

FRESH FEMININE FINERY.

SOME of the very newest ideas in dress for the current season.

A charming tea gown is carried out in pale turquoise accordion-pleated blue crepe de chine, the upper part edged with a deep flounce of Alouin lace, as also the upper flounce to which the lace is finished off with lace bertha. The sleeves are loose and flowing, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite the newest notions of the moment are white ivory combs treated with gold ornamentation and they are to be had suited to high and low hair-dressing. Some of these have paste tops, tortoise shell side combs, and others are gemmed, some displaying small green florets and leavestanding out from a groundwork of pearl and green enamel, favoring of the art nouveau and the empire; in fact, combining the best ideas in both. Many are prettily ornamented with paste and pearls.

A hat composed of killed satin straw, had the crown entirely covered with closely set velvets of the valley, tied with cerise velvet at the side. Falling on the hair were clusters of black and green cherries, with foliage.

A French shape in the new cerise red straw was lined with black, in contrast to the trimmings of shaded glaze red ribbon, raised at each side of the crown in the new lozenge-shaped puff, just the hat to wear in stormy weather, for although it was smart looking, there was nothing to spoil in it or get out of order.

Wine colored straw composes a modish hat, the crown encircled with the same tint of tulle, the new tulip rosettes, on each side shading from dark to pink, with tones of mauve matching the fuchsias and foliage at the back.

A graceful evening wrap is of pale blue killed crepe de chine; the material, in plain color, fits the shoulders well when the killed material flows as a sash. It is lined throughout with the same tone of killed chiffon interbreathed with three rows of black bebe ribbon. There is a square lace collar, and wide sleeves, so that it can very easily be slipped on and off.

Irish lace continues on its course of popularity, and deep cape collars to the waist made of this will be worn in the summer, and help to carry out that idea of sloping shoulders which is so dear to the hearts of the authorities.

A beautiful evening dress is of white mousseline, with an application of white velvet flowers outlined with jet and steel beads, large ringed paillettes of black velvet being sewn over the skirt and on the lapels of white silk on the bodice, while the frills are of white lace and the waistband is of pale green satin.

USES OF THE GAVEL.

Illustrating Firemen Engaged in a Discussion Ruled by Parliamentary Law.

It is noted by a Southern Kansas paper that the chief of the local fire department has been presented with a gavel by admiring friends. To those uninitiated in the ways of the Southern Kansas town, a gavel might seem to be the most useless thing a fire chief could have in his possession, says the Kansas City Journal. But observe the process:

"Most worthy chief," says one of the firemen, coming slowly from below, "an alarm of fire has been sounded."

"The brothers will come to order," announces the chief, giving at the same time three distinct knocks with his gavel. "It has been brought to my attention that a conflagration is in progress. What will you do with the matter?"

"I move," says a brother, "that the report be accepted and spread upon the record and that we take the engine and go to the fire."

"Any second?"

"I second the motion."

"Are you ready for the question?"

"Is that motion subject to amendment and debate?"

"The chair holds that it is."

"Then I offer as a substitute that we go to the fire, and if need be, come back for the engine."

"Mr. Chairman," I desire to offer an amendment to the substitute. If we go to the fire without the engine and find that it is needed, we must all come back to get it. My amendment is, Mr. Chairman, that a committee be appointed to inquire into this fire and report upon it."

"The question is upon the amendment, the substitute. Are you ready for the question?"

"Mr. Chairman," shouts a newcomer, in the back end of the hall, "as I was dressing, my wife returned and said the building burned down and the fire was out. I move you, Mr. Chairman, to lay the whole matter on the table."

"So ordered," said the chairman, after the vote had been taken, with a resounding clack of that gavel which is such a mystery to people who never can understand.

Carried Potatoes With Onions.

Cut into dice-shaped bits half a dozen cold boiled potatoes. Peel and slice a couple of onions and fry these with some bacon for five or ten minutes. Take out the bacon and onions, stir a teaspoonful of curry powder into the fat, put in the diced potatoes to heat through. Scatter over them chopped parsley and chopped canned Spanish peppers. Boston Budget.

Dilemma.

Mistress (sternly). How is it, Mary, that I never hear a sound in the kitchen when you are entertaining that man?

Mary (arably). Please, ma'am you are, the poor fellow is that bashful for the present that he does nothing but eat.—Smart Set.

TO COOK ASPARAGUS.

A Few Suggestions Which May Prove Acceptable to the Progressive Cook.

It is doubtful if a new way for cooking this delightful and succulent vegetable is ever brought to light. We have treated it to all sides of the fire, and we have applied to it all kinds of sauces, seasonings and flavorings that ingeniously could suggest and a knowledge of good things approve. But these bits of information are more or less in the possession of a comparatively small number of people, says the Epicure. The great and general run of cooks, and of diners, for that matter, halt when you ask them to name a way for cooking asparagus outside of boiling and baking, and throw up their hands when you demand of them the name of any sauce besides butter sauce and white sauce that may be depended on to give it the flip of variety.

They don't know that a few drops of lemon juice and a few grains of cayenne added to plain melted butter, to be poured over boiled asparagus, lifts it quite out of the commonplace into the realm of excellently done things. Nor do they know that a bit of Parmesan added to this same melted butter sauce for asparagus gives it a foreign smack that will quite redeem a prosaic dinner.

Then cold asparagus tips may be fried in butter, and this butter be enlivened with paprika, which will provide a dish different in every taste from the boiled asparagus served with butter. And a delicious way for serving this fried asparagus is in crostades, as a change from toast, although toast and asparagus do seem to have a natural affinity for each other. A suspicion of onion flavor, too, does tone up a dish of asparagus successfully; while chives and Spanish peppers, used judiciously in composing a dressing for it, figure very happily.

Baked asparagus is usually boiled first, and then only the tender parts of the stalks are baked. Sometimes these are cut into inch lengths, and sometimes left as long as they can be with the hard part taken off. Mostly, too, a bechamel sauce is the popular one in which to encase these asparagus tips before baking, and over the top put grated cheese and crumbs, that the proper browning may take place. Now this is all very well. No one can quarrel with bechamel sauce; it is gentle and refined always. But it does seem sometimes to be insipid, and especially so when anything so nonobtrusive in flavor as asparagus is decorated with it. To remedy this tameness there may be used a little anchovy essence in the bechamel, or a dash of horseradish, or onion juice, or a few capers—anything, in fact, that you have seen or heard of in connection with this sauce when used for similar purposes.

As for treating cold asparagus, there are innumerable ways. With just a French dressing it is always in favor; with French mustard added to the dressing it is even more in vogue, and with a mayonnaise, or tartar sauce, it touches perfection. Then, again, lemon juice and nothing more, save a little salt, rests well on cold asparagus, only the vegetable must be chilled for all its good points so served to be apparent.

TO KEEP THE HAIR HEALTHY.

A Collection of "Don'ts" for the Guidance of Those Who Value Their Tresses.

Don't brush the hair only. Brush the scalp until it glows, advises the Boston Budget.

Don't brush the hair roughly. Let the motion of the hand be light and gentle.

Don't brush the hair in any other direction than the way in which it grows.

Don't think that you must not brush the hair because it is falling out.

As a rule, don't wash the hair oftener than once a month. Too frequent washing makes it dry.

Don't use too much soap, borax or soda when taking a shampoo. Substitute yolk of egg. If the hair is naturally oily, use only the white of the egg.

Don't fail to rinse with clear water and to rub in a little oil after a shampoo.

Don't rub the hair briskly with towels after washing it. There is danger of breaking the long hairs. Absorb the moisture carefully with warm towels.

Don't neglect daily massage of the scalp with the tips of the fingers dipped in cold water, or use a clean nail brush.

Don't fail to apply a tonic to hair and scalp at least once a week.

Don't singe or clip the ends of the hair. Don't use a coarse brush, but one that has long, fine, unbleached and undyed bristles.

Don't buy a cheap dressing comb. It pays to buy a good flexible tortoise-shell comb, even if you must do with one dress the less during the year.

Don't wear the hair always in the same style. A change of mode is beneficial.

Don't tie the hair, or roll or twist it in any way tightly. This strains the roots of the hair, and is very injurious.

Don't use many hairpins. If each pin is made to do its duty, and the hair is arranged to fit the head, few pins will be needed.

Usually the Case.

"Daughter," said the mother who was long on Solomonian wisdom, "whatever you do, don't marry a man with dreamy eyes."

"Why not, ma?" asked the beautiful bud.

"Because," replied the mater, "it's doughnuts to fudge he'll also possess a dreamy pocketbook."—Chicago Daily News.

THE AGE OF CHESS.

Game Introduced from India to Persia by the Arabs in the Sixth Century.

Chess, now being played between ocean steamers by means of wireless telegraphy, is the oldest of games, and it is a striking contrast that it offers itself for easy operation to the latest triumph of modern science, says the Detroit Free Press.

It was generally assumed until now that the ancient Indians had invented chess, that it was introduced from India to Persia in the sixth century by the Arabs, and that in consequence of the Crusades it spread from east to west. It is true the Chinese, who invented many things in times long gone by which had to be reinvented in Europe—assert that they can trace chess in their own country to about 200 years before our era. Now there can certainly be no doubt in the character of the figures at present used, and in some of the words connected with the game, such as "scach" (shah) and "matt" or "mate," an Indian, Persian and Arabic influence is traceable. Excavations on the pyramid field of Sakkara some time ago brought to light a wall painting, on which a high official is represented as playing chess with a partner at the time of the government of King Teti, who belonged to the sixth dynasty. Prof. Lepsius formerly assigned the reign of that monarch to about the year 2700 B. C. Prof. Brugsch, correcting this chronology, puts it back still farther, namely, to the year 3300 B. C., so that chess would have been known in the once mysterious land of Mizraim something like 5,200 years ago.

It was north of the pyramid of King Teti or Teti, that two grave chambers have been discovered which were erected for two high officials of that ruler. Their names were Kabin and Mera, called Mera. The grave chamber ("mastaba") of the former consisted of five rooms, built up with limestone. Its walls are covered with exceedingly well preserved bas-reliefs and pictures representing various scenes. The other grave chamber, that of Mera, is the most valuable. It is now no less than 27 halls and corridors have been uncovered. There are beautiful grave columns. In the chief room there is a niche a lined statue of the departed about seven feet high, with a sacrificial table of alabaster before it. Among the many wall paintings in this and other rooms—hunting and fishing scenes, a group of female mourners, the three seasons, etc.—and his sons holding each other by the hand and Mera playing chess are to be seen. So grand is the impression this grave chamber makes upon the beholder that the Arabs engaged in the work would not call it a "mastaba," but a "kilissa" (temple) or church. Various valuable sarcophagi have also been discovered.

PLANTS IN MEDICINE-MAKING.

Many Familiar Varieties Are Used in the Preparation of Common Remedies.

Nearly five hundred roots, herbs, seeds, flowers and barks are kept in stock by the largest botanical druggists, and new remedies are still from time to time added. The plants thus kept are not only those known to the pharmacopoeia as containing nearly every familiar plant, wild or cultivated. Not only the dandelion, may apple, boneseed and pipsissewa of our grandmothers, and the licorice root, slippery elm and ginseng of the orthodox materia medica must be kept on hand, but as well hundreds of others known to those deeply read in the science of simples, says Golden Penny.

Favorite flowers and famous plants take roles strangely unfamiliar to those unlearned in herbs and drugs. The bark of the tulip tree, according to the catalogue, cures hysteria and dyspepsia. Thistle tea "strengthens the system and excites perspiration." Water lilies of one sort or another are good for pectoral complaints and serofolia. Watermelon seed is "excellent for dropsy," doubtless upon the homeopathic principle. The white willow is a substitute for Peruvian bark. The wild sunflower is set down as "invaluable in bilious colic" and like complaints. Sweet clover is for swellings.

The strawberry furnishes in its leaves a remedy for sore throat and in its wandering stem a cure for jaundice and fevers.

All the old fashioned flowers and several table vegetables find places in the list of remedies. The lady's slipper is for the nerves, especially in hysteria, and larkspur seed is for dropsy. Lettuce is for colics and coughs, and asparagus root for the kidneys. The blossom of the oxeye daisy is recommended for asthma, consumption and dropsical complaints. The penny is for weak nerves and the red rose is for "hassik hemorrhages and catarrhs."

Read This Through, for It's All True.

Oh, dress-maker, whose word is law, in your decrees we pick no flaw nor question for a day your taste; you cut down sleeves and we obey, have narrow skirts if so you say, but spare us, do, the dear shirt waist.

When comes the good old summer time, and heat almost invites to crime, then we are cool and selfpossessed. While other people fret and fume we float serenely round the room within the shirt waist neatly pressed.

And, too, it has another charm, one that should keep it from all harm; it is a secret most profound, but men prefer shirt waists, we guess, to every other style of dress to slyly put their arms around.

What is more pleasing to the eye than to see shirt waists flutter by? Such visions all too rare occur; the men look after in delight, and say, as vanishes the sight: "I'd leave my happy home for her."—Chicago News.

THE SEXES IN STENOGRAPHY.

Men Show the Greater Speed in Shorthand Tablets—Girls Try to Bluff.

"The male stenographers who come to places like this to get their names down on the employment lists under-rate rather than exaggerate their shorthand ability," said an examiner for a stenographic employment bureau, according to the Washington Post.

"When a young fellow tells me that he is a 100-word-a-minute man, I know that he can write much faster than that, but that he doesn't care to subject himself to the humiliation of falling down in case I should steal ahead of him in the dictation. When I am trying out the male stenographer at the speed he has informed me he is capable of following, he nearly always jolts me to greater speed by breaking in with 'Faster!' The chaps who tell me they are 100-word-a-minute men often prove themselves capable of doing 130 or even 140 without any bother at all, and I rate them on my lists accordingly. No male stenographer is capable of going at the rate of speed he named to me has ever tried to bluff his way through. If they can't follow the dictation they'll give a 'Whew!' and mop their foreheads and tell me to back up—that I'm giving them court stenography or parliamentary work to handle. Very few of them, however, as I say, drop behind the speed they name. When it comes to transcribing their notes in good shape, I am bound to say that the male stenographers, even the tyros from the schools who are willing to go to work for small wages for a beginning, have got the female stenographers beat to a standstill. They have a better natural idea of the forms of business correspondence; they are better spellers, in my opinion; they have an instinctive idea of the place at which to begin a new paragraph, and, as a rule, they seem to be much better in the matter of punctuation than the women.

"If a young woman informs me that she can take dictation at the rate of 125 words a minute, I give her dictation at that speed. In nine cases out of ten the young woman who tells me that she can take dictation at that rate falls down grievously. She either fails to follow the dictation and has to break frequently, which rattles her so that she can scarcely do anything at all, or, when she gets to transcribing her notes, she finds that she can't read them any more than she can read modern Greek or Arabic. In fact, I have caught a number of young women in the act of bluffing sadly in taking dictation. They would overstate their speed, find that they couldn't possibly keep up with the dictation, and then, ashamed to break, and to frankly own that they couldn't follow the pace, they have kept right on writing characters that meant absolutely nothing at all—mere juggling with the pencil. Some of them have carried these bluffing methods so far that they have actually endeavored to transcribe the dictation from memory, and when I would gently suggest that the transcription was not exactly accurate, they would flush up and tell me that I was wrong and point to their notes, which were nonsense."

LAKE KEUKA'S MYSTERY.

Big Wall-Eyed Pike in New York Waters That Seem All Bait and Lure.

A mystery which fishermen have for years been trying to solve is the refusal of the wall-eyed pike to take lure or bait of any kind in Lake Keuka, one of New York's best fishing waters, while in every other water where it has been placed—the Susquehanna river, where it is known as salmon; the Delaware, where it is the pike perch; the streams of western Pennsylvania, where it is the jack salmon, and in Onondaga lake—it provides enjoyable sport to anglers, reports the New York Sun.

The wall-eyed pike was placed in Lake Keuka by the Fish Commissioners of this state years ago, and although it is known to have thrived and stocked the lake abundantly, it seems to have undergone a change of nature. It will not bite, save very rarely.

Last season Frank Griswold, a local sportsman, hooked and landed a 14-pound wall-eyed pike in Lake Keuka while testing a new artificial lake trout lure of his own invention, and it was believed that a bait had at last been found that would place the wall-eyed pike in the list of fishes to be angled for in Lake Keuka. Griswold could not supply the demand for the new trolls, and anglers were out from one end of the lake to the other trailing for pike. But the result did not justify the hope. The wall-eyed pike Griswold landed was the only one killed during the season.

The theory generally accepted is that the wall-eyed pike finds such choice and abundant food in the young of the laketrout and whitefish of Lake Keuka that it has no taste for meager morsels and no inclination to make experiments on strange offerings. However that may be, the aggravating fact is that dwellers along Lake Keuka have under their noses one of the best fishes that swim, and it refuses absolutely to be caught, no matter how readily its brethren elsewhere submit to the wiles of the fishermen.

Women in Business.

Women in business on their own account have much in their favor. As a rule they are not speculative, they are ardent, they have patience, are more attentive to what they take in hand, and, if they know their business, they can more quickly build up a connection than can a man. But they are less systematic in their bookkeeping.—Drapers' Record.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

An eight-year-old girl runs a restaurant in Denver.

The classified civil service now embraces 104,017 positions. The office of treasurer of Chicago, the emoluments of which it is proposed to reduce, is one of great profit. The last treasurer is said to have cleared \$70,000 a year in fees, and under the present system no treasurer could be expected to make less than \$50,000 a year.

Senator Dillingham, of Vermont, is a close student of meteorology, finding much amusement in watching the changing temperature lines on the big weather map at the senate and of the capitol. "That road fascinates me," said the senator, pointing to the Gulf of Mexico. "It gives up most of the weather that is carried overland and falls as rain in the eastern and middle states. What should we do were it not for the Gulf of Mexico?" he asked with the enthusiasm of a teacher instructing a geography class.

An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer, and walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who in the name of fate are you?" "Ah!" Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

When the late Gen. Macdonald last visited his relatives in Scotland he wore a very curious watch. The curiosity did not lie in the watch itself, which was of large size, but in the glass, which was rough and thick, but served its purpose as well as another. Macdonald was very proud of this glass and told its story with much circumstance. One day during the Scottish campaign he had broken the original glass, and was puzzled to find a substitute for it in the desert. At last, however, he smashed a tumbler. The bottom he ground on a stone until it was fine enough, and the size he shaped until it fitted tightly into the setting. And so good was the handiwork that it lasted until he returned home. He never had it removed.

THE FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

Idea Conceived by a German University Doctor Three Hundred Years Ago.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of the teacher. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination, not of some fond mother or gentle woman teacher, but of a bewigged and belted university doctor, says Household.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the carrying idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together.

"By means," he quaintly expressed it, "of sensible impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory."

In other words, the good Herr Doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it the "Orbis Pictus."

It contains rude wood cuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him. As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch-making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.

Bees and Colored Flowers.

The evolution of color in flowers, which has long been thought to depend upon the necessity of attracting the honey-consuming insects in order that the flowers might be fertilized, is now shown to have no such influence by Plateau, the Belgian professor. Using a species of poppy, he clipped the petals from 30 out of a group of 100 flowers without touching them. The poppy flowers thus carefully prepared were watched and the number and kinds of insects visiting them noted. At the same time the intact flowers were similarly watched. Taking the average each of the 30 petalless flowers received 4.5 visits, each of the 70 normal flowers received 2.4 visits. So great, indeed, appeared to be the attraction of these petalless flowers that on many occasions Professor Plateau has seen more than one bee in a single flower.—Science.

Jackals in India.

It is not generally known that the jackal is a greater destroyer of humanity in India than the tiger. Statistics published by the government of India show that while 928 persons were killed by tigers more than 1,000 children were carried away by jackals.—London News.

Wasted in a Cage.

Old Graybeard. It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. de Style. Isn't it a shame? How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look in a hat!—Stray Stories.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

After the Wedding. Ethel—"How did you think the bride looked?" Grace—"Oh, remarkably well-groomed."—Harvard Lampoon.

"I love the very ground"—began the up-to-date lover. "The very ground I walk on?" queried the maiden. "No, the very ground your automobile covers."—Archibald, I am thine.—Baltimore Herald.

A Hot One. Wozzles—"Yes, sir, I was in the war. I had many narrow escapes. Once a bullet grazed my leg." Waggles—"Who didn't you pick out a wider war?"—Detroit Free Press.

Human Nature.—Young physician—"But if I advise my patients to take exercise won't it decrease my income?"—Old doctor—"Not in the least. They'll never take it."—Chicago Daily News.

Her Business Sagacity.—She stepped into a place whose window bore this legend: "Missenger. Boys. Furnished." Walking up to the clerk behind the desk, she asked: "Could I get a boy any cheaper unfurnished?"—Baltimore American.

Unlike His Book.—"He's getting out a book of poems. Calls the thing 'Autumn Leaves,' I believe." "Yes, rather commonplace, don't you think?" "Yes, and very inappropriate. Autumn leaves are frequently red."—Philadelphia News.

A March Marcher.—"The bus is full," said the driver, "but there is plenty of room at the top." "I see," muttered the man with the traveling bag, buttoning his coat closer about him. "And plenty of rheumatism, I'll walk."—Chicago Tribune.

An Objection.—"No," said the friend, "I don't think your new type of American girl will create anything of an artistic stir." "Why not?" asked the artist in a tone of indignant disappointment. "Because her legs are not too long nor her waist too short. In fact, she looks too much like a human being to be accepted as an artistic."—Washington Star.

COSTLY PROJECTILES.

Cannon Balls Depleted the Treasures of an Army Looked For in an Indian City.

Wandering in a jungle half a mile outside the Indian city of Ahmadnagar an unpleasant came across a round ball of metal. It was black and looked like an old iron round shot, but when the old man lifted it he was struck with its immense weight. He carried it home and found, on scratching it, that it was a lump of solid gold. It weighed eight pounds, and its sale made the finder rich for life, says London Times.

There are many more of these cannon balls, each worth a small fortune, lying hid or buried in the recesses of this jungle, and their story is a curious one. At the end of the sixteenth century, just about the same time as that on which the Spanish armada was threatening this country, Akbar, the greatest emperor Hindostan ever saw, was at the height of his glory. At the head of his conquering army he summoned Ahmadnagar to surrender. The city and its rich treasures were then under the rule of Princes. Cautious, knowing that resistance would be but short, and in better case against the oppressor, he caused all the treasure of gold and silver to be melted down. Then he cast the metal into cannon balls, and engraved upon each maledictions against the conqueror. These were fired into the jungle, and when Akbar entered the city, instead of the field, he had hoped to win, he found a treasury absolutely empty.

That this is not the only occasion upon which cannon balls of gold have been cast is proved by the fact that in the treasury of the shah of Persia there may be seen in the same room where stands the fabulous peacock throne, two small globular projectiles of gold. They were estimated by a recent visitor to weigh about three pounds each, and are very roughly made. Their origin or purpose, however, totally forgotten. It is only known that they are very old.

The gaekwar of Baroda, not content with merely cannon balls of gold, possesses two cannon cast of the precious metal. They are the only ones of their kind in the world. They were begun in 1469 by an artisan of Lakha, who worked upon them for five years before they were finished. They weigh 400 pounds each, and, except for a steel lining, are of solid gold throughout. They are mounted on gun carriages of carved wood overlaid with silver. The gaekwar also possesses two beautiful guns made of silver. They are used merely for saluting purposes, and the only time they ever left the state of Baroda was in 1876, when the king, then prince of Wales, made his tour through the east. Their owner then took them down to Bombay to salute the distinguished visitor.

No farther from London than Woolwich there may be seen in the rotunda a cannon which is even more valuable than those just mentioned. It is a Japanese weapon, which stands near the center of this wonderful museum of military curiosities, and its chief ingredient is platinum—a metal worth actually more than gold.

Dust-Fall in British Isles.

A dust fall of February has been traced over 24 counties in England, eight in Wales and one in Ireland, and it has been reported from numerous places on the continent. The dust overspread the land like smoke, while near Southampton the cloud was so dense that a person could not see to read at noon. Like the falls of 1901 and 1902, the dust is supposed to be of desert origin, probably from northern Africa, and does not appear to be volcanic.—Boston Budget.