

THE DECENT CITIZEN.

The Philosophical Footpad Views the Question from the Other Side of the Law.

"I disapprove of the practice of carrying firearms by the public," remarked the footpad, deprecatingly. "At the same time there are arguments in its favor, even if I am talking prejudicially to my business interests."

"It is the law-abiding citizen who is always placed at a disadvantage in these matters. It is the 'proud citizen,' or the 'hard-working' man, or the 'business man' who is shot down by the town drunkard or bummer, or the worthless scum of the streets. The papers are full of such items, and the case is seldom reversed, except in the far west, where the bad man's bloody career is finally ended by a town marshal's bullet."

"The worthless citizen does not consider himself a 'man' until he owns a cheap revolver. And when, in addition, he becomes possessed of a few drinks or bad whisky and smokes a rank five-cent cigar, his 'manliness,' in his own estimation, takes on an enlarged form, and he shines effulgently in his own eyes. That's the time for the decent citizen to look out, and, if necessary, to shoot him down like the thoroughly disreputable cur-dogs are too noble an animal to be named in the same breath—that he is."

"But, unhappily, the decent citizen's revolver, if he owns one, is lying in the bureau drawer at home, whence his own bleeding and unoffending body is brought to his horror-stricken and bereaved widow and family. The worthless character is acquitted, or escapes in five cases out of ten, with a light penitentiary sentence."

"Education brings with it a natural tendency to observe not only the physical, but the statute laws, which control us. Therefore, the decent citizen respects these laws, and by observing them himself sets an example to be emulated by the other classes. The worthless fellow, be he one of the small town or of the great city, is one upon whom all lessons are lost and kindnesses thrown away."

"He is at heart a despicable coward, who would no more stand up in a fair fight or a duel than he would attend church. He awaits until he has his adversary at a disadvantage, and shoots him down, or through the back, or ambushes him."

"There is no means by which the worthless character may be disarmed. He disregards the law, and when apprehended pays his fine or serves his jail sentence, only to pick up his weapon again upon his release. The police magistrate's learned discourse upon the 'vicious practice of going armed,' and that the 'strong arm of the law' affords sufficient safeguard to citizens under its protection, applies to and is heeded by the decent citizen, and does not affect the degenerate and lawless classes at all."

"No, I don't know that I would recommend as an offset that the decent citizen go armed, because pistol carrying is, ipso facto, a bad practice. I would not presume to offer a remedy, unless it is that these worthless expressions upon the body politic be tormented and smothered like curbs at the pound. I carry a pistol myself, to be sure, but 'tis only because I need it in my business."—Washington Star.

PERSISTENCE OF TYPE.

The inability of the Human Imagination to Change in Architectural Conception.

The earliest railway carriages were, with the most slavish exactness, built on the pattern of the old stage coaches that preceded them. Every carriage was simply three coaches stuck together and carried on an iron frame, which ran upon four wheels. Even the coachman's seat was reproduced in grotesque miniature; and each of these carriages, consisting of three compartments, had the legend inscribed on it, "Tria juncta in uno." It took half a century in this country to introduce a new style of carriage; and even now, though certain details of the old stage coach have disappeared, the stage-coach pattern is still the one that prevails, though with a growing number of exceptions, both here and throughout Europe."

A still more remarkable example of the same persistence of a type of the same inability of the human imagination to change it is afforded us by the motor car. Nothing impedes the popularity of the motor car so much as the fact that its appearance is to our eye awkward and even ridiculous. Constant efforts are being made to overcome this defect; but hitherto they have been made in vain. The reason is simply this—that the human imagination is altogether dominated by the old idea of a carriage drawn by horses; and no one has hitherto been able to design a car which does not suggest a carriage from which the horses have been taken out. There is, consequently, in the whole structure a want of balance and meaning; and a motor car in motion with its driver in a peaked cap gives the impression that while the coachman was halting the horses some demon in the disguise of a mechanic had got up on the box and was making the vehicle go as a kind of practical joke. The unfortunate result can be obliterated only by the introduction of some design altogether new and original; but though the human imagination can multiply ideal replicas, it has hitherto proved unable to present us with a new pattern for a wagonette."—London Saturday Review.

"Caps" Conversation.

Roundman Clubb—They must have a pretty husky set of boys on the police force in South Africa.

Sergt. Kluz—Yes?

"Yes, I see 15,000 British soldiers couldn't hold one kop down."—Baltimore American.

STRANGE ATLANTIC FISH.

Aquatic Specimens That Were Supposed to Be Extinct Again Making Their Appearance.

Nearly 21 years ago, in May, 1879, Capt. Kirby, of Gloucester, Mass., in command of the schooner William V. Hutchins, was almost directly south of Nantucket seeking hake and cod, when his crew commenced to take great numbers of "a strange and handsomely colored fish." With the conservatism that marks fishermen, most of these strangers were thrown overboard, but Capt. Kirby kept a few and cooked them for his own table. He found it one of the finest fishes he had ever eaten, and determined to keep all that were taken thereafter, so when the schooner came in at Gloucester it brought some 2,000 pounds of the new fish. Messrs. Friend & Son bought the lot and disposed of their purchase in various ways. Capt. Kirby sent one of the fish to the National museum, where Dr. G. Brown Goode and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean examined it and pronounced it a tile fish, but a new genus and species. The fine appearance of the new fish, its delicious taste and bountiful abundance seemed to promise a valuable addition to our food products, and Prof. Baird, then United States commissioner of fish and fisheries, was much interested in this new factor in the resources of the sea."

In 1880 the fish commission steamer Fish Hawk was completed, and the scientific exploration of the bottom life off our coasts was begun with facilities unattainable before. It was found that the coast fell away gradually until the water was about 100 fathoms deep, and then declined very suddenly. To use Prof. Verrill's words, the slope beyond the 100-fathom line is "usually as steep as the side of a great mountain chain and about as high as Mt. Washington." Off the southern coast of Massachusetts this slope is a fauna unsurpassed in the world in scientific interest. The gulf stream brings stragglers from the tropics and the cold arctic currents bring beings whose normal habitat lies in the polar region, and the result is a naturalist's paradise. The tile fish, as it is called, is abundant in the gulf stream, and is no doubt responsible for their being so far north. For three years the tile fish was a source of wealth to the fishermen, and then a sudden catastrophe befell the industry, the exact nature of which may never be known. During March and April, 1882, vessels entering New York and other Atlantic ports reported passing great numbers of dead fish on the northern edge of the gulf stream. They proved to be tile fish, and investigation showed that they covered an area 170 miles long and 23 miles wide. The fish commission chartered the schooner Josie Reeves for an investigating tour, but the vessel returned without having taken a single specimen. This unprecedented destruction of animal life attracted wide attention among the newspapers and scientific journals, and from the data collected Capt. J. W. Collins of the fish commission estimated the number of dead fish at 1,438,720,000, a number that would be sufficient to give every man, woman and child in the country 288 pounds of fish, allowing ten pounds to each fish. Prof. Verrill attributed this destruction to a very severe storm that prevailed at that time and probably drove the icy cold water near shore into the area usually covered by the warm water of the outer margin of the gulf stream. Not a single individual seemed to have escaped, and the tile fish was placed provisionally in the list of extinct animals."

On February 8, 1897, the 78-ton schooner Mabel Kenniston was overtaken by a gale while on Georges bank and was blown about 120 miles to the westward. The exact position is not known, but it was about 140 miles southwest of Noman's Land, when haddock trawls were let down in 65 fathoms of water. When these were brought in, 30 tile fish, weighing from five to fifteen pounds each, were taken and were landed in Gloucester a few days later. In 1898 the fish were taken in considerable numbers, and in 1899 they were almost as abundant as ever, many young specimens being found. This latter point is important, as indicating that the fish are breeding on their old ground and are not mere stragglers."

The extermination and re-establishment of the tile fish is of more than scientific interest. The fisheries are a source of great wealth to our country, and everything that can throw light on them should be welcomed. The mysterious destruction of these fish points to a line of investigation that should be encouraged, in the hope that such catastrophe may be averted in the future."—Boston Transcript.

Incandescent Lamps Used.

What is the annual consumption of incandescent lamps in this country? A recent statement placed the number at 60,000,000, but this is obviously much too high. The carefully prepared estimate of the incandescent lamp business of the United States for the year 1899, which appeared in the New Year's number of the Western Electrician, showed that the volume of business was \$2,700,000. Assuming an average price as low as 17 cents a lamp, the number produced is less than 16,000,000. Probably 15,000,000 is very near the exact figures representing the total output of the factories. Similarly the domestic output in 1898 was about 12,000,000 lamps. The number of incandescent lamps imported is so small that it does not affect the calculation to an appreciable degree."—Western Electrician.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

His Wife, Sitting in the Second Balcony, Thought He Was at Work, But He Wasn't.

It was a Wednesday matinee, and two women, one middle-aged, with trailing brown eyes, the other somewhat younger, stood in the outer lobby of the theater waiting.

"He'll come. He said he would," the elderly woman said in reply to a question from her companion. He's so good about that, although I hate to trouble him when he's so busy all the time. He'll have the tickets, too."

Just then "he" entered, and, rushing over to his wife with an apology in his face, said in a pained tone: "I'm so sorry, dear, I couldn't get those tickets. The house will be full and there'll be mighty little paper in it. I don't like to disappoint you."

"He" was middle-aged, too, but his face did not have as many lines in it as his wife's; he was better preserved, his rich overcoat was in strong contrast to her shabby cloak, and he had quite the air of a man of the world.

"Never mind," rejoined the wife, "we can go shopping. It isn't your fault if they don't give out passes." "But I want you to see the play," the husband answered quickly, "so I got two of the best seats they had left. They're in the second balcony, though."

"Why, that's just beautiful!" exclaimed the wife joyously, and, taking the tickets, she gave her husband a grateful, loving glance, and with her companion ascended the stairs.

As soon as they were gone the man sent anxious glances towards the street doors, bit his mustache nervously, fingered his necktie to be sure it was all right, and looked frequently at his watch. All at once his face brightened, and, smilingly raising his hat, he hastened to meet a well-dressed, good-looking young woman who had just entered.

It was evident, they understood each other, for neither spoke. As they approached the ticket taker he unearched two choice parquet seats, accompanied by a pass, and, giving up the latter, they passed in. Before seating himself the middle-aged man carefully arranged the young woman's cloak so that a draft from anywhere would not annoy her, and then, with her program, handed her a \$1 box of chocolate creams.

During the progress of the play they watched the stage intently, conversing together most interestingly between the acts. In the second balcony the trusting wife also watched the play, her enjoyment marred only by the thought that while she was thus finding relief from cares her husband was hard at work in his office, worried and harassed by the troubles of a business life.

When the play was over the middle-aged man and his fair young companion hastened out, reaching the street long before the occupants of the second balcony could descend the two stairways. Entering a cab they were driven to a fashionable restaurant. The wife went home in a street car to eat dinner alone.

She knew nothing, and perhaps it is best that she remain in that state of ignorance which is defined as little short of ecstatic bliss.—Chicago Tribune.

MILLION DOLLAR MUSIC.

Grand Opera Costs the Management a Good-Sized Fortune Each Week.

The expenses of an opera company like that which Mr. Grau manages average from \$40,000 to \$45,000 a week, or about \$1,000,000 a season. How greatly the principal singers figure in the expense list may be judged from the statement that their guarantees amount to about one-half, or \$500,000. Quoting the exact figures from last season's balance sheet, it is found that the prima donnas received \$216,500 and the principal men singers \$316,000, a total of \$532,500. Is it policy to pay such salaries? The question is answered by the statement made to me by Mr. Grau that the performances which cost him most pay him best. The public knows when it is getting a great cost, and is willing to put out money to hear it. It may have cost over \$10,000 to raise the curtain on the "seven-dollar" performance of "Les Huguenots" with Melba, Nordica, "Jean," "Edouard," Laalle and Maurel. But the public paid nearly \$14,000 to hear it. The record performance of last season was the closing one, at which the boxes were not controlled by the stockholders. There was \$18,500 in the house.

Speaking of the boxes, it is an interesting fact that the ownership of a box at the Metropolitan opera house has proved itself a profitable investment. The parterre boxes which are held by the stockholders represent \$35,000 in stock. One of the boxes belonging to an estate could recently have been sold for \$72,000, but the estate preferred to keep it. The value of a parterre box is \$100 a night, and the stockholders pay half this amount to the Maurice Grau Opera company. There have been two instances this season of the letting of stockholder boxes for \$6,000 for the season. This is certainly paying high for the privilege of sitting within the charmed circle of the "glittering horseshoe."—Ainslee's Magazine.

Best Part of the Trick.

"Yes," said the great magician, "my wife is much better than I am at making money disappear, but she hasn't learned yet how to make it reappear."—Philadelphia North American.

Make Others Happy.

The best way to fill your cup of joy is by making others happy. — Chicago Daily News.

PROPELLER LOOSE ON DECK.

Manaway (Cannon of Hugo's "Ninety-Three") Duplicated on a Framp Steamer.

The perils of the under-ballasted tramp, steaming to the westward with head gales lashing the seas into fury, furnish the marine reporters of nearly every Atlantic seaboard city, every winter, with columns of vivid stories. The tramp skipper is undaunted by the appalling dangers of his underpaid profession. The business of following the sea is the only one he knows anything about, and he must either risk starvation on shore or boldly face the manifold dangers of a rover of the oceans of the world, which little notes the loss of a tramp steamship here and there. When a tramp skipper loses his job—he never gives it up—there are a dozen or more applications for it, despite its perils and its meager pay.

All the smaller tramps that visit ports without facilities for providing or repairing machinery, carry usually on the main deck aft or between decks a spare propeller. There have been several instances in which tramps with these extra propellers have just escaped destruction in heavy weather. A little British tramp that came into New York from the Mediterranean several years ago had a spare propeller made fast between decks aft. One night, when she was within a few days of Sandy Hook, plunging and rolling in a cyclone, the propeller broke from its lashings, and began thundering about the deck. The only illumination aboard ship was by means of flickering kerosene lamps. The skipper and several of his crew went down into the gloomy space between decks and made an effort to check the erratic flight of the three-winged iron monster.

They were armed with wooden and iron bars and pieces of dunnage, which they tried to use as levers. It was difficult to keep the ship's head up in the swell. She persisted in dropping off, and every time she rolled the demon of a propeller rumbled across the steel deck, to port or starboard, threatening to smash through the ship's side. The skipper sent one of his men to the bridge to tell the officer in charge to try to keep the ship's head up, the movements of the propeller being less dangerous while the ship was pitching, but she wouldn't answer her helm. The mass of metal stopped at times just long enough to allow the skipper and his adventuresome men to get within reach of it. Then it stirred like a sentient thing, and appeared to spring at them. They saved themselves from injury by jumping aside, or leaping over it. At last, as the ship lurched heavily to port the propeller whirled down the inclined deck and smashed against the side. One of its blades went through a plate; it hung for a moment against a rib of the ship; then, loosening itself as the ship rolled and heeled to starboard, it bowed atwartship again. A fountain of sea water spurted through the hole made by the propeller blade as the tramp rolled to port again, and the propeller slid that way. A few more holes in the ship's side would have caused her to take in so much water that she would have been in danger of foundering, and the skipper began to wish that the propeller had gone all the way through and dropped into the sea.

There was one passenger aboard the tramp, a stout young fellow who had experience as a cowboy on the Texas plains. He had heard the booming of the spare propeller, and he went to the skipper and volunteered to check it in its mad course. At first it revealed itself only dimly to him, a huge, ball-like shadow, under the faint and unsteady glow of the kerosene lamps. After the cowboy had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom and had spent a few moments dodging the propeller, he took a lass, which he made of a hawser, and with the unerring aim of an expert bull puncher, he rung one of the blades with the noose. He made a turn with the other end around a winch, about amidships, and the propeller was subdued. Then the skipper and his men fell upon it as if it were a living thing, and with beams and bars, and chains and ropes they made it so fast that all the storms of the North Atlantic could not have broken it loose again.—Samuel A. Wood, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Women's Role.

It is a singular fact that the reign of every queen in modern times has been attended by a wonderful advance in the material, political, literary and even military progress of her country. The reign of Catherine the Great of Russia witnessed the widest extension of the Russian empire that had been known up to her time, and the greater part of the Russian conquests were accomplished during the time of the other Russian empresses. The reign of Maria Theresa was a period of prosperity for Austria-Hungary. In spite of the Seven Years' war, while the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne in British history were ages of glory in letters, arts and war, and that of Mary might have been but for the unlucky foreign alliance she formed with Philip of Spain. Great Britain has never seen such an age as that of Victoria, and perhaps will not again for centuries. The presence of a queen on the throne as sovereign seems to inspire all the poetry and chivalry there is in the nature of man, and perhaps that fact furnishes an adequate explanation why countries flourish under female rulers. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. De Smyth—My darling, my own, unless you consent to wed me, I shall end my miserable existence by blowing out my brains with a revolver.

Miss De Pyth—I didn't know you had any.

"Yes, I bought a new six-shooter today."

"I didn't mean the revolver."—Herald Life.

CIGARETTES FORBIDDEN.

Chief Willis L. Moore Prohibits Their Use in the Weather Service.

A death-blow was given cigarette smoking in the weather service the other day when Chief Willis L. Moore issued an order prohibiting persons connected with the service from smoking cigarettes during office hours, and stating further that those who smoked cigarettes at any time would be mentioned in the confidential reports which are made quarterly to him by chiefs of the several offices and divisions throughout the entire service. The order is plainly worded, and the chief evidently means that it shall be obeyed. Chief Moore said:

"The order was issued after careful consideration and a thorough investigation of the evils resulting from cigarette smoking. It will stand. In this service we are compelled to maintain a very strict discipline, in order to secure satisfactory service. Some of our men, who are regarded as the most thorough and competent, doing every detail of work with the utmost promptness and accuracy, gradually became careless and lax. I sent inspectors to investigate, and in a number of cases it was found directly attributable to the use of cigarettes. I can state most emphatically that the order will stand, and that it applies to the entire force of the bureau throughout the entire service. Cigarette smoking must cease. Cigars and pipes are not barred."

DUEL OF HEARTS BY CABLE.

Love at Thirty Cents a Word Secures American Girl for Portland Lawyer.

A remarkable engagement has been made by cable between Miss Julia Hill, originally from Danbury, Conn., and Mr. Whitley, a wealthy Portland lawyer. Miss Hill is a beauty, who for several years has been a great favorite in the fashionable circles of Paris. She is a special protegee of Mrs. Henry Bispham. Mr. Whitley met her in Rome last winter, proposed, was refused, went back home, and was forgotten.

A fortnight ago Miss Hill received the photograph of a man she could scarcely remember till she read the accompanying note, which read thus: "You will see that I have cut off my moustache. Some say I look better, so I have decided to have another try. Cable whether you can ever change your mind about me."

Miss Hill laughed and cabled: "It is an immense improvement. I am pondering the question anew."

Thereupon the lawyer cabled an appeal of 2,600 words, and received a few words of encouragement in reply. An exchange of some 40 messages resulted the other day in Miss Hill's telegraphic acceptance of the once rejected suitor.

Miss Hill has gone to Nice to await her fiancé's coming at the villa of her aunt there.

TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY.

Count and Countess Boni de Castellane May Lodge King Menelek.

The sequel to the quarrel between Boni Castellane and M. Rodays of the Figaro, has just come to light in the fashionable world of Paris. Despite mutual threats of duels and lawsuits some weeks since, the parties are now reconciled and there will be no fights, legal or otherwise. The exact motives which have induced Rodays to drop his threatened libel action are not quite clear, but it is certain that not only is the reconciliation complete, but that Rodays is using his influence with the government to have one of the forthcoming royal visitors to the exposition lodged at Castellane's house in the Bois de Boulogne. It is said that Castellane is aspiring to the czar, but is more likely to get, if any king, Menelek. The countess is so pleased at the notion of entertaining royalty on behalf of the French government that she is using her influence with the Gould family to do something more for Boni financially.

SHAKESPEARE'S FOLIOS.

A Very "Tall" Copy Sold for the Highest Price Ever Yet Realized on Similar Work.

A very "tall" copy of the first folio of Shakespeare (London, 1623) was sold in New York at the dispersal of the library of the late Augustin Daly for \$5,400. This is the highest price on record. The copy was sold in 1891 for \$4,200. It was not nearly as tall as Mr. Daly's copy, but was in absolutely perfect condition. The Daniels copy was sold in 1864 for £716 2s, and the Perkins copy in 1859 for £415. A copy offered at the Hynes sale in this city in 1893 brought only \$210, but there were several leaves in fac simile, while others had been mended.

Lawsuit Over 100 Years Old.

A lawsuit which has lasted more than 100 years has recently been settled in Ireland. In 1780, Robert Smyth, brewer, of Smock alley, Dublin, failed. A dividend was paid, but that was not sufficient to realize \$4.89 in the pound. It has now been discovered that a small sum invested at the time by the court as being too trifling for distribution, has, by the accumulation of compound interest in a hundred odd years, developed into four figures, enough to pay off all the debts and leave a good sum for law costs. Strange to say, there is a claimant for every penny due in 1780.

One of the Adjusters of Spring.—From now on, says the Chicago Tribune, look out for the middle-of-the-road scorer.

OFFENDED BY JOKE.

German Ambassador at St. Petersburg Resents a Witticism.

Petulant Complaints to the Offender's Wife—Impressment Grows and May Cause Withdrawal of the Diplomat.

A dispatch to the London Daily News from Berlin says that a quarrel which may possibly end in the resignation of Prince Von Radolin, the German ambassador to Russia, comes from St. Petersburg. The story goes that at the last ball of the season in the pavilion hall of the Hermitage Grand Duke Vladimir was about to take a lady to supper when he was told that it had been arranged that she should be taken in by a member of the German embassy. The grand duke thereupon humorously assured the lady that there was nothing slower than a German diplomatist.

The remark was made loudly and joyfully and was repeated about the room. It finally reached Prince Von Radolin in a distorted form, and he took the incomprehensible step of complaining to Grand Duke Vladimir's wife, who is a princess of Mecklenburg, concerning her husband's joke. Prince Von Radolin received a rebuff, whereupon he informed Count Muravieff, Russian minister of foreign affairs, who tried to adjust the trouble. He requested the ambassador to apologize to Grand Duchess Marie, Vladimir's wife, who, apparently, was very angry with Prince Von Radolin. The grand duchess refused to accept an apology and declared that she did not wish to see Prince Von Radolin again, adding that she intended to avoid all society where he would be present.

It is generally presumed in court circles that the ambassador will soon leave his post. The German foreign office has caused an inspired paragraph to be published declaring that rumors of Prince Von Radolin's resignation are utterly unfounded. The correspondent admits that the story needs confirmation.

PASSING OF MORSE HOME.

Home Once Occupied by the Inventor of the Telegraph Torn Down in New York City.

The removal of the old home of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, at 5 West Twenty-second street, New York city, to make room for a new building, has afforded opportunity for a demonstration of the public sentiment which attaches to memories, even of the simplest kind. "It is surprising how much interest people are showing in that tablet," said the architect in whose office is now resting the bit of marble which marked the house. It is a plain white slab bearing the simple inscription:

In This House
S. F. B. MORSE
Lived for many years and died.

The tablet was taken from its position on Morse's old home a few weeks ago. The four-story "brown stone front" was torn down to make room for the ten-story "spinning wheel building," a further commercial invasion of what was a few generations since New York's select "uptown" residence section.

URGES AN EPILEPTIC VILLAGE.

The Plan of the Indiana Board of Charities for Caring for These Afflicted.

The Indiana board of state charities, as a result of careful investigation of conditions prevailing in the state, is preparing a recommendation to the state legislature for a novel departure in state sanitation. The board wants a village established under state supervision for epileptics. In each of the four insane hospitals and the school for feeble-minded there are epileptics who should be cared for elsewhere, while it is estimated there are more than 2,000 in the state cared for with private means. The total in the asylums and school for feeble-minded is 765, and the influence of these upon the health of those persons not so affected is bad. It is suggested that a tract of land be set aside where these people could be given employment and properly housed, and where they would not come in contact with patients of the general population.

DISCOVERS A NEW MINERAL.

Combination of Copper, Nickel and Arsenic Found in a Michigan Mine.

A 15-inch fissure vein of ore recently discovered in crossing the lode at the Mohawk mine and first thought to be copper sulphate proves to be an absolutely new mineral never before determined by mineralogists. Prof. George A. Reagin, the eminent scientist of Houghton, Mich., whose authority is recognized in Europe and America, has conducted extensive experiments with the mineral and pronounces it a hitherto unknown combination of copper, nickel and arsenic, possessing great value. He has named it mohawkite, from the mine where found.

"Mother Hubbard" Done in Greek. England is repaying the debt it owes to the literature of Greece with nursery rhymes. A Greek lady who has lived in England and has lately established an infant school in the neighborhood of Athens, has translated such classics as "Jack and Jill" and "Old Mother Hubbard" into her own language, and set them to music. They are immensely popular with the Hellenic infants.