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Rose Song.

Why are red roses red?
For roses once were white.
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

Why are white roses white?
For roses once were red.
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled,
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white.

Why are the roses sweet?
For once they had no scent.
Because one day the queen of love,
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet—
That made the roses sweet!
—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou near. —*John Keble.*

The Stolen Love-Letters.

In the uncertain flickering firelight pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said: "What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?"

"What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."

"Very likely. When a girl has discarded a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £30,000, it is likely she will be angry at the poor lover troubling her memory."

"I should dismiss the country clergyman very soon from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean;" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"I do not believe Cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."

"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the two young girls seated themselves on a low ottoman in a confidential attitude.

"Now Maggie, when and what?"

"The when was two evenings ago. Sir John and I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—as anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorn path. And what do you think? They rushed into each other's arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John' and 'Archie,' and hand-shaking, and 'How are you old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that way are so ridiculous!

"By-and-bye Sir John remembered me, and 'supposed Archie knew his fair parishioner Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said he had the honor of being my poor cousin. Men never keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new."

"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie, and if he had an ounce of sense he might have guessed the reason."

Kate shook her head and looked grave.

"Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this. Sir John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him."

"Then you have seen Archie?"

"Yes; I sent Davie Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night."

"How imprudent!"

"I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and give me back all my letters. I must have the letters, Kitty. I really must."

"Well?"

"Well he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried, and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and money, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true, and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got quite in a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he would not give me back my letters, and I must have them."

"I should not worry about a few love-letters."

"Kitty, you don't know all, or you would not say that."

"Tell me all, then."

"I have sent Sir John just—the—same—letters, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love-letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them. I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them also for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show those letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it."

Kate looked very much troubled. "Indeed, Maggie, you are right," she answered. "You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him; that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?"

"He said he never would give them to me."

"Perhaps he has burned them."

"Oh, no, he could never bear to do that. Why, he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawers of his Indian cabinet."

"Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is likely grandfather's key will open the minister's."

"Oh, Kate, you durst not do such a thing!"

"I dare, under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it were me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands."

"I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first."

"I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed, and sleep soundly on my promise."

"When?"

"Perhaps to-morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think."

The next morning proved to be one of those drenching days quite characteristic of an English November. Still, about three o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to "Kate's set ways," and her decided declaration "that she would be ill without her gallop."

Arrived at the village she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodding pleasantly to the housekeeper who opened it, she said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

The parson was gone to the bishop's, but if Miss Leslie would come in there was a fire in his parlor, and she could warm her feet and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little affected hesitation, and a little more pressing, consented to do so.

She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea. "I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if Cousin Archie is not back by that time, I must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark."

As soon as the door was shut she glanced round the room. It was a cozy place, full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key, and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed it was in constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered that her grandfather's had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie's had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded at once to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There was not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction, put them in her pocket, and relocked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard some one open the front door with a pass key, and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided that it was not Archie's footstep, and that it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also, she had decided that if she did not know him, he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlor; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in, with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next, Kate advanced a few steps, and said: "I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?"

"I think he will be here immediately," answered the new-comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. "I am sorry to have intruded, but I will retire at once, if you desire it."

"By no means, sir. I shall not remain longer. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it is likely to be dark very early."

"I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's, with three other clergymen. Your brother—"

"Oh, my brother is clergyman;" and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said: "I am Miss Crowther, of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Henry Crowther?"

The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact, he was Mr. Henry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had any sister. Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?

But almost with the announcement Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round, and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. "What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something nice—like that girl. I do wonder who she is!" The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell-rope down.

"Lawks, Mr. Henry, I knew that was you a-ringing, which Mr. Archie never rings that outrageous way. What be you wanting, sir?"

"I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house twenty minutes ago."

"Well may you ask, sir, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and a good one, and proud her grandfather is of her."

"That is all, Martha."

"Very well, sir."

When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and here has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and, by everything! she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Just what I say"

"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."

"Stop, Archie; I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."

"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said, mentally, "I must not punish her any longer. I will take her her letters to-morrow."

So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat, and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had ever dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlor where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once: "Why won't you shake hands, Archie?"

"How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—"

"'That robbed me.' Say it if you wish."

"I was going to say it. Why did you do it?"

"Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers, not yours."

"I think they were mine."

"That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favors relating to it ought to have been returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office."

"Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?"

"No, Archie, you have not."

"Do you really think I would?"

"You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much."

"I would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner."

"Archie!"

"Very improper indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would have given you the poor dear little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind."

"You think that is very satirical, I dare say."

"No, I do not. I am waiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make me one."

Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said, "You are right, Archie." Then, putting her hand in her pocket: "Here are the letters. Do what you likewith them. I trust you."

He took them tenderly, and throwing them into the fire, mournfully watched them turn to gray ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.

"Archie," she said, "forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him."

"Oh, Kate, see how one fault leads to another. If you had been doing right, you would not have been ashamed to confess that you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?"

"No, I know nothing about such a person."

"Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family."

"Must I do this?"

"You must. It is the least you can do."

"Very well, Archie, I will do it."

But this part of her punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was to be a lawn party at the bishop's, and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crowther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood bravely up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

"Good-afternoon, Cousin Kate."

"Cousin Archie, good-afternoon."

"Kate, this is my friend, Mr. Henry Crowther."

She blushed violently, but she did not lose her self-possession. "I have met Mr. Crowther before, once, when I was on a little private masquerade, and assumed the character of his sister. I hope I am forgiven."

"If I had a sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favor I have never ceased to regret my want."

They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly home together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies, either for one pretext or another. Then he began to come by himself, and to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at last even the dim eyes of her grandfather began to perceive how matters stood.

"Kitty," he said, one night, after waiting patiently through a "good-night" that lasted an hour and a half—"Kitty, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?"

"Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love-letters once nearly cost me my life;" and leaning fondly on her grandfather's neck, Kitty told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.

"Never pays, Kitty, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high."

"You forgive me, grandfather?"

"Yes, Kitty, with all my heart."

"Harry has forgiven me too. You see, after taking his name in jest, it is right I make the amend honorable by taking it in earnest. So, grandfather, if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May Harry ask you to-morrow?"

"Yes, he may ask me. He has asked you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"And we are to have a wedding, and no love-letters. I never heard of such a thing."

"A wedding, and no love-letters, grandfather. Love-letters are slow and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegraphs in their place."

The Culture of the Rose.

Every rose will not come from the slip. Of the three great divisions into which the rose family is separated, viz., the damask, the noisette and the tea, the last two may be propagated with more or less readiness from the slip, or by budding; the first only by dividing the roots, and planting the seed, which latter method is resorted to, however, only when it is desired to obtain new varieties.

The best season for taking rose slips is in June, just after the profuse bloom of early summer is over, although a person who knows exactly how to cut a slip may find good cuttings throughout the warm months. Judgment and discernment are needed for the selection at all seasons. I know a generous lady who sent her friends innumerable rainfulls of boughs, with hardly a real cutting upon them.

One should choose from a good vigorous branch of last year's growth a fresh shoot, containing two or three buds, such as will always be found more or less swollen at the base of the leaf stems. It should be cut from the parent branch diagonally, with a smooth, clean cut that will bring off a little of the old bark as well, in order to make the condition as favorable as possible for the formation of roots.

Have ready a box or pot of rich mold. With a round, pointed stick, make a hole several inches deep, and fill it up with clean sand; insert the end of the slip in this sand to the depth of one or two inches; be sure to make it firm in the soil, and the sand acting as a percolator for moisture, you may keep you slip well watered. You can soon see, by the swelling of the buds and the dropping off of the old leaves, whether the slip is indeed taking root, but do not attempt to remove it to the place where you would wish it permanently to remain, until it has put out several sets of new leaves.

An ingenious way to raise a set of slips has been recommended by Mrs. Loudon, which we have tried with unvarying success. It is to take an earthenware flower pot, gallon-size, and fill it more than half full of broken potsbreds, pebbles, bits of slate or such things; now set in the middle, on top of these refuse materials, another similar flower pot, half-pint size, with the hole at its bottom stopped up tightly with a cork—let its mouth be even with that of the large, outer one—fill up the interstices with silver sand or other pure sand, and set in a row of slips all around, cut according to the directions given above. Keep the inner pot full of water all the time, but do not water the slips directly. In about six weeks your slips will have fine roots, and can be potted. A hand-glass always hastens the process of rooting, and enables you to take advantage of the sunshine, but if you are not provided with one, be careful to keep your plants in the shade until they show certain signs of independence of life.

Roses need very rich soil to bring them to perfection, thriving best in a mixture of well-rotted manure, sand and garden loam, and to stint them of nourishment is indeed poor economy.—*Scribner.*

There is probably nothing so exhilarating in the experience of the amateur gardener as when he steps upon the hoe and the responsive handle immediately arises to implant a fervent kiss between his eyes.—*Boston Transcript.*

The registrar of the Philadelphia board of health refuses to issue burial permits unless the physicians who sign the certificates of death can exhibit a lawful diploma, qualifying them for the practice of medicine.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIMENT.

Trying to Revive a Hanged Murderer—Restoring Natural Respiration and Muscular Action, but Failing to Reproduce Beating of the Heart.

When Edwin Hoyt was hanged at Bridgeport, Conn., says the New York *Sun*, the action of his heart seemed to have entirely ceased in twelve and a half minutes after his fall through the gallows trap. Not even a faint fluttering could be detected, such as is very often kept up long after pulsation is no longer discernible at the wrists. So long as that fluttering continues life is not beyond recall by the application of proper treatment. In order to make certain of death in this instance, the physicians permitted the body to hang twenty-five minutes before they authoritatively declared Edwin Hoyt's heart stilled forever. Even after that judgment was pronounced, the suspension was continued for ten minutes more, not only to insure compliance with the mandate of the law that Hoyt should be "hanged by the neck until he was dead," but that he should be absolutely beyond the possibility of recall to life by certain scientific experiments which were contemplated. As quickly as possible after the corpse was cut down it was carried through the prison to the hospital department of the jail, which is in the second story, and was there placed upon a table where preparations had all been made for the purposed experiments.

The first proceeding in order was a general examination by the physicians present to ascertain whether Hoyt's neck had been dislocated or fractured. They finally arrived at the conclusion that it had been dislocated, but not broken. This was based on the impossibility of detecting any crepitus, or grating of broken bone surfaces. A single cell Kidder electro-galvanic battery, capable of giving a very powerful current, was next brought into requisition. Its first application was to the phrenic nerve—that which governs the muscles of respiration. An incision was made above the clavicle; one electrode was pressed under the edge of the clavicle, over the course of the phrenic nerve, and the other was placed over the diaphragm. By then alternately applying and removing the latter electrode, the muscles were so affected as to simulate perfectly the motion of respiration. In fact, real respiration was performed, the lungs alternately inhaling and exhaling air, with a slow regular motion, so strong that breath was distinctly felt coming from the mouth and nose. The corpse now seemed to be simply a person sleeping, except that the breathing was not so heavy as that of a living person would be. When the success of this experiment had been fully demonstrated, the action of the battery was otherwise employed. The muscles of the forearms, upper arms, and shoulders were caused by the electric current to contract with a great deal of force, causing the arms to double up and strike out in the directions of natural impulsion in a very lifelike manner. But these simulations of life by the corpse—breathing, striking and waving its arms about—were less startling than the next effects produced, which were upon the muscles of the face. As the electrodes were applied to exposed nerves governing different sets of muscles the dead man opened his eyes with a ghastly stare, closed them again, rolled the eyeballs in their sockets, moved his eyebrows up with an astonished stare, and frowned savagely. Then they changed the currents so as to excite the muscles of the mouth and nose, causing him to twist his nostrils as with a scornful sneer, compress them, open his jaws and shut them with a vicious snap, and work his mouth as if he were trying to talk. Openings were made in the chest and the electric current was applied to the heart, but without effect. That great muscle had ceased working forever, and not the slightest answering throb could be awakened. In all other respects the experiments were regarded by the physicians as successful, but here was the limit beyond which they might not go in making death burlesque life. "Could we have made the heart move," said one of the physicians, afterward, "we would have had some hope of being able to resuscitate the man, for then we did not know that his neck was broken. 'Would he have had to be hanged again if we had succeeded in doing so?' Well, we did not think about that. We were at the very portals of the great mystery of life and death, seemingly. We had induced natural respiration. If we could have made the heart beat, with the lungs doing their duty and that great force pump sending the life current through the arteries, it would have been actually raising the dead to life. But that was no to be."

An Island Prison.

One of the first problems forced upon the attention of General Melikoff was the providing of fresh facilities for confining the czar's disaffected subjects. For several years past the prisons of European Russia have been crowded to overflowing, and the same thing is true of Siberia. It appears that the practical mind of the new ruler has already hit upon a satisfactory solution of this problem. He is going to make the prisoners house themselves and feed themselves. They are to till the soil, to raise cattle, and to become a profit to the state instead of a burden; and they are to do all this on the island of Saghalien.

For ten years the government had been unsuccessfully trying to colonize this island. The great difficulty has been to get the prisoners there and to supply them with food and clothing after they got there. Last summer the experiment was tried for the first time of transporting them by sea in convict ships, and the authorities were so well pleased with the result that the work of colonization is henceforth to be steadily pushed.

At present there are on this island a little more than two thousand prisoners, all condemned to hard labor for long terms. Six hundred of them are employed in the coal mines at the post of Dua, and the rest are making roads and otherwise preparing for the arrival of the newcomers. Besides the post of Dua there are three more to be established—one in the valley of the Alexandrovsk, one in that of the Tymovsk and the Korsakoff post. This will give three posts in the central part of the island, three at its southern end. The large farms are to be established at the posts of Alexandrovsk and Tymovsk. It is said that the government has already appropriated the money necessary for carrying out these plans.

Saghalien is to have an administration of its own. Besides several companies of soldiers, who will perform guard duty, there will be a surveyor, an agriculturist and an architect to direct and supervise the prisoners at their work. Two surgeons are already on the island. This new scheme of colonization is not popular. The Nihilists don't like it; or, once transported to that distant island, they will be practically cut off from the people among whom they desire to propagate their doctrines. The peasants who have become accustomed to the terrors of Siberia, are awe-struck at the thought of a long voyage in the dreadful floating prison, over unknown seas, to a rocky island that is further than even far-off Siberia, and that lies by the side of heathen Japan. One point troubles the government. The chances are that escapes will be more frequent than those in Siberia. It is known that a large number of those transported to Saghalien last summer have already got away.

It is illegal in England to sell crabs measuring less than four and one-half inches across the back, and persons selling them have lately been punished.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Maine experiment of offering rewards to boys for successful farm work is to be imitated in Vermont. Two of the trustees of the State university have offered $150 in prizes to boys not over seventeen years of age for the best crops of potatoes and corn on one-eighth of an acre. The *Scientific American* thinks the practice is a good one, and might be wisely adopted with benefit to our agricultural interests as well as to the boys.

One of the oldest and best advertisers in the country gives three cardinal points that all advertisers may profit by: First, if one has a good thing, which the people really need, the more widely he makes it known the larger will be his rates; he will gain nothing by economizing in this matter, provided he advertises with good judgment. Second, no one need expect to do a brisk and extended business in these days who fails to advertise, and advertise freely. Third, it costs money at the outset to advertise, and one must not expect to do this effectually for little or nothing. But if properly done it will pay in the end.

One of the most notable among recent engineering projects is the railway already being constructed over the Mount Lofty range of hills, South Australia. Nearly $4,000,000, it is stated, will be expended on the thirty-three miles between Adelaide and Nalzne. Within a trifle the railway is estimated to cost about $110,000 per mile, and that where the cost of the land was very slight; in some portions the expenditures will be fully $150,000 per mile, owing to the large extent of tunneling to be done and the height of the viaducts and embankments to be formed. The summit of the range will be reached in about nineteen miles from Adelaide, and at an altitude of some 1,600 feet above sea level, and here a station, to be named after the range, will be located. The ruling gradient, one in forty-five, will be between Government Farm and this point, and the descent from the summit to the Aldgate point will be by a similar gradient.

—more.

The far West seems already tolerably well supplied with means of livelihood for the scores of millions that will soon be there. Even a new one has recently been mentioned in the California Academy of Science. The gum which exudes from the creosote plant is known to commerce as shellac, from which are made sealing-wax, varnish and the scarlet lac dye used for dyeing the British red military coats. The plant is as thick as sage brush, from Southern Utah to New Mexico, and from the Colorado desert to Western Texas, but chiefly plenty on the Mojave and Colorado deserts. Calcutta exports $5,000,000 worth of shellac a year, which brings from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a pound, and almost as much of lac dye, selling still higher. The United States have imported in some years 750,000 pounds of shellac alone. Yet it is all over the West, and can be so easily collected that boys could carry on the business of gathering it. Probably this product will now receive attention in commerce.

The steady decrease in the population of France, as indicated by the gradual falling off in the birth rate, is again attracting considerable attention in that country. In 1878 the number of births was below the average of the four previous years. In 1861 the average was 2.69 per cent.; in 1868 it had sunk to 2.63, and since then a further decline took place, until in 1878 it had fallen to 2.53. The birth rate of France is, indeed, much lower than in any other European country. The highest rate is that of the German empire, where, according to the latest returns, it was 4.03 per cent. In Russia the rate is 3.98, and in Austria 3.91 per cent, while in England in 1877 it was 3.62 per cent. The causes assigned for the low rate in France are the fewer number of marriages and the great decline in the number of children resulting from these marriages. The proportion of children to each marriage is dwindling more and more each year throughout France, with the exception of Brittany and some of the departments in the center and south, where the agricultural population is under the system of co-operative farming. Among the petty tradesmen and the well-to-do peasants there is seldom more than one child per marriage; and in some parts of the country the average is even less than this. To a certain extent the decrease in population is kept in check by the decrease in the mortality.

The "Roll Bengol Tagger."

These are little Johnny's observations on the "Roll Bengol Tagger," as communicated to the San Francisco *Argonaut*: One time there was a man who had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho, and the man he tuke the money for to get in. The man he had a big paper nailed onto the tagger's den, and the paper it said, the paper did: "The Roll Bengol Tagger, sometimes cald the Monerk of the Jungle. Hands of. No Techin the Tagger!" The monerk of the jungle it was always a layin down with its nose tween its 9 pox, and the folkes wich had paid for to get in thay was mad cos it wudent wock and rore like dissent thunder. But the sho man he said: "That's ol rite when I git the new cage done, but this is the same cage which the offle feller broke out of in Oregon, time he et up the seventeen men and their families." Then the folks they would ol stand back and tock in whispers while the tagger slep. But one day a feller wich was drunk he take to punchin the tagger with the masthead of his umberler, wich stampeeded the oddience wild, and the wimmen folks thay stud onto chairs and holliered like it was a mouse, but the drunk chap he kep a jobbin the monerk of the jungle crewel. Pretty sune the monnerk it bellered offle and riggled, but the feller kep a pokin like he was a fireman to a steam engin. Bimeby the monnerk it jumped onto its hine feets and shucked itself out of its skin and rolled up its sleefs and spit onto its hands and spoke up and sed: "Blame if I can't jest whoslip the stuffin' out o' the garloot wich has ben a proddin this ere tagger!" And the oddience thay was astonish!

A Telephone Joke.

A manufacturing firm down on the flats the other day wanted to get a quantity of stock from a concern in another part of the city. The telephone was called into requisition and the price of the desired material inquired. It was given, but the would-be purchaser thought it was too high. He was then requested to wait while a consultation was held at the end of the line to see what they could do for him. He did wait, but kept the phone to his ear, and through the accommodating Blake transmitter heard everything that transpired in the office at the other end. He heard one member of the firm say to the other finally that a certain figure would be charged, lower than the first, but still some twenty per cent. above the cost. Word was then sent him direct that he could have the stock he wanted at cost price, seeing as it was him. He answered back that that was too low, for he had heard every word that had passed. That Blake transmitter has since been removed, and when the firm desire to hold a private conference they go down cellar and whisper to each other. The telephone is a marvelous invention.—*Cleveland Leader.*

From repeated observations upon human skulls, Dr. Pebon, of Paris, infer that intelligence is usually in direct proportion to the size of the cranium.

"THE PASSION PLAY."

A Unique Performance Which Took Place at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria.

The New York *Herald* has the following interesting account of the "Passion Play," a relic of mediæval times, which was performed this year for the first time in ten years in a Bavarian village before assembled thousands, many of them strangers from all parts of the world: To-day, in a remote village of the Bavarian Highlands, within a rude theater, the most part of which is open to the sky, there is seated all day long, from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, with an interval of an hour at noon for refreshments, some five or six thousand people, peasants from the neighboring villages, sight-seers from the near-lying Bavarian towns, and tourists from far and near, from England and America. They are gathered together, some for devotion, others out of curiosity, to witness the first representation of a unique and interesting drama, the only surviving mediæval relic in Germany of the kind which has come down with unbroken tradition. The scene of the drama is the village of Ober-Ammergau, and the play, to give it its full title, "The Great Expiatory Sacrifice of Golgotha, or the Narrative of the Passion and Death of Jesus, According to the Four Evangelists, with Tableaux Vivants Taken From the Old Testament." The actors are humble villagers, under the guidance and direction of their village pastor. None other has ever acted in the play, and yet it can trace its existence back for centuries; indeed, its origin is lost in the remote past. For long years its fame was confined to its own immediate neighborhood, but in these days of the railway, the telegraph, the press and tourist agencies, it was impossible to keep its fame from spreading far and wide and thus it came to pass that, from being a spectacle for their own villagers and the goal of a decennial pilgrimage for the devout, it has become center of attraction to the pious and curious of two continents.

The last performance of the "Passion Play" was given in 1871, as a crowning religious act of the general enthusiasm which prevailed in Germany after the victories of the German troops in France and the returning peace. The performance of 1870, the proper year for the exhibition, was interrupted by the breaking out of the war, in consequence of which the theater had to be closed long before the appointed time, and the visitors were scattered to the four winds. Forty of the men and youth of Ammergau, among them several who had taken part in the play, were called to the ranks of the Bavarian army. Joseph Maier, the delineator of the character of Christ (as in the present year), was among those who had to perform military duty, although it fortunately happened that the reigning king of Bavaria, Ludwig II., who had ever manifested a deep interest in the "Passion Play," interfered in his favor, and allowed him to do garrison duty in Munich and retain his long, flowing hair. Of the forty who left the village in 1870 for the war, six never returned—two fell in battle and four died in the hospital. When the news of the peace concluded between Germany and France arrived in the Bavarian Highlands, fires of joy were lighted on every mountain top, from the Odenwald to the Tyrol, and the villagers of Ober-Ammergau met together and determined to give a representation of their "Passion Play" in honor of the event. "This," they said, "shall be our method of thanking God, who has bestowed on us the blessings of victory and peace." Since then nine years have passed, during which time the villagers have prepared themselves for the representation which begins to-day. When we look at the names of the players we can hardly realize that nine years have elapsed since the last performances. With the exception of Anastasia Krach, who takes the place of Marie Flunger in the role of the Virgin, there is not a single change of importance. Truly, time does not seem to age the simple dwellers of the Ammerthal.

The "Passion Play" is composed of no less than eighteen acts, representing the life of Christ from the entry into Jerusalem to the resurrection and ascension. Each of the eighteen acts is prefaced with one or more tableaux vivants, the subject of which is taken from the Old Testament. They stand in the closest connection with the dramatic part of the performance, being so many symbols and prophecies of the scenes from the life of Christ, which they are intended to illustrate. The small text book published by the community of Ober-Ammergau has very appropriate remarks upon this subject by the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger: "Our main object," he says, "is to represent the story of Christ's Passion, not by a mere statement of the facts, but in its connection with the types and figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional strong light will be cast upon the strong narrative, and the thoughtful spectator will be able to realize the grand truth that Jesus Christ, the son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes. As in the history of the Christian church, the life of the Savior and all his sacred actions are continually repeated and reproduced, to the extent that, according to Scriptural commentators, he lives over again, suffers and triumphs again in his saints, so it happened before His appearance in the flesh, and the holy patriarchs and other saints of the Old Testament foreshadowed His coming by the events of their history and by their virtuous lives; for He is the eternal sun of the spiritual world; the sun of justice, sending forth His divine rays to illuminate in all directions both His predecessors and His successors, no less than His contemporaries. Many of the incidents in the lives of the ancient fathers bear a striking and obvious resemblance to various parts in the life of the Redeemer, and set forth the sufferings and death and resurrection so minutely that the evangelists continually mention some prophecy which was fulfilled. Thus the heroes of the Scriptures—Adam, the obedient, Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Job, David, Micaiah Jonas, Daniel, and so many others who labored and suffered in His spirit—represent in part, though imperfectly, His life, and through what they accomplished and suffered they became the prophets of that which in him, the Urbild, the primitive type, should take place. In this fundamental thought is the representation of the Passion arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

To-day we shall give only a single scene from the "Passion Play," as recorded by the author of the "Album of the Passion Play." The drama has a double prelude, one of prayer and one of nature. Precisely at eight o'clock the booming of cannon, planted on a slight elevation beneath the peak of the Kofel, announces that the play is about to begin. The whole available space within the theater is crowded. Every eye is directed toward the broad proscenium, which is bathed in the glow of morning sunlight. If the curtain of the central stage was removed, while the musical overture is being performed, and there was revealed at once what is only to be gradually unfolded the hearts of many indifferent spectators would be filled with surprise, if not with deeper emotions. In the principal scene of the future labors of the players are assembled all the members of the community who are to take an active part in the performances—upward of five hundred in number—together with their pastor or the aged priest-father of the village, the Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, and there, unobserved by human eye, but feeling conscious of the Divine Presence, have fallen upon their knees and are engaged in a silent prayer. The spiritual leader of the villagers kneels down in their midst. We know that the purport of their prayer, although very supplicate in silence, is that the dramatic labors in which they are about to engage may prove spiritually beneficial to themselves and to the thousands who have come from distant parts to witness them. This is the unseen prelude to the "Passion Play."

There is also the prelude of nature, which contributes to a calm and joyous feeling in the breast of the spectator. The eye, wandering far beyond the limits of the stage, dwells upon the green, sunlit landscape of the valley. To the right and left the gaze rests on mountains fringed with firs, and more prominent than all on the high peaked Kofel, with its high cross gilded by the morning's rays. The fresh morning breeze is laden with the perfume of myriads of wild flowers that carpet the meadows of the valley. The ear is captivated by soft, thrilling melodies as the lark soars from his nest among the meadow grass and pours out a matin hymn to the Creator. Even within the confines of the theater itself tiny feathered visitors dart across the sea of human heads, hop about on the broad proscenium or rest demurely on the projecting corners of the stage, while butterflies of every hue sail about at the caprice of the breeze, enlivening and diversifying the scene. From the distant hills the tinkling of cow bells is borne faintly to the ear, giving evidence of the charm and simple beauty of pastoral life. Nature and art here unite in preparing the mind for the grand scene of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Every feature of landscape and surrounding contributes toward the realization of the first scene of the drama—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem—in such a manner as almost to produce complete illusion.

The Same Old Game.

The other afternoon the tools, implements, furniture, appurtenances and whatever else belongs to the game of croquet, were put in position on a lawn up Woodward avenue, and as a young lady and a young man, seemingly her lover, took up the mallets to start the balls, a bony-looking old tramp halted and leaned over the fence and got his mouth puckered up for something good. The young man took the first shot, and, before the ball ceased rolling, the girl's voice was heard calling:

"You didn't knock fair—you've got to try it over!"

Before either of them were half way down she had occasion to remind him that he wasn't playing with a blind person, and that she could overlook no cheating. As she went under the last arch he felt compelled to remark that her playing would rule her out of any club he ever heard of. On the way back she asked him why he couldn't be an honest man as well as a jockey and a falsifier, and he inquired why she didn't write a set of rules to tally with her style of playing.

"It's coming—'tain't five minutes off!" chuckled the tramp, as he took a new grip on the fence and shaded his eyes with his hat.

"Don't you knock that ball away!" shouted the girl, a minute after.

"Yes, I will!"

"Don't you dare to."

"I'm playing according to the rules."

"No, you aren't! You've cheated all the way through!"

"I never cheated once!"

"And now you are adding the crime of perjury! Sir, I dare not trust my future happiness to such a man! I could never trust or believe in you!"

"Nor I in you!"

"Then let us part forever!" she said as she hurled her mallet at a stone dog.

"So we will!" he hissed as he flung his at her sleeping poodle.

She bowed and started for the house to pack up his letters.

He raised his hat and made for an approaching street-car to get down town in time for the Toledo train.

"That's all I wanted to know," sighed the tramp as he turned away. "I've been out in the woods for a few years past, and I didn't know but there had been some changes made in croquet, but I see it's the same old game clear through!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Water Supply.

Of the danger of injury to health from polluted wells, it is hardly possible to say too much. In one cholera season in London six hundred deaths were traced to the use of a single street pump. Typhoid fever has been repeatedly, indeed many times, known to affect whole families who resorted to a well for a common supply, while others in the same neighborhood, using different water, were not attacked. Worse yet, perhaps, seems to be the subtlety with which organic poison may be conveyed, by water, through milk in dairymen's supplies. Several times this has happened in London and elsewhere in England. In one instance, so far as appeared, the only mode of contamination was by the milk-pans at the dairy being washed in water from a stream into which leakage had occ