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ENGLISH BAYONETS.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HOW THEY ARE MADE.

The Process From the Raw Material to the Finished Product—Their Manufacture Is Almost as Fatal to Life as Their Use In Times of War.

A writer in the London News, in an account of a visit to the Enfield Small Arms factory, gives the following interesting account of how bayonets are made:

It is a big business, this bayonet making. The raw material comes in the form of bars of steel, which are cut up into the necessary lengths and rolled. The strips of steel are then borne off to a tremendous press, which stamps one end for the "tang," and from there they go to the grinding department of the factory. Here, in the first place, a rather lumbering looking "troughing" machine automatically scours the edges with emery until the embryo sword bayonet will just fit into a gauge or "trough." This insures that the metal is exactly the proper size and shape.

Next comes the grinding by hand on the big grindstones, of which there are 30 in one long skylighted building, each weighing, when new, a couple of tons, though of course they rapidly wear away, as well as the grinders employed at them. These men sit astride their seats as they would on horseback, bending toward the whetstones that whirl round at a speed of something like 3,500 times a minute, when they are full size—about two-thirds of a mile a minute.

Woe betide the unlucky grinder if there should happen to be a flaw in the stone. Whirling round at such a pace the centrifugal strain upon it is, of course, very great, and if the stone were not pretty sound it would fly to pieces, as they are known to do occasionally in such places. There has been at least one occurrence of the kind at Enfield. Such a burst up is as destructive in the line of motion as a cannon would be, and the stones in this building are arranged so as to minimize the mischief of such a mistake. Each is inspected every morning before starting work.

It is not the bursting of the stones, however, that constitutes the greatest peril to the workmen here. Men cannot be bending over sword blades that are being rubbed away in brilliant trails of sparks all day long year after year without getting accumulations of steel dust into the lungs, and if the truth could be known it might be found that the making of the weapons for European armies and navies is almost as deadly as the use of them. It is said, however, to be partly the men's own fault. A good deal of the mischief might be obviated by the use of magnetized respirators, but they won't wear them or goggles for the eyes, either.

All the work here is done by the piece, and the men are of opinion that these protectors seriously interfere with their earnings, so that, like a good many more of us in different ways they kill themselves in order that they may live. Probably by the time that we have learned to do without bayonets, we shall also have learned to be content to give a man a fair living for the best he can honestly do without choking himself with steel dust.

If one takes in hand one of these modern sword bayonets which have superseded the old three cornered skewers, he will see that it is a flat blade each side of which has a central ridge between two hollows. These hollows are ground out of the solid steel by a millstone ribbed all round specially for the purpose, these ribs or ridges in the surface of the stone corresponding to the hollows in the blade. When the grinding has been carried up to a certain point, the weapon or the piece of steel in process of becoming the weapon is carried to another department to undergo some change in its composition. Thus far it has been a piece of ordinary cast steel. Now that the thing has been rolled and stamped and ground into its general form it has to be hardened. For this purpose it is put into a sort of baker's oven—an oven, that is to say, that is divided by a fire brick wall into two parts—one for the fire and the other for the reception of the steel to be heated.

The weapons lie in here and get redhot and then are plunged into a bath of oil which has a stream of cold water running round it to keep down the temperature. This hardens the steel, but leaves it brittle. It would snap off if any attempt were made to bend it. It has, therefore, to be tempered by plunging it into molten lead. This gives it the necessary elasticity and flexibility, and it comes out of its leaden bath a lovely blue color, a real sword blade, but only a blade and somewhat rough, too, and without any edge. It goes back to the grinding room now for the finishing touch, to get something approximating to a cutting edge, not sufficient for purposes of war, but such as may be safely intrusted to soldiers in piping times of peace.

When the grinding is finished, it only remains to polish the blades and to mount them with "crosspieces" and "pommels," "grips" and "springs," that will convert the mere blade into a veritable sword bayonet and permit of its being attached to the rifle. The polishing looks as though it must be more detrimental to the health of the workman than the grinding, because it is all dry work, whereas the grindstones are run in a trough of water. The polishing is done by means of small wooden wheels, covered with bands of leather with an emery surface, and every wheel throws off a trail of sparks that gives the vast floor on which the work is carried on an almost uncanny appearance. There is a great amount of dust given off, too, but the greater part of it is sucked away from the workmen's wheel by a powerful revolving fan operating through an air channel, running along beneath the benches, so that the mischief is probably reduced to a minimum. It is a most interesting place for a leisurely stroll, full of queer machinery and curious processes and suggestive illustrations of the power of the organization of industry.

An Old Blue Book.

"The 'Blue Book,' as the official register of government employees is known," says an old timer, "becomes quite an interesting book on comparison with the volume of less than 100 pages issued half a century ago. Why, the mere sight of the official register for, say, 1846, and the two large volumes of late years will make an object lesson to young and old, to say nothing of what may be learned by inspection. Where a few hundred officials were sufficient then for the transaction of the business of the government, many thousands now are required. The total force of some of the present bureaus exceeds by hundreds the grand total of that period, and some of the departments could then muster less than half a hundred. The state department at that period included the home bureau of 16 employees and the patent office of 21, and with these had but 45 on the rolls. The postoffice department had 55 employees, the navy department, including 21 at the observatory, 85; the war department, including the pension office of 12 and Indian office of 13, had 113, and the treasury, including 77 in the general land office, 387. The 'home' (afterward named the interior) department had not then been organized, and the patent office and home bureau under the state department, the general land office under the treasury, and pension office under the war department a few years after formed the nucleus of the interior department."—Washington Star.

A Teacher of the Old School.

The attention of those who are interested in educational matters is invited to the life work of Johann Jakob Haberle, an industrious teacher of the good old school. During his life he kept a diary of the number of punishments inflicted by him on pupils. He records that during 51 years he distributed "911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 birch rod smites, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,986 blows with a ruler, 10,235 slaps on the face, 8,000 boxes on the ears, 115,800 on the head, and that he set some 13,000 tasks from the Bible, so that it was necessary to purchase a new copy, through wear and tear, every two years. Seven hundred and seventy-seven times did Johann make his children kneel on dried peas, while 5,001 times he stood them in his corners with rulers over their heads."—Kansas City Journal.

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FORGIVE.

Ah, I have had a hurt! It was a stab
And from the hand of my most trusted friend.
It dimmed the sun through mists of sudden tears,
It blotted out the stars in heaven's blue vault.
Shall I forswear the world of men and live
Alone, unloved, apart from heart delights?

Let me now flee to far untrodden ways,
Where men are naught. Let me pursue instead
Beauty in the dropped feather of a bird,
Beauty in evanescent mists that hang
O'er waterfalls, beauty in budding trees
Pushing to earth the last year's leaves that cling,
In the calm eyes of animals to learn
Those solaces which are their destiny.

Lo, in the waterfall's exuberant voice
I heard my friend who called me to return.
A lilting bird was swinging on a limb.
"I love thee, love thee," was the song he sang.
In the true eyes of every rested beast
Gladdened by sleep the patient nature spoke.
It held a message for my hungering heart.
It taught the sweetness of the word "forgive."
—Elizabeth Cherry Haire in Housekeeper.

CAPTURE OF PORTO BELLO.

Morgan Forced Monks and Nuns to Place Scaling Ladders Against the Walls.

Frank R. Stockton writes of "The Buccaneers of Our Coast" in St. Nicholas. Writing of Morgan and his piratical crew, Mr. Stockton says:

The buccaneers found Porto Bello a hard nut to crack. They landed and marched upon the town, which was defended by several forts or castles. Even when one of these had been captured by assault and blown up with all its garrison, who had been taken prisoners, still the town was not intimidated. The governor vowed he would never surrender, but would die fighting to the last. In vain the pirates made desperate efforts to capture the principal fort, and Morgan began to despair. The garrison was strong and well commanded, and whenever the pirates attempted to scale the wall they were shot down or fire pots full of powder mixed with stones and other missiles were hurled upon them.

At last the wily Morgan had an idea. He set his men to work to make some ladders long enough to reach the top of the walls and wide enough to allow three or four men to go up abreast. If he could get these properly set up, his crew of desperate tiger cats could make a combined rush and get over the walls. But it was not Morgan's plan that these men should lose their lives in setting up these ladders. He had captured some convents in the suburbs of the town, with a number of nuns and monks, and he now ordered these poor creatures, the women as well as the men, to place the ladders against the walls, believing that the Spanish governor would not allow his soldiers to fire upon these innocent persons.

But the governor was determined to defend the town no matter who had to suffer, and so the soldiers fired at the nuns and the monks just as though they were buccaneers or any other enemies. The poor creatures cried out in terror and begged their friends not to fire upon them, but the soldiers obeyed the command of the governor, and the pirates were close behind them and threatening them with their pistols, and so the poor nuns and monks had to press forward, many of them dropping dead or wounded. They continued their work until the ladders were placed, and then over the walls went the pirates with yells and howls of triumph, and it was not long after that the town was taken. The brave governor died fighting in the principal fort, and the citizens and soldiers all united in the most vigorous defense, but it was useless.

Everyday Talk Versus Stage Dialogue.

If we give heed to the conversation we hear all about us every day, we are surprised to discover how slovenly it is, the most of it—how involved, how full of repetitions, how studded with broken phrases and with sentences that begin anywhere and end nowhere. Very rare is the man whose remarks will parse and whose conversation does not abound in restatements. When we write out from memory the turns of a dialogue in real life, we recall and set down only the significant remarks and those which led up to these. The insignificant words, the repetitions, the digressions, we suppress as though we had never heard them. Probably the stenographer in a law court is the only reporter of human speech who does not cut out tautology and straighten out grammar. The most prolix and tedious of novelists has never dared to incumber any chapter of his most sluggish story with the half of the trivial verbiage that would have accompanied a similar discussion in real life. If this variation from nature—the convention of condensation—is necessary for the novelist whose pages are as many as he shall please, it is doubly imperative upon the playwright, whose minutes are counted.—"The Conventions of the Drama," by Brander Matthews, in Scribner's.

Nature's Preservation of Species.

One of the most magnificent species of this kingly genus was so abundant in the Columbia river before canning houses had reduced its numbers that the town reaches were packed with salmon, while the surface was covered with the drifting bodies of those that had perished in fierce struggles with the crowd. Yet there is good authority for the assertion that not a single one ever returns alive from the breeding grounds in the headwaters of the St. Cloud. The whole race is wiped out, utterly exterminated, as soon as it arrives at maturity and physical perfection, in order that the perpetuation of the species may be assured. The whole object and end of the beautifully co-ordinated body, which is provided for by such admirable and wonderful adaptations, which is built up so slowly and at so much cost, are rapid and total destruction.

The marvelous instinct which leads the young fish to the ocean and the organization and the habits which fit it for its marine life—all, in a word, which makes of the salmon our ideal of a lordly fish—are worth nothing as compared with the welfare of generations yet unborn.—W. K. Brooks in Popular Science Monthly.

A Medico's Mistake.

A good story comes from Erlanger, Bavaria. Recently a wine merchant of Nurnburg, who had reached an advanced age, was operated upon by a specialist at Erlanger. So successful did the operation prove that the patient was able to be present at an evening party given on the night following the operation.

Imagine, therefore, his surprise on receiving early in this month a letter addressed "to the heirs of the merchant M. M." On opening the letter he found it contained the professor's account for the operation. The professor, while satisfied that the operation itself had been a success, did not believe that the old gentleman would survive.—Pearson's Weekly.

What He Would Shy At.

In a certain recent case, a groom was being cross examined by a barrister more famous for talent than beauty of features. The clever advocate was endeavoring to find out about the temper of a horse, which had an important bearing on the case, but the witness was not very lucid.

"Does he shy?" he was asked.

The groom said he did.

"At what?" was the next question.

"At lots of things," was the answer. And for long no better or further particulars could be got. But Mr. Witt, determining to get a clearer answer, went on.

"But, tell me," he said, in his most suave tones, "of any particular thing he would shy at."

"Well, 'e'd shy at you," was the unexpected answer. And every one seemed to wonder whether that was evidence!—Pearson's Weekly.

Generosity.

"Where did you get that cake, Annie?"

"Mother gave it to me."

"She's always a-giving you more'n she does me."

"Never mind, Harry. She's going to put mustard plasters on us tonight, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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No. 11 Fencing Wire, 2½ cents lb.
Three-tooth Cultivators, $2.25 each.
Single Shovel Plows, $1.00 each.
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Brown Sugar.....4c
Syrup.....30 to 40c. gal.
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Bacon, Shoulder.....8c.
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A RED LIGHT GHOST.

IT HAUNTED THE BEECH CREEK ROAD FOR TEN YEARS.

A Cool and Nervy Trick of the Hobos That Was Discovered and Ended by an Unsuperstitious Railroad Man and Three Companions.

It is not often that a nineteenth century ghost can live for years on its reputation as did the Bald Eagle ghost of the Beech Creek railroad. Almost everybody in this section has heard of the Bald Eagle ghost. It was none of your sheeted night prowlers inhabiting a tumble down country house. The Bald Eagle ghost was an up to date spirit. It was simply a red light.

Ordinarily there is nothing extraordinary about a red light, but when the red light appears on a railroad that is a different matter. Had the Bald Eagle ghost been content to exercise its functions in the fastness of the mountains, in all probability it would have continued to enjoy its incorporeal existence indefinitely. But the Bald Eagle spirit was unreasonable. It insisted on making a spectacle of itself just where it was most out of place and unwelcome.

Some years ago, old railroad men say, the Bald Eagle ghost was born. The midnight express was bowling along through a gap in the mountains when suddenly, dead ahead, a red light flared out on the track. The engineer, scenting danger, reversed the engine and stopped the train, but a search failed to show why the train had been flagged. The train steamed off finally. A month or so later the express was again flagged by the light, but, as before, no cause could be assigned for the proceeding. After this the signal was seen at irregular intervals, always in the lonely gap. Trainmen at length began to entertain a superstitious fear for the red light, and in time it became generally known as "the ghost." Old hands at the brake wheel believed it to be the spirit of a track watchman who had been killed at the spot where it generally appeared.

Skeptical superintendents lay in wait for the ghost. Extra watchmen were employed to patrol the district, but to no avail. It was no fool ghost. It knew its business. However, it reckoned without Jesse Pates.

Pates had long meditated an attack on the Bald Eagle ghost, and one night after his train had been delayed an hour by the light his resolution reached the point of action. Going down to the village store, he broached his scheme to the gang.

"Any of you fellows like to go ghost huntin some night?"

Everybody looked interested, and at last one young fellow demanded:

"Well, where's your ghost?"

"What's the matter with the Bald Eagle ghost?" he asked. Some of the crowd shivered, but Pates went on: "There's a shining mark for a good ghost hunter. I don't believe in this fool talk of dead watchmen comin back. That Bald Eagle ghost is a pure fake, and I'm goin after him. I need about three good men. We'll go to the Narrows to lay for Mr. Ghost. We'd better each have a gun, too, in case of accidents. Any of you fellows go along?"

There was silence for a time, but at last three young fellows volunteered to accompany him. It was arranged to start on the following evening, and at the appointed time the ghost hunters met. At the Narrows Pates distributed his men along the accustomed scene of the ghost's perambulations and awaited results. Crouched in a clump of bushes, he himself lay for hours undisturbed except by the sound of passing freight trains. Shortly before the time for the midnight express he heard a whispered conversation off to his left.

"Have you got the lantern, Pete?" some one asked.

"Yep," a second voice replied, "I've got her lit, but I'll keep her hid till I see the headlight."

"It's a dead easy thing," the first voice went on. "Blow the light out and throw it in that clump of bushes before you jump on."

Pates saw through the whole scheme in a second. Circling around, he signaled to his companions to close in, and in a short time they had the men with the lantern surrounded.

"Throw up your hands and show your light!" the ghost hunter ordered.

In an instant out came the light and up went three pairs of hands. The hunters found themselves gazing at a trio of dirty, grinning tramps.

"So you're the ghost that has been walking here all these years?" Pates asked in disgust.

"We never said we was no ghost," one answered.

"Well, what in blazes have you been flaggin trains here for ten years, then?" Pates continued angrily.

"I guess, since we're caught, we might as well give the snap away," one of the tramps said, with a grin. "You see, we come over the hill from the Pennsy, and, not carin to walk more'n is necessary, we got on to the graft of flaggin the trains and baggagin to the end of the division. It was a great snap, but we spoilt it now. Every hobo on the road knew about this easy mark. We kep' a lamp there in the bushes especial for the occasion."

"Well, I'm jiggered," Pates remarked, "if that ain't the coolest piece of nerve I ever heard. Now look here. Drop that lamp and git, and if I ever hear of this here ghost walkin ag'in there'll be a hobo walkin in his future home before his time. Git and spread the news that the Bald Eagle ghost is dead. Git, I say, for we're goin to shoot after we count 50!"

But before Pates finished the tramps had disappeared, and the Bald Eagle ghost hasn't walked since.—Altoona (Pa.) Letter in New York Sun.

Not Necessary.

He laughed loud and long as he put aside the paper.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who was sitting at the next window of the club.

"Here's an article about training a dog," replied the man who had been reading the paper. "It says the first thing to do is to attach the dog to you."

Thereupon the man laughed some more.

"Well, what of it?" persisted the man at the next window.

"Why, hang it all," exclaimed the man who was so amused, "it seems so absurd, you know! My experience is that a dog will attach himself to you if you give him any provocation."—Chicago Post.

Over It.

Watts—Are you ever attacked with stage fright?

Barnes Tormer—Not these days. In my 20 years' experience I have learned that it is a rare thing for them to throw anything harder than a green apple.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lazy and Dirty.

The laziest and dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered in the Caucasus. They are the Svantians, who live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black sea and the Caspian sea, and as they were 2,500 years ago so they are today. It is their invariable rule to make four days a week holidays, with saints' days as extras.—New York World.

Some fish exhibit great power of endurance when deprived of access to their native element.. Thus it is a common practice in Holland to keep carp alive for three weeks or a month, the fish being placed in wet moss and kept in a cool spot.

An average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and 300 British steamers and sailing vessels are lost yearly at sea.

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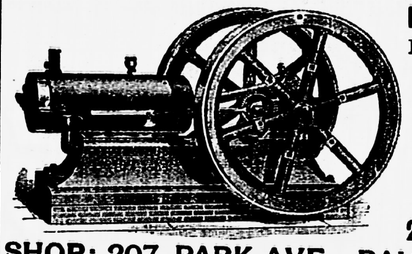
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Baltimore and Ohio Time Table

IN EFFECT NOV. 14, 1897.

Baltimore to Mt. Airy, Frederick and Hagerstown.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Baltimore..	40	7 20	11 00	49	35	41	30	43	30	4 20	5 25
Relay St'n..	7 00	7 40	11 39	9	56	1	40	3	44	4 44	5 50
Avalon	7 02	7 51	11 52	9	57	1	42	3	45		5 52
Gwynn....											5 55
Relay	7 06			10	01	1	46	3	49	4	59
Rockenr	7 11	7 58	12 05	10	11	1	56	3	56	4 53	6 05
Elliott City.	7 20	8 03	12 10	10	13	1	58	4	00	4 57	6 09
Dorsey											6 12
Hollofield..											6 15
Dorsey										