

WORRY THE CLERK.

WOMEN GUESTS IN HOTELS ARE VERY TROUBLESOME.

Expect the Man with the Big Diamond to Put Stamps on Their Letters and Otherwise Truckle.

To the amateur student of human nature, observed the philosophical hotel clerk, "the average woman in a hotel affords rare opportunities for the increase of his stock of knowledge of the other sex."

"She rings the bell three times to a man's once. She apologizes and explains so profusely to the bellboy that the lad comes downstairs without the least idea of what he is to do. Your lady in a hotel will indite some nine or ten letters a day, and each envelope seems to contain at least three sheets of the hotel's paper. She will send the mislaid down, one by one, to be posted, and each time she sends the naive message: 'Ask the office to put a stamp on for me.' She never makes out a wash list, but she 'just knows' what she had, and one pair hasn't been returned. She indignantly refuses to confide more to 'the office' when he inquires, but she affords a wealth of detail that in no way helps matters."

"For some occult reason she always regards the clerk as 'the office,' never remembering that he has feelings just like anyone else. She puts all sorts of things in the safe, but she is perfectly sure she handed in several things that weren't there. This makes it a trifle awkward for 'the office,' because he can't prove anything, and she always 'just knows.' Very frequently she is thunderstruck by the amount of her bills, and on such occasions she likewise just knows there is a mistake. Bills are produced, but she doesn't remember receiving certain goods at all, or buying them, or anything about them. Sometimes she subsequently recollects the little transaction and comes down to 'the office' to apologize, which makes the unfortunate clerk feel somewhat better."

"At times she becomes a little conscience stricken for ringing the bell so often. Then she'll run out of her room, ring up the elevator boy and give him orders. Yet people wonder at these elevator disasters! As the old joke has it: 'An elevator boy's life has its ups and downs,' a truth that is apparent enough, when we consider these additional duties on his part."

"The lady in a hotel expects the chambermaid to see to this, that and the other thing. She is expected to sew on a button here, take a stitch in that, help hang up the gowns, and incidentally afford aid in getting them on. She doesn't reflect, of course, that the poor chambermaid is a drudge, with enough of her own work to do, and that the vigilant eye of the housekeeper is ever upon her. So the lady will say: 'Iron these out for me, Clara; there is a good girl,' or 'Lace up these, there's a dear,' or 'Do this for me, Clara; I'm leaving this afternoon.'"

"Often our lady patron will take photos on the wall, and when she is charged for this little diversion she will make a terrible outcry right in 'the office.'"

"Cards and callers! Heaven send 'the office' patience! 'I expect a gentleman at about nine,' she will remark. 'Please say I am out, if any others come show them right up.' 'The gentleman is late and is sent up. Poor 'office!'"

"When a card awaits her she will take the office into her confidence."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," she exclaims. "When did he call? Oh, yes, the time is on the card! I know I didn't tell him to wait. If you didn't leave instructions, but then, you see, I had no idea he would call. I didn't even know he was in town. I was the baby along, too? Oh, dear, I've never seen the baby. It was born only last year, and—"

"There's no use talking, 'the office' has its troubles!"

Paper Floors.

Wood pulp or paper floors are the latest fad in Germany, and the new idea has many points of advantage over the wooden floorings. A rough board floor is first laid, any sort of soft pine being used, since this is to serve merely as a foundation for the flooring proper. Over this is spread a special preparation of pulp which dries almost as hard as stone, and with an absolutely even surface. When thoroughly dried it can be painted or stained to imitate any wood, and as it is absolutely impervious to water, oil or dirt, it can be kept much cleaner than the best hardwood floor, and the absence of cracks prevents the gathering of insects under the baseboard. It costs but two-thirds of what a hardwood floor would, and it is being adopted in the best houses, as well as in the cheaper apartments, where the item of cost is an important consideration.

The Boy's View of It.

"I had a young friend," said Kate Tyson Clark of Brooklyn, "who was taken to the circus by his father, while his little sister Lucy was left at home. On departure two toy balloons were purchased, one for him and one for sister Lucy. The father was carrying them above the heads of the crowd, floating at the ends of their long strings, when one of them exploded. The boy looked up with an agonized expression. Then a look of peace stole over his countenance, and he remarked: 'It's too bad Lucy's balloon's spoiled, isn't it?'" — Philadelphia Ledger.

Below Expectations.

It's the same in baseball as in other professions, says Uncle Hiram. The fellow who makes so much noise about having the spit ball down on the sabbath realizes his expectations.—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

WAS PROBABLY DECOLLETEE

Like the Beer There Was in This Case Not Enough of the Gown.

The venerable economist, Edward Atkinson, who recently told woman how much she ought to spend on dress each year, met a young girl in Brookline the other day, relates the Detroit Free Press.

Her gown was simple and beautiful, and Mr. Atkinson, in his capacity of dress expert, admired it.

"A grudely gown," he said, "a pretty grudely gown."

"But I don't know what 'grudely' means," the young girl said.

"Grudely is an epithet of eulogy," said Mr. Atkinson. "It is an obsolete word preserved in the story of the northern farmer as extinct files are sometimes preserved in amber."

"But what is the story of the northern farmer?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Atkinson, smiling. "There was a northern farmer of the old school who, as he rode Londonward on his gray mare, espied one morning a cozy inn. He stopped before the inn door and rapped with his crop-stick. A pretty maid appeared."

"Hast thou gotten any grudely good beer?" the farmer asked.

"Yes, sir," said the maid, and she dropped a curtsey.

"Then fetch a quart, lass," said the farmer.

"The quart was brought in a mug of polished pewter, and the farmer tossed it off, smacked his lips and said, in a hesitating way:

"It seems pretty grudely. Fetch another quart."

"This, too, was brought, and the farmer, after draining it, smiled.

"It is grudely," he said. "A grudely beer. I'll get down and have some."

CENSOR OF THE CEMETERY

Employs of the City Burying Grounds Who Looks After Tombstones.

A tombstone censor is employed by most large cemeteries. It is the duty of this man to see that nothing unseemly in the way of a tombstone is put up, states the Philadelphia Bulletin. A young engineer in a Norristown mill was killed by the explosion of a boiler and the family of this young man, believing that the mill owners had known all along that the boiler was defective, actually had carved on the tombstone the sentence, "Murdered by his masters." The tombstone censor, of course, refused to sanction such an epitaph.

On the death of a certain noted prize fighter the surviving brother of the man wanted to put in a glass case beside the grave a championship belt, four medals, a pair of gloves and other trophies of the ring. But the censor's negative was firm. A widow who believed that the physician was responsible for her husband's death wished to put on the tomb: "He enjoyed a cheap doctor," but the tombstone censor showed her that such an inscription would lay her open to heavy damages for libel. Atheists sometimes direct in their wills that shocking blasphemies be carved on their monuments. The censor, however, sees to it that these blasphemies do not disgrace the cemetery.

WHY THE SOLDIERS SING.

It Helps Them Forget the Privations and Misery of Their Lot.

It has been pointed out to me by an enlightened critic that I must be mistaken in describing the lot of the Russian soldier as an unhappy one. "Russian regiments always sing on the march," he explains, and therefore, of course, the men must be happy, says a writer in Nineteenth Century. He is perfectly right about the singing. Russian soldiers are always singing; they sing on the march; they sing in the train, they sing while they are eating their black bread and kaputza (sour cabbage), they sing in the kharchevna (public house). I have also seen a gang of over 400 prisoners in chains on their way to Siberia, and they, too, sang as they marched to the station and afterward in the train. I suppose, therefore, that they must have been quite happy and contented!

An American humorist has told us that a certain amount of fleas is good for a dog; he passes the day in scratching himself and so forgets to brood over the misery of being a dog. Ask the Russian soldier why he is always singing, and he will give you much the same reason. He passes the day in singing, and so forgets to brood over the misery of being a soldier.

Russian Diplomatic Sirens.

The Russian government, too, is also represented abroad, not only by its ambassadors, but by unofficial diplomats of a most interesting description, "a corps d'elite of ladies who are dispatched to the various capitals of the world. In Washington czarism has no less than ten of these ladies. They entertain lavishly, and their drawing rooms, with shaded rose-colored lights and luxurious furniture and hangings, are palaces of ease for weary legislators and senators. These fascinating sirens then dictate in whispers what laws shall or shall not be passed by congress.—Joubert's "Fall of Czarism."

In a Quandary.

First Girl—What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella?

Second Girl—I don't know whether to say, "Ever yours, with truest love," or simply, "Yours affectionately." You see I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!" —The Bits.

ABOUT EYE-STRAIN.

OVER-USE CAUSES OTHER THAN OPTICAL AFFECTIONS.

Some Valuable Information and Advice on the Causes and Treatment of Faulty Visual Organs.

In a recent number of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Lewis S. Dixon, of Boston, makes some interesting observations in regard to the above-named topic. He calls attention to the fact that the eye has always been studied simply as a part of the body, under physiology, and contends that it needed to be studied as an optical instrument, under optics, a branch of science in which our knowledge is mathematically accurate. The usual explanation that eyes are naturally weak and may be rested by an avoidance of work is declared to be erroneous, and the conviction is expressed that no organ of the body should fail to perform its own particular function or show difficulty in its performance unless something is out of order. The proper thing to do, according to Dr. Dixon, is not to give up its use, but to find the trouble, to correct it if possible, and to restore the organ to usefulness.

The writer informs us that the eye varies as much as everything else in the human body. "Each person," he states, "is born with his own pair of eyes; sometimes they are correct, often not so. Often they are not alike and cannot work together properly." Vision is corrected by the ciliary muscles, which are made to work; but when they are overtaxed, they are liable to exhaustion and this, in turn, gives rise to serious consequences. It is found to be an actual fact that eye-strain is often the principal factor producing nervous debility, hysteria, melancholia, vertigo, nausea, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, general nervousness, irritability, faintness, weariness, headaches, constipation and dozens of other annoying conditions.

Eye-strain, the author maintains, is a permanent waste of nervous energy in correcting the slight congenital and permanent errors in the shape of the eyes. This waste is not felt by a strong, healthy system, but is ready to become a decided tax whenever the system gets below par, and its effects are intensified immensely by continued close work.

When once the muscles have been taxed to the point of exhaustion, and nervous reflexes or disturbances set up elsewhere, then any effort to force the eyes to continue their work may cause actual physical damage requiring a long time to repair. It is like the breakdown that comes from overwork in any other way—repair is slow and sometimes never perfect.

Now that the cause of eye-strain is known, we have the choice of two methods of relief—we may remove the conditions that make it a burden, or we may correct, but not remove, the cause.

Theoretically, the doctor insists, glasses should be worn constantly since the errors are fixed, but if the eyes can once learn how to rest, they are usually able to bear their overwork a fair share of the time without bad results; but they must have rest, and at frequent intervals.

The dislike to wearing glasses is so great and universal, the reason for wearing them so little understood, and the temptation to the oculist to avoid forcing such an unpleasant remedy on his patients is so strong, that they have been worn generally for close work only, or for temporary relief, and as little as possible. But if glasses are needed at all they are really more beneficial when worn for resting or distant vision than for close work; but that is exactly opposite, the author tells us, to what people wish to do or find agreeable. Too many people decide to follow their own inclination, but are sure to find later that the cost of so doing is much greater than they had expected.

Glasses do not do a bit of the work the eyes ought to do; they simply correct imperfections. In conclusion Dr. Dixon states that, contrary to the general idea, sharp, clear sight, so highly prized and the boast of many, is not the proof or the test of a good eye; for many who have the keenest vision cannot use their eyes much or with any comfort. Easy vision, he maintains, vision that can be used and enjoyed freely, without thought or fatigue, is the proper test of a good eye.

Army and Navy Cooks.

A bad cook on shore can break up a happy home, while put him afloat or in garrison and he will send a ship's company or a regiment into the "brig" or the guardhouse by squads. The men in Uncle Sam's uniform can no more live without cooks than any other civilized man. The army and navy cook is at last coming into his own, and though the government may still hesitate to recognize him as an artist it is at least compelled to regard him as a specialist. Like the strategist or the torpedo expert or the farrier, he is now to have special schools in which to develop those natural gifts without which cooks are as impossible as poets.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Misunderstanding.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Bryd-eigh?"

"Jealous. She overheard her husband say that he was going to buy a ribbon for his typewriter, and she's been threatening to sue for divorce ever since." —Cleveland Leader.

Overheard by the Office Boy.

The editor looks downcast. What's the matter with him?"

"He received a letter yesterday informing him of an inheritance, and in the rush he replied: 'Declined with thanks.'" —Translated from Tales from Magendorfer Blaetter.

TRUCKMEN ARE BROTHERLY

The Man with an Empty Wagon Makes Way for Another with a Load.

Truckmen are pretty sure to be brotherly, when a brotherly hand is needed. Here was such a hand extended in a somewhat unusual way, says the New York Sun.

Halted in front of a store in a downtown street was a truck drawn up alongside the curb, while at same time there was backing up to the curb in front of a store on the other side directly opposite a truckman with a big, empty truck to take on a load, and coming, at the same time, up the street, which has a heavy grade at this point, was a man with a three-horse team hauling a big truck with a heavy load of some sort of manufactured iron goods.

With the truck against the curb as it was on one side, and the truck of the man backing up on the other, projecting out as it would be with the truck in that position, there wouldn't be room for the team coming to get by; and the man coming up didn't want to halt his team, a good one, but with about all the aid it could handle on that grade. And so the man with the three-horse team, as he keeps coming right along, sings out to the man backing up, who had already got his truck all but into position:

"Say, Bill!"

And Bill, without any hesitation, slewed his truck out of position again and around diagonally lengthwise of the curb on his side, so giving the man with the heavy load coming up the grade room to pass.

Which he did without a word of thanks to the man who had thus made way for him. But no thanks were necessary; for the man backing up, who now proceeded once more to put his truck into position, knew that if their situations had been reversed the other driver would as promptly have made way for him.

AN AFRICAN ANAESTHETIC.

It Is Said to Be Better Than Cocaine for Treatment of the Eyes.

A new anaesthetic has been discovered in West Africa, where an alkaloid called yohimbine has been prepared from a tree called by the natives yohimbe. The preparation crystallizes in white, silk-like needles, easily soluble in alcohol, ether and chloroform, but imperfectly in water. Its properties have been carefully investigated with important results. Usually a chlorine salt of yohimbine is employed, which is, however, easily decomposed. Hypodermic injection of yohimbine results in local anaesthesia, lasting almost two hours. It causes insensibility of the cornea and the aspect of the eye when simply dropped upon the parts.

United States Consul General Guenther, at Frankfurt, who reports the matter to the state department, says that experiments conducted by Dr. Magnani, of Italy, show that yohimbine may be valuable in chronic diseases of the eye which require an increased supply of blood. He prefers it to tropococaine on account of the longer anaesthesia, and to cocaine because it does not injure the tissues and does not impede healthy nutrition of the cornea; furthermore, it is not poisonous. According to the Medical News, two American oculists report that they experimented upon themselves with yohimbine of different strength with favorable results.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

Henry Did the Old-Married-Man Act a Little Too Thoroughly.

"Now, Henry," said the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride! I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough; and I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel the bride retired, relates London Tit-Bits, and the groom fell in with a whist party, with whom he sat playing cards till four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours in weeping.

At last he turned up, and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody in future knew that they had just been married!

Poisons That Leave No Trace.

The late Sir R. Christison, M. D., of Edinburgh, testified at a recent trial that there existed poisons which left no trace of their work behind. He was about to mention one, when the judge stopped him, remarking that such knowledge was not desirable to be bruited abroad. Next morning, Sir Robert was besieged, with inquiries contained in letters, asking for the name of the poison. The writers, of course, professed that their interest in the matter was of an entirely scientific nature.

Differentiating.

Enthusiastic Friend—Don't you think Miss Hygee is a beautiful singer?

Musical Critic—Yes—she is a singer, more or less, and she certainly is beautiful.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DEMANDS OF POLAND.

Subjects of the Czar Ask for the Same Privileges Enjoyed by Germans.

The war and the removal of Minister Plevie gave Poland, along with the remainder of Russia, a momentary breathing spell. It became possible to exchange ideas on the situation of the empire and to organize the reform forces, writes David Bell MacGowan, in "The Future of Poland," in Century.

The St. Petersburg zemstvo conference had just adjourned when I reached Warsaw. A few great noblemen had been in conversation with the Russian liberals and Prince Mirsky, and were prepared to report their observations to the various nationalist groups. Prince Mirsky passed word that the Poles should be allowed entire freedom of discussion. Hundreds of small gatherings were held, and finally, only a day or two before my second visit to Warsaw, a delegate meeting of 105 persons assembled in the home of a nobleman, under the chairmanship of the Catholic bishop of Warsaw, and adopted a long memorial for presentation to Prince Mirsky. It closed by making the following demands:

1. The use of the Polish language in the schools, courts and public offices.

2. The appointment of Poles to all public offices.

3. Self-government on an effective basis in town and country, with the retention to the existing commune, or "gmina."

4. Freedom of conscience.

Such were the minimum demands of all the parties, excepting the social democrats, the "Bund," and the "Proletariat," another radical labor party is called. Many of the liberals and national democrats were disposed to add a fifth clause: a national diet and an autonomous government subordinate merely in matters of imperial concern to the authorities of St. Petersburg.

The majority of the Poles both of the Kingdom of Lithuania and the Ukraine realize that in these territories Polish influence is bound to diminish steadily. The demands of the Lithuanian Poles, made about the same time in petitions to Prince Mirsky, were therefore for the rights of a minority population. They asked to be allowed to talk Polish freely, to hold schools in Polish at private expense, to conduct their worship free of molestation, and to own land and engage in business on the same terms as other Russian subjects. In other words, they ask for the same privileges that German subjects and residents of the empire already freely enjoy.

The reluctance of the parties represented in the meeting I have mentioned to ally themselves with the Russian liberals is due not only to their unwillingness to revive the enmity of the Russian government but to the fear that the future Russian parliament may prove a more successful if not a more resolute advocate of Russification than the autocracy has been. In giving their sympathies to the reformers, they do not conceal from themselves the probability that constitutional Russia will follow the example of constitutional Austria.

NO CASE AGAINST HIM.

But the Evidence Was So Strong He Could Smell the Meat Himself.

The colonel and I were stopping in a town in Georgia and went over to a courthouse to listen to the trial of a colored man for stealing a hog. He had no lawyer, and the plaintiff went on and stated that he saw the prisoner in the woods—saw him chasing a hog—went to his cabin and smelled fresh pork, and a few rods from the door came across boots and bristles. He had carried some away with him and now had them in court. The colonel asked permission to say a few words for the prisoner, and this being granted he said:

"It is said that this colored man was seen chasing a hog. Where is the corroborative evidence? Does it follow that because one chases a hog he kills him? The plaintiff swears he smelled fresh pork. Can he be sure it was not chicken or mutton? He found hoofs and bristles. Can he identify these as belonging to his hog? Where are his marks of ownership? Your honor must see that there is no case against the prisoner."

"I'll have to decide that there isn't," replied the justice, with a sigh, and the prisoner was told to go, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An hour later, as we were walking about the town, we met him on a side street, and the colonel said:

"Well, you got out of it all right, eh?"

"Yes, boss, thanks to you, but lemme tell you dey run me so powerful close on de case dat I could smell dat fresh meat myself, and I see willin' to own up dat it didn't smell a bit like chicken or mutton!"

Charmed Off.

"Old Lotsaguris has a lawsuit on his hands."

"Who's suing him?"

"Boggs, his next-door neighbor. Boggs claims damages for three fine dogs that have run away since the old an's second daughter began to take vocal lessons." —Cleveland Leader.

The More Important Question.

"I know, old chapple," said Dobbs, "she has her faults and a temper, and all that, but I— I love her, and can't live without her."

"Just so," calmly replied his friend, "but the question isn't that. Can you live with her? That's it, old fellow—can you live with her?" —TR-BMA.

The Burglar's Skill.

It requires more skill to pick a lock than to pick a quarrel.—Chicago Daily News.

HAS 2,000 SOCIETY WOMEN

Sun Priest Hanish Enrolls Large Number of Gotham Social Lights —Met Failure Before.

New York.—The amazing fact that 2,000 of New York's fashionable society women are sun worshippers and votaries of the Mazdaznans, the mystic Perseus cult expounded by Otoman Zar Adus Hanish, has been revealed through the arrest of Mrs. Brownie Rathbone Weaverson, 150 West One Hundred and Fourth street, a disciple of the mysterious religion.

Mrs. Weaverson is charged with having taught the Persian theory to Mr. Ellen Rachell, an aged woman living at 1453 Amsterdam avenue, who is not expected to lose her life as the result of the treatment.

Instances have been cited in which women have been driven insane by their fanatical devotion to the strange belief; others have been made cripples and doomed to a life of misery; Dr. Hanish, the priest apostle himself, has been arrested on the charge of having tortured his followers; yet, despite these facts, the society is not only in existence in New York, but the number of his followers among the fashionable set is growing.

In the morning these women bow to the rising orb and address it as a god in the evening they prostrate themselves on Poles as did the Persians of old and the ancient Toltecs of Mexico.

The philosophy expounded by Dr. Hanish, he says, dates back to 2420 years before Christ. In the old Zen language "Mada" means sun, and is in this origin that the philosopher obtained his name.

The first attempt by Dr. Hanish to start the society, a few years ago met with failure. He then went to Chicago, and, inflated with his success there, came back to New York, and now has 2,000 women followers.

VIOLETS CURE FOR CANCER

Liquor Distilled from Blossoms Reported Efficacious in Two Different Cases.

London.—That a brew from violet leaves is an effective cure for cancer may not be new in theory, but two actual cures are now reported.

Much interest has been taken in the story in the Lancet told by Dr. Gordon of Exeter of a man who refused to be operated upon for cancer on the tongue. Then violet leaves were tried, the garden variety being found preferable to the wild violet.

Every day he drank part of the brew the rest he used as a fomentation. The treatment has been continued since the beginning of November last, and nothing remains but a tiny scar.

On reading this story a woman well known socially writes, citing an even more remarkable story of the cure of cancer on the liver by violet leaves.

Treated by a specialist without avail she grew morose and worse, till violet leaves were suggested by a friend. Hopeless of ever being cured, she nevertheless tried it. She took a wineglass of the decoction several times a day and also applied cotton wool soaked in the hot liquor over the seat of the cancer. The woman says she is now completely cured.

PREMIUM PUT ON CHILDREN

Birth Insurance Company, of Massachusetts, Is Ready to Check Race Suicide.

Boston.—The necessary number of applicants for policies in the American Birth Insurance company, which was incorporated in this state in July, have been secured, and it is announced that the first of these unique policies has been issued.

Many prominent Bostonians are among the incorporators of the scheme, which is hoped to have the effect of relieving one of the greatest hardships of the poor, and to do away with a potent cause for race suicide. Policy-holders pay what is known as universal assessments, and continue to do so for 18 months. At the conclusion of this time children born to the policy-holders draw a premium according to the face of the policy.

To be eligible as a policy-holder one must first be a member of the American Parents' Educational association and be under 50 years old.

Since the incorporation of the plan several other cities, not all in America, have taken up the idea, and Mr. Estelle M. H. Merrill, the president has received letters from many sources seeking information on the matter.

MAY STOP SEA-SICKNESS.

Invention Which Will Reduce Rollin of Vessels to a Minimum Is to Be Tried.

Berlin.—The Hamburg-American line is fitting out the steamer Vulcan as it works at Steinlin with an invention of Otto Shyk, an engineer of Hamburg which, it is expected, will reduce the rolling of vessels at sea to a minimum. It consists of a massive balance wheel mounted in such a manner as to counteract the shifting of the center of gravity of the ship. The invention has been tested only in connection with mode but the Hamburg-American officials are so convinced of its utility that they are advancing money and loaning a vessel for a trial which will take place in July or August. Naval engineers regard the invention as likely to be of the greatest use to war ships in adding to the stability of gun platforms.

Label Supply Limitless.

Vermont dispatches tell us that maple sugar supply will be lighter this year than usual. The label supply, however, is practically limitless.