

SOME LARGE TIMEPIECES.

Wonderful Ingenuity of Ancient and Modern Clockmakers.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CLOCK.

The ordinary, everyday tower clock is not a very complicated piece of machinery. It is in fact an ordinary house clock on a big scale, and its multiplication of dials is merely a matter of piousness and adjustment of weights. But there are clocks into which much ingenuity and years of labor have been put and a description, however brief, of some of them may be of interest.

The old clock of Prague, built by one Hannusch about 1470, is one of the wonders of clock making ingenuity. The dial was egg-shaped and nearly eight feet across. It was covered with hands, each hand having its particular duty to perform. So intricate was its mechanism, and so fearful were the citizens of Prague that some other city might have a similar, or better one, they declared poor Hannusch insane and put out his eyes. This wonderful clock told the centuries, years, months, days, hours, minutes and seconds. The hours were pulled on a bell by a skeleton, who, as he pulled the rope, nodded to a figure beside him as if to intimate that his last moments had come; while the figure shrugged his shoulders and looked up pitifully as if begging another hour's respite. The clock was provided with figures of the twelve apostles, and at intervals of an hour they appeared to the spectators, "in tunics and gowns," and performed a kind of drill for the benefit of the citizens of Prague.

I think it is in St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, that a peculiarly designed clock is yet to be seen. The dial plate hour-marks are the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. The Madonna is seated on a stage over the dial, and on religious festivals an angel comes out, salutes, and blows a trumpet; then the Magi come out and offer salutations and retire; then two giants appear, look up at the winged lion of St. Mark, and strike the hour on a huge bell.

AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

The astronomical clock of Strasbourg is probably the most famous of the world's great timepieces. The present clock was begun in 1547 and finished in 1574. Its original designers died while it was building and Prof. Daeypodius furnished plans for its completion, and the work was done under David Walther. It is a perfect order to day. In size it is 90 feet high and 15 feet wide at the base. On one side is a winding stair, topped by five Corinthian columns; on the other side is a gothic pillar, paneled, each panel filled with paintings of human figures. In front of the base is a huge globe, showing the equinoxes and relative positions of the sun and moon, while another arrangement shows the movements of the planets, fast days, holy days and feast days. Above the base is a stage on which figures representing the days of the week pass in order. On each side of the dial sits a cupid. One strikes the hours and quarters on a bell, while the other reverses an hour glass at the proper moment. Above is the dial with the zodiacal signs and which shows the moon's phases, and surrounding that a cabinet of automata that appear at noon. At 11.15 a cupid taps the bell, and from the upper cabinet a little child toddles out with a wand and strikes one on a bell and retires. At the second quarter Youth comes out, and with a shepherd's staff twined with flowers, strikes two. At the third quarter Manhood strides forth, strikes the bell three heavy blows with his mace and leaves. Twelve o'clock sees a tottering figure—Old Age—hobble out, give the bell four clumsy taps with its crutch and stagger off the stage. Then the skeleton Death, which has been looking on all the time, raises his baton—a human femur—and slowly strikes the hour of 12. While this goes on the twelve apostles pass in order before the Saviour, who blesses each; and a cock, perched on the gothic pillar, crows loudly three times, one cupid strikes the bell and the other reverses his hour glass. This is probably the most complicated and wonderful clock in existence.

There is a clock in Paris which consists of a glass dial and two hands. The hands are balanced by a ball on the short end of each, and in these balls, which are only about an inch in diameter, is contained the mechanism of the clock. You can turn the hands to any point you like, and on releasing them they will swing back, oscillate for a moment, and then show the correct time just as if they had not been touched. There are some very beautiful and ingeniously constructed clocks made in Paris and Vienna. I saw one a few years ago in which the only evidence of motion, save the movement of the hands, was the performance of a cat that at intervals cautiously extended her head and snatched with her paw at an almost too venturesome mouse, whose tail always disappeared just in the nick of time down a hole in a corner of the structure. Another clock presented a very round man eating potatoes with evident gusto, but, judging from the manner in which he rolled his eyes, he had some difficulty in swallowing them.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CLOCK.

The largest clock in the world is in the British House of Parliament, the train being fifteen feet long and five feet wide. The dials are 180 feet from the ground, and are 24 feet in diameter. The Cathedral at Malines has a larger dial, but has only one hour hand. The minute hand of the Westminster clock does not proceed regularly, but at its point jumps nearly seven inches every half minute. It telegraphs its time twice daily to Greenwich Observatory. The dial train is wound weekly, the striking train twice a week. The hour bell is nine feet in diameter and weighs fifteen tons. It is distinctly heard at ten miles distance. The quarter hour bells weigh 8,000, 3,700, 2,800 and 2,300 pounds respectively. The clock has been running since 1859, and cost, with the bells, \$110,000. The striking movement cost \$20,000, and that of the hands and dials \$28,500.

The "Columbus Clock," made in Columbus, Ohio, occupied eight years of its builder's life. It is eighteen feet high by seven feet wide at its base. It shows the earth in its diurnal and annual movements, and the position of the planets in their orbits, together with miniature models of the signing of the declaration of independ-

ence, Lincoln emancipating the slaves, a walking man, etc.

There is a clock in Hazelton, Pa., which shows forty-eight moving figures. It gives all the planetary movements, the moon's phases, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, Time and Death, each performing a part. Christ and Apostles, the three Marys, Satan, sentinels, and figures which play on the harp and organ, the battle of Mommouth, and Molly Pitcher and her water-beg. These figures perform almost incredible movements, among them being the Temptation and Peter's denial of the Saviour, the latter act being marked by the crowing of a cock while Satan appears at an open window, rubs his hands and smiles gleefully.

THE RITENHOUSE CLOCK.

"The Ritenhouse Clock," owned by a well-known Philadelphia editor, who has a taste for curiosities and the wealth to indulge it, is perhaps a more ingenious work than some I have mentioned. It has six dials. One shows seconds, hours, minutes, days of week and month, correcting itself for leap year variations and giving the moon's phases; the second shows the movements of the planets, each being represented by a golden ball; the third shows the moon revolving round the earth; the fourth shows Saturn on his 29-year orbit; the fifth keeps sun time compared with meridian time; the sixth regulates the chiming and gives the choice of ten tunes any one of which may be repeated by pressing a knob on the dial.

A Hindoo legend tells us of a clock owned by a prince of the far away times. A large gong hung by the dial, and before it a great heap of human bones, in all of which were complete skeletons. "When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one," says the legend, "out from the pile crawled first the number of one man, part coming to part with a quick click, and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When 2 o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up and, marching to the gong, struck one after another his blow, making twelve in all; then, returning, fell to pieces as before."

Nowadays we have clocks driven by water, by compressed air, clocks arranged so as to rewind themselves by an air current carried through a tube. Recently a Canadian, Mr. George Hess, of Zurich, obtained a patent for an electric clock. In all probability, however, for some time to come the propelling power of our big clocks will be of the kind that requires daily or weekly expenditure of energy to be stored up in weights and paid out by gravitation, just as in the clocks of the fifteenth century.

MASQUETTE.

What Ensilage Is.

If you don't know what ensilage is you might as well be told now and have it done with. Ensilage is winter food for the patient and nutritious cow. The exhibitor explains all about it. It is really prepared corn. The corn not planted in the usual "hills" but in rows—drills is the technical term. This gives more of it to the acre, but it knocks poetry out of the cornfield; it doesn't leave any room for pumpkins, and a field without yellow pumpkins is a pretty poor affair. Just before the ears of corn harden and begin to whisper of husking bees, and going home with the girls after they are over, the ruthless hand of the modern improved farmer cuts the stalks off close to the ground, and the whole crop is carried to the barn on a patent wagon and run through the latest ensilage machine, which chops up stalks, leaves, husks, ears of corn, and sometimes the hired man's fingers. There is no husking, no finding red ears, no pumpkins, no jack-lanterns, nothing but the steady hum of the steam ensilage machine, and, perhaps, sometimes, a few earnest remarks by the hired man. After the corn is chopped up it is put in the silo, where it remains like canned fruit in a glass jar till it is taken out and introduced to the cow. There is no silo exhibition, but the man says that the farmer buys the ensilage and makes his own silo. Cows are very fond of ensilage, and it is said to be a rare and beautiful sight to see a cow hold up her plate for more. The man says that one farmer near Albany keeps his cows in the barnyard and feeds them ensilage and nothing else. He predicts that everybody will do this in a few years, so it seems that the pasture with the daisies and lazy bumble-bees will have to "go" with the genuine cornfield. Pretty soon a farm will consist of one machine painted red, white and blue, and a small box of chemicals. Between scientific farming and Indian rubber flowers the soil is fast becoming superfluous, and in a few years we can lay out the surface of the earth into baseball grounds and two-mile tracks.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Present For a Husband.

Furniture Dealer—Yes, madam, there is no finer present for a man than a handsome writing-desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those drawers for? "Drawers, madam. That desk has 160 separate drawers."

"Huh! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."

When Dom Pedro of Brazil lay sick unto death in Italy, not very long ago, he told his nurse one morning that he had had a dream. "An old man came to me," said Dom Pedro, "and in a most earnest way informed me that I should lose my crown before I lost my life."

The new Mayor of Birmingham, at a meeting of the Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society, said that from inquiries he had made at Somerset House he found that out of 688 shareholders in local breweries 115 (or more than one-sixth) were clergymen and women.

Has a man a right to kiss his wife in a theatre? This is the burning question of the hour in Kansas City, where authorities have decided in the negative. Dr. A. M. Goldstein and his wife prepared a test case, and after some controversy were escorted outside by a policeman. The subject is a delicate one, but we are inclined to think the Kansas City decision is right.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

It Lies as Much in Manners as in Features.

What has beauty to do with love? Here is a question that is harder to answer than to ask. We all have known that there is some sort of connection between them, but it is hard to define. Poets have often tried to define it, but, like other mortals, have failed. John Keats comes as near it, perhaps, as any of them when he says:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

That which we know to be true is more beautiful than that which we know or suspect of being false.

Haven't you known persons who seemed beautiful in your eyes until you discovered that they were not what they seemed? As long as they impressed you as being true they were beautiful, but the first line of mistrust made them ugly.

You cannot love the false in nature. You may admire it, and you may be fascinated by it, but you cannot love it. A milliner-made, hand-painted woman may win your admiration, and she may fascinate you, but she can never win your true love. This is true, because nature has made it so. The true and the false go side by side, but never hand in hand.

The man who mistakes fascination for love is in great danger of being led into a path of misery. His affections will not be returned, neither will his kindness nor gentleness be appreciated.

She alone is truly beautiful who is true. Her face may not be pretty, nor her form exactly sylph-like, yet she is beautiful in the eyes of him who believes in her.

May the shallow not use a little powder, or the pale-cheeked indulge in a tinge of rouge?

Certainly they may, because it is the duty of every woman to look well.

It is the duty of every girl, young lady, married woman and old maid to be just as handsome as she can.

To do this she need not resort to excessive padding, extensive dyeing, or lavish painting. Indeed, she need not resort to padding at all, because fashion is so very liberal that the thin are allowed to wear loose, flowing gowns, while the stout may wear theirs as tight as the skin. Tan and sunburn are also fashionable, and that dark, and even to many complexions are not only allowable, but quite the thing.

Beauty lies as much in manners as in features.

If our girls and young women keep this in mind, and strive to be well-mannered, they would not be so much inclined to paint, powder, and dress in a fussy fashion.

It is the well-mannered lady who feels most at ease in public, and attracts the most respectful attention. She may not excite as much comment as her more flashy and highly colored sister, but her chances for happiness and prosperity are much better.

Some ladies feel flattered to have gentlemen turn and look after them on the street, to gaze at them in public and make remarks about their shape. Could they hear the side remarks that are made they might not feel so highly flattered. Neatness in dress and quietness in manners are two things that never fail to win the honest admiration of respectable, virtuous men.

Many a woman has won the affection of a good man by the neatness and tidiness of her dress, and lost it by becoming negligent and slovenly after marriage.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Tom Thumb's Widow.

Tom Thumb's widow, who will not consent to exhibit herself at museum's now, passed through the city a few days ago. Seated in an easy chair, for her to reach the seat of which the need of a cricketer was absolutely necessary, the diminutive lady extended the hand of welcome, and with a smile, shook her head as the visitor gave greeting to "Mrs. Charles Stratton."

"No longer Mrs. Stratton," she said. "I am now the Countess Magri, and this is my husband, the Count."

The gentleman thus introduced was a handsome little fellow, whose years and whose inches are almost the same, for the crown of his head reaches only the level of an upright yardstick, and his age is about 39. Mrs. Stratton-Magri, if the doubtful appellation may be used, is 47 years old now, and she stands a head—that is to say a lilliputian head—shorter than her husband.

"We were married only four years ago," she said, "and I notice that many people still find it hard to separate my name from the General's. He, poor man, passed away six years ago"—Boston Journal.

The Hindoo Commandments.

There are ten commandments hung on the wall of the Hindoo Theological College in Madras. Homeward Mail reproduces them: "(1) Pray to God as soon as you rise from your bed 5.5.10 a.m. (2) Wash your body and keep your surroundings clean—5.10.5.30 a.m. (3) Prostrate yourself before your parents or guardians and take good exercise—5.30.6.30 a.m. (4) Prepare well your school lessons—6.30.9 a.m. (5) Attend school regularly and punctually and do the school work properly. (6) Obey and respect your teachers and the teachers of the other classes and other respectable persons. (7) Read till 8 p.m. at home. (8) Pray to God and go to bed—9 p.m. to 5 a.m. (9) Keep good company and avoid bad company. (10) Practice righteousness at all times."—London Standard.

"The good die young" applies most emphatically to chickens.

Robert Downing intends to dramatize Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman." The first act is already completed, and the tragedian is hard at work on the remaining ones.

It is now settled that the new Royal Observatory for Scotland will be erected on the left shoulder of Blackford Hill, Edinburgh, where already, in a temporary building, observations are being made.

WHAT AGITATES US.

Religion, Politics or War.
Agitate not the world at present;
There is one all-absorbing question
That wakes thoughts both sad and pleasant;
It is "Where is the cheapest place
To buy a decent Christmas present?"

Rev. Pomeroy I defy you to give me one good reason why the apostles shouldn't be believed. Mr. Incredulous—They were fishermen.

ONLY AN OYSTER.

Yet It Made Things Lively for a Fat Man in a Chicago Restaurant.

Last night a fat man, wearing a low-necked shirt with a turn-down collar three sizes too large for him, sat down to a table in a Clark street restaurant and called for a plate of raw oysters. He got them cold and juicy right off the ice, and, harpooning a fat oyster with his fork, he lifted it toward his mouth. But the slippery, slimy, chilly bivalve dropped off the fork before reaching its destination, caromed on the fat man's chin, and then slid down inside of his shirt and nestled on his breast.

No one saw the incident. The obese gentleman didn't see it, but he felt that something had happened and that he had arrived at a crisis in his life. A pained, startled expression rested for a moment on his face; then with a low, plaintive wail of heart-breaking agony he half rose from his chair and clapped his hand on his stomach. He struck the oyster, but that oyster creature was one of the most alert and agile of its species. It at once changed its base on feeling the pressure, and shied upward and across the fat man's wide expanse of palpitating bosom, leaving a trail of arctic frigidity in its wake, and took up new quarters in his left armpit. With a wild howl of anguish the unhappy proprietor of the oyster leaped two feet in the air, uttered another yell like a wild West Indian, and commenced to work his arm after the manner of a bag-pipe musician. The oyster got excited and started again on its travels, but was apparently unable to select a permanent location. After making several blind rushes it halted for a moment under a short rib near the spine to catch its second wind.

The unfortunate fat man was now in a state of mind bordering on insanity. He kicked over his chair, yelled and swore, grabbed himself in front and behind, and on both sides, rolled up his eyes, frothed at the mouth, and spun round like a top. But the slippery bivalve was now thoroughly rattled, and scooted here and there like a streak of greased lightning, taking great pains not to travel over the same ground twice.

"He's got a fit!" screamed a wild-eyed man, making a rush for the door, with a napkin tucked under his chin.

"It's either that or he's afire inside of his clothes," said another pale-faced diner, edging away from the sufferer.

For mercy's sake take him off, somebody; I'm dying!" wailed the stricken man as he threw up both hands and sat down heavily on the floor.

When the victims of misplaced refreshments struck the floor the oyster shot out of the back of his neck like a bullet, hit the ceiling with a squishy plunk, and then fell back and hung limp and lifeless from the chandelier.

The fat man's physician says the patient will recover from his attack of nervous prostration in a few days.—Chicago Times.

A Big Legacy.

St. Andrew's University, called by the London News "the oldest and most interesting and poorest of Scotch Universities," has received a legacy of £100,000 from an old graduate, John Berry, who made a fortune in Australia. In fact, John left his bountiful mother a round quarter of a million, but his generosity was tempered by his brother, to whom he gave the power of modifying the gift. Hitherto the professors of St. Andrew's have been poorly paid, and it has even been hinted—but this is probably a little humorous exaggeration—that they have been paid partly in stringy fowl. It is to be hoped that as the "plain living" improves the "high thinking" will not suffer a decline.

Down to the City on Monday Morning.

He—Where are you going my pretty maid?

She—"I am going after 19-cent ribbon, 29-cent stockings, 39-cent cashmere, 49-cent silks, 59-cent velvet, 69-cent gloves, 79-cent hats, 99-cent shawls, 99-cent umbrellas and all the other bargains in the papers, sir," she said.

Taxation Without Representation.

Sexton—Mr. Healthy, I called to get your share of the fund annually subscribed for keeping the cemetery in repair.

Mr. Healthy—Well, I've concluded I won't pay any more towards it. I've contributed for fifteen years and none of my family have as yet got a cent's worth of benefit from it.

More Than One Kind of Scotch.

"Do you like the Scotch?" asked one traveling man of another who was reading Burns.

"Yes," was the reply, "if it's cold weather and the Scotch is hot enough."

Flooring His Pa.

Johnny—Say, pa, are you in favor of the Bible in the public schools?

Father—Of course. Why do you ask?

"Nothin'." Only I notice you never have one in the house."

An Appropriate Name.

Jones—Say, Browne, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone?

Browne—Because he never works.

Though it blooms on many a patriot's nose, the rum blow-on cannot quite yet be called the National flower.

A well-known London journalist, a man of culture and ambition, is having his eldest son educated to be a cook. The boy has been trained by a famous chef at Brussels.

He afterwards studied under the chef of the Grand Hotel, Paris, and has just been apprenticed for three years to M. Charpentier, chef of the Savoy Hotel, London.

Minister—Who endeavored to walk on the ocean and went down because he had not faith. Boy—Oh! I know; that was McGinty.

Ijig proposed by the Caledonian Railway Company to promote a Bill in Parliament next session for leave to construct an underground railway between Edinburgh and Leith, by way of Princes street and Green-side. Under this scheme the West Coast trains will be run direct to Leith, which will then be the Caledonian terminus for the east of Scotland.

James Whitcomb Riley, the hoosier rhymer is a bachelor, and receives an offer of marriage about once a day. It is for this reason that he is sated to look a millinery store dummy in the face.

LINCOLN AND LEE.

Lord Wolseley's Estimate of the Central Figures of the Civil War.

The perusal of these papers has revived my remembrance of this great struggle and of the impressions it left upon me at the time. The routine of military duty had stationed me in the neighboring Dominion of Canada while this mighty fight was going on. It is not easy to describe the breathless interest and excitement with which from month to month, almost from day to day, we English soldiers read and studied every report that could be obtained of the war as it proceeded. No doubt many of our impressions of the facts, as we received them at the moment, required to be corrected by subsequent investigation. It takes a long time before the facts can be thoroughly threshed out from the mass of evidence bearing upon the complicated events of a great war that spread over a mighty continent. Nevertheless, in one respect, at all events, the broad impressions then formed are confirmed by the conclusions since arrived at, both from the more elaborate histories and from this most valuable series of papers. I refer to the opinion that, amid the crowds of able men, of gallant soldiers, and of clever statesmen whom the epoch of the American civil war produced, the two men, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Lee, stand out a head and shoulders above all others. Neither of them were free from human error. Experience and the teaching of history warn us that perfection is a myth. But how great were both of these two great men in their several spheres! How modest, how wise, how self-restrained, how generous, how large in their views, and how grandly patriotic, as each understood patriotism!

—Article in North American Review.

A Little Girl's Mistake.

Little Lizzie may not have made such a mistake after all, when she told her playmate that mamma was ever so much better since she began taking "Golden Medical Discovery." Lizzie meant Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but many a restored sufferer has felt that the discoverer was worthy of a golden medal. Better than all the medals, is the consciousness that thousands of cases of Consumption, "Liver Complaint," Kidney Diseases, and diseases of the blood, have been cured by it. Lizzie's mamma was one of a countless army who have learned by experience the virtues of the "Discovery" for diseased Livers and consequent impure blood. It cures all Skin, Scall and Scrofulous Affections, Salt-rheum, Tetters, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

When the Forty-Second Highlanders Had the Worst of It.

When the Forty-second Highlanders, or Black Watch, landed in Calcutta in the end of 1857, they were marched to the Scotch Kirk on Sunday in their full dress, with kilts and bonnets, to the great admiration of the public. But the mosquitoes from the large tank near the kirk smelt fresh blood, and invaded the sacred building, and soon found their way to the unprotected parts of the Highlander's legs, especially about their naked knees. For a while the men endured it bravely. Then one soldier and next another began to slap at the mosquitoes, until so many of them were fiercely slapping at their knees that the noise overwhelmed the preacher's voice, and he stopped his discourse, so that the men could be marched away to their barracks.—Longman Magazine.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules, Laxative or Cathartic according to size of dose. Purely vegetable.

Money vs. Brains.

A great lawyer having died, some one asked Daniel Webster how much of an estate he left. The answer came quick: "Like all great lawyers, he lived well and died poor." This was called to our mind by the remarkable statement lately made in a newspaper that all men of intellect accumulate property. Everybody knows that money sense frequently, although not always, goes with a low order of brain.—Dayton (Ohio) Democrat.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Johnny Doesn't See the Point.

"Hi, Johnny Henpeck, who wears the trousers in your house?"

"First me fader has 'em, 'n then I git 'em."

—The Prince of Wales, on his present trip, drinks nothing but German mineral water.

Mr. Stanley is expected to spend Christmas either at Zanzibar or Mombassa, where he will be welcomed by Colonel Ewan Smith and George Mackenzie.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, nee Endicott has left London with her husband and step children for a winter in Egypt. Christmas will be spent at Luxor on the Nile.

Ignatius Donnelly is said to be a disappointed man. He had confidently expected that the world would accept his Baconian cipher at once and shower upon its discoverer the wealth and fame he longed for. But instead of taking Donnelly seriously the world is inclined to look upon him as a brilliant humorist. It is strange that Donnelly should not be satisfied with this reputation.

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