TANNING BY ELECTRICITY.

A Queer Industrial Wrinkle Reported from France.

For some time past reports have been current as to the perfection in France of a method of tanning by electricity, and the matter has excited great curiosity throughout the country. This country is, as America is, one of the largest leather producing countries in the world, and has no fewer than 3,000 or 4,000 tanning establishments. Within the present month the process has actually been experimented with in America, and the results are now exciting no small amount of discussion and controversy in leather circles. The process, which is the invention of Worms & Bale, of Paris, has been under trial abroad since 1887, in a tannery in Paris and another large tannery has been started for the same purpose at Long Jumeau. A third plant has been established in Bermondsey, the great leather district in London. In this method the tanning is expedited in two ways; first, by the agitation of the skins in contact with the tanning liquor, and secondly by the passage of the electric current through the body of the liquid. To attain these two ends a circular drum is employed and as the drum rotates current is passed through it by means of a wire brought to contacts at its side. The skins to undergo this process are prepared in the ordinary way, the hair being taken off by lime, and they are then put into the drum with the tanning solution. The current to which they are subjected averaged about 70 to 100 volts, and the direction of the current is changed every twelve hours, so as to act equally on the skins, which constitute the electrodes. During the operation the liberation of gas is insignificant, so that the hides may be considered to act in the same way as the plates of an accumulator. Goat and sheep skins require forty-eight hours. Cow, steer and horse hides require from seventy-two to ninety-six hours, according to their texture. The leather produced in this way has been examined by experts and is said to be of excellent quality. Nine hundred and nineteen pounds of hide treated in this electrical manner at Newark gave 1,278 pounds of leather in four days, while 1,042 pounds of hides, subjected to the action of the revolving drum, but without the current turned on, gave only 1,210 pounds of poorly tanned hides. Hence there appear to be economics additional to those involved in the saving of time. As far as the electrical process goes, it may be said that it is based upon thoroughly sound theoretical considerations, which have been tested and proved by some of the best known electricians in France and England.

English Art of To-day.

In future years, when we walk through the rooms devoted to the English painters in the National Gallery, we shall sum up the history of the art of the century in a few broad sentences, writes Theodore Child in *Harper's Magazine*. We shall find that the mass of the English painters have relied simply upon nature, and persistently consented themselves portraiture, the sentimental drama of daily life, and the patient transcription of the phenomena of sea, sky and lanpscape. At the beginning of the century we shall notice that some painters named Barry, Fueseli, West and Haydon were haunted by poetic ambition, and imagined that it was possible to begin where Raphael and Michaelango had left off, and so continue to interest mankind by the rearrangement of lifeless formulæ and worn out conventions. The productions of these men, remain, however, mere historical curiosities.

Then we shall observe a change in the current ideals of art and the appropriation of new stores of poetry and romance, of National legend and universal myth. But amidst the leading exponents of the new ideals we shall not distinguish common qualities other than evidences of wide literary culture, a tendency to dreaminess, symbolism, and definiteness of sensible imagery, and a parti pris of imitative admiration of the works of the intense and complicated artists of the fifteenth century, like Botticelli, Mantegna and Memling.

Among the artists of this category two will be found to stand out with all the force of their poetical and ultra-refined personalties, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones, the former the more original of the two, and the latter the more assimilative, being content in much of his work with variations upon or studies from the masters of the fifteenth century above mentioned.

An Hotel Clerk's Troubles.

The summer resort hotel clerk is beginning to find his speech after the past season's campaign. And if you will let him tell the story he is a much abused individual. "For instance," says one of them, "the clerk schedules on getting up at 7 o'clock. Well, at 6 a boy hammers on his door and says a lady wants to see him at once down in the office; can't wait a minute, and nobody else will do. Up jumps the clerk and falls down to the ground floor to find the occupant of Suite A, for example, laying for him. 'Good morning, madam,' says the clerk. 'Dear! how you have kept me waiting!' she replies. 'Very sorry,' says the clerk, wishing in his soul that he had kept her half an hour. Then she begins again: 'I intend to spend the day in town, and got up early to see if you thought the 10 o'clock train was better than the 10:20. What do you think?' He's just got to grit his teeth and smile, and say that the 10 train is faster by two minutes, but that he thinks she would find less cinders in and better views from the 10:20. Then she'll thank him and take the 11:56 train."

What the Cow-Catcher Is For.

She was one of those innocent ignorant young women who seem to have just emerged from a celestial chrysalis and who possess no knowledge of the names and uses of the commonest objects of this workaday world. Accompanied by a patient and evidently admiring young gentleman, she was coming to the city on one of the many suburban trains that run between the city proper and its outlying portions. She seemed to be a stranger to the city, the railways, to everything in fact, except the young man at her side, whom she plied with questions at an industrious rate. The car in which she was seated stopped opposite a train from which hundreds of large cans were being taken. Of course she had never seen anything of the kind and must learn all about it. A milk train was something new to her. Just then her car reached a point opposite the locomotive of the milk train. "And what is that part of the engine called that projects farthest forward?" she asked. On being informed that it is the cow-catcher a great light seemed to dawn upon her mind. "Oh! Now I understand it all very clearly," said she. "I've always wondered why they called it the cow-catcher, but I see now that it catches the cows and from them the men on the milk train get all of their cans of milk."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Professional Visit.

"My name is Smith; you may possibly have heard the name before," he said with a smile as he held out his hand to the editor and prepared to seat himself. "I'm from Smith's Hummock—Walbridge Q. Smith," he added in a tone intended to jog the editor's memory.

"How d' do," said the editor.

"I haven't seen that article in print yet," said Smith, pleasantly, "but I suppose you have a lot of stuff ahead all the time, and maybe it will be sometime yet before mine is published."

"Yes," said the editor, "it will probably be a long time."

"I write all the comical pieces for the Smith's Hummock Post," but I suppose you don't have to depend on any one man to write all of yours?"

"We do not," said the editor glancing wearily at a pile of manuscript on the desk.

"I'm going to send you quite a good deal of my work now," said Smith, "and I thought I'd ask you one of two things first. Would you object to my using colored ink?"

"Certainly not."

"If the things are written in red ink they'll be red, eh? But that's not business," said Smith, checking himself. "The article I sent you was written in a back hand. Will that bother the printers any, do you think?"

"Not in the least," replied the editor, with part of a yawn.

"In sending you short jokes," said Smith, "shall I put each on a separate sheet, or how? Will they all go in at one time?"

"They'll all go in together," said the editor, taking up his shears and running his eye over a newspaper.

"Speaking of short jokes," said Smith, "I must tell you of a rather clever one I wrote for the Post. It was a sort of a good-natured fling at the editor who had recently become the father of a ten-pound boy. It went this way: 'Why is the editor of this paper like young Pastepott?' and the answer was, 'Because he makes people set up nights.' See the point. The Post is often set up at night, you know."

"I see," said the editor, rising, but if the connnudrum had been: Why is the editor of this paper like young Pastepott?' the answer"—he advanced toward Swith—"would be: Because he's a bouncer. Do you see the point?"

The editor was pointing to the door. Walbridge Q. Smith saw the point and followed it and the sidewalk echoed to his tread.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Characteristics of Hands.

Hands are divided into three different kinds; those with round-pointed fingers, those with square tips, and those that are spade shaped, with pods of flesh at each side of the nail. The first type—with round-pointed fingers—belong to characters with perceptions extra sensitive, to very pious people, to contemplative minds, to the impulsive, and to all poets and artists who have ideality as a prominent trait. The square shaped belong to scientific people, sensible, self-contained characters, and to the class of professional men who are neither vissionary nor altogether sordid. The spade-shapped type, with pods of flesh at the side of the nail, indicates people whose interests and instincts are mostly material. Each finger, no matter what kind of a hand it is joined to, has a joint representing each of those types. The division of the finger that is nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, and the highest joint spirit or soul. If the top joint is longer than the others it denotes a character weakened with a too abundant imagination, great ideality and a leaning towards the theoretical rather than the practical. When the middle joint of the finger is long, it promises a logical mind, and when the lowest joint is longest, it indicates a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life. If they are nearly alike, it indicates a well-ballanced mind, especially if the length of the fingers equals the length of the palm.

A Norman Lady.

We behold her, then, a well-proportioned, slender figure of graceful bearing, the features aquiline, complexion clear, eyes hazel, and hair of chestnut hue worn in smooth plaits that fall over the shoulders to the waist. On her bridal day, those shining locks bound only by a chapter of jewels, flowed freely about her form, lying lightly against a robe "of good and delicate scarlet"—for white was with the Normans an emblem of mourning—but the matron confines the tresses which the bride suffered to fall loose. Yet her dress is still gay in color, a hooded robe of green of Ghent, the drooping sleeves knotted up lest they should trail upon the ground. Even as it is, the ample cuffs hang from wrist to heel. The embroidered kerchief, too, is gathered in a loose knot to protect from soil its silver fringes, yet should sooth be spoken, the dame's over-zealous chamberers have ventured to hint that the kerchief might well be discarded, as a garment savoring more of fashions past than present, but their mistress makes steadfast answer that she was taught in early youth to dress rather for warmth than appearance, nor be the first to shift apparel with the shifting humor of the day.—*Katharine Lee Bates in The Chautauquan.*

COMMENDABLE SUGGESTIONS.

How We Can Keep Foreign Paupers Out of Our Country.

Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Government medical staff, has lately visited various European ports, to make observations concerning the medical examination at those ports of emigrants, and in his report, just submitted, he shows the existence of a deplorable state of affairs and suggests a remedy. He found that except in a very few cases no examination was made at all. "During the last six years," says he, "the vast number of 2,666,266 immigrants have arrived on our shores. The introduction of this vast number of people into our political organization, most of whom are entirely ignorant of our traditions, customs and laws, cannot be viewed without apprehension and it is not unreasonable to insist upon, at least, the most rigid construction of existing laws. I am of opinion that even more restrictive immigration laws than those now in force should be enacted.

"It is suggested that the law be amended so as to provide that hereafter any person intending to emigrate to the United States shall produce to the United States consul nearest him evidence from the proper local authorities satisfactory to the consul, that he has not been convicted of any crime, that he has not at any time been a public charge in the country where he lives, nor has he at any time received public assistance. And further, that he also produce to the consul a certificate from a legally qualified resident physician, to the effect that such emigrant is at the time suffering from no contagious or chronic disease or disability such as would make him a public charge. That on the production of these certificates to the consul he shall issue to the intending emigrant his certificate to the effect that the foregoing evidence has been furnished and placed on file at the consulate. This paper should also set forth whether the emigrant intends to become a naturalized citizen or merely a temporary inhabitant, the certificate to be given to the emigrant, and on his arrival in this country taken up by the proper officer at the port of destination; this to be taken as presumptive evidence that the man possesses the preliminary qualifications for American citizenship, and as such to furnish the court of naturalization on demand.

"This course would at once place the immigrant under the surveillance of the proper officer of the United States, would at once shut out the criminal classes and operate very much for the relief of the Inspection Bureaus at our ports of entry."

Burning of the Scaffolds.

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. is generally known. Amid the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man and a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union, but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting the betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said, "my strength fails. I can go no farther."

"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more.

Everybody Likes Her.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and you say, "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a demi-mondaine.

She is the girl who makes the world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and, therefore, you like her?—*Boston Globe.*

An Expensive Craze for Tapestry.

There is a present craze among collectors for old tapestries. Six tapestries which were sold some fifteen years ago from the old Livingston manor-house for $100, have just been resold for $20,000; and five large old Flemish specimens which Mr. William C. Prime, the well-known archæologist, paid $600 for in 1872 are now valued at $5,000 apiece.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"WHY do you bark at the moon?" asked the tom-cat. "Poor thing," answered the watch dog, as he jingled his chain; "haven't you ever heard that the moon exerts an influence on the tied?"

SHE LOVED THE DOG.

And Her Husband Couldn't Stomach the Caresses Bestowed Upon the Brute.

"Fido must leave this house," said Henry Jacobson to his wife Lena. "If he does not go I certainly shall. Now which do you desire to have go, Fido or I?" "You can go if you want to, but Fido remains with me," came the answer in an angry tone of voice. "I shall never desert Fido, never."

"Then I shall go," said the husband, and true to his word he abandoned his wife. The latter seized her pet Fido, a little bit of a dog who had an ugly face, and caressed it.

"No, no, Fido, I won't desert you. We will be friends and companions no matter what happens." Henry Jacobson was married a little over a year, and the quarrel over the dog was the first and the only one they ever had. It made his blood run cold when he saw his wife first kiss the dog and the next moment press her lips against his own. "If you love the dog better than me, why didn't you say so before I made you my wife?" he often told her. "Now listen, Lena, to what I have to say. Do you want that animal to come between your and my happiness? Don't be foolish. Give the dog away and we will live for each other again."

The wife refused to listen to talk of this kind and the result was that they had many serious quarrels, which finally led to the separation. The husband was away for a week and showed no signs of returning, when the wife came to the Essex Market Police Court and swore out a warrant for his arrest. Court Officer Berkley found him in East Fourteenth street and he was arraigned before Justice Hogan. There the wife, with tears in her eyes, said that she knew of no reason why he should have left her.

According to her statement she made him the best of wives and always did as he told her. Then the husband related his side of the case and the skeleton in the family closet was brought forth. His tale of the dog was very amusing and brought many a smile to the faces of the hearers. Here is the story as he tells it himself.

"Every day, Your Honor, since six months ago, when the dog entered the house, he has had a seat at the table. Before my wife attends to my wants the dog is always served. This makes me angry. I believe that I ought to be thought of first instead of last. Besides, I am against having a dog eating at the same table at which I do. I believe that it is not right. Do you, Your Honor?"

"It does seem rather unpleasant."

"I should think it does, a great deal. Why, how do I know but that I sometimes eat from the same plate from which the dog had his meal the day before. Ugh! The thought makes me sick."

"I have separate plates for the dog," spoke the wife. "Do you think that I would allow the dog—excuse me, I mean would allow you to eat from the same plate."

"I don't know what you would do. I do know, however, that you care more for the dog than you do for me." "How do you know that?" snapped the wife in a sharp tone of voice. "You are only jealous because I fondle the dog instead of you. So. There now."

"Yes," said the husband, "and mad also because you take the dog to bed at nights. My parents had dogs, but they always slept in the yard and not in bed. That only spoils them."

"I have heard enough of this dog quarrel," said the magistrate. "Now, come and tell me of your domestic affairs. What caused the separation?"

"The dog," they both exclaimed. "No, none of that. I said before that we'll give the dog a rest. Without the dog what is the trouble?" queried His Honor. "Nothing," replied the husband.

"Then what is to hinder you and your wife coming to a settlement and starting anew." "I'm satisfied. If the dog leaves the house," said the husband, "I'll return."

"Now, madam, which would you rather have, the company of your husband or that of an animal who is causing you all of this trouble? Put the dog out of the house and say to your husband that you'll try to please him in future. Husband and wife should always try to please each other and live for one another. Are you willing to take back your husband and give up the dog" "Yes," she replied, "I'll give up the animal on one condition, that is that my husband will stop smoking. If my little pet is a nuisance to him, so is his smoking to me."

"I'm willing to stop smoking in the house," said the husband, "but I won't give it up altogether. Are you satisfied?" "If you will agree that you won't complain if I take out the dog once in a while on the street I'll promise to keep the dog in the yard in future. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said the husband, "I never did object to you having a dog. All I found fault with was that you cared more for the dog than for me, and you can't blame me if I got angry. It's all right now, though. You keep your dog out of the rooms and I'll do the same with my smoking." "That suits me," said the wife and she withdrew her complaint of abandonment and once again two lives were joined together for weal or woe.

How Seedless Raisins are Grown.

The seedless raisin is a smallish cream-colored fruit, about the size of a gooseberry, and is used with unbroken skin. It comes from Smyrna, and is called the Sultana. It is grown seedless simply by arresting one of the laws of nature. When the grape is about half ripe the end of the vine is bent down and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same and has a delicious flavor. Seedless raisins have entirely supplanted other kinds in fine puddings and pies. They retail at about 50 cents per pound.—*Mail and Express.*

It's No Wonder She Thought So.

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the fool that filled this quart bottle must 'a' put two quarts in instid of wan!"—*Household Monthly.*

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