

FOUND BIG NUGGET OF GOLD.

Larger Than Man's Fist—Washed Out of Old Placer.

A nugget of gold weighing more than 200 pounds has been found in an old placer in the Highland district by Dan Kern, and has been deposited in the bank of W. A. Clark & Co. in Butte, says an Anaconda (Mont.) correspondent.

The nugget was found in a small stream in the Highland district, and it is probably the largest nugget ever seen in Butte or mined near this city. It is a beauty, larger than an ordinary fist and of irregular shape.

It was washed out one day last week by Mr. Kern on the site of the once famous old town of Highland City, 15 or 20 miles south of Butte in the old Highland district. Mr. Kern has been mining in that district nearly 40 years and has washed out a great quantity of gold in that time, but never enough to pay one time to make the recovery worthwhile, and the nugget which he has just brought to Butte is the big one and he has never made.

When it became known among the placer miners they visited the bank in numbers to see the precious lump of the real stuff. They touched it tenderly, patted it admiringly and lifted and weighed it eagerly. Men who have never seen gold in its native purity also called to get a peek at it.

Its value is \$1,185.95.

GLORY EVER WITH ITS COLORS.

Brilliant Record of the Sixth United States Infantry.

The one hundredth anniversary of the Sixth United States Infantry was recently celebrated at Fort William Henry Harrison in Montana, and this regiment has had a history worth relating. It was organized in 1798, made a brilliant record at Queenstown Heights in Canada in October, 1812, and crossed the early frontier which was in 1813, and established the first army post west of the Mississippi river. The regiment had engagements against the Indians in the west, and later had fighting in Florida. It was well represented in the war with Mexico and again in the Indian campaigns along the border, which was then steadily creeping westward. In the Civil war the Sixth Infantry took part in many battles and incurred heavy losses. After that war there was more Indian fighting, and recent history has furnished service by the regiment in Cuba and two periods of duty in the Philippines. The review of a hundred years proved to be of inspiring interest to those who now compose the regiment.

New Light on Pneumonia.

Before the Chicago Medical association Dr. H. M. Fish has substituted a new method of treating pneumonia, which he says effects a cure in 24 hours. He asserted that the seat of the trouble in pneumonia cases is not in the lungs, as generally supposed, but in the bony framework at the top of the nose. The germ of pneumococcus is harmless except when put into a cell of this kind. Then it acts like an explosive, expands and poisons the blood. From these cells the disease works rapidly down the lungs, but the fuel still comes from the germ cells in the nose. So says Dr. Fish, and adds that the remedy is simply to draw the pus from the nose wells. By doing so he had cured one of the worst cases of pneumonia.

Passing Illustration.

Arthur Deerin Call tells a good story of Prof. Billy Phelps of Yale, as the popular professor of English literature is called by the boys. It seems that one of the professor's classes had been in a discussion of logic, and in the midst of it the Second company, sergeant's foot guard, marched by in parade attire, with band playing and colors flying. The class adjourned to the windows to see the parade. After a moment of watching Prof. Phelps remarked of the physique of the troops and observed dryly:

"Gentlemen, there is a first rate example of just what we have been discussing, the undistributed middle."

Mr. Wu on Gambling.

After Mr. Ting Fang had delivered an address in Chinese to the residents of New York's Chinatown on the evils of gambling, Police Inspector Russell scolded the minister and naively requested him to suggest an effective method for closing the gambling places in Chinatown.

"Do you give licenses for gambling?" asked Mr. Wu.

"No certainly not. Gambling is against the law," replied the Inspector.

"Then I guess it's up to you to suppress it," said Mr. Wu.

Saw Wood for Widow.

There was a wood-sawing bee at the home of Mrs. Nettie A. Allen, Oxford street in Auburn, one day recently. Several loads of wood had been given by friends of Mrs. Allen and children, whose husband and father recently died.

Samuel A. Newton, West Auburn, with his portable sawmill, and with the assistance of other men, made quick work of sawing wood sufficient for a year's supply.—Worcester Telegram.

Not a Comic Opera.

"I was bitterly disappointed in my last visit to a battleship."

"And why?"

"Well, the chorus was indifferent, the captain was no comedian, and not one of the lieutenants was a tenor."—Exchange.

JUST THOUGHT OF GRIEVANCE.

Youngster Waited Long to Find Flaw in Day of Joy.

The circus had come to town, and there was a tiny boy, not more than three years old, who was too excited to eat or sleep, so filled was he with visions of the wonders that might be seen. So his father (who was a big boy himself) decided to take the baby to an afternoon performance, and the two set off together.

It was a gorgeous afternoon, and the two came home with exciting tales of the marvels they had beheld. Never had there been such a show or such animals. Language was quite inadequate to the occasion—it had been a thing of pure, golden joy.

At six o'clock the little fellow was having his supper, when he suddenly stopped, his mouth full of porridge and the spoon sticking out from it at a defiant angle, and burst into a roar, deafening, heart-broken, and inarticulate, the spoon dropping with a clatter to the table.

His father was puzzled and asked various questions as to possible stomach ache, stray pins, etc., meeting with no answer whatever. Then he remonstrated:

"Why, Jacky," he said, "do you think this is nice of you? Father has taken you to the circus, and just think of all the things you've seen! The polar bear, and the elephants—and—"

But Jacky's rage at this became un-governable, and he found words:

"The elephant—" he wailed. "The elephant—wasn't—wasn't—half big enough!"

LITTLE SLIP GAVE HIM AWAY.

Small Doubt as to How Oyster Tommy Acquired the Dog.

Paddy the Pig, renowned in song and story, expressed a desire for a dog the other day, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. "What sorter dog do you want?" asked Oyster Tommy, one of the habitués of Paddy's beer store.

Paddy said he wanted a nice bulldog.

"What'll you give for one?" asked Oyster Tommy.

"I'll come over with a ten-spot, Tommy," said the proprietor. "But youse ain't got no dog."

"Sure I got a dog," said Tommy. "He's a peach of a bulldog. Regular bulldog color."

Paddy said he'd buy it if it was a good dog. "But mind you, Tommy," said he, "don't you go stealin' no dog. I ain't the sort of a feller that'll stand for that."

Tommy professed virtuous indignation at the suggestion and went away. Next day he returned with a beautiful dog, blood showing in every line. "I raised 'im from a pup," said Tommy proudly.

Paddy took out the ten-dollar bill. "But I want a pedigree with him, Tommy," said he.

Tommy looked disgusted. "Aw, shucks!" said he, "why didn't youse say you wanted a pedigree. I'd a stole a pedigree, too."

Centenary of the Waltz.

The waltz is celebrating its centenary this year. Immortalized by Lord Byron, it has during the whole of its existence taken precedence of all other ballroom dances, and it is to be doubted for a moment that, while Terpsichore has any votaries in any civilized land, this entrancing form of salutation will stand unrivalled. Every year experts in the art of dancing meet to devise and try salutory novelties. They come and go. Some endure for a season, others have a longer vogue, but the waltz goes on forever. It holds its own against all others.

"There is none like it, none," none that has inspired such haunting melodies, none that has danced away so many hearts.

Buttermilk Lozenges and Long Life.

Gen. Weaver recently recommended soft water for longevity, but the very latest fountain of youth is filled with buttermilk. A Paris scientist has discovered that buttermilk is a panacea and life prolonger and the Pasteur institute is turning out buttermilk tablets by the hopperful.

Good citizens who have no recourse to cows should fill their pockets with the lozenges, nibble them, now and then and note the effects. They will do no harm, and on the other hand science's commendable pursuit of the secrets of a long life and a merry one deserves encouragement.

Glores and Glooms.

The students of Yale university have invented some new slang descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men. Here are some additions to the Yale vernacular:

"A Glory"—A young woman of unusual attractiveness.

"A Gloom"—A young woman of far less than average attractiveness; vide "lemon."

"A Ball of Fire"—A young woman whose beauty and charm are irresistible. An ideal guest for college parties. Vide "peach," "pippin," "corker," etc.

Relation of Weight Tables. The common standard by which the relative values of the various weight tables are compared is the grain, which for this purpose may be regarded as the unit of weight. The pound Troy and the apothecaries' pound have each 5,760 grains; the pound avoirdupois has 7,000 grains. There are scales used which give weights according to various systems, but they are not used to any extent commercially.

MIGHT BE WELL TO WARN THEM.

Aunt Martha Was Impressed with Danger Threatening Soldiers.

"Hless me, Marthy!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European navies." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake, and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this: Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half-dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry!"

"The engines of our big battleship Louisiana are strong enough—if they could be fastened anywhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea, an'—"

"Mercy aakes!" cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon—for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics, "I hope to goodness our cavalry'll keep away from the shore!"

DOGS CLIMBED UP ICY WALL.

St. Bernards Saved from What Looked Like Certain Death.

There was sorrow in the home of Bruno Kronich, says a tourist in a letter from Switzerland to a Glasgow paper, when it was learned there that the three beautiful St. Bernard dogs, Dina, Medea and Solna, which had aided in many rescues, had been lost after a snow-covered precipice near Hochachneberg. They were with the party in search of the three mountaineers who were lost a few days before. They slipped off the ice-covered Herminestein and landed on a rock which overhung a deep chasm. From this they could not get down or up, and the helpless animals howled pitifully. The animals were given up for lost, and for that reason the rejoicing was great when at dawn the next day the dogs appeared at the Baumgartnerhaus and barked for admission. Investigation showed that the dogs had worked their way up against the almost perpendicular snow and ice wall.

"Ole Mis' Moon."

Madam Fairfax was wont to stand on the porch of her old Virginia home and rejoice on moonlight nights in the beauty. "There's my moon," she would say, as it rose from behind the eastern hills. "Look, Dablia, see how beautiful it is," and her tiny colored maid, who was ever at hand with shawl or fan for her beloved mistress, would answer, enthusiastically, "Your moon certainly do look pow'ful handsome to-night."

When Madam Fairfax journeyed to the city to visit her son, Dablia, looking out of the window with wondering eyes on the first evening of her life away from home, exclaimed in a voice of mingled astonishment and relief, "Well, I declare to goodness, if ole Mis' Moon ain't done come along to Washington wif me and ole mis'. We can't be homesick now, wif ole Mis' Moon shining on us."—Youth's Companion.

Shields for Modern Warriors.

Recent experiments at Sheffield, England, suggest the possibility that in this century shields may once more form an important part of the equipment of an army. Steel shields, three millimeters in thickness, and about 150 square inches in area, have been devised, which afford complete protection against bullets fired from the service rifle at a range of 400 yards. The small size of the shield, which weighs only seven pounds, requires that the soldier shall lie prone on the ground in order to be sheltered. Each shield has a loophole for the rifle, and studs at the sides, so that a series of them can be linked into a continuous screen. The idea is that by the use of such shields the necessity of digging trenches may be avoided.—Harper's Weekly.

Aid for the Explorer.

"Peary," said a geographer of Chicago "never started on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving by mail and express all sorts of packages from cranks—cowboys under-weigh, tea tablets, medicated boots and what-not."

"Peary once told me that George Ade, a few days before the start of his last trip, wired him to expect an important package by express.

"The package came. It was labeled: 'To be opened at the furthest point north.'"

"Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg inscribed: 'Axle grease for the pole.'"

Brain in the Muscles.

"If you want to develop the brain to its highest capacity you must do it through the muscles of the hand." So said Sir John A. Cockburn at the annual conference of the National Association of Manual Training Teachers, at the Caxton hall, Westminster, Eng. "Memory resides largely in the muscles," he added. "If you want children to remember their lessons you must bring their muscles into play. Thereby you stamp those lessons in the memory."

The Job for Him.

"Here's one job I'd like to have in this world," said Grifty George from behind the lumber pile. "I'd like to be a health inspector and condemn water."

"You would, pard?" echoed his chum of the ties in surprise.

"Yes, I'd condemn all of it."

GUARD SECRETS OF GIBRALTAR.

British Allow Little Sightseeing in Famous Island Fortress.

In spite of the fact that Gibraltar has been held by the British for 299 years the native population of to-day is unquestionably Spanish in appearance, customs and language. Our walks through the town convinced us of this fact, for everywhere we heard men, women and children talking Spanish. It is this element that forms an overwhelming majority of the civilian population. The garrison, which a few years ago numbered some 7,000 troops, now numbers but 4,000, improved guns and projectiles making the lesser number equally efficient. The amount of eighteenth century permitted to foreigners and to visiting Britishers has undergone a marked change, for not so many years ago the tourist was free to walk pretty well over the rock. Gradually this was prevented, but still it was always possible to go through several of the famous galleries. Now even that privilege has been withdrawn, and only British subjects are allowed to enter the within-the-rock batteries, which after all is not much consolation to them, as they are shown only one of the many galleries, and that a deserted one, so far as guns are concerned.

SUBORDINATION OF THE WILL.

Educator Urges Necessity of Teaching Children to Obey.

Learn to obey! By obedience I do not mean a merely outward submission to force and authority, but the voluntary subordination of one's own will under the will of a better and higher intelligence. He who has not learned to do this in childhood will have great difficulty in learning it in later life; he will rarely get beyond the deplorable and unhappy state that vacillates between outward submission and unprovoked rebellion. No greater wrong can be done to childhood than the one caused by our desire to spare it the necessity of obeying. Whoever conceives the duty of the educator to consist in giving in to all desires of the child, in gratifying all its wishes, makes himself guilty of the gravest sin toward his child. He denies it what, in view of its future mission, it cannot afford to lose, namely, the exercise in voluntarily subordinating its own will under necessity, to be it a natural or a social one.—Prof. F. Paulsen, University of Berlin, in Educational Review.

Only Loving Them.

A smart baby carriage stood outside a small shop in Ealing in the outskirts of London. In it slept a pretty dimpled baby, and beside it lay a fat pug puppy, its nose almost touching the baby's cheek.

Beside them stood a little ragged wail, whose tattered garments barely covered her with decency. In turn she stroked the baby and the puppy.

A lady passing noticed the strange picture—the beautifully dressed baby, the pug puppy, and the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you looking after them?" she inquired kindly of the wail.

In a moment the child's face was glorified by a heavenly smile.

"No, ma'am," said she, "I'm only loving them."

Derivation of State Names.

Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin were named from the principal rivers; Carolina from Charles IX. of France; Georgia, from George II.; Louisiana, from Louis XIV. of France; Maryland, from Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I.; New York, from the duke of York, afterward James II.; Virginia, from Queen Elizabeth, the virgin queen; Pennsylvania, from William Penn, and Delaware from Lord Delaware; Dakota, Massachusetts and Texas took their names from Indian tribes, and Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah and Wyoming were derived from Indian words.

Singing Pigeons.

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom heard in the pigeon-haunted cities of Peking and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon flyers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing carriers, claiming that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, rooks, emitting an odd whistling sound, are fixed to the tail-feathers of the dispatch-bearing pigeons of the German army.

Wolf's Teeth as Mascot.

A singular revival is taking place in Paris for wearing the tooth of a wolf or badger set in gold as a mascot. An odd superstition connected with the wearing of such ornaments as provocative of good fortune. The custom of wearing a thumb ring is also being resuscitated and at this present time a charming young actress on the English stage, is demonstrating the vogue, partly, no doubt, because it is in keeping with the period in which she is living in the play, and partly in recognition of the fashion Paris is patronizing.

He Was So Sorry.

Hotel Clerk—"We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to take it, but I hate to find my wife sleep on the floor."—Brook News.

STOPPED SHORT OF TELEPATHY.

Dog's Action Simply Seemed to Show That He Could Reason.

A New York dog fancier, who has a particularly vivid imagination when it comes to spinning yarns touching on the subject of dogology, tells this one:

"I don't know whether there is such a thing as telepathy between dog and man, but I'm inclined to believe there is. Let me give you an instance. Recently I had a dog that used to bring matches to me whenever he saw me take a cigar in my own house. I would just hold the cigar up where he could see it, and he would march into the dining-room, pick up the matchbox that stood on a small table and bring it to me, though I hadn't said a word to him. One day it happened that I had a matchbox, but no cigar. I showed the matchbox to the dog, and he went straight into my bedroom and got a cigar from a box I kept among a half dozen others under the bed, and brought it to me without so much as making it damp. Folks said at the time that it showed that the dog could reason. It showed a good deal more, for it showed that he could understand what I wanted though I never said a word to him."

"Still, I don't pretend that there was really any telepathy about the matter. If that dog had been a mile away when I wanted a cigar, and had in stantly gone to a tobacconist's and stolen a cigar and brought it to me, I should have had to admit that telepathy was the only explanation of the affair."

VARIETIES OF COLLEGE GOWNS.

Distinctions in Styles That Mark the Grade of the Wearer.

It has been said that few people, in eluding many university men, themselves, have any definite idea of the meaning of the gowns worn by college students.

In America, university gowns exhibit much variety, there being a great difference in the various institutions; but all over the country—in fact, all over the English-speaking world—certain distinctions hold.

The ordinary bachelor's gown, the first the student owns, is of unadorned black, with pointed sleeves, and is or chiefly made of serge or other simple black fabric. The master's gown is like the student's, inasmuch as it is plain black; but the sleeves are cut differently, being long pendants shaped not unlike fish tails, and hanging from the elbows nearly to the bottom of the gown. The master's gown may be made of silk, as may also the bachelor's gown if it is worn by a man of long academic standing who has had passed to receive no higher degree, but the ordinary university man has no desire to clad himself in silk.

Most doctors' gowns, especially in England and Scotland, have hoods that give them certain distinctions, and differentiate, by differences of color, the doctorates.—Harper's Weekly.

Monkey Sent to Boys' Home.

"Jarvis Justice" has long been famous for its speed, but if the state produces many more freak cases like one that cropped out last week its courts are likely to become known for something besides celerity. A New Yorker is a regularly committed inmate of the State Home for Boys at Jamesburg. Not long ago the monkey's owner, an Italian, was sent to the state prison from South River. What to do with "da monk" was a question for the law officers until one of them hit upon the happy idea of committing him to the state home. The papers were made out by a sheriff, and the monkey was accepted and received for in due form by the superintendent of the home. Pedro lives for two weeks at a time with each of the groups of "families" of boys in the institution.

Cloudy Mirror.

A mirror may have become cloudy from either of two reasons—the surface may have become covered with fine scratches, or else too strong a light falling on it may have damaged the silvering. In the former case the scratches may be almost completely removed by rubbing the part affected with a piece of soft leather moistened with water and dipped in jeweler's rouge. If you have much to do it will save time to set up a buff wheel made of wood and grind out the scratches with fine pumice stone and water, and then polish with a felt buff and rouge with water.

Removing Paint from Wood.

The easiest way to remove paint from wood is to burn it with a lamp, specially constructed for the purpose; this softens the paint to such a degree that it is then easily scraped off with a painter's flat-ended knife. If such a lamp cannot be had, the paint may be removed by applying strong soda lye, and after leaving it for some time scraping it off as before. If the wood is to be repainted, it is necessary to go over it first with vinegar or weak acid to "kill" or neutralize the soda which would prevent the paint from adhering.

Anything—Almost.

"Mrs. Ruckshar is a woman who seems to be willing to do almost anything for the sake of appearance."

"Yes—but she draws the line at wearing inexpensive hats for the sake of making her husband's last centier when he has to face the assessor."

Lead Us Not into Temptation.

Hubby—"Well, dear, and did you get the stove we needed at the auction sale?"

Wifey—"No, they hadn't any stoves, but I got a nice refrigerator real cheap."