

BORACIC ACID IN COMMERCE

Scientists Finally Have Devised a Way to Produce Commodity Comparatively Cheaply.

Formerly all the boracic, or boric acid of commerce was obtained from borax by heating it with calcined ferrous sulphate in closed vessels, whereby sulfurous acid was formed, and boric acid was carried on with the watery vapors, which escaped.

This was a long and tedious process, and not much progress was made until it was discovered that boric acid could be obtained from the boiling springs and jets of vapor in Tuscany. Long after the discovery of boracic acid in these springs, the brilliant idea struck the physicist as well as the chemist to employ the heat of the natural steam jets. This method had the effect of converting an unprofitable branch of industry into one of the most successful.

The lagoons are situated near the top of one of the highest hills. As the volcanic vapors pass through the waters of the lagoons the boracic acid is arrested by the water, which becomes impregnated with it. In California it occurs as the mineral sassolite, and as a saline incrustation on the crater of a mountain in the Lipari group, north of Sicily.

SUMMER ON A HOUSEBOAT

Vessels in a Colony Out in Oregon Have the Convenience of a City Flat.

Houseboating on the Willamette river is the proper way for the people of Portland, Ore., to spend their summers, according to a writer in Suburban Life. He says that there is an entire colony of houseboats just above the city. Probably there is no similar houseboat village anywhere.

"They possess almost all the conveniences of a city flat, the houses are lighted with electricity, city water is piped to the door, and in some cases the houses are supplied with it," he says. "Telephones are installed in most of the houses, and an electric street car runs within easy reach, but just far enough away to give the colony the desired seclusion."

"To make it still more civilized it is proposed to install gas from the city system during the present year. The finest boat in the colony cost \$1,500, and is 35 by 60 feet. The average houseboat, however, is worth about one-half this sum."

Length of Life in Pigeons.

A writer in the "Field" gives some interesting notes on the duration of life in certain breeds of domestic pigeons. Such notes are of some importance, for, as Prof. A. Weismann has remarked, referring to the duration of life in birds: "There is less exact knowledge upon this subject than we might expect, considering the existing number of ornithologists and ornithological societies, with their numerous publications."

The examples given by the writer of the above notes are a white trumpeter cock twenty-two years, a blue cropper hen twenty-five years, another cropper thirty years. Of turtle doves there are numerous records of over twenty years, while one is said to have reached the age of thirty-seven years. We may compare this with the records for other species of birds given by Weismann in the appendix to his essay on "The Duration of Life." This consists in captivity at least an age of from twelve to fifteen years, while ravens have lived for almost one hundred. Parrots are known to have exceeded the one hundred, and a golden eagle which died at Vienna in 1719 had been captured one hundred and four years previously. Swans are said to have lived three hundred years, but this must be taken as doubtful.

Getting Near to Nature.

It was not always perfectly clear to Ben what he meant when he said that he was getting near to nature. The best a hearer could do was to guess at the most obvious meaning and let it go at that. In the matter of a captive moose, which belonged to Ben, the doctor followed this course. The moose was undoubtedly sick, and a veterinary had been summoned to attend him. Ben went out to the post to assist the doctor.

"Is he mortal, doc?" asked Ben, with extreme concern.

"Are you asking if he is sick?" hazarded the doctor.

"Sure," replied Ben, "only I meant to be polite to die from it."

"It's too soon to tell you yet," replied the doctor, "but he has pneumonia pretty badly."

Ben's eyes grew round with surprise. Pneumonia in his experience had been confined to humankind.

"Why, doc," he burst out, "does a moose have features like a grown person?"—Youth's Companion.

A Puzzle.

Mrs. Gaddy—There are some distinctions in life which are very puzzling to me.

Professor Pundit—Like what, for instance?

Mrs. Gaddy—When you write everything bad and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read, it is biography, but when you just tell the same things to a few people on a front porch, it's gossip.

Warning to Overlook It.

Victim—Say, darn ye, you've pulled the wrong tooth!

Dentist—From the way you howled I thought I had held of the right one, but we'll call it my mistake.

IDEAS OF ANARCHY ARE MANY

Various Groups Have Opposing Theories as to Its Idea and Its Effects.

The word "anarchy" was first used in the French form by Proudhon in 1840 when he published a pamphlet entitled, "What is Property." But the basic idea of anarchy dates far back of that point in history, for the world, it may safely be said, has always had its malcontents and its revolutionaries.

At the present time the word simply serves to designate a group of theories, many of them coming down from the dim past and not a few of them visionary and impractical, according to economic authorities. There are several definitions of anarchy, each representing a different group of theorists. The idealist says it is absolute individualism in both thought and social activity.

Another group says that anarchy is an economic and social system whereby the individual is free to produce and sell the product of his labor without regard to social regulation or law. Still another defines true anarchy as a communistic organization of individuals with perfect freedom and equality obtaining among themselves to produce and barter without restriction, the backbone of it being combined resistance to all existing forms of order, law and government.

An authority on the subject says that anarchy comprises all attempts to destroy the existing social order, without reference to any system of reconstruction, and by resorting to any means, fair or foul, by which individuals or institutions representing constituted authority may be suppressed. This, it may be added, represents the popular conception of anarchy.

KNEW THE SENATORIAL LIFE

Woman Had Her Own Idea as to Why Statesmen Opposed Early Hours.

United States senators may talk solemnly to the effect that there are good business reasons for meeting at two o'clock every day instead of noon, but they cannot fool a certain Washington woman, who has her own ideas on the subject. This woman occupies a prominent place in society at the capital, in which senators are so common that they do not out any more figure than debutantes. She was visiting the senate wing of the capitol, in company with some friends. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon and, as she happened to glance into the chamber, she noticed that it was vacant.

"Has the senate adjourned already?" she asked, in surprise.

"Oh, no," a man in the party said. "You know it meets at two o'clock now, in order to give the senators more time for committee work."

"Ah, yes," she said. "I remember now; and it really is a very good idea. I have no doubt that it expedites public business wonderfully. It gives the senators plenty of time to shave, take a bath, dress, read the paper and eat breakfast—after having been up all night."

"Bread Upon the Waters."

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocket-book at the office where she works as stenographer, says the Deaver Times. It is a predicament not uncommon with city dwellers, but the rest of the story, as told, takes a new and agreeable turn. "Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood and waited. "I guess I'll have to get off," said the girl. "I left my pocket-book at the office." Here, lady, said a boyish voice coming from across the aisle. "I got a nickel I'll lend you." She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name." "Don't worry about that," he replied. "I'm the kid you give the half dollar to las' Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I ain't forgot you. I'm selling papers there yet."

She smiled at him when he left the car and he was about the proudest boy in town.

A Cure for Leprosy.

An inmate of the leper asylum at Cocorita, Trinidad, has been declared cured and has been discharged from that institution. The patient was a West Indian coolie about thirty-five years of age and of good physique about two years ago. He was suffering from the spasmodic form of leprosy, and about eight months ago began the so-called Naestin treatment.

At the time of entering the institution all external and other symptoms were so evident that attending physicians, who have been familiar with such cases for years, entertained no possible doubt of its being a pronounced case of leprosy. He was given an injection once a week for about forty weeks, when he was discharged as cured.

With Tact.

"How did they break the news of her sudden bereavement to his wife?"

"It was done with considerable tact and with every precaution to lighten the blow. Her lady friend selected for the task, said to her, 'I have some bad news for you. Hilda, about James, but it might have been a great deal worse. It certainly is a blessing you get off getting your summer outfit, for you will look simply stunning in widow's weeds.'"

Ignorant City Folks.

City Nice (reprovingly)—Uncle Wayback, why do you pour your coffee into the saucer before drinking it?

Uncle Wayback—To cool it. The more air surface you give it, the quicker it cools. Guess these 'ere city schools don't teach much science, do they?—New York Weekly.

TURKEY HAD AN EVIL EYE

Men Insist They Killed Bird in Self-Defense, But Law Says They Must Prove It.

John O'Hallihan, twenty-five years old, and William Johnson, thirty-four years old, were held in \$200 bail each on a charge of petit larceny in the Flatbush police court. They went out to the Prospect Park zoo the other day and climbed over into the enclosure where the deer are. After that they made a personal call upon the peacocks. Passing through inclosure to inclosure on a series of friendly calls they arrived at the pen where a number of turkeys disport themselves.

"That bird there," O'Hallihan said, pointing a fine bronze turkey gobbler, "has an evil eye."

Johnson looked, and it seemed so to him also. The turkey was regarding them with something like malevolence in its fixed gaze. They retired. It charged them. They became so confused that they could not get out of the inclosure. The bird chased them round and round and round the pen, and as they ran, holding on to each other's hands and gasping with fright and their exertions, they discussed the situation.

"There is only one thing to do," said O'Hallihan, "and that is to face this thing courageously, bird or devil or whatever it may be, and get those eyes covered up. Its power is in its eyes."

"I don't care," Johnson panted. "The thing's gaining on us." And he sank down exhausted.

O'Hallihan is a bold man. So he faced the infuriated turkey. After a desperate battle he flung his coat over its head. With its eyes covered, just as he had expected, the power for evil ceased. He clutched it tightly by the neck, and took it out of the park to finish it. When Detective Muss of the park squad arrested him on a petit larceny charge the creature was already dead.

John O'Brien of the zoo force is going to pickle the turkey so it will keep, and introduce it as evidence in court. The police say that O'Hallihan and Johnson were drunk when they had their battle with the bird.—Brooklyn Eagle.

UNDER PROTECTION OF KING

Fortunate British Youngster is to Be Maintained and Educated at Monarch's Expense.

A smart little lad, who had come all alone from Newcastle, in the north of England, walked down the gangway of a steamer and proudly set foot the other day for the first time in London. He was Francis Campbell, eight years old, chosen by the king from hundreds of other English boys to be the "king's scholar" at the Royal Merchant Seaman's Orphanage at Sharnbrook. He was met by an official and escorted to the Essex home, where, to use the formal phrase, "the king has provided for his maintenance and education."

The arrival of the king's small protégé at the Merchant's Seaman's Orphanage is the sequel to a tragedy of poverty that often darkens the lives of seafaring families.

Young Campbell's father was chief engineer of the S.S. Waybridge. Before he had opportunity to make any provision for his wife and five children he died of pneumonia, due to exposure to hard weather. The widow, reduced to the utmost poverty, struggled bravely in a back street of Gateshead-on-Tyne.

The last boy nominated by the king to the orphanage had gone out into the world to make his own living. There was a royal vacancy, and after going carefully into the particulars of many sad cases the king commanded that little Francis Campbell should be brought from Gateshead-on-Tyne to be given, at the king's own expense, a fair chance in life.

From Panama Scrap Heap.

"That beam might have been a steam shovel down on the Panama canal once upon a time," said a man the other day as he watched a big beam being strung into place on the new municipal building. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to know that most of the steel work in that big building was originally steam shovels, engines or car wheels down at the canal."

"When Uncle Sam took charge down there he gathered into a heap some of the machinery used by the French and sold it to a Brooklyn junk man at auction for \$11 a ton. He resold it to the steel corporation for \$13 a ton. There was about 200,000 tons of it and it is shipped up here. Then it is reshipped to Pennsylvania, where it is made into girders for New York's skyscrapers."—New York Sun.

Not Absolutely Sure.

"I don't altogether like the boss I'm keeping this year," the suburbanite said; "do you know anything about chickens raising?"

"Not from my own experience," the city visitor answered, "but I have a cousin in Wyandott county who has made a great success in raising tuffed Cumberlands—or else he lives in Cumberland county and raises tuffed Wyandotts. I always get that mixed up, somehow."

Conceded in the Machinery.

"I can't see much in automobiles, but I suppose you can, or you wouldn't have bought one."

"You bet I can! There's a good frame cottage in this one that I see quite plainly, and you don't."

AND THEN THE WORM TUNNEL

Remark Really More Than Suffering Street Car Passenger Could Stand Without Complaint.

At either end of a seat in a Broad way open car was an individual, the one at the far end smoking a very bad cigarette. Midway between these two sat something very fat. Not only was it very fat, but its hat was fat with many jeweled rings, its neck was fat with beads and its corsage was fat with chains, long nettes, vanity (!) boxes and falls of lace. It was in fact so fat and so accurately placed in the exact center of the seat that between it and the two individuals at the ends there was not room for the thinnest of passengers to right or left.

The car stopped to take on a small person in a bee-hive hat, just from rehearsal. She inventoried the car with the sweeping glance of the experienced New Yorker and picked the seat containing the individuals above enumerated as offering the best chances for room, seeing that it held but three, counting the one in the middle as only one passenger.

The newcomer intuited her small frame between Mrs. Fatness and the man with the bad cigarette. She wriggled, pried and shoved, but got no further than halfway back in the seat. Then she swept the cigarette gentleman with a scathing glance. "Kindly move over," said she to him with considerable acidity.

The gentleman had paid no attention to her shovings and wriggings, since he was too tightly jammed against the rail to have them matter one way or the other. But this was too much. He slowly turned and looked at her, pressing his lips together on one side to hold the cigarette in safety. Then he growled: "Kindly direct your remark to the dime museum thing on your right."—New York Press.

JOY IN SEEING BOY EAT JAM

Peculiar Attraction That Lures Customer to Particular Restaurant Day After Day.

"A boy who eats jam all over his face from eating is the cause of my taking lunch at the same place every day," said a big man who carries a sunburst in his countenance.

"I have never forgotten when I was a boy, and I never see a real boy—I don't mean one of the fashion plates—that I don't feel like taking him in my arms. This boy I speak of comes from school every day about the time I get to the cafe for my lunch. His mother is cashier of the place. A lot of sweets are on the counter behind which she sits to take in the cash. When her boy comes in he goes behind the counter and climbs to a high stool. His mother has a lot of sandwiches with jam for allers ready for him. He loses no time in getting away with the goods. In his eagerness and haste some of the jam sticks to his lips and about his mouth. He is the picture of a contented boy when he gets through."

"Then his mother applies a damp napkin and removes the overflow jam from his face. After this she kisses the youngster and he is off to school. Maybe I am an old fogey and a bit sentimental, but that boy jam eater and his mother's attention to him have made a regular customer for the little cafe. Just how it happens that the boy gets the same amount of jam on his face every day and in the same place I haven't figured out, and I don't care if I never do. We don't see enough of this sort of thing in this busy life of the great city."

June.

Do you know the joy of early waking hours out where the breath of morn finds its way to your window and the warbling of feathered songsters is heard at the first gleam of day. Never was there perfume such as God dispenses when he gives us the happiness of another June day.

Everything that grows—the wee buds of humble blossoms and stately rose, clambering over the garden wall—all present their portion of sweetness to the breeze.

From distant meadows and forestland, from green hillside and valley, the fragrance is borne to our senses and all of earth seems to offer its sweet-smelling incense to the birth of a sunny day.

Who would not raise his hand to the morning air and be content in the loveliness tendered by this beautiful month for our delight? And seeing, feel in his heart the wisdom of that poet who also loved rosetime and because he loved it well, asked a question we may vainly seek an answer for: "What is so rare as a day in June?"—Haberdaasher.

Trinity Church in Debt.

Trinity church, New York, rich as everybody agrees beyond the thoughts of money value, is \$2,358,394 in debt. Contrary to its former practice, it now tells in its annual reports the values of its properties, its income and its debts. Its report of last year, just issued, values productive property owned at \$18,117,000, of which \$12,868,000 is real estate at city assessed valuation.

Unreasonable.

Some men are not easily satisfied, as witnessed last week in Illinois. A man attended what the country people call a "vendee," and when a horse weighing 1,500 pounds and in fair condition, although a trifle old, was put up, he ventured a bid of 25 cents for him and got the horse. Notwithstanding the fact that a halter worth not less than half a dollar went with his purchase, this man grew peevish because the auctioneer refused to throw in a horse blanket. Some people not only want the earth and the fullness thereof, but a nice picket fence built neatly around it to prevent trespassing.

A Cleave Shave.

"The rich Miss Sorensen asked the minister of her church what he thought of her shingling."

"Gee! What a hole to put a minister in! He couldn't be a minister of course, could not afford to offend her. What did he tell her?"

"Told her he had never heard anything like it."—Houston Post.

MONEY MAKING AS AN ART

No Question That America Has the Best Bank Notes That Are Produced.

To say that Americans make the best bank notes in the world may sound at first rather boastful, and yet any history of the art and industry of note-engraving which failed to record that fact would be incomplete. Paul Revere was the first American bank note artist, and from the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris, in 1781, up to the present, American engravers have excelled not only in the artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting.

The American style of bank note has become the standard in the countries of Central and South America. The experiences of the Brazilian government led the way in this, after various disappointments. First, the much-vaunted Austrian system was tried, the notes being engraved and printed in England under that system. They proved a complete failure. Counterfeiters flourished. The Brazilians tried bank notes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters could get the plates and paper ready. Brazil tried German and English establishments, but still without securing protection to the bank note circulation, and at last turned to the United States and found a type of bills practically impossible to counterfeit. So it is no boast but a mere record of fact to state that Americans make the best bank notes in the world.—Harper's Weekly.

HIRED MAN WAS NOT DAINTY

"Uncle Joe" Cannon Points Moral With One of His Typical Humorous Stories.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, at a dinner in Washington, said of a piece of tariff revision that he opposed:

"It is useless for the foreigner and no good at all for the American producer. The whole thing is a costly error, like the case of Slank's hired man."

Slank, for a June treat, set before his hired man a nice mess of fried soft-shell crabs. The crabs were to do for the cook and stable boy as well, but Slank happened in on the hired man in the middle of the meal, and found the cook's and boy's prospects looking very dark.

"Why," said Slank reproachfully, "you are eating your soft-shell crabs without bread?"

"Well, boss," replied the hired man, as he thrust half a crab into his mouth, "them wot can't eat good rich crabs like these without bread deserves to go hungry."

Sheep Saved Battalion.

A sheep saved a battalion of French soldiers from a cold night in the mountains and perhaps from a more serious disaster in the neighborhood of Mentone.

A battalion of an Alpine regiment had started from Sospel, a plateau in the hills above Mentone, where there are picturesque golf links, and was lost in a heavy fog.

Nobody had a compass, and knowing the dangers of the mountain the officer in charge of the battalion gave orders to his men to halt and make the best of things until the fog lifted.

But a stray sheep saved the situation. With vivid recollection of the grass of the Sospel golf links the sheep was hurrying down the mountain side and plunged right through the battalion.

The soldiers followed, and they arrived at Sospel an hour later.

The Tenth of a Second.

It is not common to find a person who can correctly estimate the lapse of a single second. But in these days of speeding automobiles, the exact time when each of two colliding vehicles must have occupied particular spots may be a matter of great importance. In a recent experiment a car took nearly two seconds to stop after brakes were applied, and in that time it moved nineteen feet. So even fractions of a second are important. One can train himself to estimate even tenths of a second. Try it with a watch, and it will be found that it is just possible to count ten in the lapse of a single second. But one must count very fast to do it.—Scientific American.

Unusual and Joyous Event.

The recent dinner given by Confederate veterans at Gastonia, N. C., to 100 former slaves was an unusual event, and one also which cannot take place at all after the passing of a few more years, says the Springfield Republican. It was a joyous occasion, according to the reports, the dinner taking the form of a reunion of old-time bondsmen, their former masters and mistresses, and the children of the slave-owners. In view of the way in which the news have seemed to grow apart, the event inspires the hope of more sympathetic relations in the future.

Proof of Age.

"Mrs. Billbrook is getting old—know it?"

"What now?"

"She says that the stores don't have as good bargains now as formerly."

ONE AMERICAN IDEA FAILS

Tourists From This Country Form Only 8 Per Cent. of Those Who Visit Switzerland.

We have been telling ourselves so long that our American tourists keep up the European hotels and that but for them Europe would become bankrupt, we have come to believe it. Some figures on the subject now come from Switzerland, the "Mecca" of all Americans after they have reaped their reward for virtue by visiting Paris.

Swiss hotels entertain about two million tourists annually, and if those who stay at pension and boarding houses are included the number of guests reaches three million. Of this number 23 per cent. are the Swiss themselves. The Germans, who are often pictured as stay-at-homes, contribute 40 per cent., then come the English, 17 per cent., the French, 15 per cent., and the Americans, who, with their eight per cent., are only one per cent. ahead of the Italians. So, after all, it seems that Switzerland would not go to the wall if the Americans boycotted Europe long enough at least to see the wonders and beauties of the Grand Canyon, the Canadian Rockies, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and Niagara Falls first.

COULD NOT SEE THE FUTURE

Probably Good Public Official, But Henry W. Ellsworth Surely Was a Mighty Poor Prophet.

In one week recently the United States patent office issued 778 patents. The total number issued up to date was 994,104—in sight of the million mark.

In view of these figures the following excerpt from the report of the commissioner of patents for the year 1843 is of interest as showing how widely a man, even a commissioner of patents, can miss his guess:

The whole number of patents issued by the United States up to January, 1844, was 13,523. The patents granted for the past year (1843) were 531 in number, exceeding those of the previous year by 24.

The advancement of the arts, from year to year, taxes our credulity and seems to prestage the early arrival of that period when human improvement must end.

Quackery Paid Better.

A quack at a far near Paris was driving a roaring trade selling nostrums, drawing teeth and beguiling the crowd in the usual ways. The letter of the French law against unqualified practice is very strong, though, owing to the indifference of the magistrates, it is not strictly carried out. This, however, was a particularly flagrant case, and the police felt compelled to intervene. The quack was therefore accosted by the guardians of the law, taken to a tent at the back of his stand and requested to show his diploma. To the stupefaction of the guardians he exhibited a perfectly authentic degree of doctor of medicine of the University of Paris. They were profuse in their apologies, which the doctor cut short with an urgent entreaty that they should say nothing about what they had seen.

"For," he said, "if the people know that I am a qualified doctor I shall have no more customers."—British Medical Journal.

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