Drifting asunder, Yet thro' the long years We've traveled together, And shared joys and fears. There'll rise in your memory Some sweet, by-gone lay We've oft sung together In friendship's firm day.

Drifting asunder, Yet time will soon tell How strong was the unison But if it must be, Tho' a heart should be riveu, A sad, kind farewell,

On this side of the grave, Is a parting in life, Scarce nothing can save Yet think of the meeting On that happy shore, Where sorrows all cease And parting's no more.

To you shall be given.

Drifting asunder,

FORTUNE.

"By Jove Ned, isn't she beautiful? That one with the brunette complex-"Indeed she is, Phil; but who is the

other one you bowed to?" "Oh, that's Nina Gordon; the other is a rich cousin of hers, who has lately arrived in town."

"And I suppose if you gain her acquaintanes Miss Gordon will quickly fall into the background.

'Certainly, if the other one has the largest fortune. You see, Ned, I must marry a rich wife; there's no help for it. I'm not overburdened with the precious metal, and I must take care that my 'chosen one' has plenty of it." "Then you acknowledge yourself to be of that class called 'fortune hun-

ters?" inquired his friend. "My dear Ned, I beg that you won't mention that disagreeable word again," remonstrated Phil. "I'm sure I don't see the harm of my falling in love with a pretty girl that has money any more

than with one who has none. "I doubt if you ever will fall in love," retorted Ned; "but what become of that Cora Day, that little 'wild flower,' as you called her, that you loved so desperately, a short time ago?"

"Oh, I threw her overboard," replied Phil, carelessly, "you see, dear fellow, I found after dangling around her for a short time, that she hadn't a cent to bless herself with; so, although 1 had been foolish enough to enter into a sort of engagement with her, I broke it off at once. It was a narrow escape, I tell

"A most praiseworthy proceeding, certainly," replied Ned, sarcastically; "and how did the young lady accept your honorable withdrawal?"

"There, don't get on your high horse, Ned," said Phil; "she went on pretty strong about it for a little while and tried to faint very interestingly: but when she came to her senses she behaven rather better. As to being her lover, I never was anything of the kind -To be sure I felt a sort of romantic fancy for her, but when I beheld Miss Gordon I felt my heart stirred, and I soon found that I was not a proper mate for Cora,"

"I declare, Phil Martin, I am perfectly disgusted with you!" exclaimed Ned, "I do believe your eyes have grown, and that you look at everything through the contemptible lens of deceiving scoundrel I ever met with. You deliberately won that young girl's heart, and after teaching her to love you and to look up to you as one that was good and faithful, you as deliberately desert her because she has no money. And then you talk to me of Miss Gordon having stirred your heart? article. And then you could declare bush your intentions of letting her go because of this stranger! I declare if I was Cora's brother I would follow you here and thrash you. Such a contemptible, unfaithful, mercenary fellow I never saw in my life!"

"Rail on, old fellow," responded Phil, cooliy; "I shan't quarrel with sentiments so long as they don't interfere with my plans, I intend to 'go in and win, and I'll apprise you from time to time of my success.

"I hope to be apprised of your defeat," said Ned warmly; "Nothing would please me more," and they parted at the corner of a street.

The next day Philip Martin called at the residence of Miss Gordon, and after lady entered the room attired in a rich blue siik dress, while an elegant diamond ring gleamed on her finger, and a tiny jeweled watch hung from her a hand was laid on his shoulder, and waist, and a handsome gold bracelet gleamed on either wrist, All this Philip took in at a glance, and from it he drew the conclusion that Miss Greyson was very weathy, and he therefore began his conquest then and there.

Hour after hour passed by, and still Philip Martin lingered, pouring honeyed words into Miss Greyson's ear, to which she replied with her sweetest smiles and most fascinating glances. At last he rose to go, and, pressing her hand, asked if she would do him the honor of allowing him to take her to ride the next day, With her sweatest smile, she replied in the affirmative, and Philip departed, vastly elated at his success.

"I shall soon have her," he exclaimed,

Mr. Martin drove up an elegant carthe lowest possible melting point for when my parting hours may come I ductivity two and a half that of iron or who sees tar on my heel will see stars membrane of the throat and has other riage and soon had: "sinating Miss tallow." who sees tar on my heel will see stars membrane of the throat and has other peculiar qualities.

Greyson seated by his side and was driving along.

When they returned he learned that a ball was to be given that evening, and requested the honor of escorting Miss Greyson thither, which was graciously granted, thereby setting Philip in a Perfect frenzy of delight at the appar-

ent easiness of his conquest. "I knew she couldn't resist me," he exclaimed while preparing for the ball. "I must get her a handsome bouquet for to-night, and after a few more trinkets I shall have to disclose my devotion, etc., for I'm getting confoundedly in debt and in want of some cash."

The ball was pronounced a decided success by all, and Philip went home highly satisfied and delighted, as Miss Greyson had behaved in the sweetest possible manner toward him all even-

A few weeks passed in this way, and at last the hour arrived when Philip determined to know his fate. Accordingly he dressed himself in his best suit, put on his new kid gloves, and after curling his mustache to the highest degree of fascination, started forth with a hopeful heart.

He soon arrived at the house, was ushered into the parlor, and in a few moments found himself alone with Miss Greyson. After some common place remarks, our hero plucked up courage

and began: "Miss Greyson," he said, casting a most languishing look toward her, and drawing his chair a hitle nearer to the sofa upon which she sat, "I have a great favor to crave of you. Dare I make it known?"

"The brave dare do anything, Mr. Martin," was the encouraging reply. "Miss Greyson, you have stirred within me a fervent passion," began our hero in true theatrical style, sinking

gracefully on one knee. "May my hope of calling you my own be realized? Say, sweet one, will you be mine?"

"Are you sincere in your sentiments, Mr. Martin, asked Miss Greyson calmly. "Sincere! Put me to some test to prove my deep devotion!" was the rap- Violet. turous reply.

"Would you love me as well if I were poor and dependent?" poor and dependent?"

"I care not for money," replied our hero. "It is only your sweet self that that filthy child here?"

"I am glad to hear that you are so disinterested," was the rather sarcastic reply; "and in order not to deceive you I must tell you that I have not any riches, only a small yearly portion, sufficient barely for my wants, and that is settled upon me by my cousin, Cora

Day, who is herself very wealthy. For a moment Mr. Martin was stunned, and the first use he made of his returning senses was to rise from his knees and resume his chair. At last he Here, Vi, you hold her till I get the happened to stammer cut:

Madam, I am afraid I have been too hasty. I-I beg that you will-" "Excuse me from any more love passages," interrupted Miss Greyson, with a wave of her hand. "Rest easy unmasked yourself most thoroughly, mamma, won't we pet?" and I have had quite enough of you. I may as well tell you that I left my on here on purpose to fir and, if possible, punish your shameful face. Kiss me, pet!" conduct toward Cora. You now realize

"I—I'm very sorry to have hurt poor Cora's feeling," stammered Philip, rising from his seat, "May I ask if she than buying dolls for strangers' child-their appearance when they called on is engaged yet, Miss Greyson?"

"You had better go and see," replied Miss Greyson, "She was foolish enough to forgive you, and I dont know what her sentiments may be now." Philip never clearly remembered how

he got out of the house, but the first thing he experienced was that the street door was closed behind him and he was walking abstractedly along.

"Oh, Vi, how can you may that? Is fresh one applied. If the eye is swollen that will leap into light at your bidding? I leech it before painting, and I can, in that will leap into light at your bidding? walking abstractedly along.

"There's one gleam of hope left," he money! You are the most heartless, little thing, and if I can get her to forsaid at last; "Cora always was a tender give me, all will go first rate. I mean to try at all events."

.He accordingly made his preparations and started that afternoon, arriving by evening at the pretty little house where Miss Day resided with her aunt. given to me for my own especial pleas-As he entered the tasteful little garden You might be sifted through a hair sieve and you couldn't find such an Cora, who was bending over a rose planted and tended a garden for others he heard a slight rustle in the bushes, is a wilderness which I have neglected,

> Looking up, she gave a start of surprise, but before he could utter a word, Philip had thrown himself at her feet and seized her hand.

"Cora, darling!" he exclaimed, "I feel deeply the wrong that I have done life a hard lustreless stone, which sheds you but at that time I was not myself. | no light on the soul within. Will you not forgive your erring but repentent lover.

"Your repentance comes a trifle too was not in any way influenced by the knowledge of my sudden riches," she added sarcastically, "but I must inform I spend my last penny to make a child you that I am engaged to a gentleman of honor and principle; and I never wish a short conversation was introduced to har friend Sybii Gravson. That young her friend, Sybii Greyson. That young bow she glided off, leaving our friend in an exceedingly uncomfforable state in of mind.

Ned cried out: "Well, old fellow, I should think lounging around, and go into some decent business that will support you honorably; and if you deserve it you will have success. In the meantime allow me to present you this," and he handed him a tiny note containing an

of Mr. Ned Wilton and Miss Cora Day. Phil turned quickly around, but Ned had disappeared, and after a moment's hesitation he went on. Whether he ever followed his friend's advice or not

I cannot say.

Last April I met the Orville sisters. two pretty young girls who boarded with my aunt. Pretty girls, both of them, and though very much alike in appearance, in disposition they were as different as it is possible for sisters to be. Jenny, the elder, was bright, vivacious, and exceedingly wild, while Violet(I fell in love with her name at once) was sweet, modest and retiring.

My room was next to theirs, and cousequently I learned more of them than I otherwise would have done. And perhaps this changed the whole course of my life.

The soft, melting eyes had a peculiar charm for me. 1 was soon quite in love with her, and resolved that if I could win her affections I would make her my wife. The more I saw of her, the more smitten I became. I found it amusing to compare the two sistersthe one a perfect model of what a lady should be, and, strangely enough the younger, while the elder very often

shocked me with her bad manners. Violet was devoted to her music, and practiced-half the day; while Jenny delared it was tiresome and gave up in despair after the first two hours, preferring to read a novel or visit some place

of amusement. Every day my admiration for Violet increased. She was a girl of excellent principles, but I inwardly pitied any man who would unite himself to her harum-scarum sister. I had never yet seen her in an earnest mood, and her only ambition in life seemed to be to find something to amuse her.

I had decided to propose to Violet one day, when something occured to change my course.

The door of the next room closing violently attracted my attention, and I heard Violet say: "Jenny, please don't make so much

noise. Can't you shut the door easily? There are other people in the house besides vou." "I don't care, now that it's done," said Jenny,

"And what have you there?" cried "A baby ; can't you see?" "Good gracious !"

"Why, because I had strength enough to carry her."

"But she's so dirty. Look at her face. Where did you find her ?" "Down at the corner. Don't you think she's pretty ?" "Yes; but her face is dirty." "Well, that can be washed."

"And her hair hasn't been combed for a week. What are you going to do "Wash her and comb her hair first.

warm water.'

"Oh! take her away; take her away! You know I hate children." "Well, I don't; I love them. going to play with this child all the afternoon, and then we'll go and buy a on that score, Mr. Martin. You have nice big doll and take it home to show

"But her mother will be worried." "I sent her little brother home to let | well as blackened eyes?" cousin's, where I was staying, and came her know where she was. So don't

ren.

There was a moment's silence, and I knew that Jenny was looking reproach- patients?" fully at her sister, and then she spoke the words that formed the first link of the chain that was to bind her to me. You read and cultivate your mind, and your head, you will look back and say: I have read until I am wise. Aye, and I have read until I am wretched. mind is a cultivated garden, a joy to all who know me, where man can pluck the choicest flowers of knowledge; but my heart, that garden spot which God has ure-ah! that has been deserted. to reap; now that years have passed, I find my own garden a desolate moor-land. My work has been all in vain. I have polished a jewel to lighten the world, while I have left that which God has given me to lighten my own

"Oh, nonsense !" cried Violet. "You may cry nonsense, by-and-by you will find it to be true. Let your late, Mr. Martin," said Cora, coolly leisure moments be spent with childwithdrawing her hand. "Of course it ren; from them you will learn the happy than go through the world with a loveless heart. A little toy will brighten a child's eyes, and though its costs deprives me of some luxury, it bestows on me a joy. Money spent in this way is not wasted, Violet; with it, perhaps, I might have As he wended his way home again purchased a momentary pleasure that you of the wreck of the Mary Ann?" will be forgotten in a short time, but behold the work of a little deprivation love. I go away and see that child no his ears. Has my money been wasted? more. Ah, no! sometimes in after years the thought of this babe returns to me. Something reminds me of her, a little announcement of the coming marriage apron such as she had worn, a doll like the one I had purchased for her, some trivial thing, but whate'er it be it you ashore," answered one of the gang. reaches forth a friendly hand, and unlocking memory's door, takes from its hiding-place a diadem of love, glittering with a child's smile, her kiss, her whispered words of love, and brightest exultingly, as he sauntered toward his lodgings, "she is interested in me allow in Paris the same of all these, glitter her tears at part- stumped off out of doors with his courledgings, "she is interested in me allow in chloroform, when ing. Some one has loved me! I have age all gone. Smith had seen them in

without a blossom or even a withered leaf. You may have the music and polished manner, but I shall always reremain the faulty know nothing girl I am now. So come along, little one, and we'll buy our doll."

Once more the door slammed, and Jenny and her charge were gone, leaving me alone with my thoughts and my

"May she always remain the faulty, know-nothing girl she is. She knows all I wish her to know-the true secret of happiness."

I changed my mind on that day, and I shall never have cause to regret it. Jenny is my wife, and though she may lack the polish of society still her true and loving heart possesses a polish and lustre that reflects the love in mine and sheds light upon our path in life.

Painting Black Eyes.

The leeching and painting of eyes, discolored through misfortunes which their victims call by various names, has headquarters of which is situated in the centre of the district occupied by the bruising fraternity.

"You see I am pretty busy," said one of Philadelphia's most successful bruise disguisers to a reporter, as he ushered a very pretty young lady out of his office and resumed his seat, placed within easy reach of the implements of his profession. "Here are my materials," he went on pointing to a collection of tubes containing variously colored paints, and taking up a bottle filled heel. with healthy, slimy, squirming leeches. "You would be interrested to see the patients that will call here to have their disfigured beauty made perfect again. There are all kinds, from the well dressed, daintily-gloved lady, who, for once, uses the street cars instead of her carriage, down to the ragged pot-boy at some concert den, who has been trying his powers as a bare-knuckle boxer. "Do your visitors tell you how they

received their wounds?" "O yes, though I never ask. They are generally eager to explain how stupidly they ran against a door left ajar in the dark. That is almost always the story told by the ladies, although some vary it by describing the fall down stairs, caused by a torn ruffl; in their dress. The other morning a young lady, evidently a bride, came here with a badly swollen and blackened eye. While I was leeching it she told me how she had struck her face against the pick up her scissors, which she had the door was hastily opened and a genthe left cheek. The lady looked up,

corner of a dressing-table in stooping to dropped on the floor. I, as usual, offered my condolence, and as I was about to apply the paint to her eyelid tleman appeared, with a face very much the worse for three long scratches on started, clenched her small hands, grew white with anger, and perhaps there would have been more blood spilt had not the new arrival, evidently recognizing my visitor, beaten a hasty retreat. There was no more talk of dressing

tables that day." "Do you remedy bruised faces as

"O, yes; no matter what the injury take a fit, Vi. Now she's got a clean is, I can generally render it invisible through my skill with the paint-pot. I "Oh, Jenny, how can you kiss her? never ask for names, and, if possible, your true situation, and I beg leave to I believe you are crazy, You had bet- avoid any conversation, because in some dispense with your acquaintance for the ter be improving your mind with some cases where people have been quarrelgood book instead of wasting your time | ing and afterward applied to the courts me,"

"How often do you have to treat your

"About every three days the paint becomes hardened and creased, and the first coating has to be removed and a bruise. The paint I carefully apply in years to come, when sorrow bows with my finger, rubbing it well in and taking great care that the blending of the colors is exact.

How Are you Off?

He was leaning against the railing at the ferry dock looking decidedly out of sorts when along came an only, smooth-faced man and said:

"How are you off?" "What for?" "Money." "Haven't got a red." "Say, can you tell a he?"
"I can."

"Then you are the man I want. Old Captain Smith, of Buffalo, is over in that saloon and has got a crowd around him. He's a great liar, but always sticks to one anecdote, It is about his vessel being wrecked, and of a mermaid taking him in her arms and swimming ashore. Now, then, I want you to go over and hear the lie out, and when he is through just get up and claim that you are the identical mermaid that saved his useful old life. I want to set him back, and it will be fifty cents in

your pocket." The matter was arranged and the pair went over to the saloon. Captain Smith was feeling good, and in a little time he worked around to remark: "That was a curious thing that hap-pened to me in 1848. Did I ever tell

"No." He sat down to describe the imaginfor me and joy for another. I buy a ary wreck, and when he got along to you ought to have come to your senses by this time! For heaven's saxe stop lounging around, and go into some to your senses thild a doll. I see its smile. I first to founder the chap who was to play tion; then by tenderness I win its mermaid got the wink and pricked up where the vessel showed an intention

> "Well, str," continued Smith, "she finally went down and I found myself struggling in the lake. It was twentyfive miles to land, and how do you suppose I got there?"

> "Humph! an infernal lie! I floated ashore on the mainhatch cover, and never had a nicer ride in my life!" The man who hired the liar see completely broken down, while the liar

ready; that I can easily see. I shall gelatinous matters, fragments of skins, soon have the pleasure of sending Ned my wedding cards."

At the appointed time the next day

The French stearine makers take 44° as not be loveless and joyless in the end, that Phosphor bronze has an electric con-Phosphor bronze has an electric con- there's no tar there, and the next boy taline solid, which irritates the mucous

"To shoe a fast horse takes as much care and precision as to fit a lady's foot," said Mr. Murphy, the well-known horse-shoer, to a Phila-delphia reporter recently. "The majority of race horses that come to this city are shod in this shop. John Splan was here early this morning with Belle F. and another fast horse. He was the driver of Rarus, you will remember, and is the owner of some good horses on the track now. In this shop we have shod St. Julien, Trinket, Darby, Hopeful, Hannis, the noted stallion Edwin Thorne and a score of others that I cannot remember." "Is there much difference in the

shoes of horses?" "All the difference in the world. A big draught horse like the Percheron will take a shoe weighing two and one-half pounds, made of iron with toe cork and heels. The toe cork is the piece of iron set on the head or toe of the shoe. A horse ecome quite a profitable business, the that travels in a business wagon or carriage will take a twenty onnce shoe, or a one and a quarter pound

> and are about an inch in width, "A trotting horse's shoe is entirely different. They do not weigh more than from fourteen to sixteen ounces. The shoes are invariably made of steel, and those in front are often of the same metal. There is no toe cork on a trotter's shoes, and but a slight rise in the back part of them for a

shoe. These shoes are made heavy

"The shoes of running horses are called plates. They weigh but four or five ounces, are perfectly flat, and are only about a half inch wide all the way round, and as thin as possible. They are put on to strengthen the hoof and keep it from breaking, but they are an inch loner than the foot behind. This is to give power and support to the

tendons of the leg." Noticing a number of curiously shaped and uncommon-looking shoes, the reporter asked in perfect innocence

if they were for crippled horses. The young man smilingly replied: 'No, they are for trotting horses. There is a great deal of difference in the feet of fast horses, just as much as there is in the feet of men. Some horses' hoofs we have to cover with more weight on the outside, some vice versa, some with the heaviest part of the shoe in front, others behind. Many horses spread their feet in trotting, and unless they shod perfectly they will go theroughbreds brought into the shop eye.' to-morrow morning and not one of them be shod alike.

"A pacer is most always shod light. We shod some fast horses for McCarthy, who drove Little Brown Jug, the pacer. A runner is the lightest stepping horse, a pacer and racker the next, then a trotter.

"Do the fast horses stand the shoeing process well?" 'Oh, yes, quite as well as any of The fast horses are always brought to the shop in the cool of the morning. They are gentle horses

An Englishman's Bets,

During ten years the late Lord Dud-

generally.'

ley invariably attended Epsom and Ascot on the great days, and once or twice he was seen at Goodwood, His plan of betting was to wait for what looked like a certainty, and then to plunge, regardless both of odds and of amount, He had £10,000 on Gladiateur when that horse won the Ascot Cup in 1866. Four years later he vainoffered to lay £25,000 to 10,000 on Macgregor for the Derby, but luckily for him, nobody would take the bet. Two days afterward he lost £5,000 on the poisoned Hester, but this money was got back the next year on Hannah. In 1872, Lord Dudley won £19,000 at Epsom on Cremorne and Reine. In 1873 he was not seen on a racecourse. as he was at Vienna all the season; but from there he telegraphed, on the morning of the Oaks day, to a friend who frequenently did commissions for him, desiring that £5,000 might be put on Marie Stuart for him. The telegram, however, did not arrive till after the race; at least, this was the excuse made by the commissioner, who was, shortly afterward, concerned in some disgraceful transactions which sent him out of society for the remainder of his days. In 1874, Lord Dudley won £7,-000 over Apology's Oaks, and a year later he was a large winner over Spiha-Ascot, but he lost heavily by Apology's defeat at Goodwood. The last time he appeared on a racecourse was at Ascot in 1876, where he was said to have lost over £30,000.

They Got Left,

He sat down in one of the hallways of the Merrill block and pulled off his boot, and a policeman who happened along at that moment. kindly inquired: 'Concluded to go barefoot?'

'Say,' called the man as he tugged away at his sock, 'I've been walking around this town for about five hours. 'Must be footsore.'

'No, 'tain't that, but I've had a dozen different boys ask me if I had tar on my heel, I've looked and looked, but there is no tar. Is there any on that boot?

'No.' 'Any on my sock?'

'No.' 'Well, now, off comes the sock and you look at my bare heel. If there's any tar there I want to know it.' 'I can't see any,' replied the officer, 'but you've got the thumpingest, biggest

old callous I ever did behold. 'I know it, but I'm after tar, Any tar on my foot?'

'No. 'Any on my toes?'

'Then these sassy young cubs are left -smart as they are. I was kinder sur-prised and mortified all the time, but

"Lamps in place of gas? I can not say that the question of economy in light comes into the question," said a large dealer in lamps and gas fixtures, "but the handsome lamps which are in the market to-day are the fashion, and of course people must have them? They form an exceedingly pretty table ornament, and on this account are very popular."

"You are manufacturing some very elaborate patterns of lamps now," was suggested.

"Yes; the styles are constantly improving and some of them are very elaborate. Now here is a lamp decorated with a delicate design of foliage in drabs, grays and soft greens, and the shade, you perceive, matches the lamp. Then here are others of various patterns. The very latest designs are in hammered metals, brass or copper, with duplex burner."

"Are these lamps expensive?" "On the contrary, they are remarkably cheap. The cost has declined, within the past two or three years, in proportion as their popularity has increased. Lamps which formerly cost five or six dollars can now be bought for three and a-half or four dollars, and some are sold even less. A very handsome lamp can now be bought for three dollars."

"What class of people buy them?" "All classes, but chiefly people of moderate means. Still almost all the wealthy and fashionable families have one of these handsome lamps upon their library table, and they are always lighted in the evening to furnish light to read by. The light from an oil-lamp well shaded is conceded by all to be far softer and more grateful to the eyes than gas light. On this account the lamps are rapidly superseding the oldfashioned drop-light. In fact the sale of drop-lights is rapidly growing less. We are to-day selling only about onethird as many as we were a few years ago. Economy has, of course, something to do with this; for an argand drop-light burns a great deal of gas, and oil is cheap. The very best of oil costs but a trifle, and the use of oil exclusively easily solves the question of light for people of moderate means. But I think that the main reason for the rapid exclusion of drop-lights and the substitution of oil is the superior light to be obtained and the greater beauty of the lamp. It is not easy to ornament a drop-light elaborately, or in fact to work any fixtures for gas into ornamental shapes. But lamps are susceptible others work close with their feet, and of such an infinite variety of shapes and such a plentitude of ornamentation ame. There may be a half dozen fine that they are far more pleasing to the

"The use of lamps at the seashore and in country villas accounts for much of the demand for these articles. In places where gas is not obtainable, oil must be used as a substitute. We have fitted up many elegant seaside residences with lamps and lamp-fixtures in a very elaborate manner. Lamp chandeliers are used in these houses to a great extent. Some of these are very ornamental, more so than gas chandeliers. Then we have also side lights for stairways, bath-rooms and other similar places, so that a dwelling thoroughly fitted with modern lamps is really more elegantly fitted than if gas were used."

"What are the sales of illuminating oils for family use as compared with those of a few years ago?" was asked

of a large oil merchant. "The sales are constantly increasing. Mechanics now use oil almost exclusively, and among the great middle class its use is increasing every year. Why should it not be so? The oils of to-day are so excellent and so cheap withal that the people are beginning to regard it as folly to spend money for gas bills when they can procure a far better light

at a much less cost." How the Altar of Roses is Made.

The Rumelian attar is made from the "Rosa damascinia" by distillation. The color of this rose is generally red, though sometimes white, and blooms in May and June. The flowers are on trees that average about six feet high, which are not only planted in rows, but are tended zealously from autumn till missummer. The flowers when in full bloom are plucked before suarise, sometimes with, sometimes without the calyx, but only in such quantities as can be distilled on the day that they are plucked. The still is a plain tinted apparatus, from which a long curved tube is directed through a tub of water and into a large bottle. The still stands on a stone hearth, and usualiy in the shade of trees near a running stream. The firing is done by wood. way at Epsom, and over Doncaster at The stills hold from twenty-five te fifty pounds of roses, which are covered with twice that quantity of water, and botled half an hour. The distilled liquid that passes over into the bottle is allowed to stand, when the atter rises on the surface and is skimmed off, the water ulumately being sold as rose water at Constantinople. The attar is is kept in copper cans and the rose water in bottles. A rose tree is at its best at its fourth year, an acre of fouryear-old trees producing from one to two tons of flowers and 7,000 pounds of flowers producing one pound of attar. Much depends on the spring weather, as rains and frosts will effect the bloom. In very sunny seasons 2,500 pounds have given a pound of attar. Every peasant distils his own roses, and the average Rumelian crop is about 4,000 pounds of the pure yellow attar, nothing being said of the article adulterated by oil of geranium, which contains but 10 per cent, of attar.

M. Chauveau says that heating (according to certain rules) blood infected with bacteria makes it a vaccinating liquid quite as sure as that of M. Pasteur. The temperature 430-440 suffices. In an hour enough vaccine matter for 200 sheep can be prepared from one

After having investigated the peculiar properties and composition of the California laurel or bay tree (Umbellularia Californica,) the chemists, Messrs, B. M. Stillman and E. C. O'Neill, have discovered a new fat acid in the nut of they want to quit right off on me now! that tree, and they give to it the name I've looked and you've looked, and of umbellulic acid. It is a white crys-