

PRINCE OF TRAMPS.

An Interesting Reminiscence of "Beau" Hickman from a Washington Source.

Of the class that have succeeded in passing a life of indolence at the expense of friends, and have acquired celebrity by achievements along this line, and are more famous than many of the vice presidents or cabinet officers, was Beau Hickman, or, as he styled himself, "The Prince of American Bummers."

Beau Hickman was a native of Maryland, and was born in the year 1813. Hickman was not his right name, he having family pride sufficient to keep his identity forever unknown. When he left his home early in life he assumed the name of Robert S. Hickman, and the rapid manner in which he skated into society in Washington soon won for him the name of "Beau." It is said that the young man had been guilty of frequent breaches of laws governing polite society, and when nearing his majority he was given his share of patrimony and sent from home. His parents were well off in worldly goods, and had indulged the young fellow in almost every whim, providing the means of changing the entire tenor of his after-life. When he left home and friends, a prodigal wanderer, he located in Washington, where it did not take him more than two years to successfully squander \$12,000 which had been given him.

His advent in Washington was in the "good old days" of the republic, before sensationalism had engendered such deadly antipathies; when Washington was the gay metropolis of aristocratic and sportsman and beauty of chivalry held high carnival during the brief seasonal terms, and gentility had not yet joined the stinky man stepped out upon the social boards he held high sway and afterward won for himself as "Beau" and "Bummer" a renown as famous as those statesmen of his day, who indulged the humor of his bummings, or socially enjoyed the nonchalance of his grotesque gentility.

After Beau's introduction he proceeded to travel all the gaits and associated with the representative and sporting classes. He was admitted to exclusive society; he dressed in the most approved mode, and as a gentleman of elegant leisure and fashion he ranked first. With social ambitions and the race course his money was soon gone, and he became a bankrupt. He had determined upon a life of easy idleness, and was constant in his purpose, adopting a sort of vagabondish bohemian life. Possessing a remarkable memory of faces and names, he knew all the public men of his time and would greet them familiarly, calling them by name. Many public men tolerate him, because they enjoyed his jokes and gibes, and often introduced him to their friends from other states. His annual revenue amounted to a considerable sum, and for several years he lived in fairly good style, but people became tired of his frequent "touching" and he began to grow seedy, and what would now be called a back number. His turf friends and other sporting acquaintances were the last to desert him.

From about the year 1856 Beau commenced to slide at a rapid rate downward. His early dissipation told heavily on his physical constitution and the leathery features began to grow in his facial appearance. Deformities increased, and he had the appearance of an old man, hobbling in his gait. His dissipation wore out a life that might otherwise have lasted a score of years longer. Beau Hickman was not a drunkard, and during the last years of his life when invited to drink by his friends he would step up to the bar and claim a cigar, or ten cents, the cost of a drink, which would always be cheerfully handed him. He had force of will and pride sufficient to keep him from becoming a common drunkard. He possessed other redeeming traits of character. A liar he held in contempt, and although he practiced many questionable dodges, he was never known to tell a lie or make a promise which he would not perform.

Hickman has numerous small imitators in Washington. They possess the worst of his traits, unredeemed by his peculiar cleverness.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

How Women Stand Seaside.

"Are women more susceptible to seasickness than men?" An Atlantic captain answers: "Yes; but, on the other hand, they stand it better. A woman struggles up to the point of despair against the what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it to the last, and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head."

"Then she becomes maudlin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die of seasickness; then, how many miles we are from shore, and, lastly, when we shall get there. She also often asks how deep the water is, and if it think it possible for anyone to go seven days without any food. The doctor is always talked over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. But, luckily, the more violent attacks only last a short time!"—N. Y. Press.

Information Wanted.

"He—You are an authority on flowers, I am told. She—Not exactly an authority, but I have made a study of them. Well, what is your opinion of that blooming idiot over there talking to the society bud?"—Chicago Evening News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Over 2,000,000 bottles, of the value of \$7,000, are recovered each day from the dust yards in London, and returned to their owners.

Stockholm has more telephones than any other European city. It is stated that the central station has about 100,000 calls a day, or about one for every three persons in the city.

A reticent person's epitaph is to be seen on a tombstone in the graveyard at Stowe, Hampshire. It runs thus: "I was somebody—who, is no business of yours." There is not another word or even letter on the stone.

Africa is the most elevated of all the continents. It is the "continent of the plateau." The great table land in the south has an mean altitude of over 3,500 feet; the wide table land on the north has an average elevation of about 1,300 feet.

A Deal fisherman the other day landed a lobster weighing no less than eight pounds two ounces. The body of the fish is 17 1/2 inches long, while the right claw measures 17 1/2 inches in length, five inches in breadth and 13 1/2 inches in circumference. The lobster is said to be the biggest ever caught.

An aged woman who had been in receipt of out-door relief at Southampton, had to be removed into the lunatic ward of the workhouse. She raved so much about her money that a search of her room was made, with the result that 272 George IV. sovereigns were found, secreted in the mattress of her bed.

Aluminum has just been used for the construction of a new fireproof curtain to be used in the opera house of Besancon. The curtain is 60 feet wide by 54 feet high, and its total weight, composed of aluminum sheets one-twelfth of an inch thick, will be 4,000 pounds. Had sheet iron been used instead of the latter metal, the weight would have been increased to 11,000 pounds.

WORSHIPED AS A HALF-GOD.

A White Castaway on a Pacific Island Who Has Been Adopted by the Savages.

A British bark, the Mary Blake, John Stevens, master, put in at Port Jackson, recently after a somewhat disastrous cruise in the South Pacific. She reported that, having called at the Marquesas, the mate heard a strange story of some shipwrecked mariners having been rescued and kindly treated by a tribe of savages on an island about midway between the Marquesas and Karotonga. There was, of course, nothing remarkable about this fact by itself, for, although a good many of the islands round about those latitudes are inhabited by tribes who love their fellow men, but prefer their enemies, cooked, there are others whose people are friendly enough. But the singular part of the story was that the castaways owed their own safety to the intervention of a "white god" whom the savages had made their chief.

The mate's curiosity was whetted by the "white god" story, and he sought out one of the rescued sailors, who was then lying in the lazaretto at St. Marie. This man was a ship's carpenter, Joseph Hawkins, and he was dying of low fever. He told the mate that he and two other men, Norwegians, part of the crew of the wrecked American schooner Topulcho, of Seattle, had been adrift in one of the schooner's boats for 11 days, when they made land. They got ashore more dead than alive and found themselves on a small tropical island, where they lived for three weeks on fruit and such fish as they were able to catch in a shallow pool at low water.

At the beginning of the fourth week a fleet of canoes arrived off the island and about 200 savages landed and made the three white men prisoners. Hawkins gathered from what he saw that the savages had some pearl fishing, and after staying a fortnight they left, taking the castaways with them. The canoes made a voyage of about 18 hours and landed at a much larger island, where there was an extensive village. The prisoners soon saw unmistakable evidence that they had fallen into the hands of a cannibal tribe and preparations were being made for killing and cooking them, but in the midst of one of the preliminary savage rites a white man, much sun tanned, but unmistakably white, came up and cut their bonds and set them free. The savages fell on their faces when the white man came among them and he appeared to be regarded by them as a god.

The next day at sunrise the white chief gave the castaways a canoe and plenty of provisions and told them to sail by the sun east by south to get in the track of passing ships. He spoke English, though with some difficulty, and told Hawkins that he had once been a castaway like himself, but had been adopted by the savages as a half chief, half god, and had been, as far as he could tell, about 11 years on the island, and had no wish to leave it. One of the Norwegians died two days later after they left the island and on the fourth day the two survivors were picked up by a French steamer and landed at the Marquesas, where the other Norwegian died a few days later.—N. Y. Press.

His Strength Had Been Demonstrated.

"Willie," exclaimed his mother, reprovingly, "don't jump up and down in that chair. You'll break it."

"Pooh!" returned the boy, scornfully. "I guess you don't know how strong that chair is. Just you ask Sister Emily."

"Willie!" That was all that Sister Emily said, but he knew she was good for a quarter if he let the subject drop.—Chicago Post.

A Chicago Dialogue.

Gerald—May I sit at your feet?
Geraldine—Why do you want to sit at my feet?

"I like to sit in the shade."—N. Y. World.

HUNGER OF THE EARTH.

Great Chunks of the World That May Be Eaten Up at Any Moment.

When one reads or hears of some sudden and violent alteration in the crust of this planet of ours, one instinctively puts it down to something in the way of a volcanic outburst. In most cases it is so. But not always. Mother Earth has many fashions of building up what she likes and getting rid of what she is tired of.

One hardly wonders that Indian tribes who frequented the shores of the Columbia river used to worship as the "All-Devouring One" a great cliff near the Cascades, which for many years past has been steadily advancing upon the river, with the evident intention of blotting out its bed and forming a huge lake above. This will inevitably happen. The mountain, which is 2,000 feet high and eight miles long, has been proved to be moving forward and downward at a rate of one to three feet a year. The railway track which runs along its base has to be constantly altered. The reason of this ponderous landslide is that the mountain rests on a layer of soft sandstone, which is steadily giving way. The village of Sainte Foy de Tarentaise, in eastern France, seems doomed to be engulfed. The base of the hill on which it stands is being eaten away by the rapid waters of the Isere. The houses, some of them, show cracks rivaling those of our Cheshire Northwich. Some day there will be a "short, sharp shock," and Tarentaise will no longer exist.

Islands go and come so constantly that none but the admiralty keep count of them. Submarine volcanoes are responsible for most of these disappearances, but others are harder to account for. Metis Island, for instance, in the South Pacific, bore no sign of volcanic action about it. It was charted in 1850, its highest point being 150 feet. Last year it had gone—vanished utterly without leaving a trace. On the site of another small guano island off the coast of southern California, recent soundings showed 50 fathoms of water. Tangier Island, in Chesapeake bay, was fortified by our fleet in the war of 1812. It has sunk steadily, till now those fortifications are under water.

The shifting sands of a great desert are as hungry as the pitiless sea itself. Many of the smaller oases in the Sahara have disappeared from sight in an hour or two, buried deep by the deadly simoon.

Some 400 miles southeast of the old city of Kashgar, far out in the yellow desolation of the desert of Gobi, the great Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, saw something which surprised him. It was the smooth side of a house. Further investigation showed that it was but one of thousands. A terming city of highly civilized Aryans had long existed on this spot, until the earth had tired of it and wiped it out.

Until December 18, 1811, the eastern part of Craighead county, Arkansas, was one of the most beautiful and fertile stretches of prairie imaginable, interspersed with tracts of lovely woodland. Pretty rivers ran between high clay banks, and the country was rapidly settling. On the morning of December 19, in place of rivers and rolling prairie, a great lake rippled in the sunlight. In the night the whole region, 120 miles long and 60 wide, had sunk 20 to 40 feet. To-day the weird lakes of the Arkansas sunk lands offer the most beautiful scenery and some of the best sport in all the southern states.

Nothing is too big or too small to escape the maw of our hungry globe. Quicksands are the traps she spreads for smaller fry. Probably the worst and most dangerous in the world are the "shotts" of the Sahara. These are, perhaps, the dregs of some prehistoric sea. Now they are covered over with a thick crust of salt and sand. Whole caravans have walked unconsciously into these death-traps and been quickly swallowed up. Reclus, the great French authority, declares you can sound these quicksands to a depth of 300 feet without finding bottom.—London Mail.

DEWEY'S TWO COUSINS.

Maiden Ladies in a Remote Kentucky Town Who Are Blood Relatives of the Admiral.

Many years ago a brother of Admiral Dewey's father went west, and when the admiral was giving an account of his family lately—in response to a request—he said that he never knew what became of this migrating uncle. Now there are two living descendants of that uncle, and they are to be found in a small tumble-down house in Elizaville, Fleming county, Ky. In this sad little home, one of them nearly blind, and both sadly afflicted with poverty, live two maiden sisters—Elizabeth and Sarah Dewey—who are the only surviving members of the family of this James Dewey who went west, and who are the own cousins of the admiral.

So remote from the world do they live and so narrow are the lines of their humble lives that it is possible they have barely heard of their famous relative, for but faint echoes of all the tumult over the admiral's arrival have reached the remote Elizaville. James Dewey remained in Kentucky before and all through the war a sturdy abolitionist and hence in a measure ostracized by his southern neighbors. But he had the square Dewey chin and the resolute Dewey grit and he never yielded a jot or tittle of his convictions. In addition to the two daughters just mentioned he had two sons, both of whom bore arms on the union side during the war—one in the army and the other in the navy, so the admiral is not the first of his name and family to have fought for the flag on the water. After the war both of these sons removed to California, where they died.—N. Y. World.

LAKE SUPERIOR TRAFFIC.

In Five Months of This Year 14,544 Vessels Passed Into That Body of Water.

Navigation statistics of Lake Superior show a tremendous traffic. For the year to September 30, which includes just five months, there was a total freight tonnage for Lake Superior of 17,684,150 tons. For the five months 14,544 ships, or almost 100 per day, passed into Lake Superior. The great bulk of this freight, both east and west bound, originated at the west end of the lake, Duluth, Minn., and Superior, Wis., and its average lake haul has been about 850 miles.

There are now vast quantities of freight, largely merchandise, bound both ways, that can by no possibility be moved by water this year. All the package freight lines are in a state of congestion, with more business in sight than they can handle for the remainder of the water shipping season. Millions of feet of lumber have already been sold to eastern wholesalers that cannot be moved till next spring, and arrangements are now closing for the all-rail shipment east during the winter of a great quantity of iron ore and the return of like tonnage in coal.

To October 1 the total iron ore shipments from the lake regions amounted to almost exactly 13,000,000 gross tons, within 1,500,000 tons of the entire movement of the preceding season, which was by 15 per cent. the largest on record. Enough more ore will be shipped this fall to make a total of less than 16,000,000 for the year, and perhaps more. In addition to this probably 1,000,000 tons more will be shipped to furnaces by rail during the winter. The furnaces of the north and east that run on Lake Superior ores are now consuming at the rate of about 17,000,000 tons per annum.

In the past year the stock of nearly all the Lake Superior mining companies has advanced heavily, except in the case of those formed as subsidiary organizations of steel-making companies, and which mine ore at cost and therefore cannot pay dividends. The Lake Superior Consolidated mines, whose issued capital is \$28,500,000, advanced in market value more than \$10,000,000 since August, 1898. The stock of this company is almost all in the hands of John D. Rockefeller.

About 8,000 men are employed in the mines of Minnesota alone, and those who will be thrown out of work by the shutting down of open pit mines in the next few weeks will all be taken care of in the underground mines and at lumber camps for the winter.—Minneapolis Times.

DISGUISES NOT USED.

Detectives of the Government Secret Service Do Their Work Without Making It.

"No such things as disguises are used by the men of the secret service bureau," said Chief Wilkie, of that organization, a few days ago. "The boy who reads the ten-cent literature describing the many lightning changes and disguises made by alleged sleuths of the government and other services imagines these stories to be true, and the impressions he receives remain with him for a long time. As a matter of fact no such thing as a disguise for a secret-service detective is known, and I do not know of a case ever worked by an operator of the bureau in which false faces or other articles of this kind have ever been used. I do not know of a reputable detective in any city or state who uses disguises. They are not effective, and the best-informed men in the running down of criminals believe that they do harm and quickly expose the man who is attempting to operate a case. Then men of the secret service of the government frequently clothe themselves to suit the vicinity and the people among whom they are at work. For instance, if a man is at work in an agricultural vicinity and among people who would suspect the attire of a well-dressed person he does not wear the best clothes or linen which has been furnished by Chinamen or a steam laundry. His attire is in keeping with his situation and circumstances. He may let his beard grow long and become careless in keeping his clothes dusted. If he is at work in a city, among Italians, for instance, he deports himself in such a way as to keep from advertising himself as a detective of the government. If he did not he would be unable to acquire information from the class of people who were perpetrating the violations of the laws of the United States. Everything depends on the necessities of the case, but under no circumstances would we permit an operator of the bureau to loiter with such cheap articles as wigs, false faces, mustaches, and the like."—Washington Star.

How Long We Have to Live.

There is a very simple rule for finding the average number of years which persons of any great age may expect to live. If the present age be deducted from 80, two-thirds of the remainder is the answer required. The result is not absolutely accurate, but it is near enough. For instance, a man aged 20 might, by this rule, expect to live 40 years longer, which is just what the latest actuarial tables give. At 40 the expectation of life works out at nearly 27 years, while the tables give it as about 25 years. At 60 the above rule allows just over 13 years, and the tables show a little less.—Detroit Free Press.

Slow Train.

First Passenger—Isn't this train considerably slow?
Second Ditto—Rather. I suspect they are trying to haul it with a stationary engine.—Boston Transcript.

Storms That Wreck.

Storms of applause are apt to wreck the amateur speaker's train of thought.—Chicago Daily News.

NEVER CEASE TO HAUNT.

Some of the Many Difficulties Which Confront Actors of the Vaudeville Stage.

"The public doesn't realize the difficulties that never cease to haunt the actors of the vaudeville stage," said a veteran of the footlights to a Star reporter, as he was lounging on the avenue, taking a constitutional previous to preparing for the matinee.

"The public is eternally looking for something fresh—something new and unlike anything that has gone before. The people want new jokes, new situations and new make-ups. If they have heard a song before, it doesn't matter how well it is sung, they merely remark: 'It's old.' It's a chestnut, and there's no good in it."

"Of course I refer to the habitual theater-goer, for it is that class the actor must please. The others drop into line quite naturally if the veterans nod approvingly and smile as if amused. 'The others' are the joy of an actor's life, for they are the ones who go to the theater only now and then, and to them everything is new, all jokes are funny, all plaintive songs are sad, all costumes are fetching and the whole thing is 'great.'"

"It gives one courage to recognize a couple of rows near the front of the orchestra filled with the very occasional theater-goers. He catches them, they laugh and applaud and sometimes they actually set a face of approval for the whole house, regardless of the merits of the act."

"Speaking of our struggle for novelty, I find that with the exception of the promptings of some rare genius, who now and then produces something brilliant, the source of which no one can tell, the oldest things are the best. Give me some century-old garb, and they take, though, of course, they have a brief existence. If one gets a really good joke or catchy song, it travels like scandal, and what was new last week is old now. It will be given in rival houses and will find its way in print. Then it's 'old' and as useless as any chestnut."

"I tell you," concluded the artist of vaudeville, "if the public knew what a rare jewel a 'new thing' is they would not be slow in showing their appreciation when it is given them."—Washington Star.

PLACES THAT ARE UNIQUE.

Localities That Boast of Distinctions Matched Nowhere Else in the World.

Doubtless the most unique spot in Europe is the little village of Altenberg, where on its borders four countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined, and spend their days in farming the land or working in the valuable calamine mines of which it boasts.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two traveling schoolmasters are provided by government who visit the different families where there are children and give instruction. The length of their visit depends on the astuteness of the children, and they may be at one house alone as the case may be at one house alone.

A town boasting of a railway station which cost \$20,000 to erect and a duly appointed stationmaster, and yet having no train service, is unique beyond dispute. Dundee, in New Jersey, is in this predicament, the inhabitants having actually no trains, although their fine station is available for any amount of traffic, and the reason given for this strange fact is that so long as the trains run through the inhabitants ought to be satisfied.

There is a place in the middle of the Pacific ocean well known to mariners where there is never any Christmas day. This owing to its being in the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude and directly opposite to Greenwich, and, therefore, 12 hours ahead of Greenwich time. In a journey round the globe the other 12 hours would have to be marked out of the navigator's calendar, and if this point crossing the antipodes is touched on Christmas eve then there can be no Christmas day.

In one of the West Indies group there is a colony of some 800 whites and blacks where there are neither towns, villages nor fresh water supplies. In fact, there is such a scarcity of everything that the government has to send food and employment to the inhabitants to keep them from starving. Salt fish and sweet potatoes are the staple foods of the Anguillas, and the only water obtainable is brackish and tainted by the sea.—London Chronicle.

Lake Superior and the Rainfall.

Lake Superior appears to exercise a greater effect upon the annual amount of precipitation of rain and snow near its shores than any other of the great lakes. The average precipitation in a year is about eight inches greater on the southern than on the northern side of Lake Superior. Lakes Erie and Ontario also show more precipitation on their southern than on their northern shores, but the difference is only three inches annually. In the case of Lakes Huron and Michigan, it is the eastern shores as compared with the western which get the largest precipitation, but the difference is not great.—Youth's Companion.

Phenomenal.

"No," said the proud father of a first-born, "I won't say he is the smartest baby on earth, but I defy anyone to dispute his being the smartest baby I ever owned."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Will Be Needed.

Clerk—The next case, your honor, is a suit concerning the possession of the Hoot-Mon golf links.
Judge—Send for an interpreter.—N. Y. Journal.

SWEEP OF THE MONGOLIANS.

There Are Indications That the Chinese May Yet Overrun Civilized Lands.

Evidences are not altogether lacking that Macaulay's traveler from New Zealand, visiting in the London of the future, will find himself, instead of "in the midst of a vast solitude," in the center of a population of several millions of almond-eyed, yellow-skinned denizens of the metropolis of the world. The sweep of the Mongolian race is a fixed fact, to which the wisest and brightest of minds may well turn their attention. Some Malthus of a yet unborn institute for the repression of population, may rise to give his serious attention to this problem, ere the west be swallowed up by the all-engulfing jaws of the yellow dragon. Backward as one may consider the civilization of the Chinese, the fact remains that where they are given an inch they take an ell, and neither the exclusion decree of an Otis nor the competition of the Semitic race is absolutely effectual in stopping the forward movement of the Mongolian. There are gaps in the Chinese wall. The barrier was effectual for ages and generations in keeping the "foreign devils" out of China, but it could not keep in the Chinamen. The Chinese trader has pushed his way from Peking to St. Petersburg, and from Canton to the port of Vladivostok, in spite of the strenuous objections of the Russian Jew, who retires, baffled and beaten, after a set-to with the celestial. With all their reputed hatred of progress, as exemplified by the locomotive and the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, the quelled merchants have not been slow in procuring the most available business locations along the line of the trans-Siberian railway.

There is an awakening of consciousness among the students of ethnological characteristics that the people of the celestial empire have been misunderstood and that they possess a simplicity which is, after all, a high species of cunning. It is reported that the recent illness of the dowager empress was but a subterfuge to allow Marquis Ito to establish a few needed reforms around the imperial household and give him a chance to eliminate certain individuals. No, the Chinese are not so slow as some people would have us think. Of course, we all know they were very familiar with gunpowder centuries before Monk Schwartz' pestle was blown skyward, but possibly seeing the effect of giving fire to mortals they kept the knowledge to themselves. Yet as they move across the map of Asia and Europe they may be expected to introduce new notions into a world which considered their doctrines as strange as their appearance and dress. Harikari, at least in a political sense, are already owe to them and what other great oriental institutions may not follow the march of the Mongolian race? Possibly our own vegetarians may be paying the way for the domination of the rice-eating people. Surely the signs of the times, in spite of all our boasts of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, point to a conflict, generations hence, with our new almond-eyed neighbors of the east, and there are not wanting those of our people who see in imagination some "son of the sun" as the future ruler of a universal imperialism under Mongolian rule.—Boston Transcript.

CHESAPEAKE BAY TIDES.

Various Conditions That Affect the Range at Different Points Along the Coast.

A successful attempt to fix a permanent tidal plane for the Chesapeake bay has been recently made by the United States coast and geodetic survey. During the last fiscal year nearly 40 stations were occupied, at 13 of which we are in possession of simultaneous tidal observations, extending over one complete lunation.

The average tide for the entire bay is about one foot; possibly less. For Old Point Comfort we have two and one-half feet; for the mouth of the Potomac, one foot; for Washington, three feet; for Richmond, three feet; Elk river, at the head of the bay, two feet, and Annapolis, less than one foot. The wind effect, however, is sometimes more than the total tide. For example, at Baltimore the wind effect may amount to three feet, while the tide proper, uninfluenced by local disturbances, is only one-third as much. This diminution in the height of the tides as we come northward from the entrance, and the subsequent increase as we continue on in the same direction, is one of the peculiar features of the tidal phenomena of the bay.

The small range at Annapolis is due partly to the change in the width of the bay, but principally to the fact that there is an interference at this point between the incoming and outgoing tidal waves. When the crest of the south-bound movement reaches the mouth of the Severn river it meets the north-bound wave from the capes, and a partial neutralization of the vertical motion of the water takes place. Another interesting point in connection with the subject is that the rate of progress of the tidal wave from the mouth of the Potomac to Washington is somewhat less than that of an ordinary steamer, so that a vessel requiring the greatest depth possible would be able to enjoy the condition of high water during its entire passage up the river. The fact was first brought out by Mr. C. A. Scott, many years ago, when the Great Eastern, of trans-Atlantic cable fame, availed itself of this circumstance and came to anchor within a few miles of the capitol.—National Geographic Magazine.

Amusing.

If there is one thing more annoying than another it is to have the man sitting just behind you at the opera hum all the airs.—Chicago Daily News.