

TO THE SETTING SUN.

Down, down, thou goest, sinking to thy nightly rest,
Crowning distant mountain tops with a gold and silver crest.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble—"married! And without neither wedding cake nor new bonnet, nor so much as a neighbor called in to witness the ceremony!"

"It was out in 'Squire Larkins' garden, mother," said she. "'Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward and Mr. Hall, Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must be now or never, because he couldn't endure the suspense. And the 'squire is a justice of the peace, and I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see, mother! And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious, temperate young man; and please, mother, 'flinging both arms around the old lady's neck, 'if you'll forgive me for disobeying you this once, I never, never will do it again!"

"So Mrs. Bubble—although, to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a 'justice of the peace'—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane, there to commence the conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living; and I did hope, Mary, you would have married some one who could at least have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy. Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old Crosses is one too many. Let him go his way; who cares for him!

"We shall get along," said Abel. "Of course we shall get along!" said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. 'Squire Larkins, with a young friend in flounced white muslin, stopped at the Bubble farmhouse to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. Larkins, laughing. "To'able, thank you," said Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon Faraday's to get her recipe for makin' soft-soap. Abel's well, too, thankie. He's in the shop, now, at work. His hammer is sort of company for me when I sit here alone. I don't deny, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkie, and with Mary's face, and her term at boarding-school, she'd ought to done better."

"What beautiful old chests of drawers!" cried Miss Wynward, ecstatically. "What lovely brass ornaments! And what picturesque claw legs!"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Larkins. "It is over a hundred years old. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique chest of drawers!"

"Oh, ma'am, it ain't the same," said Mrs. Bubble. "It ain't the old one at all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it!" echoed Mrs. 'Squire Larkins. "I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs. Bubble, looking impudently over the edge of her spectacle glasses. "It was given to me, you know, ma'am, when my father's estate was settled up, and the old furniture was divided. My brother John's wife she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels; so she says, says she:

"Sophtar, you can take the old chest o' drawers."

"And I knew I was bein' cheated then; but, 'at what's the use of trouble among one's relations? So says I."

"Have it your own way, Abigail Ann."

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan,' and I took the chest o' drawers. And Abel he fixed it up dreadfully nice, with a little sand paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters and samples of patchwork and paper patterns in. But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's offered me twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse so much money; so I sold it. And John's wife, she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she:

"Sophtar, don't you s'pose you could sell 'The Death of Jonathan' for the same money?"

"And I knew just how she felt, and I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she always was a graspin' thing. But after it had gone away in Doctor Holloway's wagon, I began to miss it, and I fairly set down and cried. And Abel, he says:

"Cheer up, mother, says he. 'I'll make you another one like it!'"

"And so he did. And there it is," said Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know but what it was the same old chest o' drawers. He's darkened it down, 'ied it up, and turned out claw legs, and beat out a set of old brasses to cover the keyholes, until you never would know the difference. And I'm just as well satisfied as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things

and went to the sewing society when Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big, airy kitchen when Professor Eldred and his two daughters—maiden ladies of unchronicled age—alighted from their open box-wagon, and stopped in for a drink of water.

There was the well under the hovey apple blossoms at the back; and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep; and the cleanly-scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rag rugs at the doors; and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner; and the old chest of drawers, between the two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Etheldreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely piece of workmanship!"

"Quite medieval! sighed Miss Ermenegarde. "We must have this old Revolutionary relic in our drawing-room, pa!"

The professor stared around him. "There's nobody to ask the price of, my dear," said he.

"That's just like pa!" said Miss Etheldreda. "Don't you hear somebody hammering somewhere? There's a carpenter working just down the lane. Go and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently away at a step-ladder, when the professor's bald head was thrust into his shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very handsome in his shirt sleeves and a scarlet necktie.

"I wish you a very good morning, sir!" said the professor, politely. "Same to you, sir!" said Abel.

"I wish," said the professor, "to inquire the price of that beautiful old brass-mounted chest of drawers in the kitchen of the house yonder. My daughters—"

"No price at all, sir," said Abel. "It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would be any inducement to you—"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly repeated Abel. "Nothing would induce my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked the professor.

"Exactly," said Abel. And he went on hammering and whistling the tune of "Robin Adair," while the professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry bushes and black currants.

Half an hour afterward Mary, the pretty first cause of all Abel Jones' romantic adventures, ran into the shop. They had been married for over three months now, but Abel's smile of welcome was no less bright than it had been in the days of the honeymoon.

"Bless me, Polly!" said he. "What is the matter? You look half scared to death!"

"And no wonder," said Mary. "There have been burglars at the house. Mothers chest of drawers is gone!"

"What!" shouted Abel.

"And these were left under one of the volumes of 'Barnes' Notes on the Gospel' on the kitchen table!" breathlessly added Mary, displaying five ten-dollar bills in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word!" said Abel. "It's the old fellow with the bald head, Polly, and the spectacles, you may depend upon it. I thought he looked like an old furniture dealer."

Alas, poor Abel! not to be able to discriminate between a second-hand storekeeper and the Professor of Etymology and Belles Lettres in Hixley University! But such is life!

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary, breathlessly.

"Well, not exactly," said Abel, laughing. "The old thing itself wasn't worth ten dollars. If they choose to value it at fifty, why it ain't bad for us in the light of a pecuniary transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished," said Abel. "I was meaning to sell it to Mr. Hartington. But I'll just set it up in the old place, and mother will never care whether its number one or number two that's there."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home from the sewing society Abel was just setting up a new chest of drawers, and Mary eagerly related to her the tale of the burglary, for she still persisted in calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bubble. "Fifty and twenty-five makes seventy-five. I'm glad I didn't take 'The Death of Jonathan!'"

"This means business," said Abel to himself.

And he set diligently to work to manufacture still other duplicates of the "chest o' drawers," staining them a dark rich brown, and beating out odd, shell-shaped decorations to complete the illusion. And when the curiosity hunter came up the road, embowered in elms, where it required considerable engineering for one load of hay to pass another, Abel sat whistling on his doorstep, ready to drive a bargain.

pay off the last instalment of the mortgage on the old farm. We couldn't have made more money than that if we'd kept a house full of boarders, as Polly wanted to do; but I don't mean Polly to be at the head and tail of a dozen fine ladies, and work her roses off, not while I'm able to work for her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good luck spread far and wide through all the country side. Mrs. Hopper, the "Abigail Ann" of Mrs. Bubble's legendary reminiscences, heard the great news and drove down from Plum Hill to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found five hundred dollars," said she, dolefully, "in that old chest o' drawers, its the law as all the heirs should divide equally, Sophtar Bubble."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble. "Oh," said Mrs. Hopper. "I told my husband as it was all a made-up story."

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs. Bubble, laughing. And then she related the precise circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath. "I wish I hadn't chose 'The Death of Jonathan,'" said she. "The cord broke last week, and it fell down and smashed my best set of china. I never had no luck with it."

"And served you right for your greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones, sotto voce, to Mary, who, in the next room, was helping him to varnish a set of hanging shelves.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered Mary. While old Mrs. Bubble smiled, and remarked, sagely, that "nobody never knew exactly how things was goin' to turn out."

"But," she added, wiping her spectacles-glasses, "that chest o' draw's certainly did bring me good luck. It's paid off the last of the old mortgage, and laid in a stock o' real black walnut for Abel to work with, and got a new navy-blue cashmere for Mary. And if that ain't luck I don't know what is."

A BIT OF HORSE TALK.

"I suppose," said a well-known horse dealer to a Boston reporter, "that for carriage horses, there's nothin' finer than the 'Cleveland bays.' We have some in this country, though they're scarce and gen'ally called coach horses. They are called as they are 'cause of their bay color and black points, an average of 16 to 17 hands high. The first one I ever saw I see in Canada, an imported one. They are high steppers, have small heads an' arcing necks, an' are of good style an' appearance. Their trotting action is from the shoulder, and a pair of 'em 'ill rattle off a heavy barouche in fine shape, I tell you. A good pair would bring from \$2,000 to \$4,000; but you can't get many of 'em, 'cause they're not to be had. Have the right kind, matched up close, and they would bring almost any price—such fellows as Vanderbilt would buy 'em."

"Some people say that the French coaching stations that are being brought to this country have too much of the Percheron or cart-horse strain in them. Do you think so?"

"No, I don't. There is no better bred horse than a genuine French coaching station, and I believe Dahlman, of New York, has done as much as any man in the country to improve American horses, both coach an' draft. He's brought over this year thirty-one coaching stations, besides his Norman stallions. They was mostly chestnuts, and very high knee actors, standin' 16 to 16 1/2 hands high. He has 'em in York State, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan. They sold as high as \$3,500 each. Dahlman bought 'em of the French government, for they are the very best to be had. He also brought over thirteen mares. They are such hosses, you know, as you'd stop to look at on the street; high knee action an' lots of style, what the French people like. They was all blood hosses; every one that handles hosses knows what they are. When I was in New York I see the French working stallion Ineroyable, which Dahlman sold to Vanderbilt. He was a 3-year-old, 16 hands high, gentle as a kitten, and as fine a horse for his age as I ever saw in my life. Good stallions don't amount to much, however, if you haven't got good mares. A good many people don't seem to bear that in mind."

"How about lighter blooded stock?"

"Well, some of the finest 15 to 15 1/2 hand high, hosses for such vehicles as T-carts, dog-carts, phaetons, etc., come from Kentucky. They are better than most of the others, because they have the blood. That'll tell, every time. Some very fair ones of this class, cob-built, come from Maine. Everybody likes that build of hoss if he has good action. They are an easy kept hoss, an' a hoss that wears better than these long-legged, loose-made hosses. They are just the kind for four-in-hands; fine, general-purpose hosses. They are worth from \$800 to \$2,500 a pair, according to style, action and quality. For a lady's phaeton you want a 15 1/2 hands smaller, one about 15 1/2 to 15 hands high, of Morgan build. A fast hoss that is too small for racing is very good for this purpose."

"Too small?"

"Yes, a good many fast hosses are too small to stand the work of a race-course. You occasionally find very fast small hosses, but where you'll find one fast one 14 1/2 hands high, you'll find ten a hand higher. They ain't got the foot to carry 'em; they can't get there as a bigger hoss. Good looks is a mighty important consideration in a lady's phaeton hoss. A lady is sure to want a hoss with a long mane an' tail, archin' neck, silky coat, etc., an' such hosses are rare. Maine is a good place to look for 'em, and they'll bring from \$300 to \$500 apiece."

"How about trotting hosses?"

"Well, a man needn't pay so much for a trotter, unless he wants one that can go better'n 30. If he's satisfied with one that will trot in the neighborhood of 2.45, he can get one for \$100 or less. When you get below 2.20 there ain't no regular price; it's regulated by the customer. Of course you know some of the fastest of 'em have brought enormous prices—as high as \$50,000."

The Metal Nickel.

The metal nickel has been made familiar to nearly every one by its extensive use in plating metallic surfaces, in which it has largely replaced the more expensive and less durable silver. In its pure metallic form it is not very well known, probably not so well as it will be, and there are even those who claim that it is the coming metal for uses to which it is much better adapted than the more expensive silver and the more easily oxidizable iron and steel. It is safe to say that its importance in the arts is now very generally recognized, and that its uses are destined to be vastly multiplied. It is not many years since nickel was first separated from its impurities in commercial quantities and utilized in its pure state without alloy or contamination by sulphur, arsenic or other elements with which it is universally combined in its natural state. As to its geographical distribution, it may be said that it is found in many localities, and in various parts of the world; but only in a few places has it been found in sufficient quantities and of sufficient richness to be worked with commercial success. The recent discoveries in New Caledonia (an island lying east of and near Australia) have given such importance and commercial cheapness to the metal as to bring it into economical use heretofore unknown. The only place in the world where it is now produced in quantities to be of practical value is in the United States where it has been extensively mined in at Lancaster Gap, Pa. This is the well known mine of Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia. He is now the only producer of metallic nickel in the United States. The ore from this mine contains in bulk from one and a half to two per cent. of nickel. It is worked into a commercial state at Mr. Wharton's extensive works at Camden, N. J. The important deposits of nickel recently found in Nevada are now attracting attention. These deposits are said to be rich in oxides of nickel and cobalt. The grade of this ore is claimed to be as high as sixteen per cent. nickel, or nickel and cobalt. Nickel is now worked so far as to be ductile and malleable. This is to be viewed as a new material, a new gift to the industrial arts, with an unknown number of applications before it. Its most extensive use at present is in the arts of plating, and in the production of German silver. For coinage there has been a large demand, which is no doubt destined to be greatly increased as its advantages and economy are better understood. In the last twenty years it has varied in price from \$1 to \$4 per pound. The price in England in 1883 was quoted (in a memorial to Congress) at seventy cents per pound. In the form of anodes for plating, etc., it commands a much higher price. From 1876 to 1882 the price was on the average upward of \$1.40 per pound for large quantities. The production from the (Gap mine) to 1883 is estimated at about 4,000,000 pounds. If the mines in Nevada turn out as expected the importation of nickel to this country will not be necessary.

Among the rewards recently granted by the National Society of France for the encouragement of virtue a medal was conferred on Mile Antoinette Lix, "ex-lieutenant" of the Polish army, and an "ex-Franco-Tireur" of the war of 1870. Mile. Lix, whose home is in the Vosges, is at present visiting friends in Paris. The story of this remarkable woman's life reads like a romance. Mile. Lix is forty-five years old. She is the daughter of an ex-officer of Charles X. and of Louis XVIII. She was born in Colmar. Having lost her mother, she was brought up like a boy by her father, who dressed her up to her eighth year in boy's clothes. At the age of 12 she rode on horseback, and fencing was her favorite exercise. Mile. Lix, at the age of 17, having a good education and knowing English and German, was summoned to Poland by the Countess L., who entrusted her with the education of her niece.

The war of independence, which broke out in 1863, gave an opportunity for the manifestation of the energetic character and noble nature of the young governess under the following circumstances: A friend of Count L., General B., the leader of the patriots, was about to be surprised, with the whole of his detachment, by the Russians. Mile. Lix heard of this, dressed herself in man's clothes, and rode on horseback to inform the general, but she arrived only just in time to see him fall in the fight. The courageous governess then rallied the soldiers, who were already retreating, re-armed them with carbines, and won the battle. This splendid action gained for her the rank of lieutenant, which she accepted, and she continued the campaign under the name of "Lieutenant Tony." Her companions were ignorant of her sex; but one day during a skirmish she was wounded by a lance in the breast and was nursed by Mile. de Wolowski, whom she had previously known. Sister Felisienne recognized Mile. Lix, carried her away and nursed her during six weeks. Mile. de Wolowski promised to keep Lieutenant Tony's secret, and as the young woman had recovered agreed to carry an important dispatch to a patriot leader, but she was made a prisoner by the Russians, and saved her life only by a passport which was made out in her brother's name. Mile. Lix, having been taken back to the frontier, rejoined the Countess L. in Dresden, and during her residence in that city attended a course of the medical lectures. When she returned to France, in 1866, the cholera was raging in the north. During the whole duration of the epidemic Mile. Lix attended the poor people suffering with the cholera, and as a reward for her devotion the government entrusted her with the post office at Lamarche, in Vosges, where, as soon as she arrived, she established a free industrial school for poor girls.

The way of 1870-71 broke out. Again dressed in man's apparel Mile. Lix enlisted, and as a lieutenant in a company of sharpshooters from the Vosges she took part in the battle of Bourgonce-Nompelize. M. Lesay, one of the

eye-witnesses of this battle, has related how "Lieutenant Tony" rallied the soldiers who were dispersing. "Stand firm, comrades," she said, "it is with broad erect that Frenchmen should receive the Prussian bullets!"

Not satisfied with leading the troops in the battle, Mile. Lix nursed the wounded that fell at her side. After her company had been united with the Garibaldian soldiers, she devoted herself exclusively to the ambulance service. In that capacity she was present at the battle of Lamarche, where she displayed remarkable devotion and self-abnegation.

For six years she was employed in the postal service in the Vosges, where she won the esteem and affection of all. Being attacked with rheumatism, the result of the campaign of 1870, she gave up her employment, and with government aid she was established in a tobacco shop at Bordaux, the proceeds from which provide for her modest wants. Mile. Lix walks with difficulty with the aid of crutches.

Choice of Occupation.

Parents often complain that their sons have been to school all their lives, have no choice of occupation, or that they choose to be accountants or clerks, instead of manufacturers or mechanics. These complaints are invariably unreasonable; for how can one choose at all or wisely when he knows so little?

I confidently believe that the development of the manual elements in school will prevent those serious errors in the choice of a vocation which too often wreck the fondest hopes. It is not assumed that every boy who enters a manual training school is to be a mechanic; his training leaves him free. No pupils were ever more unprejudiced, better prepared to look below the surface, less the victims of a false gentility. Some find that they have no taste for manual arts, and will turn into other paths—law, medicine, or literature. Great facility in the acquisition and the use of language is often accompanied by a lack of either mechanical interest or power. When such a bias is discovered the lad should unquestionably be sent to his grammar and dictionary room. On the other hand, decided aptitude for handicraft is not infrequently coupled with a strong aversion to and unfitness for abstracts and theoretical investigations. There can be no doubt that, in such cases, more time should be spent in the shop, and less in the lecture and recitation room. Some who develop both natural skill and strong intellectual powers will push on through the polytechnic school into professional life, as engineers and scientists. Others will find their greatest usefulness, as well as highest happiness, in the positions into which they will readily step when they leave school. All will gain intellectually by their experience in contact with things. The grand result will be an increasing interest in manufacturing pursuits, more intelligent mechanics, more successful manufacturers, better lawyers, more skillful physicians, and more useful citizens.

Mile. Lix.

There is a famous traveling dog in England known as "Railway Jack." He spends the greater part of his time in making excursions over the railroads of the kingdom, and has even been in Scotland and France. Of course the railway hands all know him, and a few months ago, when he was run over and lost a leg, they were all extremely sympathetic, and took great pains to comfort him. After Jack got out again he resumed his travels, and quite recently the English papers had an account of the attentions paid him by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who met him at a railroad junction waiting for a train.

There is another dog, a pure Scotch collie named "Help," who has not been as long known as Jack, and leads a similar life, though more useful. He is employed to make collections for the "railway servants' orphan fund," and in this service brings in, on an average, over \$10 a week. This amounts to enough, in the course of a year, to support six orphan children. He carries on this honorable canvas on all the railroads, being "employed" by a charitable society. He has visited a great number of the chief cities in England and Wales, and has twice crossed the channel to France.

Two Noted Railway Dogs.

This useful dog has a plated medal attached to his collar bearing the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is No. 306 City road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged." Help makes his circuit of the train under the eye of the conductor. He does not perform any tricks, but silently exhibits his medal. First and last, he makes his appeal to the majority of British travelers. After this we have no excuse for saying that dogs are only good as targets for a stone.

End of the Act.

The Wilhelm Theatre, Berlin, is built on part of a garden. At the end of each act the audience go into the garden until a bell rings to give notice of the next. The second act of "Trovatore" is compressed into twelve minutes, and a recent visitor says that the audience evidently expected more of it, for no one stirred. A notice, "End of the Act," rose out of the stage, and in two minutes the exodus was complete. Each time the entire audience went out in less than two minutes and refilled the boxes in less than three. The eating and drinking was not done hastily at a bar, but leisurely done at tables. The waiter in a few seconds would cover a table with a cloth, knives and forks, plates, &c., and people had a series of little meals between the acts, while the others walked about until the bell rang.

Distrust is poison to friendship. Principle is a passion for truth. Punishment is lame but it comes.

The ravages of the woman suffrage question in the domain of man's special privileges, which hitherto have been considered a just basis for his claim to superiority over the fair sex, have not hitherto revealed themselves as trespassing upon man's proud distinction of being the only work of creation able to light a match on his person, and it was with a sad shock that the fact was brought home to a reporter that the trousers of men must hereafter divide with woman the glory of the sulphurous halo which has made breeches her envy for 6,000 years.

As he sat in front of an Olive street, St. Louis, residence, he was about to light a cigar, when the match was rudely blown out. Before he had time to light another, the fair form by his side arose and lightly promoucting on one foot lowered her arm quickly. The next moment there was a flash, and the girlish hand extended a lighted match to her companion with the remark: "I know it was awfully rude to blow out your light, but the rules of our society compel me to."

"Your church society?"

"Why, certainly not. It is our own organizing, and is called the Slipper and Shoe Match-lighting Society. About a month ago a party of young ladies met to consider what they could do to advance the cause of woman's rights, and, after several aspiring speakers had been dissuaded from going out to lecture, they decided to organize this society. We have met to practice three or four times since, and are going to meet oftener when winter comes. We number in our ranks some of the best-known society ladies in St. Louis, and some of us have become so expert that we are not afraid to try conclusions with any gentleman using his antiquated method. We have the most nimble young lady to teach us and we will go through the practice programme like a class in calisthenics. We are expected to wear in practice our ordinary dress, so that we may be at perfect ease when called upon to supply young gentlemen with lights. There is nothing in what we learn that is not refined. We just turn upward the sole of our slipper or shoe, and bending quickly down can strike the match before our escort or company is aware. All of us can do it as gracefully as we can pick up a pin. Several leading physicians have recommended it as conducting to ease of carriage. Yes, sir; you may depend upon it that the women of to-day are slowly breaking away from the fetters that have always bound them, and we expect soon to have a membership of a hundred."

Romeo and Juliet.

In these realistic days, when the unfortunate lovers of Verona are stripped of their idealism. The popular idea of the play of "Romeo and Juliet" is that it is a story of two innocents loving each other, yet by untoward fate kept asunder, owing to the rivalry of their respective families. What, however, are the facts? Romeo is a young gentleman who is always reasoning himself in love. The reason is eternal, but the object varies. He has been pestering all his friends about his adoration for a certain Rosaline. No sooner does he see Juliet than she replaces Rosaline in his heart. With Juliet he gets on better than with Rosaline, but had it not been for the stratagem of the friar, and for his own reckless folly when he is told that she is dead, in a month later, he would probably have met some other fair one at a ball, and Juliet would have been deserted in her turn. As for Juliet, she is what her father calls her, a baggage. If she is a representative of female virtue in Verona, one cannot help asking what female vice was in that city? Romeo and Juliet see each other for the first time at a ball. They are naturally attracted to each other, before either has heard the other speak. Their flirtation is of the most pronounced kind, for after interchanging a few words they inconspicuously kiss each other. The very evening Romeo scales the wall of old Capulet's garden, and finds Juliet on a balcony informing the moon of her love. Romeo feels that his lines have fallen in facile ways. They vow eternal fidelity, etc., and Juliet makes an appointment to marry him for the next day. She cannot, however, even wait for the promised hour, and at early morning sends messages to her adorer by her nurse. They meet, and at once induce a friar to marry them. In the evening Romeo climbs up by a ladder into Juliet's room. Then comes the news that she is to marry Count Paris. Romeo kills Tybalt in a brawl. Juliet declines to marry two men in one week, and by a mischance the two lovers commit suicide.

A Genuine Freeze Out.

Another effect of the curious San Francisco climate is of considerable interest to strangers, as it makes nine out of every ten stick the first week they are here. The traveler from New York, or even Canada, coming here at this season does not bring his furs and flannels. Before getting to California he crosses thousands of miles of plains and deserts, and is nearly baked. He smiles if a San Franciscan happens to be along and talks of overcoats, and if the San Franciscan is a smaller man, feels like knocking him down when he sits up and watches him wipe the perspiration off his brow and talk about cold winds and flannels.

It must be confessed that along the Arizona or Utah desert, with the thermometer boiling in the shade, the easterner has a right to feel angry with the San Franciscan's talk, and even until Oakland, only three miles from the city, is reached, his incredulity seems justified; but now it is different. Mark the change that a short three miles brings. Mark how a paltry half-dollar will draw that self-confident easterner up, will chill and turn blue his erstwhile smiling lips. The keen wind sweeps across the bay, and by the time the ferry lands at Market Street, San Francisco, climate has got in its work, and the easterner goes to bed shivering, while one of the porters goes out and gets him a "back-warmer" and some winter clothing. Wealthy people here go away in the summer to get warm, instead of cool, and about the first of every June the furs and flannels are packed away, while paterfamilias buys his ticket for Los Angeles and other hot resorts.

From experiments made on goats, M. Paul Bert infers that the sugar of milk is produced by the mammary secretion of the superabundant sugar formed by the organisms after parturition, and most probably in the liver.