

OVERPAID POSTAGE.

One Way in Which the Government Profits by Carelessness and Ignorance.

The post office department loses money every year. But there is one source of revenue which is clear gain to the government—the large number of stamps that are wasted by the people, says Youth's Companion.

There are two ways in which the government profits by the carelessness and ignorance of the public. In the first place many stamps are destroyed. This means a profit to the department of thousands of dollars a year; how much cannot be estimated, for there is no means of getting the figures, except by elaborate and untrustworthy calculation. A person carries stamps in his pockets until they are so worn that he does not dare to use them. In point of fact, anything that looks like a good stamp, no matter if it is somewhat mutilated, is passed by the clerks, just as a dilapidated bank note is good if there is enough of it to show what it is. Wear and dirt cannot, without almost destroying the stamp, give it the look of one that has been canceled. Yet few people will put a damaged stamp on a letter. Besides, many stamps are lost or destroyed entirely, and the government makes a clear gain.

The other source of loss to the individual by which the government profits is the number of stamps that are wasted in excess postage. People who have not a five-cent stamp put three two-cent stamps on foreign letters, thus making the department a present of one cent. Domestic mail, too, is frequently over-stamped. Enough money is wasted in this way to provide thousands of inexpensive letter scales. Everyone who mails many letters should have scales on his table.

People are misled by the size of things. If they send anything in a large envelope, they think they must put on two two-cent stamps. It takes a pretty fat letter to weigh more than an ounce.

Moreover, few people know anything about the rates for newspapers, and think that because a newspaper rolls into such a solid bundle it costs a great deal to send. So they go on overpaying the postage.

On the other hand, much matter is overpaid. Here the government loses nothing, for the shortage is collected from the receiver, who must pay the due stamp. Knowing this, and being anxious not to seem niggardly to the friend who must make up any deficiency in postage, a person in doubt often puts too many stamps on fourth-rate matter and on extra fat letters, and Uncle Sam gets the difference.

KENTUCKY COLLIES.

Race of Dogs That Has Been Brought to a High State of Intelligence and Usefulness.

The spirit which has made Kentucky famous in men and in women is the same spirit that has given it pre-eminence in the development of its animals. It has the fastest horse, it is the originator of the "shorthorn" cattle in America, and it has developed races of dogs that are as far superior to their progenitors as the present Kentuckian or Kentucky girl is superior to the original Adam and Eve type of the human race, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The old-time shepherds, or collies, by a careful system of breeding, which has been pursued by the Kentuckians, have developed into the most intelligent and useful animals of their class in the world. In appearance, in markings and in the various characteristics which make up the good dog, the Scotch and Kentucky are absolutely identical. In good dog sense, in adaptability, in capacity to learn, and in numerous other phases the Kentucky dog is far ahead of his Scottish relative.

His pedigree is not a matter of record in professional kennels; he rarely appears for exhibition in bench shows, but he takes care of his master's cattle and his master's house and family. He keeps the children from fighting, keeps peace among smaller dogs and among human beings, rarely permits a blow to be struck in his presence.

The Kentucky collie is large and immensely powerful. While not of a fighting disposition and disposed to avoid canine conflicts—more so, probably, than any other class of dogs—he is a furious and fearless opponent when crowded into action. His punishing power is tremendous and his courage equals that of the bull.

RICHESSUNDERWATER

Vast Amount of Treasures Located at Ocean Bottom.

Methods Employed in Bringing Sunken Fortunes to the Surface—Where Some Lost Hoards Lie.

It is not generally known that after death Queen Victoria gave Princess Beatrice the crown rights to the gold of the Spanish armada. This gold lies in comparatively shallow depths in the English channel. Its location is known to the admiralty, and the value of the gold is said to be enormous. The right is invested in the royal family, and many offers have been made looking towards its recovery. But the bottom of the Atlantic is a vast treasure bed. If a skillful mariner had a submarine boat, and if the boat had a cyclopean eye in the hull of it, its owner might easily rival a Rothschild. A large amount of this treasure is located accurately as the principal banks in our great metropolis. Many a diver can take you to a chart, lay his finger on a number of spots and say: "Go to longitude so and so, in a latitude definable within 50 feet. Dive deep enough and bring up a fortune," says London Golden Penny.

Every wrecking company has its own private list of these ocean hoards. Some are being worked, while many will doubtless become accessible in the future. Last year the Boston wrecking company recovered \$40,000 in gold bars which had lain for 60 years on a bank near Turks island. Twelve months previously to this find a New York company fished up a couple of bags of gold from an old-time wreck off Staten island. In the United States there are companies prepared to undertake the hazardous business of recovering valuables from wrecks. They employ the best divers obtainable, and for days these men work away and endeavor to bring to the surface the lost treasures.

When the Spanish steamer Biscaya sank off Barneget on November 1, 1890, a well-known American wrecking company received the following telegram from Havana: "Spare no expense to recover the body of Don Pedro." Don Pedro, a wealthy Cuban merchant, was a passenger by the ill-fated vessel. The telegram came from the widow and certainly seemed to indicate her devotion for her husband. The wrecking company fitted a tug, hired the best divers and began the search. They worked for many days, bringing up ship's officers and seamen—every body except the Cuban merchant. The search was at last abandoned. Then the company heard for the first time that Don Pedro had a belt about his body and in a wallet gems to the value of \$50,000.

In Hell Gate, at a spot marked with a star in the charts of wrecking offices, lies the British man-of-war Hussar. When she sank she carried \$500,000 in cash to pay the British army just before the revolution. She sank in only ten fathoms of water. As late as 1894 a wrecking company had divers at work upon the wreck. They brought up a few scattered gold coins, brass buttons and some scrap iron. Another British ship, loaded with gold, captured from the Spaniards, lies at the bottom of Chesapeake bay in only 48 feet of water. She went down in 1730. Before leaving the port at Lewes her captain was heard to say: "We have gold enough aboard to buy a kingdom." Just as she stood out from the land a cyclone struck her. She keeled over and went down. The body of the captain was brought to shore and buried at Lewes. Within recent years a considerable amount of gold has been brought up from her by divers.

At the base of Dunderberg, in the Hudson river, lies a pirate vessel, with 37 bars of gold, a quantity of plate, a box of gold watches and a diamond necklace on board. In September, 1857, the Central American went down outside Havana. She carried \$200,000 of the precious metal. The wreck is set down accurately in maritime records, but unless some way is found by which divers can work at a depth beyond 100 feet, this treasure will never be recovered. Thirty years ago 300,000 English pounds of gold were recovered from a Spanish galleon by a diver named Phipps in the West Indies. The gold had been under water 200 years. Recently the Boston wrecking company secured a good deal of silver from the wreck of the frigate Severn, a British boat, which went down near Turks island, in the West Indies, in 1793, with \$500,000 worth of silver on board. She lies in a basin, exposed to the rough swell of the Atlantic. She is only 30 feet under water. The location of the wreck is given as latitude 21, longitude 69 degrees 50 minutes.

WATER TUBES PROVE INFERIOR

Test in the British Navy Results in Favor of the Cylindrical Boilers.

The second trial of the British second-class cruisers Hyacinth and Minerva, fitted with water tube and cylindrical boilers respectively, has resulted in another defeat for the water-tube system. The warships left Plymouth with an equal quantity of coal for Gibraltar, and the Minerva steamed twelve hours after the Hyacinth's boilers were emptied. The vessels recoiled at Gibraltar and started on the river homeward during the morning of February 15, with the result that the Minerva reached Portsmouth at 1 o'clock this morning, having averaged 11 knots. The Hyacinth's boilers broke down in the Bay of Biscay on Monday.

TO MAKE VEAL POT-PIE.

These Directions Carefully Followed Will Insure Perfection in the Savory Dish.

Veal pot pie is a triumph of the American housewife. Comparatively few people succeed in making the crust light, flaky and perfect as the pastry of a French chef, yet permeated with all the savory flavor of the meat, says the New York Tribune. It is always made of a cheaper portion of the meat, like that from the shank or the shoulder. Boil a part of the shank bone with the remnants of the meat clinging to it for about two hours. Brown two pounds of the lean meat from the shank in a tablespoonful of butter. Season the pieces well and when they are thoroughly browned cover them with about a quart of the stock from the shank bones. Let the browned meat simmer in the stock for about two hours. At the end of this time the meat should be thoroughly tender, and there should be only just enough stock around it to prevent the dumplings from falling into it and yet enough to prevent the meat from scorching. To make the dumplings, sift two cups of flour, either pastry or bread flour, with a tablespoonful of good baking powder. Wet the sifted materials by stirring in a cupful of rich milk, and put the batter over the top of the meat in large spoonfuls, being careful not to allow the dumplings to sink far below the liquid. Cover the pot pie as closely as possible and let the stew boil hard for from ten to 12 minutes. There must be enough gravy to prevent the meat from scorching, and yet not enough to allow the dumplings to sink into it and become heavy and sodden before they have a chance to rise. The dumplings are really held up on the meat and cooked by the steam of the gravy. They should not be put in until about ten minutes before the stew is done. They should be taken up when done and arranged in a circle on a hot platter. The meat should be laid in the center and the thick gravy in the bottom of the pot should be thickened and seasoned. If it has been boiled down too much there should be water added to it. It should be boiled up again for a moment and poured over the meat, not over the dumplings, which should form a white flaked border to the meat and gravy. A tender, well cooked veal stew, a lamb stew or a white fricassee of chicken is the only stew appropriately served with a border of dumplings cooked over it. The dumplings must always be as light, flaky and tender as biscuit, permeated with the savoriness of the meat they are served with. It must be the lightest and whitest of crusts. There is no excuse for a heavy streak in the crusts, and no reason for it except unskillful management.

Only delicate meats should be used in pot pie. Beef or turkey is too strong in flavor to be used with dumplings. Pork or mutton are too greasy. An old hen, in spite of the popular prejudice in favor of using her in this way, is not fit for pot pie.

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NOTES OF THE MODES.

Dress Materials, Trimmings and Other Finery for Spring and Summer Costumes.

Mercerized cotton canvas and etamine weaves are among the inexpensive dress materials for early summer wear.

The floral and oriental embroideries in silk or fast dye cotton used on many of the white shirt waists and blouses are very effective, says the New York Post.

Pipings, strappings and milliners' fold are used on new dress models, and for these plaids in satin, taffeta and panne, as well as in many silk and wool fabrics, shot silks, polka-dotted goods of different kinds, moire embroidered cloth, velvet and fancy gimps are used.

A drop-shoulder yoke and Monte Carlo bolero fronts are the features of a new blouse, which is suitable for silk or soft woollens. Either the bell or the full-length bishop sleeve may be used with this model, and the decorations are simple machine stitching, or Hercules braid and tailor buttons.

A new spring skirt that is particularly adapted to narrow-width materials is of nine-gored flaring shape, the seams lapped, strapped, or in plain style. The back breadths are box plaited, and the use of the shaped hip yoke is optional.

The Louis Seize coat will be revived this spring. It is made with a flat knife-plated postillion back, the plaits in graduated or jabot effect at the lower edge showing the plain or fancy silk lining. Embroidered satin revers-turn away from the neck. The collar and folded belt reach across the front only, and costly cut jet buttons are used to finish each side.

Swinging cords, frogs, brandebourgs, buttons, fancy gimps and similar military effects will be used on many of the spring jackets, coats and blouse bodices.

THE WOMEN OF BABYLON.

Enjoyed Civil and Social Freedom Such as "Woman's Rights" Advocates Strive for To-Day.

Babylon has become synonymous with a bad name, to the exclusion of its real meaning, which, as every one knows, is the "gate of God." "Babylonian woman" is used as a term of reprobatation even in these latter days. It seems a trifle hard, then, considering the Babylonian epoch lasted some thousands of years, that the sin of falling away from grace should swallow up the virtue without which there could have been no falling away, says a writer in the Saturday Review.

I am led to these remarks by a consideration both of the coneiform tablets, as translated by Mr. Johns, of Cambridge, and many learned books dealing with the past Babylonian civilization. Public houses apparently licensed by the state, trial by jury, compulsory education, all these we find. Inances could be multiplied by the score of such palpable evidence of civilization as bankruptcy courts, post-offices, poet laureates, limited liability companies, and similar signs of progress; but the strongest evidence of all, or, at any rate, the most striking to me personally, is the position held by the Babylonian women.

For civil and social freedom it has no parallel, not even in the present day. Here, in the unimpeachable evidence of actual deeds and contracts affecting actual men and women, we have a true record of a state of affairs in the past comparable only to what very many women desire in the future. The Babylonian woman therefore takes on a new aspect as the real pioneer in woman's rights, and, as such, a fitting subject for study to those who, it would seem, are simply seeking to regain what we women once had, but lost, a fact which puts a very different aspect on the struggle for woman's rights, since it leaves us a prey to the obvious retort to our claims: "Why did you not keep them when you had them?"

A few details of the Babylonian woman's position may be useful. The first thing to be noticed, however, is that she had it per se as right of birth, and did not acquire it by virtue of an artificial relationship such as wifehood or motherhood. Briefly, she was born man's equal, so far as citizenship was concerned, and she remained so, married or single. Her abilities and disabilities were absolutely the same; she could enter into partnership, buy or sell, lend or borrow, give witness or stand security, appear in any court on any plea or count, and all without reference to any male. Her social status, with one notable exception, is best described by saying that it seems to have been absolutely sexless. There is no trace of any theory of a fundamental difference in a woman's work and a man's, and in the schools boys and girls seem to have been educated together, and on the same lines.

ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

A New Theory Advanced Accounting for Their Presence in Shellfish.

For many years the world has believed that pearls are the result of a mechanical injury to the shellfish in whose shell they are found. The theory has been that a grain of sand, or something irritating like it, gets into the shell, and that the mollusk throws off a secretion to cover it, which finally becomes the pearl.

The world has accepted this explanation, and practically all the text-books describe the formation of the pearl in that way. Yet every body who handles pearls knows that there is no grain of sand or any similar body in them.

Now, Prof. H. L. Jameson, of the Zoological society of London, asserts that the theory is all wrong, says a scientific exchange. He says that both his studies and his experiments prove that the pearl is formed, not because of an injury from inorganic substances, but because of irritation caused by a worm.

This worm, according to Prof. Jameson, is not a sea worm, but a parasite of the eider duck. When the ducks swim in the sea, the eggs of the parasite are deposited in the ocean and sink with other food into the currents that flow over the pearl mussel and pearl oyster beds, and so they get into the shells.

Here they are hatched out. The young of the parasites then surround themselves with a curious transparent, almost invisible sac, and other parasites are born in turn. They crawl around the sea bottom till they finally enter the pearl shells and bore themselves into the mantle, which is the skin between the shell and the body of the shellfish.

In this place the parasites discharge small lime kernels, which irritate the mantle of the shell fish until it, too, begins to discharge a similar lime formation.

Sometimes the parasite escapes before the lime wall has been built completely around it. Then the pearl forms itself around the little kernels discharged by it. Sometimes the worm is imprisoned and dies, and Jameson says that he has been able to find the remains of such worms in pearls.

Knew Whereof He Spoke. Towne—Wasn't that Holly Saphead who was just talking to you? Browne—Yes. There's a fellow who has more money than brains.

"Really?" "Yes. I just lent him two dollars." —Stray Stories.

Wheat in Alaska. That wheat was grown in Alaska a century ago is proved by the discovery of two old flour mills, built by the subjects of the czar in the southern part of the territory. —Indianapolis News.

"JUMP AND SHOOT SPORT."

Quick Action Necessary in Hunting Ducks Along the Creeks of the South.

The man who likes duck shooting and exercise and hates to spend his time squatted in a blind waiting for the birds to come in to the decoys may have fine sport in the winter days in the uplands of the southern pine woods. Through all of these woods run sinuous creeks of clear rapid water that has yet a wealth of green duckweed near the banks.

The vast majority of ducks in their winter homes are to be found in the ponds, sloughs and bayous of the lowlands, but some are always to be found in the hills, going there for duckweed, which has a better flavor when grown in clear moving water, and for acorns, beech nuts and such things.

The gunner who makes a success of creek hunting must be a quick and accurate shot. The birds are killed generally within 20 paces and there is never much time allowed, says the New York Sun.

These creeks have high banks and the ducks feed next to them. A man stealing along the bank, making his way through brush and between the trees, holds his gun in readiness.

Because the stream bends often, twice or thrice in a hundred yards, he cannot see for any distance up or down it, and the ducks cannot see, either. So it happens often that he walks right on top of a brace of feeding mallards, or blue bills, before they have any notion of his presence.

They get up then, springing straight and high, and go away at a bullet rate. The stream curves and the trees grow closely, and he must take his chances on making a snap shot. Nothing is prettier than the fall of a big duck hit so, and the gunner has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done a really artistic bit of work.

There is much walking in it, because when the gun goes off every duck feeding within a quarter of a mile will rise and go elsewhere. They follow the stream, however, and will be found sooner or later.

A man stealing along this way, constantly on the alert, has all of the southern forest sounds and scents around him and is buried a thousand miles deep from all knowledge of civilization. There may be houses within an hour's walk of him, but he will never know of them and he will meet no human being except a brother hunter.

This sort of duck shooting is very excellent practice and differs utterly from blind gunnery, where one sees the birds coming from afar and has time to calculate their speed and distance before pressing the trigger. Along the pinewood creeks it is jump-and-shoot, a matter of not more than two seconds on long shots and the raising and swinging of the gun are wholly mechanical, or instinctive.

A bag of half a dozen is plenty for this sport, and it is a very successful tramp which produces a dozen ducks of differing varieties, but mostly of mallards or squablers. Any duck killed in this way is worth five times when poled above the decoys, a stationary target in air, and the work stretches the muscles and opens the lungs.

CONSCIENTIOUS OFFICIAL.

An Illustrative Instance of the Straight-Laced Conduct of Germany's Policemen.

"There is nothing like the authority of even the lesser officials on the continent," said a tourist who had just returned from Europe, according to Youth's Companion. "In Germany the least clerk in the employ of the government assumes the right to interfere with your smallest private affairs."

"When I was in Paris," he says, "I had a little joke with a friend of mine about an old felt hat I wore on our walking tours. A month or so after, when I was in a little town in Germany, it happened that my part of the joke was to send the hat to him. So I tied it up and took it to the post office, a small box of a place with one old German in attendance. He asked me what was in the package."

"Merchandise," I said. "What kind of merchandise?" he asked, and then, put more and more questions, until I told him it was an old felt hat.

"How much is it worth?" "I thought this was part of the regulation, so I told him it was not worth anything."

"And you are going to send it by mail?" "Yes." "When it has no value?" "Yes. But it has a certain kind of value."

"How much?" "Nothing that I can estimate." "Then it is not worth the postage, and you had better not send it." "But I want to send it." "It is folly, mein herr, and I cannot allow it." "So I had to go to an express office and send it that way. Now that is a paternal government for you."

GIVING THEM THEIR TITLES.

It Comes a Little Awkward to Plain American Citizens to Handle the "Tutts."

Titles do not belong in America, and it so rarely falls to the lot of our citizens to have to use them that a little awkwardness is excusable. Only the other day a village class in literature, engaged in studying Dickens, spent half an hour of one session on the question—suggested by a reading from "The Old Curiosity Shop"—of what a marchioness really is, and how the word should be pronounced. "Marshy-oness," the wife of a field-marshal, had been generally agreed on, until it occurred to the schoolmistress to run across to the library and look in the dictionary, relates Youth's Companion.

A suburban Yankee clerk, to whose lot it fell to be sent to transact a small piece of business with a real traveling duchess, went even further astray. A comrade told him, just as he was starting out, that he must be sure to address the great lady as "your grace."

"Not if I know it," was the decisive reply. "Yours truly isn't a born idiot. Hanged if I pretend to be up on duchesses, but I know they're not queens, anyway. You've got to call a queen by her Christian name, because she hasn't any other kind; but there it stops. This woman isn't my Grace, and I don't know whose Grace she is, and what's more, I don't care, nor what's the one particular, correct handle for her last name, either. I'm going to call her just 'lady,' and that's got to do. If she is one it's all right, and if she isn't it doesn't matter."

His reasoning was correct if his form of address was not. Had he chosen the good old-established form of madam instead of lady, he would have erred in neither.

Our friends of the colored race, always readily impressed by outward dignities, take willingly to the use of titles, even though they occasionally pervert them. It was a colored butler who, with manifest enjoyment of the opportunity, ushered into the drawing-room a cardinal who had called upon his mistress, solemnly announcing, with his utmost impressiveness:

"His eminence."

His eminence preserved the "remnants" of his gravity until the door closed, when he gave way to mirth at this surprising reduction to fragments of the usual title accorded to a prince of the church.

A "FRAGILE" APPETITE.

The Ethereal Qualities of the Fair Creature—Who Wins HER'S Affections.

"A young man of my acquaintance," said Dr. Gyniers, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, "who is very much in love, wears next to nothing by his ravings, over his sweetheart, her angelic qualities, et cetera. She is too fragile for this world, he thinks."

"Fragile?" says I. "How fragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her, and you'll understand in general, showing the extent of her fragility. We will suppose this piece of perfection is in moderately good health. She will live to say 60 years of age. Women do not live any more than men do to die—no so much, for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me: She will eat one pound of beef, mutton, or some other meat every day. That's 365 pounds of flesh in a year. In 60 years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragility?"

"She will eat as much bread and as much vegetables per diem, and there you have in 60 years 43,000 pounds of bread and meat."

"If she is not too angelic she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee, tea, wine or beer. And by the time she is ready to have a monument she will have consumed 175 hogsheads of liquids. Fragile?"

"Now," says I to this young man, "these figures do not include the 40 or 50 lambs she will worry down with mint sauce. It does not take into consideration her ice cream, her oysters, her clams and such. All this means about 45 tons. Fragile? Think of your affinity in connection with these figures, and then rave over her being fragile. Young man, you're a fool. Bah!"

Tomato Marmalade.

A tomato marmalade is really a delicious sweet, and an English recipe to make it is well worth putting aside until the season of the fruit-vegetable is with us again. Cut off the tops of ripe tomatoes, slice, and with a fork remove the seeds. Boil till tender with water enough to cover. Remove from the fire and rub through a fine wire sieve. To each pint of puree add one pound of sugar, and flavor to taste with the juice of a lemon and, if it is liked, a suspicion of Jamaica ginger. Boil till the marmalade jellies when a spoonful is dropped on a cold plate. Pour into pots and cover with white paper brushed over with the white of egg.—Harper's Bazar.

Cocoaines.

Mix two table-spoons of cocoa with enough hot milk to make a thin paste, cook until thick, add one tablespoon of sugar, spread on banquet wafers and place in a hot oven for a second. Do not use satines. Another delicious way is to add chopped almond meats or other nuts to the cocoa or sprinkle on just before baking.—Good Housekeeping.