A Scientific Line.

Fishing, remarked the Colonel, is like learning a foreign language. The more brains a man has the more difficult it is for him to catch fish or to learn languages.

You take a child and put him in a French school, and in six months he will speak French like a native, whereas the brainiest man in England might work at French for six years, and even then he would not speak it well.

As for fishing, the best fisherman I ever knew was a half-witted darkey boy. He could catch more fish in an hour than any six of the leading citizens of New Berlinopolisville could catch in a day.

There was my old friend and neighbor, Prof. Van Wagener. He was in some respects the ablest scientific man I ever met, but he never caught a fish in his life except an occasional minnow.

Speaking of fishing reminds me of the electrical fishing line Prof. Van Wagener invented. He and I had been fishing one day, and neither of us had caught anything worth speaking of. On our way home Van Wagener says:

"The reason why we don't catch any fish is the grossly unscientific way in which we go about it When a fish gets on my hook I always lose him before I can get him out of the water. Now, if I had a metallic line connected with a small battery and could give the fish a shock the moment he took the hook in his mouth, I could land him without the least trouble."

"Very likely you could," said I. "But where would be the sport of playing the fish?"

"I don't care anything for sport," responded the professor. "When I go fishing I want to catch something, and I tell you right here that I'm going to invent an apparatus that will catch fish every time. If I was a betting man I wouldn't mind betting you that the first time I go fishing with my scientific apparatus I'll make the biggest catch that has ever been known in the State of Illinois."

And so he did, but it wasn't just the sort of catch that he wanted to make.

About a week later Van Wagener called me over to his house, which was next door to mine, and showed me what he had done. He had a fishing rod, with a long line fastened to it, made of thin, flexible, braided wire. Instead of a reel he had a small battery attached to the rod, and by pressing a button with his thumb he could send a current through the line that would astonish any fish that it might happen to hit.

He had about half a dozen hooks fastened to his line, and he explained to me that if these hooks were baited properly he would be sure of catching half a dozen trout at once.

The line was as flexible as a silk line, but it was about as strong as a ship's cable. Van Wagener showed me that you couldn't break it either by pulling or twisting, and that it would turn the edge of any knife that you might try to cut it with.

Van Wagener wanted me to go to the nearest trout stream with him and try the new apparatus, but I declined. I knew that he wouldn't succeed in catching any fish, and that he would be naturally disappointed and express himself in scientific language that might not be so easy to bear.

He was a good man, but when things went wrong with him he would use scientific terms in a way that was about four times as irritating as any ordinary unscientific cursing would have been.

The nearest place for trout fishing was a pool about two miles from where the professor lived and about a mile from any house.

I told Van Wagener about this pool for it was the place where I had once lost the biggest trout I ever hooked, but I hadn't told him that the pool was the property of Deacon Sammis and that the deacon wouldn't allow any man to fish there without paying for the privilege.

It so happened that Deacon Sammis was away from home that day, and the professor went to the trout pool and baited his hooks—for he never tried to fish with flies—and sat down on the bank and started in to fish without being interfered with.

Mrs. Sammis, however, had seen him crossing the field with his rod and basket, and being a woman who looked sharply after the family interests, she resolved to go down to the pool and tell the professor that he must either pay or leave.

Mrs. Sammis was a young woman, being the deacon's third wife, and a remarkably good-looking woman.

When she came behind the professor and said, "No trespassing allowed here, sir! You can't fish in this pool unless you pay $5 first!" he looked up at her, and exclaimed: "Bless my soul! What a pretty woman!"

He didn't mean anything by it, having a sort of habit of talking out loud to himself, but it had its effect upon Mrs. Sammis all the same. She knew what the professor was, and was mighty pleased to be complimented by so distinguished a man.

So she said: "I didn't know it was you, professor. Of course your welcome to fish here as much as you please. My husband says there's no danger of your catching anything."

Mrs. Sammis was an intelligent woman, and she was a good deal interested in the electric fishing line. She drew pretty close to the professor while he was explaining the battery to her, and she said that she hoped he would catch something, just to show how the battery would work.

All of a sudden a big trout jumped clean out of the water. This excited Van Wagener, and he started to throw his line just over the place, making sure that the fish was waiting for him

Now, Van Wagener knew no more about casting a line than a baby knows. He swung the hooks over his head till they rested on the grass behind him and then he tried to fling them over into the pool, with about as much judgment and delicacy as if he had been working with a fail.

The result was that one hook caught Mrs. Sammis in the upper part of her right ear and another caught the professor in the nape of the neck, and there they were, fastened to one another by a bit of line about a foot long that couldn't be cut except by the finest sort of steel file.

Of course, Mrs. Sammis gave a scream when the hook went into her ear, and what with that and the pain in the back of his own neck, the professor lost his presence of mind and accidentally pressed the button of the battery.

This brought another shriek from Mrs. Sammis, for there are few things more startling than a good, smart electric shock.

It was foolish in him to try to break the line, knowing as he did that it was much too strong to be broken, but for all that he did try to break it, and in the process pulled at Mrs. Sammis' ear till she burst out crying and begged him to let her die where she was.

He took up the rod again very carefully and succeeded in unfastening the line. Then he coiled up the line into a tight little ball so that it couldn't trail on the ground or catch anything.

Mrs. Sammis cried a little longer, and then she stopped and said that the sooner they saw the doctor the better, and she did hope that the deacon wouldn't get home until she and the professor had been cut loose.

You see, the deacon, though he was one of the best of men, was a little hasty in his temper, and two or three times he had shot a man under circumstances that really didn't call for any such energetic action, as he afterward admitted himself.

Well, the professor and Mrs. Sammis set out for the doctor's, which was a good mile from the trout pool. The line that connected the two unfortunate people was so short that nearly every step they took it would stir up the hooks to fresh activity and fetch shrieks from Mrs. Sammis.

Finally the professor told her that she must allow him to put his arm around her waist, and that she must put her head on his shoulder. By this means they could walk without jerking the line.

It must have been rather a pretty sight to see the two walking slowly across the field in such close proximity and if I had been a younger man I don't know that I should have objected to take the professor's place, fishhooks and all.

Before they were fairly out of the field the deacon's first wife's mother, who lived with him, saw them out of her window and called the servant girl to help her pack up and leave the house, where such an abandoned and shameless female lived.

Mrs. Sammis knew of a sort of back path by which she and the professor could reach the doctor's office without taking to the main street, and, of course, they took this back path, not expecting to meet anybody. But you all know how it is. If you happen to be in a situation where you don't wish to be seen, all the friends and all the enemies you ever had will be sure to show up inside of 20 minutes.

It's my opinion that if the prophet Jonah had made an appointment to meet his best girl in the whale's cabin he'd have found about a dozen friends leaning up against the ribs and waiting for him with bullseye lanterns in their hands.

However, I'm wandering from the subject. What I intended to say was that just as soon as the professor and Mrs. Sammis turned into the path they began to meet people, especially boys.

The grown folks merely looked at them sadly, and gave them a wide birth so as not to contract any of their wickedness, but the boys generally hooted at them and called the professor names and said they were going to tell Deacon Sammis.

The professor wanted to stop and explain the state of things to everybody whom they met, but Mrs. Sammis wouldn't allow him to do anything of the sort. She told him he had better keep his breath until he should come to explain things to the deacon, which she calculated he would find a middling tough job.

As for the professor, he was just scientific enough to wonder why she made so much disturbance over so small a matter, and he hadn't the least idea that the deacon would feel annoyed even if he should happen to meet them on the way to the doctor's.

When they reached the doctor's office the two hooks were extracted with very little difficulty, and the professor went home and explained to his wife why he hadn't caught any trout.

That was the beginning of the great scandal that divided all New Berlinopolisville into two parties—those who believed the professor's story and those who didn't.

I am sorry to say that the latter was very much the larger party, and that Mrs. Van Wagener belonged to it.

The professor came over to my house that evening and said that he rather thought he had better stay with me for awhile, which accordingly he did.

At times Mrs. Van Wagener would come to my door and say that she wanted to see that miserable man, but I never let her in, knowing that there would be trouble if I did.

Similarly Deacon Sammis came one day with a big horsewhip and demanded to see "that scientific hound," but I explained to him that if he wanted to interview anybody with a horsewhip I was at his service, but no hounds, scientific or otherwise, were to be found on my premises.

The deacon's divorce suit was a failure, and the testimony of the doctor who had cut out the fishhooks satisfied the jury, and they gave a verdict which entirely exonerated Mrs. Sammis and the professor. But of course that had no effect so far as the public was concerned.

It was so clear to me that the professor's usefulness in New Berlinopolisville had gone that I induced him to accept a professorship in Chicago.

What with Mrs. Van Wagener waiting to make it hot for him day and night, and what with the deacon swearing to shoot him on sight, New Berlinopolisville didn't afford that quiet and seclusion which a scientific man needs if he intends to do any valuable scientific work.

I lost sight of him after that, but as he never got into any startling difficulty in Chicago, I suppose that either he must have died or else he must have quit inventing things.

All the same, I wish he had given me that recipe for making his metallic fishing line. There would have been a lot of money in that invention if it had been properly handled.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Insanity is said to be as prevalent amongst animals as human beings.

GRACE TRIUMPHS

A LUTHERAN MINISTER EMBRACES THE TRUTH.

After a Long and Serious Search Rev. Otto H. Meltzer of Port Angeles Wash., is Convinced of His Errors and Becomes a Catholic.

A conversion of more than ordinary consideration and one that has not been made public to any great extent, took place at Port Angeles early last month, says the "Catholic Progress" of Seattle. It was that of the Rev. Otto H. Meltzer, who had been for twelve years a Lutheran minister and for two years in charge of the Lutheran church at Port Angeles. Mr. Meltzer was born in Germany 35 years ago and received his education in that country. He has traveled a great deal and is a fine linguist, speaking fluently a number of languages. His relatives for generations back have been Lutherans, his father and grandfather having been ministers of that denomination. For about a year Mr. Meltzer has been receiving instructions from Rev. Father Gribbin and was received into the Church by this zealous priest. Mr. Meltzer is now studying, under the direction of Rt. Rev. Bishop Orth of Victoria for the priesthood and will this fall enter a seminary to complete his studies. The following is an extract from an address delivered by Mr. Meltzer on the Sunday following his reception into the Church on the subject "Why I Became a Catholic":

Most of you, I believe, know me and know about the change I made. Formerly a Lutheran minister, I am now a Catholic layman. I have left the Church of my parents and relatives to join that of my ancestors. I have returned to the Church from which the Lutheran Church has sprung; the Holy Catholic Church. Many will blame me for what I have done; some of my former friends may turn their backs on me after this, though I can assure them that I am having the same friendly feelings toward them now as before, and some might lay "the blame" for my conversion on somebody else. My beloved brethren, if there is any one to be "blamed" it is I alone. I knew perfectly well what I was doing when I asked to be received into the Catholic Church. My entering the Church is the result of many years' study.

But why did I not join long ago The prejudice I had against the Catholic Church is the only reason I can give. Those who were born and brought up in the Catholic Church are hardly able to understand the difficulties Protestants, especially Protestant clergymen, encounter when taking into consideration the Catholic Church. The last root of such prejudice had to be removed by earnest prayer.

For years my heart has been longing for the Church which holds the promise of infallible teaching, the Church to which Christ promised and sent the spirit of truth; the Church to which Christ promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; the Church to the leader of which He said, "Behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world;" the Church which enjoys a sound and solid organization; the Church which worships Almighty God in a proper way; the Church which lays the proper stress on the most blessed sacrament of the altar; the Church which teaches regeneration by baptism and the necessity of infant-baptism; the Church which insists upon private confession and priestly absolution; the Church which upholds and teaches the communion of saints and honors them.

To join this Church has been the desire of my heart for many years, and, though I, when a Lutheran minister, have faithfully discharged my duties toward my Church and my people, this desire was in me and grew from year to year, in spite of all changes of time, place and circumstances, till I, by the grace of God, found strength to come to Port Angeles and request my old friend, the Rev. Father Gribbin, to receive me into the Mother Church.

Evidently Catholicity is a vital thing over in Chicago. The New World says that local architects are now employed on plans for several churches, among them those of Our Lady of Mount Carmel (cost $100,000); St. Teresa, $60,000; St. Mary, Sycamore, Ill., $15,000; St. John the Baptist, Earl Park, Ind., $20,000.

Word has at last reached this country that the Holy Father has approved the recommendations of the Propaganda and named Dr. Garrigan, of the University, Bishop of Sioux City, and Father Kenny, of St. Augustine, Bishop of that see. Both will be consecrated in the first week of May; either on the 1st or the 6th, as it is necessary for Episcopal consecrations to take place on the feast of an Apostle.

Miss May Gillespie Blaine, niece of the late James G. Blaine, was married to Charles Eppa Lipscomb in St. Peter's church, Washington, on Thursday of last week. Rev. Martin O'Donoghue, of Baltimore, officiated, assisted by Rev. James O'Brien. Mr. Lipscomb belongs to a Southern family. They will reside in Pittsburg.

Father Michael, C. P., of Pittsburg, has been instrumental in securing the remains of St. Nigella, which on their arrival will be placed beneath the high altar of the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross church. The precious relic is expected in [illegible] for the golden jubilee of the monastery.

A REMARKABLE WILL

HOW AN AGED COLORED MAN DISPOSES OF HIS WEALTH.

Col. John McKee of Philadelphia Leaves the Bulk of His Large Fortune to Archbishop Ryan or His Successor For Catholic Charities.

The contents of last wills and testaments reveal the thoughts and the characters of the testators quite accurately, says the Catholic Universe The trend of mind manifested in these written documents is frequently a startling revelation to relatives and to intimate friends. We have often thought that it would be much safer, cheaper and better if more people were to be executors of their own wills before this mortal puts on immortality. Then their wishes would not be so often frustrated nor would their sanity be so frequently questioned by those "who loved them so."

A remarkable will came to light in Philadelphia the 10th inst. Col. John McKee, the colored millionaire, was buried on that day. On the return of the mourners from the cemetery the will was read, and the scene became quite dramatic. No one of the family uttered a word while the testament was being read, but friends who were in the room could not refrain from occasional exclamations of incredulity and astonishment.

The will was drawn up by Mr. McCullen, Esq., December 8, 1899, when Colonel McKee was seventy-eight years of age. After describing the casket in which he desired to be buried, he directed that his body be taken to the Cathedral, Eighteenth and Race streets, to lie there in state, and then that it be buried in Lebanon cemetery.

Colonel McKee was not a Catholic but was a member of the Central Presbyterian church since 1844, yet he wished to be buried from the Catholic Cathedral. Though Mr. McCullen acquainted the relatives with this provision of the will, they claimed not to have found the document until after the funeral. Even if it had been found, the result would have been the same as far as the funeral services were concerned.

After making some small bequests and devising small annuities to his children and grandchildren, and after the death of Mrs. Syphax, his daughter, and of the grandchildren of the testator, the testator directed that ten acres of the property in New Jersey, known as McKee City, shall be turned over to Archbishop Ryan, or his successor, to be used as the site of a Roman Catholic church, a rectory, a schoolhouse and a convent for Sisters, each building to be three hundred feet in depth, and to be paid for out of the estate.

The principal bequest, however, is for a college to be erected after the death of Mrs. Syphax and the grandchildren, on Bristol Wharf Road, near the Delaware river, on property owned by the testator. This college shall have a suitable dormitory and a college building, not to cost more than $100,000. The institution is intended for fatherless white and colored children. The board of managers of the institution shall be ten men elected by the Roman Catholic clergymen of the city, and they shall be elected on March 4, of each year.

A LEGEND OF ST. JOSEPH.

We knelt at the foot of the altar,
And prayed to the dear humble saint,
The greatest and yet the most hidden,
The freest from all earthly taint,
And through the stained glass of the window
A glimmer of light in the gloom,
Touched the staff in the hand of the statue.
And the pale flowers burst into bloom.

Sweet Alice looked up in amazement,
They fixed her blue eyes on my face,
And "Why has St. Joseph's the Flowers?"
She whispered with innocent grace,
Adown the long aisle we went slowly,
And into the wide busy street,
Then I told to dear Alice the story—
The old legend quaint and sweet.

"Long ago, in the courts of the temple,
A maiden dwelt, wondrously fair;
From all the broad land of Judea
Came suitors to claim her love there;
Among them the carpenter, Joseph,
Had asked for the fair Virgin's hand;
But Joseph was lowly and humble,
Though descended from kings of the land.

The priests in the Temple were doubtful,
And knowing not how to decide,
They prayed for a sign from Jehovah,
For him who should claim her his bride.

They bade all the suitors of Mary
Bring rods from the fields, dry and bare,
To be placed on the steps of the altar:
'Twas done, and the rods were left there.

Next morning, came into the Temple
The priests for the matinal hours;
They looked at the wands on the altar,
Lo! Joseph's was budding with flowers
All fresh in their bloom and their beauty;
Then they knew 'twas the will of the Lord
That Joseph should wed the young Virgin,
And Mary was pleased with the word.

And so our St. Joseph, the humble
Thus won his immaculate bride,
The Mother of Jesus, our Savior
Who to save us has suffered and died.
—Sister Gerald.

A MADRIGAL.

I love to walk when daisies blow,
Because it then is Springe
I love to wade above the snow
And hear the bonnie bells ringe
Ting, ting, ting, ting,
Hear the neighbelle ringe.

I love to put oil on my hair,
Its perfume is so sweet—
I love to kiss a maiden fair,
E'en though I kiss her feet,
Bleat, bleat, bleat, bleat,
Hear the lobsters bleat.

—Clinton Scollard.

JOHNSON'S LITTLE ROMANCE

Dear old Johnson! Whenever I think of him I realize that he was one of the true, good hearted fellows we only meet with here and there in the world, and not too often.

His name, by the way, was not Johnson, but it will answer all the purposes of my story to call him so.

It was a name handed down through many a generation of noble ancestors that he carried across the channel when he was nearly fifty years of age, together with the very small remnant of fortune which remained after one of his friends had swindled him.

Johnson was exactly the person to be swindled. His trustful, generous heart made him an easy prey.

"I don't like leaving my native land," he said to me a day or so before his departure. "But the fact is, I can no longer afford to live in England; so I must avail myself of the inexpensive, continental style of existence. I am bound for Paris, which, after all, will not be going very far away.

Johnson had been living abroad for more than a year, when I decided that it was about time I should be looking him up. He was not good at correspondence; neither was I. We exchanged occasional letters which seemed to be full of nothing; so I wanted to see with my own eyes how he was bearing his changed fortunes.

It was in the small "entresol" of one of the tall houses of the old Latin quarter of the capital that I found my friend established. He declared that he was very jolly, but I did not believe him; it was only a sort of dogged determination to look on the sunny side of things in general that made him say so.

How could a man, no longer in his first youth, be "jolly" in a stuffy little lodging where his head almost touched the ceiling, and where his frugal meals were sent in by a "traiteur?"

Johnson was just the fellow who ought to be the head of an affluent British household, with sons and daughters growing up around him. Or he should have been a wealthy bachelor uncle, absolutely adored by a large contingent of nephews and nieces—solitude did not seem the proper setting for him.

However, he took for his motto "Whatever is, is best," and trotted me about Paris with an air of part ownership which was infinitely comic; in fact did his level best to make my fortnight's stay a pleasant one.

He would have insisted on giving me his bed and migrating to an unlet attic on the fifth floor, but I would not hear of it. I was obliged to pretend that I should certainly suffocate in the small closet he dignified by the title of "cambre a coucher," and that I had engaged quarters at one of the nearest hotels on my way from the railway station before I found him out.

Though we had known each other during a good many years, it was only when my stay in Paris drew very near its close that Johnson—one evening—became confidential. I am not very likely to forget that evening either, for I had come out, rather sick and decidedly shuddering, from visiting the morgue. Declaring it to be one of the sights of the city, which a strong nerved man ought to see once in his life, I had prevailed on Johnson to accompany me.

A group of excited women and a man or two were standing by the entrance; they told us that the body of a girl—a young and pretty girl—had been carried in not long before. She had been found floating in the Seine; a case of suicide, no doubt.

"I—I think—I'll take your arm—my dear fellow!" stammered Johnson as we came out from this ghastly spectacle.

Then I felt sorry I had urged him against his will, for his face was as white as chalk, and his manner was that of a man walking in a dream.

"It reminded me," he said, after we had walked some little way and he seemed better, "of a girl who was drowned a good many years ago. Perhaps I'll tell you about it by and by."

I did not question him. The little romance of his life came out quite naturally as we sat together in the stuffy "entresol," waiting for dinner.

"I am such a thorough fogy now," remarked Johnson from the depths of the big Voltaire chair into which I had forced him, "that I dare say, Frank, you could hardly imagine me young and fairly good looking?"

"You forget," I answered, "that we were both tolerably young when we first made acquaintance. And, in my opinion, you are good looking now."

"Oh, yes, to you, perhaps. But could you imagine me a man with whom a girl—pretty and much sought after—would fall in love? Yet so it was, and I think I shall feel better if I tell you about it this evening."

"Tell me, by all means," I said. "I never knew before that you were a man with a story."

He smiled rather sadly.

"Who has not a story? Only we do not happen to know it. I don't suppose that we who have failed in life as regards happiness are in the minority. Well, I, too, had my dreams of a wife and a home. At first they were vague and shadow like; they only began to take form when I knew Alice Temple. I have called her pretty, but I think it was the intelligence expressed in her eyes that one noticed most—or, perhaps, the swift smile that came to her lips when she spoke."

I waited silently. Presently Johnson went on with his story.

"We were engaged. There was nothing to wait for—I could afford to marry, and Alice had a little money—so much, and I was glad of it. I should not have wished to [illegible] whom the world [illegible] by marrying her [illegible] sake."

"My dear friend, [illegible] world. I [illegible] walking in the [illegible] up the hill to [illegible] yesterday morning.

"Perhaps there is something [illegible] gray sky, perhaps I [illegible] sentiment, was [illegible] then. I have always [illegible] memory comes all [illegible] it certainly won't [illegible] heaven. However, I am [illegible] from what I meant to tell [illegible] that dead face of a girl [illegible] me to speak of to-night. [illegible] were, as I have said, engaged, [illegible] ding day fixed. We were [illegible] the country house of one of [illegible] lives that glorious month of [illegible] One day I went up to London, [illegible] ing late in the evening. In all [illegible] years that have passed I have [illegible] forgotten that evening. I can see [illegible] in memory, the moonlight falling [illegible] the trees; its glare, for at the [illegible] the moon it is a cold, hard glare [illegible] falls on everything, or so it seemed [illegible] me—its glare on the gravel of the avenue leading to the house. Even as the old butler opened the door I saw there was something the matter—a [illegible] crowd of panic stricken faces, and [illegible] some one caught my arm and tried to pull me away—tried but failed, for I fought and struggled to shake off the grasp. I knew at once something had happened to Alice Temple."

He paused so long that at last I asked what came next. He started at the sound of my voice.

"I forgot I was telling you about it," he said. "It seemed as though I were going over it all by myself. I often do though it happened so long ago. What was it? Oh, 'one of those boating accidents,' as people say when they lay down a daily paper, complaining of the scarcity of news. Alice had been boating; there was an upset. No one of all the party except—— Well, they had just brought her in, and as I forced myself free of my well meaning friends it was on the white, still face and long drenched hair of my dead love that my eyes rested. I have never forgotten that sight—never forgotten her in all the years of days and nights which have gone by since then. Strangely I have never talked of it. But, then, we never do talk of what we feel most deeply. Yet to-night the poor girl—I dare say she was not a very good girl, but heaven is more merciful than man, and takes account of all the temptation and misery which go before sin and destruction—reminded me of Alice, who was to have been my wife, of the happiness I wanted, yet was robbed of, and it has unmanned me for a bit. By and by I shall feel better. Perhaps she knows!—that in some future existence our disappointments will all be made up to us; at any rate, that is one of my pet beliefs."

"You think that in some future [illegible] and Alice Temple will be together?" I asked, rather skeptically.

"I don't put things into [illegible] shape. I simply believe that [illegible] who have failed in this world [illegible] have happiness. Now, let me tell you more of it, for here comes [illegible]

As dear old Johnson [illegible] to my grace—for he [illegible] served, the precious taught [illegible] childhood—his voice, trembling [illegible] when he looked up again, and [illegible] the cover of the little soup tureen [illegible] the preliminary duties of [illegible] I saw, and pretended not to see [illegible] there were tears shining in his [illegible]

—Household Words.

Chemical Constituents of Celluloid.

Though the chemical constitution of celluloid is a matter of doubt, the [illegible] of manufacturing this peculiar [illegible] product is explained in a few words [illegible] an article, says the Trade Journal [illegible] Review, made by the combined [illegible] of pressure and heat, or with the [illegible] of solvents, in that case in the [illegible] The camphor is dissolved in [illegible] as little as possible, and the [illegible] sprayed through a rose on the [illegible] line, the latter perfectly dry [illegible] cond layer of pyroxyline [illegible] added, moistened again with [illegible] solution, and so on; the [illegible] lump is worked between [illegible] to which it adheres, and the [illegible] slit longitudinally and rolled [illegible] The cakes, 9.4-inch thick, are [illegible] to plates about two feet by [illegible] and press for twenty-four [illegible] hydraulic pressure, which [illegible] steam-heated. The [illegible] sawed into plates, which [illegible] at about ninety-five degrees [illegible] for a week or two and finally [illegible] smaller pieces, from which the [illegible] are stamped. Further, according [illegible] writer in the Gummi Zeitung [illegible] pears that at Magnus & Co.'s [illegible] tablishment in Berlin, the method [illegible] sued is believed to consist in [illegible] 100 parts of ether on 48½ of [illegible] wool and 25 of camphor; the [illegible] mass being then stirred in [illegible] ware vessels with rubber [illegible] a homogeneous gelatinous [illegible] tained, and then rolled. A [illegible] dyestuff and other additions [illegible] age celluloid consists of [illegible] pyroxyline and one-third [illegible]

Awfully Nervous.

Mr. I. Zangwill, author, [illegible] tells this about himself: "I [illegible] ried in Yeadon, at least [illegible] from the local newspaper. [illegible] visitors from there [illegible] 'Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill.' I [illegible] to correct it, because, the [illegible] my mother. It is [illegible] and leads to [illegible] 'There, that's her story [illegible] young man, [illegible] and there's his [illegible] Why, she [illegible] mother, regard the [illegible] said her [illegible] wives, and [illegible] awfully nervous [illegible] chair. The [illegible] to a young [illegible] ried an old [illegible] large fortune. [illegible] his collection [illegible] the admiration of [illegible] passed her life in [illegible] and she thought [illegible] chose [illegible] man so [illegible] strike [illegible] home [illegible]