from evaporating and leave some time.

When a garment has been scorched in the ironing, unless too deep, a hot sun bath will effectually draw out the spot. If not quite gone, wet the place and rub laundry soap on it, then lay in the sun.

A DETHRONED MONARCH.

A Traveller Tells of an Old Buffalo's Humiliation.

In his "Frontier Sketches," Mr. James Steele, writing of the days when the buffalo still roamed the plains, tells of a pathetic incident of which he was the witness. Mr. Steele, resting on a little hill at no great distance from a feeding herd, noticed a scarred and shaggy old buffalo, which stood on the outskirts of the group.

He was a big old fellow, the hero of many a fight, but it was evident that now he had been defeated in battle and that his rule was ended. Reluctant to accept the fact, he hung about his former subjects, pretending to eat. The herd was busy cropping the grass with a continual rasping sound, and utterly ignoring the presence of their former king.

Presently a young calf came out toward the solitary grazer; a miniature and foolish slip of a buffalo, with his little black nose all wet and wrinkled. Curiosity and impudence had moved him to come to his father, and the two touched noses amicably. As if encouraged, the veteran edged a little nearer the herd. Then a strong young bull made a sudden approach, giving utterance to certain ominous groans and snortings. The solitary one stopped chewing and the antagonists faced.

The old boy straightened out his wisp of a tail to a line with his back, gathered his four black hoofs together, arched his spine and stood shaking his huge front. He was old and feeble, but he never faltered. The young bull came on slowly, twisting his tail in circles as grand as that small organ could compass. His eyes rolled in redness and his nostrils were distended. Whack! The two curly foreheads came together. There was a long, straining push in which every tendon seemed stretched to the utmost. The vigorous thrust was followed by an easing off for another collision.

Such dead set of strength could not last long. The old crusader's foot slipped. There was a sudden lunge, a spring forward, and the horn of the young bull raked upward through his antagonist's flank. Again and again the buffalo tried to make his old ward of head to head, but in vain. With the agony of defeat in his eyes and the blood flowing from his wounds, he still refused to be conquered. Finally, with failing strength, open-mouthed, with hanging tongue and pitifully panting, he stood motionless, unable to fight, unwilling to retreat. The others came about him and added their scornful snorts and digs to his humiliation. There he stood, whipped and sullen, but still obstinate.

The other buffaloes gradually dropped away, leaving him once more alone. Then the little calf pounced up with arched back and elevated tail, and gave his venerable parent to understand in plain terms that he held himself in readiness to give him a tremendous drubbing. It was exasperating to see this young milksop imitate its seniors. The poor old veteran did not so much as look at him.

Then his calfship poked his foolish head with a considerable thump against the old one's nose. But it hurt him and he ambled off to his mother. The old buffalo seemed not to notice his babyish persecutor, but I suspect it broke his heart. He turned sorrowfully, and slowly limped away.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Peary, the Arctic explorer, is going to take a party of consumptives to the Far North on his next trip. He believes that the extreme northern air will cure the patients. Among the fords of Greenland, he points out, are constant sunshine, and a dustless and germless atmosphere. There the consumptives will be stationed to fight it out. Arctic explorers never have colds when living in high latitudes.

JUSTICE IN SIAM.

In Siam, when there is a question at law between two parties and a scarcity of witnesses to establish the truth in the case, it is customary to resort to the water test. Both parties are required to dive simultaneously into deep water, and the one that stays the longest under is adjudged the truth-teller and gets the verdict.

THE JAPS ARE DIGNIFIED

PRONUNCIAMENTOS MODELS OF POLITENESS.

Russia's Intrigue to Gain Foothold in Japan in 18th Century.

Nobody who has been reading the newspapers of late can have failed to observe the air of dignity which pervades the various contemporary official pronunciamentos of the Japanese. Obviously, in the diplomacy of the West these islanders are most proficient. Here now are some fragments of older proclamations and like documents belonging to the time when Japan was all Oriental. The Portuguese were the first Europeans to be welcomed in the Flowery Kingdom, and, as may be read in some several books, they prospered there exceedingly for a while. But by the year 1637, partly by their own arrogance and partly by the machinations of designing Dutchmen, the Portuguese had fallen into hopeless bad odor. Then the Mikado issued a proclamation, whereof the following was a part:—"The whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished forever." And so they were.

The same proclamation, by the way, forbade, upon pain of death, any Japanese to leave the country, and further provided that any Japanese who had visited foreign parts should, upon his return to Japan, be executed forthwith. At this time the Dutch only had trading privileges. Then in 1673

AN ENGLISH COMPANY

with a charter from Charles II., and ambitious to trade with Japan, sent to that country a ship named the Return. The Dutch got wind of the matter, and at once whispered in the ears of the Japanese officials the horrified fact that the English King was married to the daughter of the King of Portugal, and, consequently, Englishmen and Portuguese were much the same. So, when the Return came to the ports of Japan officers of the Mikado came on board and put the leaders of the expedition through a long and searching catechism. "Were they called English? Were not the English subject to the Portuguese? How did it happen, if this was not so, that the English flag, like the Portuguese, bore a cross upon it? Was it true, as they had been informed, that the English King was married to the King of Portugal's daughter?"

The English traders indignantly denied all subservience and alliance with Portugal, but were forced to admit that their King, Charles II., had married Catherine of Braganza, a Portuguese princess.

The Mikado's officials were most polite, nodded gravely, and departed. They would lay these matters before their master. The answer, which came after some waiting, was this:

"We have received letters from the Emperor. Your request, as well as the reasons by which you enforce it, have been duly considered. But you cannot be allowed to trade here, because your King has married the daughter of the King of Portugal. That is the only reason why your request is refused. The Emperor's orders that you depart and come back no more. Such is his will, and we cannot change it in any particular. You will, therefore, make sail with the first favorable wind, and at the latest within twenty days." Upon request some twenty more days were graciously allowed, but otherwise

THE DECREE STOOD,

and the Englishmen departed, heaping curses upon the Portuguese marriage, and perhaps upon the Dutch also.

Another most interesting proclamation refers to the Russians. In the reign of the Empress Catherine there was wrecked upon the Siberian coast a crew of Japanese sailors. The Russians took these castaways inland and kept them several years, in order that they might learn the language and allow them to learn Russian. For even then Russia was coveting the harbors of her island neighbor. Japan was, in fact, but a stepping stone, as appeared, between Russia's Asiatic and American possessions, for then Alaska was Russian. In 1792 Catherine sent Licut. Laxman, under cover of the errand of carrying back the Japanese sailors, to arrange for the Russians trading privileges in Japan. The Empress was not aware, it seems, that Japanese who had once left Japan were barred of return. So Laxman came to Hakodate.

The Japanese were polite, but refused to take back their countrymen, informing that it was against their laws. They also told him that he had subjected himself and his crew, as being foreigners, to perpetual imprisonment for landing anywhere in the kingdom except at the appointed Port of Nagasaki; yet in consideration of the Russian ignorance of this law and of their kindness to the shipwrecked Japanese, they would not enforce the law provided Lieut. Laxman would promise for himself and his countrymen to return immediately to his own country, and never again come to any part of Japan but Nagasaki.

Laxman accordingly took himself off without landing the Japanese castaways. After this rebuff it was not till 1804 that the Emperor Alexander, Catherine's grandson, tried again to establish relations with those so politely inhospitable people to the east of

HIS VAST DOMINIONS.

He sent a ship to Nagasaki with a special Ambassador named Resanoff, a haughty person, and a stickler for etiquette. Resanoff got everything muddled up at the very beginning by disputing as to whether or not it was the correct thing for him to bow to the Emperor's representatives. So the Japanese kept him waiting, taking, as it seemed, "pleasure in mortifying the Ambassador, and in overwhelming him, at the same time, with an affectation of great personal politeness." When at last, he was summoned to Nagasaki to hear the Emperor's answer, "curtains were hung before the houses on each side of the street through which he passed, and the inhabitants were all ordered to keep out of sight, so that he saw nothing of the place."

The answer was, moreover, peremptory enough. It was entitled, "Order from the Emperor of Japan to the Russian Ambassador," and went something thus:—

"Formerly our empire had communication with several nations, but experience caused us to adopt as safe the opposite principle. It is not permitted to the Japanese to trade abroad, nor to foreigners to enter our country. * * * As to Russia, we have never had any relations with her. Ten years ago you sent certain shipwrecked Japanese to Matsmai, and you then made us propositions of alliance and commerce. At this time you have come back to Nagasaki to renew those propositions. This proves Russia has a strong inclination for Japan. It is long since we discontinued all relations with foreigners generally. Although we desire to live in peace with all neighboring States, the difference between them and us in manners and character forbids entirely treaties of alliance. Your voyages and your labors are therefore useless. All communications between you and us are impossible, and it is my Imperial pleasure that henceforth you no more bring your ships into our waters."

NEW AND STRANGE.

Peculiar Happenings Throughout the World.

The Academy of Lincei, Italy, has awarded a prize of $5,000 to Professor Trombetti, who is said to be master of every language spoken in the world.

The tramps in Winklespear County, Montana, have formed a trade union. The members have agreed to shun workhouses where buckwheat cakes are not on the breakfast menu.

In producing his old-age pension-book at Geelong, a resident of Melbourne inadvertently pulled forth a bank-book showing that he had over $40,000 in the Bank of England.

At Manurewa, in New South Wales, a young lady named Swears, has trained a number of huge eels to answer her call, to climb the bank, and permit her to lift them from the water.

Sentenced to eight days' confinement at Shanghai recently for slandering a policeman, an Austrian citizen was allowed to work out the sentence at his own home because of the state of his health.

A French bacteriologist declares that lemonade, cider, seltzer, and similar drinks will kill typhoid germs while alcohol at 25 per cent. destroys microbes, and at 2 per cent. prevents their development.

It is affirmed of the people of Paskov, in Russia, that when winter comes each family lies down beside the stove to sleep. For four months silence reigns in the huts, and the members of the family only get up to replenish the stove and to eat a piece of black bread dipped in water. Want of food is the reason of this method of living.

A French authority has discovered a curious fact. He had two thermometers—one of the ordinary glass, the other painted black—placed in the sun. In the white glass the mercury rose to 144 degrees. Under the black paint it went up to 157 degrees in the same position. The inference is that people who wear black coats are some 13 degrees warmer in the sunshine than those who dress in white.

Before the discovery of lucifer matches, a large hoof-shaped fungus growing on the trunks of trees was used throughout Northern Europe for making amadou or tinder. The thick, brown, woody flesh of the same fungus, cut into slices and beaten until it assumes the appearance of felt, is used at the present day in Germany for the manufacture of chest-protectors, caps, purses, bed-room slippers, and various other articles.

There are three kinds of bridges in Korea. The first-class variety is simply an assortment of planks nailed together. These are scarce. A second-class bridge is a series of isolated stones, from one to another of which the visitor may jump. The third-class bridge, much the commonest variety, is invisible, its position being indicated by a couple of posts, one on each side of the river. They mean that one may safely wade across, as the water will—probably—not reach much higher than the chest!

The Russians are complaining that the Japanese employ a considerable number of wooden articles painted to resemble heavy cannon, which, now that smokeless powder is used, are often mistaken for genuine artillery. On these dummies the Russians concentrate a scathing fire, while the real guns are screened from view, and, as a few minutes' start in an artillery attack sometimes makes all the difference between victory and defeat, the Japanese owe many of their successes to this "petty device."

DISCOVERIES IN RODESIA.

The Source of King Solomons Gold Supply.

Among the latest arrivals in England from South Africa is Mr. R. V. Hall, F.R.G.S., who is well known as a leading authority on the mysterious ruins of prehistoric times, the monuments of which are scattered throughout southern Rhodesia, many of them being associated with the expensive ancient gold workings from which in the Biblical Ophir period enormous quantities of gold are believed to have been extracted. Mr. Hall has recently completed two years' exploration work on the Great Zimbabye at the request of the Rhodesian government, and also three months' examination work at the request of Mr. Rhodes' trustees in the Myanga district, which abounds in mystery, as it contains bell forts, bell terraces, stone-lined pits and galleries, aqueducts and other relics of some long-forgotten race. Mr. Hall informed Reuter's representative that his recent operations at Great Zimbabye had brought the enigma of these ruins very much nearer solution. His discoveries of new and cient architecture, buried buildings, gold ornaments and relics, representing the period when phallic worship was practised, have been highly important. A large section of the latter, also of gold and other relics, has been secured. The evidences that Rhodesia was the country from which King Solomon's gold was obtained are gast accumulating. The builders of the more ancient portion of these massive and extensive ruins are believed to have been Sabaeo-Arabians of about 1000 B.C., who at that time, were the gold purveyors of the world. No suggestion has been made that any of the structures were erected by the Phoenicians, but distinct traces of their influence are believed to have been discovered.

The lady was complaining to her dairyman some time ago regarding the quality of his milk. "Short o' grass feed, mum—short o' grass feed this time o' year," said the jocular milkman. "Bless you! them cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin'—reg'lar cryin', mum, because they feel as how their milk don't do 'em credit. You don't believe it?" "Oh, yes! I believe it," said the lady; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

HOW SOME FIRES STARTED

A COW DESTROYED THE GREAT CITY OF CHICAGO.

Rats and Mice by Nibbling Matches Have Caused Many Fires.

More serious conflagrations have been caused by animals than you would perhaps suppose, said a conversational fire-fighter recently, and as I have made a collection of the most interesting cases in which certain acts of incendiarism have been traced to four-footed creatures I am in a position to give you some particulars which are curious and unique says a writer in London Tit-Bits.

I came across an instance of this kind the other day. The fire in question occurred on a small farm in the country. It appears that the fire started in a loft, which, fortunately, contained but a small quantity of hay and straw. The smoke was observed by the farmer's son, who, arming himself with a pail of water, nimbly mounted a ladder and succeeded in putting out the fire. Then the young man discovered that the loft contained a hen that was sitting on a nest. On the floor of the loft was an egg-box, and against this rested a rifle for rabbit-shooting, which the young man remembered having placed there himself a few days previously.

Having grasped all these facts the farmer's son, who had evidently studied Sherlock Holmes's methods to advantage, proceeded to make "deductions," with the object of discovering how the fire had originated. And this is what he figured out as having happened. The hen having entered the loft and found a comfortable nest in the hay promptly laid an egg. In order to announce the event in the usual way the bird had then evidently jumped on the nearest elevated object, which was, of course, the gun resting against the shallow box. In jumping on this curious perch, however, the bird had

STRUCK THE HAMMER,

which, falling, had fired the gun and ignited the dried grass. It was afterwards declared by several people on the farm that the discharge of a rifle had been distinctly heard just a few moments before the fire was discovered.

One of the greatest fires of the last century occurred at Chicago in 1871, when the entire city was practically wiped out. In one part a certain old lady possessed a very fine cow that she attended to herself. On the evening of October 9th she drove her cow into the stable and proceeded to milk her. Towards the end of the operation it became necessary to have a light, she therefore lighted the stable lantern and placed it on the ground while she completed her task. When she had finished she took up her milk-pail and went into the house, unfortunately leaving the lantern within kicking distance of the cow. Though she was absent but a few minutes, when she returned the stable was on fire and the cow gone. Her feeble efforts to extinguish the flames were unavailing, and the fire spread with wonderful rapidity, the entire house being in flames within two minutes of the cow's fatal kick. Before the firemen arrived six houses were ablaze, and the greatest fire America has ever seen had commenced. It is believed that the cow, which had been the cause of all the damage, perished in the flames.

Rats and mice are often the cause of fires, and I could tell you of many due to nothing more terrible than the

NIBBLING OF A MATCH

by these little creatures. Hundreds of "mysterious" fires which take place every year are due to mice, though I would not say for an instant that they are "helped" in any way by the owners of property.

Another interesting case of animal incendiarism that has come under my notice was due to a mischievous monkey. In this instance it is firmly believed that the animal knew exactly what he was doing, and, in fact, intended to burn the house and everyone in it. It appears that the simian had received a beating for some misdemeanour, and this is supposed to have fostered a desire for revenge.

At night he was chained up in the kitchen, but by some means managed to free himself, and immediately made his way to the sitting-room, where he proceeded to commit as much damage in as short a space of time as possible. Having got possession of a box of matches, he struck one and held it to the curtains, which were soon in flames. Then he visited his master's room and tore the clothes off his bed, and it was probably due to this act that the lives of the inmates were saved. The man awoke as his bed was being denuded and chased the monkey out to the landing, where the smoke and flames pouring out of the sitting-room attracted his attention. He dashed in, but the room was ablaze, and all he could do was to rouse his relatives and get them out of the house before escape was completely cut off. The monkey, chattering and gesticulating wildly, was the last to leave the burning building, and when he was captured he still carried in his hand the half-used box of matches.

Though it could not be conclusively proved that the monkey had set fire to the house, the circumstantial evidence was so strong that no one had the slightest doubt regarding his guilt. It was at first determined to

EXECUTE THE INCENDIARY,

but this punishment was afterwards reduced to banishment, and the animal is now teaching other monkeys to be as wicked as himself in the big cage of a public zoo.

An extraordinary case of animal incendiarism occurred a few years ago in New Jersey, when the house of Mr. William Beamis, a timber merchant, was burnt to the ground, through the innocent act of a pet Shetland pony. This pretty creature was in the habit of entering the dining-room by means of the open French windows, and taking sugar, bread-and-butter, etc., from the table.

On one occasion the youngest son, Stephen, had been preparing his magic lantern for exhibition in the evening, and had left on the table the lighted lamp while he went in search of some slides. During his absence the pony entered, and in his search for sugar knocked the lamp off the table. On reaching the floor the oil ran over the carpet, became ignited, and in an incredibly short time the room was in flames. Meanwhile the pony had retreated and was contemplating his work from a safe distance.

The fire had some four minutes' start before Stephen returned, and then all hope of saving the room was gone. Before the fire-station could answer the hurried call the house was doomed. The place was entirely destroyed, and when an inquiry was made the only satisfactory explanation that could be offered was the above, which the officials endorsed as being probably correct. The pony that caused so much damage is still a member of Mr. Beamis's household, though it is never now allowed to enter the dining-room in search of sugar and—trouble.

Boy—"What wages will I get, doctor, if I come to work for you?" Doctor—"Wages? You will get my services free. What more would you have?" Boy—"But, doctor, I am never ill." Doctor—"Oh, but you will be; I'll see to that."