

FOUND BY CABLE SOUNDINGS.

Submarine Mountain Range Discovered About 100 Miles from the Australian Coast.

The Australian government has been making surveys for a cable along the east and north coasts of the continent from Brisbane, Queensland, to Anson bay, not far from the northern gold mines. While the cable steamer Britannia was marking out the route a short time ago, taking soundings every few miles, the top of a submarine range of mountains was struck. The highest of these elevations was only 257 fathoms below the surface of the sea, while not far away depths of 2,800 fathoms were obtained, says the New York Sun.

It is not at all desirable to lay a cable line over the tops of submarine elevations. The weight of the cable is great and the line is likely to be injured in a short time where it is suspended like a clothesline on a pole. Every effort is made, therefore, to avoid stringing a cable over such eminences. The new-found mountains under the sea, about 100 miles from the Australian coast, will not prove to be a serious obstacle, for they have been circumvented by a slight deviation from a direct route. It will be recalled that the cable route surveyed about two years ago by the Nero, of our naval service, for a part of our cable route across the Pacific to Manila deviates from a straight line twice between Guam and Midway island in order to avoid, first, a submarine mountain which rises from a depth of 3,200 fathoms to within 83 fathoms of the surface; and, secondly, to avoid a deep abyss about 500 miles east of Guam, which sinks abruptly to a depth of 4,900 fathoms. The surveys of the Pacific sea bottom have progressed so far as to show that sharp changes of level occur there as well as in the Atlantic, and a careful examination of the sea floor is necessary to determine the best resting places for cable lines.

There are mysteries in the breaking of cable lines that have not yet been solved. The rupture of these cables is still too frequent for the companies that are compelled to stand for the point of breakage and make the repairs. The work involves a great deal of trouble and large expense. Some of these accidents are due to friction and ordinary wear. It is found also that they are sometimes due to earthquake shocks which now and then disturb the bottom in certain parts of the ocean; but the breaks also occur at places where it would seem as though the lines were safe from impairment for a very long time. Thus, after the preparatory work of laying a cable has been as complete as possible and soundings have been made as accurately as the apparatus in use permits, breakage has occurred within a few months, at great depths where the line was supposed to be almost beyond the reach of accident, and even on bottoms covered with soft mud, which is very serviceable for the conservation of cables.

The cable of the South American company between Cape Verde and Brazil was laid under these excellent conditions, and yet three months after the first message was sent there was a rupture of the African coast. In 1884, two years and two months later, there was another break only about 20 miles from where the first occurred. The curious hypothesis evolved as to the cause of these mysterious breakages can scarcely be regarded as more than a theory; it shows, at least, that the task of discovering the real cause of some cable breaks is by no means easy.

An enormous number of soundings were taken off Cape Verde in the endeavor to find what caused these breaks. At last a narrow and very deep trough was discovered on the sea bottom about 4,000 feet below the surface. The cable crossing this trough is supposed to have been cut through its agency. The most curious thing about this channel is that it is believed by those who have helped to explore it to have been excavated by a submarine river which flows on the land surface between the towns of St. Louis and Dakar and disappears in the sand near the sea. The place where it emerges on the sea floor, after an underground course, is believed to have been discovered. The cable which formerly crossed the channel that begins at this point of emergence has now been laid parallel with it.

Heavy Rainfall. It is the greatest rainfall in the world which pours down in torrents upon the southern sides of the Khasi Hills, in Assam. No wonder that their southern slopes are fertile. The rains begin in June, and last through August and September. Isabel Savory writes of these rains in "A Sportsman in India." At Cherra Punji 322 inches of rain fall annually. The yearly rainfall in London is about two feet; at Cherra Punji it is 40 feet, or enough to float the largest man-of-war; while in one year 67 feet of water once fell from the sky. When the rains set in we had thunderstorms on a large scale. We, in the innocence of the uninitiated, began by trying to time a peal of thunder, but when it had lasted over half an hour, gave it up. Storms were on all sides, one being rolling peal crashing and vibrating among the distant mountains for hours.—Youth's Companion.

A Sentimentalist. Johnny Sizerlop—Electricity is a great thing! Willie Borrum—Why, yes. But there isn't half the fun pushing electric buttons at folks from doors that there is pulling the old-fashioned door bell.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HONEY AND BEESWAX.

Where They Are Produced Most Profitably, and Where Much Beeswax Goes.

Keeping bees is a pleasant and classic occupation, sanctioned by poets in all ages; moreover, and to the practical modern this is far more important, it is a paying business when scientifically conducted, says a writer in the New York Tribune. The number of beekeepers in this country is estimated at about 300,000, and they sell annually some 2,000,000 or 4,000,000 pounds of their sweet produce. In every state of the union they may be found, but Florida, Texas, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Michigan, Wisconsin and central and northern New York are the great beekeeping sections. Wherever great quantities of basswood, buckwheat and, of course, clover, are found, there beekeeping means a pretty good income. Some bee farmers have 1,500 to 2,000 colonies under their care, and have reduced the business to a pretty exact science.

In Colorado, Arizona and states in the neighborhood of the Great Desert, the honey "crop" is as sure as anything can well be—even the proverbial "death and taxes." Elsewhere the clover crop may be ruined by rain or drought, but there the sun is sure to shine and the canals are sure to irrigate, so that lack of clover is practically impossible. And it is alfalfa clover, too, of which four crops are certain every year. Under these conditions it is not surprising to find in Arizona and similar states whole counties keeping bees as in other parts of the country people cultivate farms. It is, in fact, the only certain thing in that ill-favored land, so the alfalfa clover is the one green thing that can coax a livelihood out of inhospitable soil.

Maeterlinck has written a book about the bee; perhaps some philosopher will one day arise to sing the praises of the clover, living where nothing else can grow, and, alone of all "weeds," enriching the soil which gives it life. Arizona folk may not be philosophers, but they are properly grateful to the kindly blossom.

If the story of the clover is somewhat romantic, that of the beeswax is hardly less so. Several hundred thousand pounds of beeswax are produced every year, and prices are steady and conservative. Much of it goes into commonplace uses. Shoemakers, dentists, thread manufacturers and the like use much of it, and cannot use anything in its place; glassworkers, too, require it for molding purposes; but the interesting part of the beeswax business comes when it is exported to Russia. The Greek church uses nothing but pure beeswax for its candles; this, apparently, is an ecclesiastical law. So beeswax is exported in enormous quantities to burn in Russian churches. When the price is low—25 or 27 cents—all that can be procured is bought up for exportation. It is distinctly an interesting career, this of the beeswax, beginning with the irrigation of a desert and ending as the candles flicker before an eastern shrine.

MR. MCKINLEY'S HYMNS.

The Sale of the Ex-President's Favorites Has Greatly Increased Since His Death.

"Our sales of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,'" said the head of the wholesale department of a big music publishing house, according to the New York Sun, "were more than tripled as a result of the increased demand for it following President McKinley's death, and our sales of 'Lead, Kindly Light' increased in even greater proportion, this being due to some special causes.

"Both these hymns are to be found in many hymn books, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' in almost every hymn book; and both are published in sheet music and in octavo form. 'Lead, Kindly Light' is published also in various arrangements, for mixed and for male voices, by a number of different composers. The greater demand for 'Lead, Kindly Light' was due to the fact that it was a little less commonly found in the books, and to the calls for the different arrangements of it.

"Both these hymns are steady, regular sellers; but now we get orders for them from all over the country at once, from the west and south and all parts; and here in the city, in our sacred music department, the demands for them were so numerous that they are now kept, not, as commonly on the shelves, to be taken down when customers called for them, but on the counter, where they were convenient of access.

"And with the greatly increased demand for these two hymns there came, also, from city and country, too, an increased demand for other music of a sacred character."

With its several hundred monster mills, Minnesota easily leads the country in its milling industry. The annual output of the Minneapolis mills amounts to over 13,000,000 barrels, and the combined capacity of the state's mills is considerably over 100,000 barrels a day. The Minneapolis mills are the finest in the world, and one system of five of them grinds about 20,000,000 bushels of wheat a year.—Housekeeper.

His Waterloo. "Whom have we in the dark cell?" "That is the ex-champion stenographer. He had a record of 130 words per minute." "And why is he here?" "Oh, he foolishly attempted to take down the words an angry woman was hurling over the fence to her neighbor."—Chicago Daily News.

PITH AND POINT.

An Atchison man remained sick until his credit ran out, and then he got well.—Atchison Globe.

Occasionally a foolish young man flatters a girl until she gets too stuck up to speak to him.—Chicago Daily News.

"I have seen many opportunities to get rich, but see me, still poor." "Why did you never grasp them?" "The people who had them would not let go."—Indianapolis News.

At the Church Door.—"Are you one of the wedding party?" asked Mr. Fresh, the usher. "Only the groom. Don't mind me," replied the prospective victim.—Baltimore World.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?" "Will, mum, that's fr him t' say. Oi dose me best wid th' materials at hand, mum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Minick—"Well, there was one thing I remarked about your wife the first time I saw her—she was undoubtedly outspoken." Henpeck—"You don't say! By whom?"—Philadelphia Press.

Vain Ambition.—"It seems impossible to break into society," moaned the parvenu. "This is the fourth time I have been operated on for appendicitis, and the only invitation to my residence is one to call and settle with the surgeon."—Baltimore American.

"Have you ever tried to write a novel?" asked the young woman. "Yes, indeed," answered the young man. "I wrote several." "What were they like?" "They reminded me somewhat of a few of Dickens' works."

"Which ones?" "Those that weren't appreciated until after he was dead."—Washington Star.

A TURTLE WAR.

Two Boys Witness a Singular Battle Between Two Common Turtles and a Vicious Snapper.

Some boys who were gathering water-cresses in a pool beside the Passaic river in New Jersey, witnessed a singular battle among three turtles, says the Golden Days. Two of the combatants were common water turtles, each about the size of a man's hand, and they were arrayed against a small but exceedingly vicious snapper, hardly half the size of one of its opponents.

When the boys arrived on the scene of action, the battle had evidently been raging for some time, for all the reptiles seemed to be tired. One member of the dual alliance occupied a masterly position. It was holding the snapper's tail in its mouth, and though the jaws of the common turtle are not usually very formidable, it maintained its grip with the tenacity of a bulldog.

The snapper had taken the other turtle by its wrinkled throat, and it would soon have brought that part of the combat to an end had it not opened its jaws every few moments to try to see what it was that was chewing so vigorously at its rear.

Owing to its anatomy, this was, of course, impossible, and each time it turned to renew operations against the enemy in front that cautious creature had drawn its head deep into its shell, and though it did not attempt to run away, the snapper, hampered as it was behind, found considerable difficulty in pushing its own smaller neck into the aperture and dragging out the reluctant forerunner of the water turtle.

At last the snapper seemed to understand where the remedy for its trouble lay, and the next time it seized the lacerated throat it took hold to stay. The water turtle's eyes bulged, and then the lids slowly closed. It was soon dead, and then the snapper brought its whole strength to bear upon its tail, which it tried to pull into its shell.

It might have succeeded, but the lads were becoming impatient, and they killed the two survivors with their sticks. Throughout the battle the turtles had not noticed the presence of the boys.

Johnny on the Graffe.

The graffe is a tall, spotted animal that kind of slopes down from his shoulders to his tail and has a neck that looks like a broomstick had been run through it. The graffe is the tallest of the animal species, and is found in Africa and in shows, where it grows to a height of 16 feet and is very fond of onions and carrots, though its customary food is hay, which it eats with gusto. Off here I gazed at the graffe and thought to myself wonderful are the ways of Providence, how does he hold his head up? The other name of the graffe is camelopard, but graffe is easier to say. Sometimes I have to look through large books to find out these things, but I don't mind it. We ought to hunt out all the knowledge we can while we are still young. There was a man once that trained a graffe to pick peaches from the top of the tree. He kept it from eating them by putting a ring around its neck so it could not swallow. The graffe is active, but runs like an old cow.

JOHNNY.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Frog's Tongue.

Prof. Hartog, of Cork, has discovered that the movement of the frog's tongue is not the result of direct muscular action, but to the injection of lymph into the bag-like tongue. Ordinarily the tongue lies with its tip in the throat, and when the frog darts it out it is doubled forward with lightning rapidity and returned with as great celerity to its normal position.—Scientific American.

A Tyrant.

A man who is jealous of another's success, is a tyrant according to his power.—Atchison Globe.

KEGS THAT BLOW UP.

Some That Look Empty and Harmless But Are Full of Death and Destruction.

Anton Colman, a veteran dynamite man, is perhaps one of the oldest of all the old-timers, and has been looking after high explosives for the past 25 or 30 years. He has been on most of the big jobs in Massachusetts and in many parts of New England and has had many hairbreadth escapes and exciting adventures. Mr. Colman is about 70 years old, and was born in Maine, says the Boston Daily Globe.

"Dynamite and the blasting powder which we have to-day is much different from what it used to be in the days when I first started in the business," said Mr. Colman, "and I am not as well posted on everything as I might like to be, but there are some things about handling powder that when a man learns them once he never forgets as long as he lives, and no matter what kind of powder is used or how much the style changes it is all the same; they will still be careful and watch their business mightily close. Of course, of all the explosives nitroglycerin is the most dangerous and the hardest to get along with. It has as many moods and is as hard to manage sometimes as the spoiled child or a woman who wants her own way.

"I never got over my great respect for this explosive, and even to-day I treat it with every deference, and will be as gentle and peaceful in its presence as any tyro. A man can never get any experience in handling nitroglycerin; the more he handles it the less he is liable to know about it. For he realizes more and more how uncertain it is.

"Why, even the kegs that nitroglycerin comes in are white elephants on a man's hands, for they are mighty hard to get rid of, I tell you. The wood has been so thoroughly saturated with the stuff that it cannot be burned and cannot be broken up, and they can't be left lying around loose, for some one is sure to come along who does not know anything about them and bang something into them, and off goes the roof.

"I remember a fellow out in the western part of the state, several years ago, who came along with a hammer in his hand. He sat down on an empty nitroglycerin keg and playfully amused himself by tapping the staves with his hammer. I saw him and ran to a safe place and tried my best to warn him by shouting, but it was no use; the keg finally blew up with a loud report, and the poor fellow lingered in the hospital about two weeks before he died.

"I am even more afraid of these empty nitroglycerin kegs than I am of the explosive itself or of any other kinds of powder or dynamite. You can always tell when to be careful when the real stuff is around, but if some one happens to leave an empty keg or barrel in the way you might not know it until you had dropped a crowbar or sledgehammer into it or tipped it over, and then, after you found it out, you would be in no condition to tell anyone of your discovery.

"The only way to get rid of those empty kegs or barrels is to take them out into an open field and fire a pistol at them from a safe distance, and even that sometimes is not an undertaking that I would advise a person to try, for I remember a case of a fellow who went out with three kegs, and instead of placing them side by side and letting one shot do the business, I guess he was anxious to see them blow up one by one, for he placed the first keg and left the other two on the team.

"He fired his gun and the bullet did what was expected of it, but the keg exploded with such terrific force that the man was horrified when the concussion caused the two remaining kegs on his team to follow suit immediately, killing his horse, wrecking his wagon completely, while he himself received a splinter in his face that ruined the sight of one eye. After that if he ever went out I am sure he was more careful.

"I have known of a fellow who lost his foot by the explosion of a drop of the terrible stuff, and another man who lost his hand by suddenly hitting a board on which a can of nitro had rested and a drop or two of the liquid oozed out. It is mighty bad stuff, and I am more afraid of it than ever."

Heron Builds Nests High.

Heron colonies are rare enough to excite interest in their location and the peculiarities of the nest-building of these birds. They live and rear their young year after year at the same place unless some catastrophe in bird life or the intrusion of unwelcome residents cause them to move. There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Seboc lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of those trees. The trees are tall without limbs for 40 feet or more from the ground. It is a well-known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than 40 feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks. The nest is at least two feet across.—Nature.

"Women and Dogs."

In the largest library in Oxford, England, has hung from time immemorial this notice: "Women and dogs not admitted here." It is allowed to hang still, to show the changes in the status of women.—N. Y. Sun.

Needs All of a Bucket.

Accept all stories about mines with a bucket of salt.—Atchison Globe.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Some of the Pretty Features of Fall Costumes and Head-wear.

Beautifully fine costume cloths of light weight and exquisite suede finish, to be used for dinner, visiting, carriage and other demitasse gowns in opal gray, pale golden olive, turquoise blue, fawn color, tan, old rose, and black, are being made up for autumn wear in elegant tailor fashion, and in finishing the costume some real lace is the adjunct. Point applique looks exceptionally well on these beautiful fabrics, and a touch of velvet is added by most of the Parisian modistes, reports the New York Post.

Red—all red—has been a telling note of color in all the large assemblies of the summer, especially where so many contrasting gowns of black, white, or cream-color net, lace, etc., have been worn. Very effective, indeed, was a gown of poppy red, accordion plaited, chiffon made over a slip of satin of the same color, and admirably chosen was the dress for its bright brunette wearer. In copying this style one, however, must be positive that she can select for it advantageously, and also be sure that she select the certain right shade of this vivid dye.

A handful of roses—red, glowing garden beauties—with a helping of dark green velvet leaves will be one of the effective bouquets for the early fall hat, with green velvet lined with rose-colored silk for the crown band, and a narrow drapery of the same velvet at the edge of the brim. Even more admirable is the advance model in dark green openwork straw woven in a pattern closely imitating applique work, decorated with pale green hops, biot-sweet buds, a cluster of vivid yellow, russet brown, and scarlet wall flowers and nasturtiums, showing only a bit of each bud and blossom, save the hops running riot all over the brim, and a portion of the new slightly elevated crown.

Fine French shirring may not wholly banish tucking and brier-stitching from their long-possessed domain, but it will displace their former effects in many ways. Besides having vest-fronts, blouses, undersleeves, yokes, collars and plastrons of shirred silk, neck, waist, and the most unobtrusive dress waists of the autumn will fasten anywhere but directly up the front. The out-down effects, however, of many summer styles have vanished, and the collars are, if possible, higher and the sleeves longer than ever, and some of them are made of beautiful satin-faced cloths, to which rich laces and black or fruity velvets are applied.

For early fall wear, a high-collared city modiste is utilizing several pieces of handsome grass-linen, making up some of the fabrics over black taffeta. The only relief of color admitted in this instance is a large rosette on the tucked and shirred bodice, very bright color being chosen for this decoration. Grass-linen in its natural tinting is very trying to many complexions, hence the idea of introducing a bold patch of color in the shape of a choux of chiffon, silk, or velvet ribbon. It is placed rather high on the collar, and in that position will lighten the complexion that the unrelieved linen would generally render so flat and colorless.

OUR SLEEPING ROOMS.

Thorough Ventilation and Plenty of Sunshine Conduce to Refreshing Slumber.

We spend, or should spend, in the sleeping-room, one-third of the day, the period designed by nature for repairing the wear of the physical and mental machinery. No greater mistake was ever made than to look on the time spent in sleep as wasted. We have improved upon such sleeping-rooms as were not unusual a few generations ago; rooms forever unvisited by sunshine; rooms opening from the kitchen, so the spoiled air of the day was breathed over again by night; rooms in low, stifling garrets, or worse still, mere closets wholly cut off from sunshine and from pure outside air. But many housekeepers still need hints on the subject, says the Home Magazine.

Few rooms are large enough not to require continuous ventilation. The two sleepers are constantly vitiating the air. No air is pure which contains an excess of carbonic acid, and at every breath a certain amount of oxygen is converted into poisonous gas. Think of 12,000 such inspirations during the night! Moreover, each breath conveys with the carbonic acid and throws into the air effete matter thrown off by the lungs which is also poisonous. Nor is even this all. Millions of sweat tubes are all the time pouring their polluted waste into the room. Ventilation is a hygienic necessity.

Sunshine is essential to a good sleeping-room. Sunshine is a powerful disinfectant, and every sleeping-room needs to be disinfected daily. Let the heads of the family appropriate the sunniest room; the guest-room, occasionally occupied, is less important.

The sleeping-room should be in an upper story. As the light air cools, many of the disease-producing particles sink to the lower strata. It is said that one may sleep safely in a malarial region by avoiding the night air and sleeping above the ground floor.

The sleeping-room should be not only one of the most spacious, but one of the cheeriest and neatest and best furnished rooms in the whole house. It should be emphatically "the chamber of peace." A sleeping-room should never be a small one, dependent for most of its air on an open window. Such a room is seldom safe; at some periods the air is sure to be snuff off.

ANTE-NUPTIAL AGREEMENT.

In Which the Groom and Bride Could Go Barefoot If They Wished To.

"One night a few weeks ago," said Col. M. Carnes, the Union depot-master, to a Kansas City Journal man, "I noticed a fairly well-dressed, farmerish-looking man walking about the station, who appeared very ill at ease. I observed that he had on a long-tailed black coat, a white shirt and a pair of good, stiff-looking shoes, all evidently new. After I had sized him up I concluded that he was not accustomed to being dressed up and that his shoes were hurting him.

"I approached him and asked: 'Shoes hurting you, aren't they?'" "Yes," he replied, 'they're new, and the plucked-taken things are makin' me awful uncomf'able like.'

"Why don't you sit down and take them off?" I asked. "There's no law against it."

"Say," he replied, 'you don't know what you're sayin' to me. I got myself in a sight of trouble once by goin' barefooted. My wife left me on account of it and got a divorce.'

"Indeed?" I replied, laughingly. "Yes," he continued, 'she got a divorce, and one of the charges she made against me was that I wouldn't wear my shoes, and that my bare feet caused her great humiliation when her friends come to see her. You see, I'm a farmer, and when it's hot in the summer I like to go without my shoes. This woman of mine was very proud, and because I wouldn't suffer to suit her, off she went.'

"About two weeks later," Col. Carnes continued, "my attention was attracted by the presence of this same man in the station. He wore the same clothes and tight pair of shoes, and looked more uncomfortable than before. With him was a big, strong, buxom young woman, and I at once decided that he had been getting married again. I went over to him and said:

"Well, I suppose congratulations are in order?"

"Yes," he replied, blushing and looking more restless than ever, 'this is my wife.'

"How about it, I asked, 'has this one agreed to let you go without your shoes?'"

"You bet," his bride replied; "she's no fool. He can go barefooted, bareheaded or bare-anything else if he wants to while he lives with me, an' I'm goin' to do the same."

Capt. Carnes says that a few minutes later he saw the happy couple catch a train for their future place of residence at Ada, Mo.

THEIR LOT I NOT HAPPY.

Women in the French Provinces Have a Hard Experience in Life.

The story of Mrs. M—, given by a writer in a popular periodical, is typical of the majority of the provincial wives of France, says the Chicago Chronicle. From the day of her marriage—although she had brought her husband some fortune—Mrs. M—'s expenses as well as her conduct were absolutely grided and controlled by her husband. She would, indeed, have been in fear of expending a franc without his permission. For her own toilet and that of her daughter, a school girl, she was accorded the sum yearly of 1,000 francs, or \$200. Upon this he expected that she and the fillette should always present a refined appearance. The wash bill was closely inspected. A tablecloth had been known to last more than a fortnight, the family taking extreme care of it. In M. M—'s library were some historical, scientific and political works; these alone were supplied for the wife's delectation. She was not allowed to purchase a book for herself, even a subscription to the circulating library being frowned upon. Then there was no traveling. Mrs. M— considered a trip from Aix to Ancy sufficient for the year's change of scenery and atmosphere. Monsieur occasionally took a longer journey on public or private business. In fact, all extra expenditure or self-indulgence was invariably the husband's, not the wife's. Her limitations were as definite as the laws of the decalogue. "Thou shalt not spend," was her vade mecum.

A male visitor is unknown to provincial French ladies unless accompanied by his wife, and even her women friends she rarely sees on tet-a-tete. If her husband is much occupied she has little daily companionship except the bonne. This is usually deprecatd by the husband, who desires her to "hold her rank."

Mrs. M— had lately died—youth—and the maid inadvertently dropped the comment that she didn't think she was very anxious to live; she had made no special effort to get well. When asked why the maid reflected and then astutely answered: "I think she was ennuyed."

Here, then, lies in a nutshell the gist of Flaubert's remarkable study of Mme. Bovary. For the mediocre this stifed monolony suffices. To a woman of brains or energy it means death.

Valuable Building Material.

"Keramco," a new building material manufactured mainly of powdered glass waste at Penzig, Silesia, is a bad conductor of heat, slow to deteriorate under exposure to weather, fireproof, and resists perfectly oil, grease and all ordinary acids. A devitrifying process turns the waste into stone of which bricks are made by pressure, which retain their hardness though losing the transparency and brittleness of glass. The product may be colored with pigment. Tiling sells for about \$1.75 a square yard.—Science.