Far down their western way. A winding forest path invites my feet, Low winds are calling from the dewy alsles:

Before me lies the heron's dim retreat, A maze of leafy miles. Some power occult so moves me that

The sleeping garden where bananas lean And win, through hoary oak groves draped with moss, The woodland's wide demisne

A mocking bird salutes me as I go,
An oriole greets me as I press along;
I feel in all my veins a quickening glow, Companioned thus by song.

Through interlacing boughs of pine and palm I catch brief glimpses of a turquoise sky Below, as softly as an evening psalm, The river ripples by.

I gain ere long the royal forest's heart, And pause, where proud magnolias lift Their wealth of blossoms, whose pale petals part Sweetly inviolate.

Here, in the early legendary days, Beside these mighty, time-defying Gathered around their camp-fire's ruddy The swarthy Seminoles.

And through the trembling shadows round My startled fancy pictures, even now, A stealthy chieftain gliding slyly past, With bow of stout ash bough

Recalling memories of a perished time, While thus I strav through changing glow ond gloom, I do not heed how trumpet creepers climb Or golden jasmines bloom;

But taking leave of present thoughts and things, I voyage on years that swiftly backward

And dwell with those who reigned as for-Two centuries ago.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

Walter Burnham was the son of a wealthy New York merchant, Miss Agnes Draine was a beautiful brunette tempt such an outrageous deception." of twenty Summers. She was the only child of Mrs. Gemella Draine a widow lady of wealth, who had lately arrived from England, bringing with her credentials from eminent London families, Burnham and Miss Draine became lovers and were eventually betrothed. Both were refined and moved in the highest circles.

Mr. Burnham had known Agnes but six weeks, yet during that brief period he had learend to love her passionately and accepted her as his fate. Mrs. Draine gave her consent to the union and thereby made the happy pair su- doubted her; and if she is proved false premely blest.

The wedding day was agreed uponthe following Christmas Eve, but two tions for the happy event.

a delightful series of day-dreams, devi sing and planning numberless pleasures for themselves and friends, in fact, ere the fruition of their hopes came to

the builders. "Agnes," said Walter one day, as they were seated in the magnificent drawing-room of her mother's residence, on Fifth avenue, "a dear friend of mine, Harry Parker, from New Orleans, will be here in a day or two and your mother; 1 am sure you will like

"I shall like all who are favored by your friendship," was her reply. "Thank you, darling," said he, in return, kissing the hand he held in his

On the following evening Harry accompanied Walter to the residence of his betrothed and was introduced to Agnes. As their eyes met he gave a slight almost imperceptible start. Had he met her before? Walter asked him-

self. It was plainly evident, he thought, that Agnes did not know Harry as a former acquaintance, or, possibly she had forgotten him.

Mrs. Draine was absent when the introduction took place, but came in shortly and Walter presented his friend and introduced him.

Mrs. Draine received him most cordially, giving him her hand, which Harry pressed in an absent manner and seemed somewhat embarrassed as he gazed into the smiling countenance of the lady.

He did not remain long, pleading business as an excuse, but at the door he whispered to Walter. "Come to my hotel after you leave

here, I have something of vital import- acquaintance to cease from date. ance to communicate." Walter promised and then thouhtful-

ly returned to the drawing-room, believe," said the elder lady with a

"So one might judge by his behavior this evening," Walter replied, "but I assure you he is not so usually; quite spoke about the wedding as if the event the reverse, in fact," he added, asked had either of them met before? Both answered in the negative and looked surprised at the question. See-

ing this, Walter remarked: "I thought it possible that Agnes, at least, was not altogether unknown to him, judging by the slight start he gave when their eyes met, I may, however, have been mistaken, probably the start was occasioned by strong resemb-

lance," he added. "Has he ever been in Europe?" Mrs.

Draine asked.

"I believe not." "Then we have never met before," she rejoined, "for Agnes never saw this country until four months ago when we came over from England."

Walter soon banished the matter from his mind in the genial conversation that followed, but on taking his leave he at once bent his steps toward the hotel where Harry was stopping.

His friend received him with a serious countenance, and at once took him

"Now for the 'vitally important com-munication,'" said Walter lightly as he

his friend's sober countenance.

Without replying to his bandinage Harry abruptly asked. "Where, when, and how did you become acquainted with Mrs. Draine and

her daughter?" "In New York, at an evening reception at the residence of Mrs. Van Horn, recently was the gay reply.

"And she is English?" "Yes." "And never resided in this country

before?" Harry continued. "I am not prepared to answer the las question," Walter replied. "I only presume that she is a native of England, since her daughter was born there, as she informed me." "Who informed you, Mrs. Draine or

her daughter?" "Mrs. Draine." Harry was silent for a few moments

then he looked at his friend and observ-"Walter do you firmly believe in my friendship?"

"Why certainly!" was the reply given with an air of surprise. "And you will not doubt either my

sincerity or honesty of purpose in what I shall communicate to you?" "I see no reason why I should do so," hereturned.

"Then listen; but, before I begin I will say I may be mistaken in my impression—nay, I may say my convictions. Less than a year ago I became acquinted with Mrs. Bartell in New Orleans and fell in love with her daughter, a beautiful brunette. I contemplated making Estelle Bartell my wife doubted sources that a union with her had committed self-destruction. would be contamination and result in my eternal disgrace-the busband of Mrs. Bartell was a mulatto."

"And the girl was his daughter?" Walter asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Yes."

"And-but go on; let me hear all." "Mrs. Draine is the image of Mrs. Bartell, and her daughter the exact counterpart of Estelle."

Walter fell back in his seat as if struck by a blow but the next instant he sprang to his feet, with flashing eyes and in a low, concentrated voice said:

"Harry our long friendship will not permit me to think that this isla case of mistaken identity, I cannot persuade myself to think for a moment that Mrs. Draine would have the audacity to at-"I sincerely hope, for your sake, es-

pecially that I am mistaken," his friend rejoined, gravely. "But, nevertheless, I'd advise you to sift the matter thoroughly before you ally yourself to Miss Draine." "When do you return?" asked the

other shortly. "In two weeks."

"I'll accompany you," Walter said in decided tones. "I shall sift this matter to the bottom and if Agnes pisses through the ordeal unscathed I shall love her ten-fold more for having -an impostor-I shall leave her for-

ever.' It was but three weeks from the wedmonths-and Agnes began the prepara- ding day when Walter started for New Orleans. His parting with Agnes was Time sped on and the lovers lived in tender and she wept on his shoulder when he gave her the farewell kiss.

He gave the ladies a plausible reason for accompanying Harry to his Southerecting "air-castles" so often doomed ern home, saying he would be absent but a week at the farthest.

He had in his possession two lifelike chotographs of Mrs. Draine and Agnes. If the originals would be proved to be Mrs. Bartell and daughter, Heaven help

One letter reached Agnes, announcing his safe arrival in the Crescent | died!" I wish to introduce him to you and City. Then there was a long interval of silence. The week expired, but Walter did not return, neither did he

Both Mrs. Draine and Agnes grew uneasy at his prolonged absence and silence; and when two weeks passed without any tidings they became alarm-

Mrs. Draine wrote to Walter's mother, asking the cause of his singular conduct and received the following laconic note

"My son has gone to Europe for an indefinite period. I presume you know the cause of it."

Mrs. Draine hastened to the lady's residence for an explanation, but the servant politely informed her that "her mistress was not at home whenever Mrs. Draine called."

The indignant lady went home and reported to her daughter how Mrs. Burnham had insulted her and the intelligence almost crushed the gentle girl, for she believed that all was at an end between her and her beloved; the cause, however, she could not even con-

Mrs. Draine, subsequently was the recipient of numerous notes from her was to the effect that they desired their

The unhappy lady was at a loss what to make of all this, but fearing a repetition of Mrs. Burnham's indignities if "Your friend is somewhat timid, I she demanded an explanation, she decided to remove from the vicinity,

which she did three days later. Christmas Eve arrived and Agnes had recovered her wonted spirits. She would come off. Her quadroon handmaid decked her, at her own request in her bridal robes and when the hour drew nigh she was gay as if her beloved

was really present to fulfill his vow. Her mother chided her gently, fearing her mind was giving away, but Ag-

nes smilingly replied:
"Do not be foolish, mother, dear, for I assure you that the bridegroom will not tarry when the nuptial hour is

They were to have been married at ten P. M. and when then the hour lacked but fifteen minutes Agnes quietly into the drawing-room just as the bride approached her mother and knelt before

her, craving her blessing. Mrs. Draine's tears fell upon the bowed head and in broken accents she invoked the blessings of Heaven on her poor child.

The clock in the adjoining room struck ten and as the last stroke passed into sileuce, Agnes threw her arms around her mother's neck and cried:

"Farewell mother, the bridegroom is here and I am a bride," With these words she fell forward almost prostrating her now horrified

eated himself, and affected to smile at | mother, who essayed to rise, but the girl bore ner back into her seat.

The quadroon now came forward and gently removed the girl and bore ber to a sofa, saying:

"Missus, Miss Agnes is dead!" She was indeed the Bride of Death. We will pass over the terrible grief of the childless widow. In her utter despair she invoked curses from Heaven upon the destroyer of her child.

"Missus you may be sure that heaven will curse Waler Burnham," quietly remarked Judith, the quadroon, who ad almost worshipped her young mis-

After the coroners's inquest had been held and the verdict rendered (heart disease being the cause assigned) the body was quietly interred and Mrs. Draine and her servant mourned in soli-

tude and silence. After a period the unhappy lady, in looking over the effects of her martyred child, came across a package of letters Walter had written to Agnes during their brief acquaintance.

Among them was one of recent date and Mrs. Draine eagerly opened it, for it bere the London postmark

The cause of his singular conduct was fully explained therein. Walter had learned the dreadful truth regarding Agnes' paternal pedigree, (as he firmly believed).

Enclosed in the same envelope, was a letter addressed to Mrs. Draine, this had been written by Agnes, and its tenor started the mother's tears anew. She simply spoke of her "tainted never once upbraiding her birth," mother for the disgraceful connection. when I received information from un- In the letter she acknowledged that she

> "Oh, Heaven!" wailed the grief-stricken mother, "is there no punishment for this man, or rather demon?" This last letter had reached Agnes during her mother's absence, and the mistress not to mention the matter to her (Agnes') mother.

> Several days later, Mrs. Draine paid a flying visit to New Orleans. She returned a week after, and for a period lived in strict retirement, seldom leaving the house,

> In the month of February a gentleman called on her, he gave no name but said to Judith that his business with her mistress was of the utmost

importance "Mr. Burnham," said the quadroon, 'my mistress will be rejoiced to see you, I'm sure." She had penetrated his disguise. Mrs.

great surprise, she even gave him her hand, which he listlessly took and as listlessly pressed. He was thin and pale, he had evidently suffered too. "Mrs. Draine," hestammered, "I am surprised at this reception, I did not

expect it, and certainly do not merit

Draine met him with a smile, to his

"Why not?" she asked, in feigned surprise. "I presume you are prepared to explain your unaccountable bahavior, and then make your peace with my daughter, after which the delayed nuptials will take place."

Burnham started and turned pale at these words. Had her terrible grief dethroned her reason? he asked himself, for he had been apprised of the death of his beloved.

Before he could muster courage to speak again the lady touched a bell and Judith answered the summons. "Tell your mistress that her tardy bridegroom has come," the lady said.

The woman left the apartment, and in a bewildered tone Waltersaid: "Mrs. Draine, I do not comprehend; was informed that your daughter had

"That was the impression at the time," the lady rejoined, with a peculiar smile, but there was a mistake. She lives, as you may see for yourself, for I

hear her footsteps." The next moment the door opened, a radiant creature burst into the room and sprang toward Walter with the joyous exclamation:

"Walter, my life, my love, you have come at last!"

She threw herself into his outstretched arms and he pressed her to his heart, showering passionate kisses on her lips. Mrs. Drame smiled at the happy young people, while a smile of intense satisfaction illumined the swarthy countenance of Judith.

Walter now made the explanation desired. At New Orleans he had received undoubtful proofs, (as he then firmly believed) that Mrs. Draine had deceived him in respect to Agnes' line-But while in London in the latter age. part of January he obtained indisputable proof that Mrs, Draine had been married to a wealthy and respectable English merchant, who died three years

later leaving her immensely wealthy. He hastened home to explain the fatal mistake he had been laboring under, ady friends and the tenor of each note when the announcement of Agnes'

death almost distracted him. He came to the bereaved mother to that she still remained to bless him,

"Oh, darling," murmured the girl, something will happen that may separate us once more.

"Nay, dearest," he rejoined, as he tenderly embraced her, "no power on earth shall again step between us." She smiled sweetly at these words, when Mrs. Draine observed:

"To avert a recurrence of that kind suppose the ceremony take place this very evening. Agres has kept her bri-dal robes and can adorn herself while the clergyman is summoned," Walter gladly consented to this, and Judith was instructed to attend to her

istress' toilet at once. Walter hastened to summon the nearest clergyman and conducted him and her maid entered by another door. In twenty minutes they were man

and wife. There were but a few present Judith and an elderly lady, a friend of Mrs. Draine, being the sole witnesses. Next day there was to be a sumptuous supper in honor of the occasion, to which all their friends were to be in-

When Walter announced his sudden marriage to his lady-mother she was greatly shocked. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, in consternation, "you have been deceived

again-; ossibly tricked. I am morally

certain that the girl died and was buried. How she can be alive and well passes my comprehension." Walter laughed at her fears and assu-

red her that Agnes was alive and well

and was now his bride for all time. "Your love probably blinds you and you are contented," his mother rejoined, "but before I consent to receive her as my daughter I shall have the matter

inquired into." "Do, so, mother, if it pleases you,"

he said; with a placid smile. Mrs. Burnham went to work with a will; and ere three days had elapsed she was positively assured that Agnes Draine was dead as well as buried, She had interviewed the coroner, the physician and the undertaker, and each of them assured her that the girl was really dead and buried.

But Walter happy fellow only smiled at all these asseverations, and passed the hours in his bride's society.

But the denoument came at last. One day he incidently remarked to Mrs. Draine that she had changed considerably in the few months of his absence, and more especially the last week. The lady smiled and said:

"Mr. Burnham, you are laboring under a mistake, I am not changed as you suppose. Possibly you mistake me for my sister?" "Your sister!" he cried in surprise.

"I was not aware that you had a sister. at all events I have never met her to my knowledg."

"You mistake again," the lady re-joined. "You were betrothed to her child and basely deserted her while laboring under a wrong impression in respect to her lineage." "I do not comprehend," he said, as a

cold chill crept over him. The door opened at this juncture and a lady in black, closely veiled, entered, and confronted him, then drew aside quadroon was enjoined by her young her veil, revealing the pale but triumphant features of Mrs. Draine.

In his supreme amazement he glanced mutely at the two ladies so strangely alike in height and features. He now began to think, as his mother suspected, that he had indeed been tricked. "I can explain all this seeming mys-

tery," the lady in black said, while she regarded the young man with a look of vindictive hatred.

"This lady—your mother-in-law—is my twin sister, Mrs. Bartell, formerly, of New Orleans. "When she married the mulatto,

James Bartell, I immediately left New Orleans and two months after troi on English soil, where I married, as you have been informed during your sojourn in London. "My daughter-your victim-lies in her grave," she continued, "the girl

you married is her cousin, the daughter of my sister and the mulatto, James Bartell! May you be happy with her!" Walter rushed from the house in horror. He told his mother all and once more became an exile.

Mrs. Bartell called on Mrs. Burnham and forced herself into her presence in spite of the remoustrances of the servants who had been instructed not to admit her.

She was not abashed by the scornful glances of the haughty dame, but dictated the terms upon which she would abandon all claims of her daughter against her lawfully wedded husband. Her terms were decidedly preposterous outrageous, but Mrs. Burnham would not yield one inch in her de-

mands, and after mature deliberation the lady agreed to the terms. The sum demanded was paid after Mrs. Bartell and her daughter had affixed their names to the mutual agreement, but Mrs. Burnham resolved to enter a suit for conspiracy against Mrs.

However, that lady and her servant had left for parts unknown, and the day after Mrs, Bartell had effected her financial transaction she, too, silently departed from the city and neither of the

parties were seen again. Walter Burnham never returned to his native city. He could not face his former acquaintances again after his

unhappy mesalliance. The Red Snow Alga.

At first the alga of red snow was looked upon as the sole ihhabitant of the ice-lands of the polar regions, but in 1870 Dr. Berggren, botanist of Nordenskjold's expedition, discovered a second or reddish brown alga. It is allied to the "snow-blossom," but has this peculiarity, that it is never found on snow, but, combined with the kyrokonit, it covers enormous tracts of ice, giving to them a beautiful purple brown tint, which greatly adds to their beauty. Besides growing on the surface of the ice, this red brown alga was also found in the holes one or two feet deep, and three or four feet across, in some parts so numerous and close together that there was scarcely standing room between them. A close examination confess his baseness in deserting his be- showed that this very alga was the loved without any explanation as to the cause of these holes, as wherever it cause, and was surprised and delighted spreads itself it favors melting of the ice. The dark-brown body absorbs more heat than either the gray dust or with blushing cheeks, "even now I fear | the snow, therefore it sinks ever deeper into the hollows, until the slanting rays of the sun can no longer reach it. Thus these microscopic algae play the same part on the ice-fields of Greenland, that small stones do on European glaciers.

-The Goodwin Brothers have discovered a mistake in the figures on racing in 1885, made up from the proofsheets of "Goodwin's Turf Guide" for 1885. One whole form (thirty-two pages) was left out in making up the With these thirty-two pages added in it will be found that there were 2768 races run in the United States last year, for which \$1,018,625.50 was given in added money. Instead of a decrease of \$34,326.50 in added money from 1884, there was an increase of

\$11,288.50. -The imported black stallion Strachino is about to be "called back" from Canada by Mr. Arthur Hunter, his owner. When Mr. Forbes, of Woodstock, Ont., purchased him it was with the understanding that he would let the horse go back whenever Mr. Hunter desired to pay back the purchase money. In a letter to Mr. Forbes, dated 19th instant, Mr. Hunter informs him that as soon as he has finished the season in Canada he will bring him home.

HORSE NOTES.

-McLeod's record is 2.24 to harness. and public trial under the saddle in 2.161

-The cherry and black of Pierre Lorillard will be borne by Matt Byrnes'

-Garrison, the jockey, was married recently to Miss Sadie McMahon, of Parkeville, N. Y. -Black bonnets are most favored

for evening wear, and jet is the favorite garniture, lighted up by a bit of color, red, yellow or blue.

-The Cromwell shoe holds its own and a pretty make it is, with patent leather fronts and morocco back, having a simple buckle in front; it is most becoming to the foot.

-M. Salisbury has arrived at Lexington, Ky., from Oakland, Ont., with the black stallion, Director, 2.17, and the brood-mares Sweetness, 2.21½, by Vol-unteer; Echora, 2.23½, by Echo, and daughters of Nutwood, Messenger, Duroc, Gibraltar, Silver Cloud and Harry Clay.

-R. H. Strode, of Chadd's Ford, Pa.. has purchased the dam of Alexander (2.261), from Robert Steel, intending to breed her to Epaulet. She is a brown mare, 16 years old, by Bully King, a son of George M. Patchen; grand dam Slasher, a thoroughbred.

-The retirement of Commodore N. W. Kittson from the trotting turf will in no way effect his stable of runners located at Erdenheim, Chestnut Hill. His trotters and pacers were not active campaigners last season, and his decision to withdraw altogether from that class of sport, causes little surprise among horsemen. Johnston, Minnie R., Little Brown Jug, Fannie Wither spoon, Blackwood, Jr., and Firebrand. the running mate will be sold; Von Arnim and Revenue will be retained at Mr. Kittson's breeding farm at Midway. Dan Woodmansee now has charge of the Kittson stable.

-It is very interesting to watch the expression upon the faces of owners of horses during important races in England, Lord Rosebery selects a choice cigar and proceeds to eat it. The Duke of Westminster tries to look as if he were interested in anything or anybody except the horses. Lord Cadogan retires to an isolated spot whence he can watch proceedings unmolested, and apparently studies the mechanism of his race glasses. Mr. Craven walks about as if he had arrived by accident. and wondered what it all meant. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild selects the critical moment in a race for appropriating and summarily devouring the choicest article of food at hand. Lord Arlington turns the color of a sheet, and forcibly suggests a rough passage across the channel. Sir John Astley is always pleased, and greets fortune with a broad grin whatever happens, although occasionally even he is forced to dis-

simulate. The duchess of Montrose invariably seeks solitude, and if successful emerges like a jack-in-the-box from some totally unexpected quarter. Lord Hartington is never pleased, and views the proceedings with an expression of countenance worthy of Torquemada himself. The Prince of Wales, although unsuccessful is always imperturbable, and no matter what happens has always a kind smile and a genial remark for

all his friends. -We understand the Coney Island Jockey Club has purchased additional ground, as we stated it would a few months since, and proposes making the new three-quarter-mile straightaway course for two-year-old races. It is not likely that it will be used the coming season, but it would be very handy for the 2-year-olds, whose fields, especially at the autumn meetings, are too large

for our old-fashioned "circus rings." -The entire stable belonging to Pierre Lorillard was sold at the Rancocas Stock Farm at Jobstown, N. J., on the 27th, in the presence of a large crowd of horsemen from all parts of the country. The bidding was lively throughout, the heaviest purchasers being the Dwyer Brothers, of Brooklyn, and Charles Reed, of Gallatin, Tenn. The largest price received was \$29,000, which was paid by the Dwyer Brothers. for Dew Drop. Pontiac was knocked down to the Dwyers for \$17,500, who also secured Winfred for \$13,000. The three-year-old chestnut colt Cyclops, was bought by Charles Reed for \$10,500. Twenty-seven thoroughbreds were sold, the proceeds aggregating \$149,050. The sale was considered by all present the most successful one of the thoroughbreds that has been held in this country

for years. -The old notion that there is luck in a horse shoe finds support in one case at least. When Maud S. did her first really fast mile at Cleveland, in 2,10%, Captain Stone, of Cincinnati, who owned her, pulled off her shoes and stered them in his desk, and sold the mare to Vanderbilt for a snug price. He has been making money ever since, and capturing the best things of life. The Captain kept only one of the shoes, He gave one to Mrs. Swain, and she gave it to her larger brother, He hadn't had it a week before he was married to one of the most charming ladies in New York, He has been prospering like a green bay tree ever since, and has had the shoe plated and framed, and wouldn't take a Florida lot for it. Mr. Vanderbilt had one of the shoes, and used to think that it had a happy influence on his efforts to turn an honest penny. Cornelius owns it tion indicates that the several constinow, and has it fastened on the front of his writing-table. The fourth shoe is in possession of William Bair, Maud S.'s driver, Bair thinks that if he had not had the shoe stuffed in the ballast of his sulky cushion, he never would have been able to have gotten the work out of the little mare that he has since the piece of steel came into his possession.

Experienced lumbermen have always held that timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations, it is stated, sustain this belief. It is shown that the richer the wood is in sulphuric acid and potassium the more likely it is to rot and mould. Wood cut in the spring contains eight times as much of the former and five times as much of the later as wood cut in the winter.

FASHION NOTES.

—Mikado sateens is in all colors with Japanesque designs.

-Dark chintzes have pansy, rose and

noneysuckle designs. -Wool canvas with satin stripes is

shown in all colors. -Crepe mosaic with small figure is used for evening dresses.

-Crepe de chine, in evening colors, is richle embroidered. -Amber is much used for necklaces,

combs and hairpins. -Ruchings of embroidered crape are

in all the evening colors. -Ginghams with tufted spots are shown in all the leading colors.

-Jeweled pins confine small bunches of flowers to shoulders or corsage. -Full skirts and round waists are

the features of little girls' frecks, -Garnet hair ornaments and jewelry in many new devices are again in high

vogue. -To keep pace with the collars, belts of jet are shown, and now comes silver in many varieties.

-White silk handkerchiefs, with Japanese designs on the broad hemstitched borders, are called "Mikado." -Cloth of gold or silver on colored

ground, the "samite" of "ages long

gone by," is made up in evening man--"How is the front hair worn is?" the question asked. It is drawn from the forehead a little, and worn in small ringlets on each side. Of course, a few still cling to the regular "Langtry," as that is certainly a pretty fashion and becoming almost any face. Also, many ladies, to whom the high coiffure is not becoming, still wear the Langtry knot or Grecian coil low on the neck. Among ornaments the Rhinestone still holds its place as favorite for ordinary wear. With full dress a pretty fancy is to wear jewels entwined among the coils of the hair. Blondes who adopt this fashion, wear pearls, and brunettes choose rubies or garnets. Flowers are still worn and certainly, when arranged tastefully nothing can be prettier or more appro-

priate. -There is great diversity of opinion as to the probable popularity of ribbons for millinery uses. From all indications there will be great use made of them both for exceptionally fine wear, and for ordinary purposes. The medium grades of millinery indicate the use of scarfs and piece goods of all weights, colors and designs. With fine flowers and on crape bonnets very delicate gauze ribbons will be the favorite trimming. Double-faced satin ribbon is less stylish than almost any sort in market, and gross grains in plain goods are not considered specially desirable. A great many satin and velvet ribbons will be used, and some of the new goods of this grade are very elegant. Crape bonnets with velvet and satin ribbon trimmings will be among the summer novelties from Paris.

A Yankee genius has invented a contrivance which is supposed to be an improvement on the old-fashioned pole solding up an old hat and tattered coat and breeches stuffed with straw. It is a scarecrow windmill with sleigh bells attached. The wind makes the fans go around and they jingle the bells,

greatly to the annoyance of the crows. Not a single instance of color-blindness has been found by Schwarzbach, in one examination of 2000 Hottentots, Malays, Melanesians, Australians, Mooris and Polynesians; and he concludes that the defect is confined to the white race and is due to influences con-

nected with civilized life. A foreigner claims to have discovered a simple remedy for catarrh by which he has cured several hundred cases. We give it for what it is worth. It consists in washing the legs from the knees downward at morning and night in ice water, rubbing vigorously with a coarse towel; from two to four applications are sufficient.

An Italian ship has been sheathed with glass plates, cast like iron plates, so as to fit the hull, to take the place of copper sheathings. The joints of the plates are made water-tight by the use of water-proof mastic. The advantages claimed for glass over copper are its intensibility to oxidation and its exemption from incrustation. The thirty-inch object-glass of the

new telescope at Pulkowa, the greatest

refractor in the world, has been care-

fully tested, and so excellent have been

its performances that the rarely-bestowed tribute of the honorary gold medal of the Russian Empire has been conferred upon its makers-the Messrs, Clark, of Cambridge, Mass. A fine skeleton of the sea-cow (Rhytina gigas) has just been procured from Behring's Island for the British Museum. As recently as 1741 this large but harmless animal, measuring some thirty-five feet in length and weighing from three to four tons, was quite

abundant off the shores of Alaska and

Kamschatka, but has now become

totally extinct. A soundly-built chimney vibrates, or swings from side to side, as a whole, under sudden and violent shocks of wind, and is in reality safer when it does so than when it stands in sullen and unmoved resistance. The vibratuent parts of the structure are firmly compacted into one coherent, continuous and, as it were, homogeneous mas which can sway from side to side like a steel rod or spring, without any ten-dency to dissolve its continuity and break asunder at some intermediate point. The absence of vibration, on the other hand, means that there is not this integrity of coherence, and that there are, so to speak, fissures of substantial continuity in the structure, at which disruptive strain is unavoidably developed. Sudden shocks of wind bursting upon lofty columns of brickwork in such circumstances tend to break them across at the joints where the interruption of continuity occurs. The movements of vibration are there

absorbed, and converted into the less

desirable condition of molecular strain,