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1893.

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CAUTION.—Do not be deceived by agents representing other grades claiming as good. No other manufactured like it. Order your own lime and save all commissions. I ship on all Railroads. oc-29-6m*

Election Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 7th, 1892.
The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, the 10th day of January, 1893, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.

GEORGE R. GEHR,
dec-10-te Cashier.

Election Notice.

First National Bank of New Windsor, Md., New Windsor, Md, December 7th, 1892.
Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the annual election for SEVEN DIRECTORS will be held at the Banking House, on the 2nd TUESDAY, it being the 10th day of January, 1893, between the hours of 1 o'clock, and 3 o'clock, P. M.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
dec-10 te Cashier.

Election of Directors.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 7th, 1892.
An Election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on TUESDAY, the 10th day of January, 1893, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12, M., of said day, at said Bank.

J. W. HERING,
dec-10-te Cashier.

Dividend No. 153.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 17th, 1892.
THE President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National, State and County Taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3rd, 1893.

J. W. HERING,
dec-24-3t Cashier.

WANTED—RECRUITS FOR THE U. S. ARMY; able-bodied unmarried men, between the ages of 21 and 30 years; good pay, rations, clothing and medical attendance. Applicants must be prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence as to age, character and habits. Apply at
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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 1. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feel them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain;
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

—Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.

Select Story.

THE MILLER'S THIEF.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmley had happened, and Talmley was decidedly uncomfortable about it.

Of course everybody knew—as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brother—and what the village folk knew was this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson, had been robbed.

"A queer business," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, and telling the circumstance for the fiftieth time to his neighbor, Farmer Greene, who had dropped in to sympathize with his old friend; "nobody knew I had the money but my daughter Jennie and young Levoe, and I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money in a tin box, and I put that among a lot of other boxes in the cupboard, waitin' till I could go to the bank with it, an' lo and behold! when I went to get it out yesterday there wasn't a single sign of box or money. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I, neighbor," said Greene, running a brawny hand over his shock of untidy hair; neither can I. But I do think ye set too much store in that young man ye've taken into your house, an' mebbe ye've mistook him. He's a deal too fine about his clothes an' his hands an' his hair to be too honest, but," cautiously, as he saw the flush that stole over Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm talkin' too fast, but it's mighty curious and one don't know what to think."

"One might try to think nothin' that weren't charitable," said the miller gravely, "an' I don't suspect the lad. It's mor'n I like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Levoe didn't have nothin' to do with the stealin' no more'n you or me—an' I'd rather people wouldn't kinder hint he had."

"Tain't in nature not to think it seein' he's a stranger, an' nobody knows what or who he is; an' he has his fine ways with him an' talks like a schoolmaster," said Greene stubbornly. "I don't like to see you took in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much afraid you are by that mill hand of yourn."

Then Greene held out his hand to the miller, who was in deep thought, and bade him good day, and betook himself to his duties on the farm near the mill.

But the farmer had left a seed of doubt behind him; and when has such a seed not found soil to nurture it until its fruit hung heavy on the giant tree which shadowed a friendship or darkened forever a soul immortal.

In Talmley there was but one who had not been born there, and that one was Dick Levoe, the stranger who had crossed his threshold six months before to ask for employment.

Jameson wanted a hand in the mill, and hired Dick, taking him as a boarder. The young man had "fine ways," as Greene said.

He was not especially handsome, but he was cheerful, courteous and willing to work, and yet, for all that, showed unmistakable signs of having had no occasion to perform any labor, at some time not far past. He was educated—even Jennie, who had spent a year at boarding school, could be instructed by him.

"I'll just keep my eyes open and not let on for awhile," thought the miller, "but as Greene said, who else could have stolen the money?"

He perceived no change in Dick, no confusion, no signs of guilt, but greatly to the good man's consternation he discovered something else. The young man was in love with pretty Jennie, and she was fully conscious of the fact.

There was a new difficulty, and one which the miller did not care to meet.

He was pondering over it one day three weeks after the robbery, when Galvin of the Hollow called and paid him $50 which had been due some time.

"I hear your house isn't a very secure place for money," said Galvin, with a smile, "but I hope nobody will walk of with this while you're asleep."

"I'll take care of that," answered the miller, conscious that Dick could hear, "I don't calc'late on bein' robbed twice by the same person, and I've got over thinkin' everybody I meet is honest. Good day, sir. Much obliged."

Galvin departed and the miller went into the house.

Jennie was singing softly as she sewed at a window. Mrs. Jameson was not in, having gone to visit a sick neighbor.

Without a word the old man passed into his chamber and there secreted the money, frowning as he did so.

"I'll send that fellow packin' soon, whether I find him stealin' or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too comfortable a feelin' to know you've got to lock up every dollar you get and not tell anybody where you put it."

He ate his supper that evening in silence, Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told about every ache and pain that had racked the woman she had been to visit.

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face and those cheery tones of his employe belonged to a knave and scoundrel.

"An' Jennie and him seemed to understand one another far too well," he soliloquized. "I used to like the lad, but I'd as lief see my girl care for old blind Jack, the fiddler, as this fine gentleman. As Greene says he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've heard the greater the rascal the more genteel, an' I guess I'll load the rifle."

He did load his rifle and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he "warn't going to lose any more money, but the first one that came for dishonest purposes would lose his life."

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous, concerning the proximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it further away, declaring he might touch it in his sleep "an' make the thing go off" and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you needn't be scared," he told her. "If I touch the gun you can be sure it will go off, but I'll not touch it in my sleep. I sleep like an honest man, I do."

So he went to bed and thought more of his daughter than of the money under the carpet. However, he did think of his money sometimes, and, in fact, his thoughts ran from Jennie, as the thoughts of the moneylender ran from his ducats, to his daughter.

At last he slept, but not too soundly! dreams visited him, and unpleasant ones they were. Vision after vision came and faded, and his wife was alarmed beyond measure to see his unconscious hands go out again and again, perilously near sometimes to the loaded rifle.

It was midnight before she slept at all, but then her sleep was profound. It was broken at last by the strangest and most thrilling of sounds, no less startling than a heavy fall and a loud, harsh, reverberating report, as though a cannon had been fired through the door.

No woman is ever too frightened to scream and Mrs. Jameson's shrieks were loud and shrill as she cowered among the bedclothes, and a scrambling in the darkness and muttered words she could not understand did not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the hall without; a stout shoulder sent the door inward with a crash, and Dick Levoe, who had made this unceremonious entrance, stood there, with a light high above his head, his keen eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.

It took him a moment to comprehend, and then he laughed with immeasurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonder in his face, the old rifle, which he had struck as he fell, lying harmless beside him and now unloaded; a window was open, and through it came a fine sheet of rain; the old man was soaking wet and raindrops glistened on his hair and scanty garments! his bare feet were muddy, and altogether he presented anything but an agreeable or presentable appearance.

"What has happened?" asked Dick as soon as his mirth could be suppressed, as he aided the miller to his feet.

"I—I don't know," stammered Jameson.

His wife, hearing voices, cautiously peeped out from under the coverlet.

"Robbers!" she cried shrilly. "They have been here again. Have they shot you, Harvey?"

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said Harvey, "an' I don't think there's been any robbers round. Fact is I've been sleep-walking."

"What!"

"I've been walkin' in my sleep, sure as you live," groaned the miller. "I'm all wet, so I must have gone out of doors, an' the Lord only knows where I have been or what I've been doin'. I was dreamin' of that fifty dollars"——

He broke off and hurried to the spot in which he had hidden the money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers, Harvey," his wife was saying.

But he didn't hear her. Very blankly he turned to Dick, who had now retreated to the threshold where Jennie was standing, white and startled, but ravishingly pretty.

"Lad," the miller said solemnly, "I believe I've robbed myself. I've heard of such things, and now I believe I've just done that, an' I hain't got a notion where I put the money."

"Is it gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you had best put on dry clothes, sir, while I go out and try to follow the tracks you have probably left in the garden. Your feet are so muddy I'm sure you must have been there. I'll report in a few moments."

A whispered sentence to Jennie at the door, and Dick was off to don his boots and laugh at the remembrance of the miller's plight.

With a lantern he went out into the rain, and his gravity departed again as under the window of the miller's chamber he discovered deeply indented footprints, which proved that Jameson had emerged like a schoolboy.

The big, bare feet left plain traces in the soft soil of the garden. Dick followed them on across the road, and found that they ceased at one corner of the mill. A loose board had been freshly replaced. He drew it out and there, in the aperture, found a small tin box.

Taking it out, he hurried back to find Jameson, his wife and Jennie up and dressed, waiting for him.

The miller took the box eagerly and opened it with scarcely steady hands. There were the fifty dollars, and under them the money of which he had thought Dick had robbed him.

"Lad," he said turning to his employe, "I've been thinkin' ill of you for the last few days, an' I ask your pardon. If I can ever do you a good turn call on me."

"I take your word, sir," said Dick, cheerfully, going straight to Jennie and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marrying Jennie some day when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not forget what love was to yourself once."

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, with a tender glance towards his wife; "but a mill hand gets but poor wages, and you'll have to wait a while."

"As for that," said Dick, "I think you'll have to look for another mill hand, Mr. Jameson, for I have another offer, and intend taking it. I wasn't brought up to labor and was at college when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands I expected, nothing but my empty, untrained hands. I left the college and fate led me hither. If I have shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest girl in the world to love me. Now a friend of my father's offers me the post of bookkeeper in his bank at a salary on which Jennie and I can live, I know. I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll forgive you for suspecting that I did if you'll give me Jennie."

"What do you say, daughter?" asked the old man wistfully.

"I love him, father," she whispered.

"Then I'll only say, 'God bless you both!'" said the miller.

"Christianity, if it means anything, means sixteen ounces to the pound, three feet to the yard, a just weight and just measure. It means honesty in all dealings, purity in all conversation, a charity as broad as the race, unflinching integrity, sympathy, humanity to man, loyalty to God."

No Perpetual Motion.

The reply to the question, Is perpetual motion possible? depends entirely upon the limitation put upon the term "perpetual motion," says the Chicago Herald. If we understand these words to mean a machine that would start itself, furnish power for doing work, and continue in operation so long as required or until worn out, without the assistance of any external agency, the Scientific American thinks we can say with the utmost confidence perpetual motion is impossible.

If, on the other hand, we define perpetual motion as a machine dependent for its action upon the variability of one or more of the forces of nature, we may say perpetual motion is possible. The thermal motor, in which expansion and contraction are produced by natural changes of temperature, is an example of a motor of this kind. In this machine the changes in volume in a body are made to store energy to be used in continuous regular work. A perpetual clock has been made on this principle.

Sun motors of various forms have been devised which might be used in connection with storage mechanism for furnishing power continuously. A sun motor of sufficient size, with a suitable storage system, could furnish power the year round in almost any part of the world, success being a question of hours of sunshine and capacities of motor and storage system. Of course what is said with regard to the sun motor applies with equal force to water wheels, wind mills, tide and wave motors. Without doubt all of these prime movers will come more and more into use as time advances and storage systems are perfected.

Still they do not satisfy the seeker for the ideal perpetual motion. This should fill the conditions first mentioned; but, as we have already said this is an impossibility. The first and strongest reason for making this positive assertion in regard to the ideal perpetual motion is found in the fact that never in the history of man has he been able to make a single atom or matter or create the smallest fraction of a unit of energy.

All the works of man, of whatever name or nature, have been constructed of materials already in existence, all the work done by man and his enginery has been accomplished by using current natural forces, such as the gravitation of water, the power of the wind and the heat energy of the sun, or the stored energy of coal and other fuel or chemicals. Having the command of some of nature's forces, inventors have sought to circumvent nature's laws so as to make water "run up hill," to cause masses of matter to act alternately in accordance with and in opposition to the law of gravity while ascending, and to cause it to act with the full force of gravity while descending.

Flowers.

From Thrift.

What should we think of one who had invented flowers, supposing that, before him, flowers were unknown? Would he not be regarded as the opener-up of a paradise of new delight? Should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence until now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creative Power, which bid the earth bring forth, not only that which was useful as food, but also flowers, the bright consummate flowers to clothe it in beauty and joy?

Bring one of the commonest field-flowers into a room, place it on a table, or chimney-piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is a cheerfulness about flowers. What a delight are they to the drooping invalid? They are a sweet enjoyment, coming as messengers from the country, and seeming to say, "Come and see the place where we grow, and let your heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers? They are like children undimmed by sin. They are emblems of purity and truth, and a source of fresh delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of playful child, cannot be genial. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. The flowers have a voice for all—old and young, rich and poor. "To me," says Wordsworth,

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Every animal loves light and sunlight and will thrive in it.

A Shaggy Newsboy.

Allen G. Ilgelow, in Deaf-Mute Mirror.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York.

I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, touched my shoulder, and asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy?" I, of course, answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view away off across an open field.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side

The conductor laughed, and pondered, as he walked away, who of my young friends, of whom I have a great many, would be as faithful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, although he could not "tell time by the clock."

A Legend of the Mistletoe.

From New York Ledger.

The Scandinavian legends warn us that the mistletoe has fatal properties to all who touch the sap in plucking its bunches. Far away in the north, upon a lonely mountain top, there dwelt a few peasant families. An inmate of one of the lowly dwellings was a young girl—lovely, loving, beloved by and betrothed to her next neighbor—a sturdy peasant lad. The young girl fell sick. To restore her to health her lover sought near and far for the precious mistletoe growing upon an oak. At length his search was rewarded. Upon a snow clad oak the coveted bunches hung in generous profusion. With eager, reckless haste, forgetful of his own danger, he climbed the oak, seized the life giving or death dealing plant, as handled, and fell lifeless to the ground.

A legend of the crucifixion, full of pathos and beauty, tells the origin of the mistletoe in its concluding words as follows:

Ever since that day the tree from which the cross was hewn has never been suffered to grow as a tree, but only exists as a parasite on other trees.

It is neither fruit nor flower, but bears clusters of waxy white berries, and saps the life of any tree to which it attaches itself. It is called "the mistletoe."

Largest in the World.

At the world's fair grounds the other night the scientists in charge made a test of the search light, which is to illuminate Jackson park and large parts of the earth adjoining. The vast electric light is perched on the high tower of the transportation building. It is a wonderful thing, this great light whose rays can be seen sixty miles away and which can locate a man from ten to twenty miles distant, according to the power of electricity that is on.

The light is the largest and strongest one in the world. It was made by Schuckert & Co., of Nuremberg, Germany, and it has been brought to this country by Prof. Fred. W. Tischendoerfer, a mechanical and electrical expert. He brought the immense light to this country expressly for the world's fair, and it was on exhibition until October 21, 1892, when it was taken down until the opening of the fair this year.

The light is what is known as a four-foot reflector—that is, the great magnifying glass, through which the rays are thrown to such a distance, is four feet in diameter.

The direct power of the light is 150,000 candles, without any glass whatever. With the big glass, however, the power is magnified to 160,000,000 candle power.

The carbons used in the radiator are twelve inches long and one and a quarter inches in diameter. They are fastened inside the lamp merely with two upright pieces of steel. The lamp itself is operated on a sort of carriage something after the manner of a Maxim gun. It can be turned in any direction and can be tilted so that the rays will ascend straight up.

This big search light has only been in Chicago a few months. It was made expressly for exhibition at the fair by the German firm. The test was a grand success. Under the searching rays every portion of the fair grounds could be as distinctly seen as in the broad rays of the sun. The Columbian guards encircling the grounds could easily be discerned as they paced their beats. When the full power of the light was turned on the city of Chicago could be viewed distinctly, though the night was anything but clear. Prof. Tischendoerfer claims that on a perfectly clear night Michigan City, across the lake, would be perfectly visible. He also claims that on such a night the rays from the lamp could be seen by persons sixty miles away.

Living Beyond One's Means.

Upon the subject of living beyond one's means, Samuel Smiles, the author of the English work entitled "How to Get On in this World," says:

"There is another class of people, living up to their means, and often beyond them. They desire to be considered 'respectable people.' They live according to the pernicious adage, 'One must do as others do.' They do not consider whether they can afford to live up to or beyond their means; but they think it necessary to secure the 'respect' of others. In doing so, they usually sacrifice their own self-respect. They regard their dress, their establishments, their manner of living, and their observance of fashion, as the sole tests of respectability and rank. They make an appearance in the eyes of the world, though it may be entirely hypocritical and false.

"But they must not seem poor! They must hide their poverty by every effort. They spend their money before it is earned—run into debt at the grocer's, the baker's, milliner's, and the butcher's. They must entertain their fashionable 'friends,' at the expense of the shop-keepers. And yet, when misfortunes overtake them, and when the debts have become overwhelming, what becomes of the 'friends'? They fly away, and shun the man who is up to his ears in debt!

"Poverty is more than half disarmed by those who have the moral courage to say, 'I can't afford it.' Fair-weather friends are of no use whatever, except as an indication of the depth of snobbery to which human beings can descend. What is 'a visiting connection'? It is not all calculated to elevate one in social or even in business life. Success mainly depends upon character, and the general esteem in which a person is held; and if the attempt is made to snatch the reward of success before it is earned, the half-formed footing may at once give way, and the aspirant will fall, unlamented, into the open-mouthed dragon of debt."

A Detroit millionaire was saying to his confidential clerk the other day: "Now, I've arranged those papers for my wife and children all right, so that if I die—" "If you die," interrupted the secretary; say when you die; there's no if about dying."

Astronomy of the Ancient Egyptians.

We find in the table at the Rameseum distinct references to the bull, the lion and the scorpion, and it is also clearly indicated that at that time the star Sirius rose heliacally at the beginning of the rise of the Nile. This word heliacally requires a little explanation.

The ancients, who had no telescope and had to use their horison as the only scientific instrument which they possessed, were very careful in determining the various conditions in which a star could rise. For instance, if a star were rising at the same time as the sun was rising it was said to rise cosmically, but unless certain very obvious precautions were taken, the rising star would not be seen in consequence of the presence of daylight.

It is quite clear that if we observe a star rising in the dawn it will get more and more difficult to observe the nearer the time of sunrise is approached. Therefore, what the ancients did was to determine a time before sunrise in the early dawn at which the star could be very obviously and clearly seen to rise. The term "heliacal rising" was coined to represent a star rising visibly in the dawn, therefore before the sun. Generally throughout Egypt the sun was supposed to be something like 100 below the horizon when a star was stated to rise heliacally.

We find, then, that more than 5,000 years ago the Egyptians were perfectly familiar with these facts and the difference between a cosmical and heliacal rising was perfectly clear to them. But the table at Thebes tells us moreover, that the sun's journey in relation to some of the zodiacal constallations was perfectly familiar 5,000 years ago.

These, then, are some of the more general statements which may be made with regard to the most important points so far discussed by those who have dealt with Egyptian astronomy, and it may be added that all this information has come to us in mythologic guise.

The various apparent movements of the heavenly bodies are produced by the rotation and revolution of the earth and the effects of precession were familiar to the Egyptians, however ignorant they may have been of the causes. They carefully studied what they saw and attempted to put their knowledge together in the most convenient fashion, associating it with their strange imaginings and with their system of worship.

The Color of the Blood.

M. L. Holbrook in Science.

Having recently examined a large number of specimens of human blood from persons of different ages, ranging from four to seventy-six years, some being those in robust health, others being tuberculous, I was struck with the great difference in the shade of color presented, some being of a very rich tint, others very pale. The richest color was in the blood of a girl twenty-six years of age, a graduate of Vassar college, who had the highest anthropometic measurement for respiratory capacity in a class of about 500 girls. Her health was excellent, and she consumed rather more flesh food than is usual.

The next highest tint was found in the blood of a woman about seventy years old, with a somewhat unusual chest measurement, having also excellent respiratory capacity and being in fine health. This woman, on the contrary, does not eat flesh at all. I expected in her case to find a more than ordinary number of white blood corpuscles, but there were far less than usual, it being difficult to find them, they were so few.

The palest blood was from a chlorotic servant girl of twenty-five years and in a tuberculous boy of four. There was not much perceptible difference in their cases. The girl had naturally good respiratory power, but she had lessened it by tight clothing and an almost constant indoor life for a long time. After spending a month at the seaside I examined her blood again and found the tint somewhat deeper than before.

If feet or hands are frost-bitten keep away from the fire, but thaw them out, in a moderately warm room, by applying snow or very cold water. When the frost is certainly all out, soak for an hour in water as hot as can be borne, containing all the powdered alum that will dissolve. This will draw the blood to the surface and re-establish circulation, and there will not be chilblains or soreness. The hot-water-and-alum bath is also the best cure for the soreness and swelling that follows frost bites not properly treated.

Warm drink makes more milk.

Matches.

From Insurance World.

If the worthy gentlemen who control a monopoly of the trade in matches in the United States will give ear to reason, they will improve the quality of their product, even if in so doing they have to sacrifice a tithe of their present profits. Some of the matches now sold are a nuisance because of their unreliability, while others are a constant source of danger to property, if not to life, even in the hands of careful people. A portion of these latter drop a portion of the inflammable composition invariably, and if it happens to light on combustible material, a fire is pretty sure to result. Much clothing has been ruined in this way, and no end of profanity provoked. Another class of dangerous matches is the kind so highly charged with explosive that when struck a part of it flies through the air to a considerable distance, and is likely to do harm to whatever it happens to reach in its flight. At least one instance is known where the sight of an eye was lost through material from one of these percussion matches, to say nothing of less serious hurts and annoyances following their use. The match plays an important part in increasing the fire losses of the country, and will no doubt continue to do so until human ingenuity evolves a substitute for it. But the match makers could decrease its harmfulness in this as in other respects if they desired to do so.

A Diamond-Studded Meteorite.

From Chicago News-Record.

An interesting addition has been made to the mineral cabinet at Harvard College in the diamond-bearing meteorite lately discovered in Arizona. It will be remembered that these diamonds were first found by a professor in a cavity of iron which he was subjecting to examination. Finding that his cutting tool was arrested by a hard substance he investigated further and met with several black diamonds and one white one.

In order to see whether other portions of the meteorite contained diamonds a piece was suspended in a platinum bowl. The current from a voltaic battery was then sent through the bath from the cage to the bowl and the iron dissolved away, leaving a black slime, which, on being washed, showed black and white particles. The black were amorphous carbon, the white partly quartz, partly diamond. The quartz was dissolved by digesting it over a steam bath with strong hydrofluoric acid. The diamonds were found to cut glass and scratch topaz or sapphire. Diamonds are found to occur in old volcanic vents, such as the Kimberley mines of South Africa, which are filled with decomposed intrusive material thrown up from great depths.

Professor O. W. Huntington recently expressed the opinion that since the earth is apparently a mass of meteorites covered with a crust there ought to be abundance of diamonds at great depths.

Tad Lincoln as a Boy.

From Harper's Young People.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the president's tall, lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity, for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly and noble which his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident, which he himself related to the writer, occurred a day or two after entering temporarily a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile, which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered:

"A wood chopper."

"Oh, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high born lad turned his cold shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when, very soon, the American lad's prestige being known to the school, he found that he had made himself ridiculous.

It is reported that a French engineer, Mr. Terrien de Villeneuve, will send to the World's Fair a clock which in the course of twelve hours shall play four operas, "Lohengrin," as sung at Bayreuth; "Faust," with Patti's and Jean de Reszke's voices; "William Tell" and the "Huguenots." The music will be obtained by means of a colossal phonograph, which the mechanism of the clock shall move. Not only will the whole music of each opera be heard, but actors in the shape of india rubber dolls, measuring between 20 and 40 centimetres in height, will reproduce the gestures and attitudes of the well-known singers. The scenery will be reproduced. When the hour hand shall have come to the end of its twelve hours' journey performances will begin again.

Do not give the cows ice water to drink.

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