MY FRED WARNER SHIRLEY.

The German Emperor and I Within the self-same year were bors Beneath the self-same sky. Upon the self-same morn; A Kaiser he, of high estate, And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a Prince, and mine-Why, just a farmer—that is all. Stars still are stars, although some shine And some roll hid in midnight's pall; But argue, cavil all you can, My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I Eat, drink and sleep the self-same way; For bread is bread, and pie is pie, And Kings can ent but thrice a day, And sleep will only come to those Whose months and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work. And he at five, and does the same. We both have cares we cannot shirk: Mine are for loved ones; his for fame. He may live best, I cannot tell; 'Um sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he; And yet, if pictures do not err, As far as human sight can see Mine is by long odds twice as fair. Say, would I trade those eyes, dark brown? Not for an Empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I On this one point could ne'er agree; Moreover, he will never try, Hie frau suits him and mine suits me. And though his sons some day may rule, Mine stand At in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway, Bid kings and nations tumble down, I have my freedom and my say, And fear no ruler and his crown; For I, unknown to fame or war, -Live where each man is Emperor.

LOVE AND WAR.

BY WILLIAM WESTFALL.

A summer night at Geneva, and a nautical fete on Geneva's historical lake. The narrow stretch of water between the two sides of the city thronged with boats, great and small, all aglow with Chinese lanterns; rockets shooting skywards in rapid succession, their course marked by trails of fiery rain; at intervals the boom of cannon and the shouts of excited spectators.

"Good! Very well done, and how beautiful!" exclaimed Baron von Hohenstein, who, together with Dr. Burt and myself, were watching the spectacle from one of the balconics of the Hotel de la Paix.

are reflected in the water. And then mind you of a battle?"

A single battery of light artillery would make more noise. Yes, I have seen war-seen it on a large scale-and though we Germans are supposed to be fond of fighting, I want to see no more of it. A battle-field strewn with thousands of corpses is a fearful sight, and when among the slain there are dear comrades and, it may be, kinsmen, and one thinks of the sorrowing hearts at home, It is hard to rejoice even over the greatest victory. Yet I must not speak ill of war, for to war I owe the happiness of my life."

The happiness of your life? How was that, Herr Baron?" "Ach, Gott, Meinherr! Thereby hangs

a tale." "So much the better. I like tales, above all when they relate to love and

war, and if I am not indiscreet-"You go too fast. How know you that my tale relates to love and war?"

"You spoke of owing to war the happiness of your life"-

"So! you think, then, that one cannot have a life of happiness without love? tale-telling. I daresay, though, that my dear brother-in-law here, Dr. Bart, who is a born narrator, and knows the story almost better than I know it myself, will oblige you. Tell him all about it, Vicmyself will smoke the calumet of peace." "A very convenient arrangement," said the Doctor, smiling. "I don't smoke,

the talk to myself. Convenient, yet acarcely fatt; and Hermann does himself International Ambulance.' scant justice. He can talk almost as well as he can fight." "Ach! That is paying my power to fight a very poor compliment, Victor."

"On the contrary, it is paying your power of talk a high one. However, I which I played the principal part, on pleads for his life.

Hohenstein. "By the time you have fin-Then I will begin; for smoke, though a good listener, is a bad talker. Go on.

Whereupon Dr. Bart, turning to me,

began as follows: fered my services, first to the Germans, then to the French, and failing to find my medical education. employment from either, I enrolled myself as a volunteer in the International and the University of Warsburg.' Ambulance Corps, which took the field under the protection of the Red Cross of ing?" the Geneva Convention. In that capacity I made the campaign of Sedan with the army of Marshal MacMahon.

"On August 25, 1870, we found ourselves at Vouziers, a small town of three thousand inhabitants, between Mezieres my identity and good faith it would be and that of the Baroness Adolphe Roths and Verdun, in that same forest of Ar- his duty to detain me as a prisoner on child is almost as valuable. Both these gonne which, in the previous century, was made classic by the exploits of Dumouriez. We had marched from Rheims parole, which, I need hardly observe, I ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls, and their jewelers have instructions to buy for them any pearl of unusual size and Chalons with MacMahon's army, and Baron Hermann von Hohenstein. were attached to the Seventh Corps

place there vere continual affairs of cut- this regard being accepted as proof of

dictates or prudence and fall back on the siege. Paris, threatened by the third German Army, under the command of the Crown leave you to tell the sequel." Princes of Prussia and Saxony, or, yielding to the entreaties of the Government at bay under the walls of Metz.

"While MacMahon was halting between two opinions, the Germans were

movement had, however, bardly begun officer who won the Iron Cross. when still other orders were issued. The "Well, as he has told you, we went toempire and the ruin of France.

Corps passed through Vouziers for the bullet went through my body. third or fourth time. The men went it pleased them, cursing and shouting, refused to regard my case as hopeless, hearts and a laugh on their lips.

"In one of the officers of an infantry nition was mutual, and he asked me to mate skill, and watched over me day and bear him company for a mile or two. | night. So you see it cost him much We found so much to talk about that more trouble to save my life than it cost the shades of evening were falling be- me to save his. And then, when I was forc ! remembered that I had to return to getting better, another came and helped Vouziers. But going back was hardly me to get well. A nurse she was, oh! less difficult than it would be to swim such a sweet nurse—the sweetest you against the currents of the Rhone, as it ever did see. She had soft, dark eves, a rushes under the arches of the Pont du low, sweet voice, and a face so lovely with troops, horses, guns and carriages At first, being still weak, I really thought that progress was impossible. For every she was a visitant from heaven; and one step I made forward I was forced two day I told Victor that an augel had be n steps backward. In the end I took to smoothing my pillow and giving me to the fields, but only to lose my way in the drink. darkness, and despairing of finding it before daylight, I turned into a cattle shed, folded wyself in my cloak and fell fast

dawn and, hastily rising, made for the her to nurse you. nearest road, with the intention of reway. Herr Baron; does it not rather re- moment I heard voices, and from the "Thankful for hurts that nearly killed shadow of a wood emerged a squadron of you, Baron!" she exclaimed. "You are Uhlans, They were chanting a hymn, surely joking or the words of which brought vividly to joined in mortal combat. Ave! Casar! dving salute thee).

The refrain of the hymn, as well as I can remember, ran thus:

" 'Oh, sun so red! oh sun so red! Light me to a warrior's bed. Yestreen mounted, lance in rest. To-day a bullet through the breast, Morrow in the cold, cold ground, For God and Fatherland!'

"I waited until the party came up. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?' asked an under officer, riding forward.

"I told him "'I don't believe a word you have said,' answered the man sternly. have just come from Vouziers, and I can assure you there was not a Red Cross ambulance in the place. You are

"Against this imputation I warmly You are right. But I am not good at protested, pointed to my uniform, and produced my case of instruments. "'A uniform is nothing. Anybody

can have a case of instruments. Where's your pass?" "Unfortunately I had left it at my The fete is nearly over, and, while headquarters, and the only proofs of my you discourse on war, our friend here and identity and good faith which I could show were my card case and a few letters

from friends at Geneva. "Letters are nothing. Anybody may so fou are willing that I should have all have letters. It is a clear case. You are a spy, disguised as an officer of the

"Just then a lieutenant came up and demanded an explanation. "The under officer explained. "'As you say, a clear case,' replied the

lieutenant. 'Let the fellow be shot.' "Against this summary justice I prowill tell my part of the story-that in tested with all the energy of a man who " 'You may save your breath,' said

"Good! It's a bargain," returned von the lieutenant. 'You are found here under suspicious circumstances, and ished your tale I shall have finished my without a pass. As likely as not you are a franc tireur in disguise. You speak German with a French accent. Shoot him, sergeant.'

"And shot I should have been to a geon living here in my native city, very time. He also demanded an explanation, eager to work, yet with very little work which was of course promptly given. to do. So when the war broke out I of- Then he questioned me closely, asking,

> "'At the Medical School of Geneva "Then you know Professor Goer-

mentioned several facts which led my at \$175,000. questioner to believe that the account I One million dollars is the price of the gave of myself was probably true, but he five chains of pearls forming the collier

my good faith, I was set at liberty. More-'Meanwhile the army was in a state of over, the chief of the medical staff dire confusion, marching and counter- offered me a position as supernumerary marching without apparent object, for staff surgeon, an offer which I gladly acthe Marshal hesitated; he could not cepted, and accompanied Baron von Homake up his mind whether to follow the henstein to Paris, there to take part in

"And now, Hermann, I think I may

"I will try," said the Baron, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I will try, march to the rescue of Bazaine, who was and all the more willingly as it can be told quickly. I like not much speaking. "But I must first of all tell you that" Victor is too modest. He has omitted a pushing forward with characteristic en- material part of his story. He obtained ergy. On the 26th their cavalry patrols his liberty and his appointment less beexchanged pistol shots with the scouts cause of what he did after the battle of the Seventh Corps, which formed the than of what he did during the battle. the right wing of the Marshal's army and He, a prisoner on parole and accused of would be the first to receive the enemy's being a spy, risked his life to save that of his captors. He dressed the wounds "A battle seemed imminent. General of my dear old friend, General von Elsen-Douay made his dispositions, fortified baum under fire, there being no other the heights, issued his orders, and con-surgeon at liberty, and helped to carry centrated his command. But on the him out of action. For that brave deed morning of the 27th came an order from he received the personal thanks of the the headquarter staff to fall back in the king and von Moltke. He showed more direction of Mezieres and Paris. The courage that day than many a fighting

Seventh Corps was to march on Buzancy, gether to Paris, lived in the same quar-This meant that the influence of Paris ters, and becare fast friends, and shall had prevailed, and MacMahon was about remain friends as long as both do live. to hazard everything in a desperate at- It was a hard winter, and we had a rough tempt to 'join hands with Bazaine,' an time. In the last days of the siege I got attempt which resulted in the fall of the desperately wounded in a cavalry combat near St. Cloud-my head was laid open Late in the afternoon the Seventh by a sabre stroke at the very moment a

"The doctors said that I must die, anyhow, singing songs, falling out when that nothing could save me. One alone marching to death with despair in their and to him I am indebted for my life. His name is Victor Bart.

"I did not know it then, for I lay regiment I recognized an old friend from many days unconscious, but I knew afthe neighborhood of Ferney. The recog- terward that he treated me with consum-Mont Blanc. The road was so crowded that words are too weak to describe it.

"Victor laughed heartily. "That is my sister Lucie," he said. "A false report reached Geneva that I had been hurt, and she came to nurse "I ave be with the first glimmerings of me, but as I did not need a nurse, I set

"I felt glad she was not an angel from turning to Vouziers, although I had only heaven, for I had already fallen in love the vaguest idea as to the direction in with her, and one fine May morning, which it lay. While I was hesitating when I could move about a little, as we which way to take, a sound like the were walking under the chestnut trees, "Yes, it is very fine. The fireworks trampling of horses' hoofs and the rattle I told her what was in my mind. I beare splendid. How beautifully the lights of accourrements fell on my ear, gan by saying that I did not know which "Douay's rear guard,' I thought, 'they to be the more thankful for-the wound the 'cannon thunder.' You have seen will tell me the way.' But the next on my head or the bullet through mybody.

> " ' I am neither joking nor delirious, my mind the Roman gladiators' last Mademoiselle Bart. I was never more greeting to the Emperor before they serious in my life. If I had not been wounded, you would not have been my morituri te salutant (Hail, Cæsar! the nurse, and I should have missed the happiest time I have ever known. Your good brother has saved my life, Will you share it with me, Lucie? For I love you so dearly that I would rather lose it

> > "I cannot tell you how Lucie answered, or whether she answered at all in words; but I read her answer in her eyes, and we were both very happy.

than live unloved by the angel of my

"And then I told Victor, and he was very glad, and he proposed-the war being over and myself convalescent-that I should travel home by way of Geneva and make the acquaintance of his people.

"This offer I gladly accepted, and wrote to tell my people, who lived at Nuremberg, of all that had come to pass; and my mother and my sister, Natalic, met us at Geneva, and we stayed there several weeks.

"Natalie was a beautiful blonde, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and it was almost a matter of course that Victor and she should fall in love with each other; and the day on which Lucie and I learned that her brother and my sister were betrothed was the second happiest of our lives. We were all married at the same time; and every other year Victor and Natalie visit us at Nuremberg, and every other year we visit them at Geneva.

That is the end of the story, and when I have smoked one more pipe we will join the ladies in the saloon, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Madame Victor Bart and the Baroness von Hohenstein. Afterward we will go to the Jardin Anglais and listen to the music. I will also introduce you to my sister, Helenchen, so there will be a lady for each of us."

Famous Pearls.

The most curious among famous pearls is that which, three centuries ago, the French traveller, Tavernier, sold to the Shah of Persia for \$675,000. It is still in the possession of the sovereign of Another Eastern potentate owns Persia. a pearl of 121 carats, which is quite dead certainty if another officer of higher transparent. It is to be had for the sum In the year 1870 I was a young sur- rank had not arrived in the very nick of of \$200,000. Princess Youssoupoff has an Oriental pearl which is unique for the beauty of its color. In 1620 this pearl Then he questioned me closely, asking, was sold by Georgibus, of Calais, to among other things, where I had received Philip IV. of Spain at the price of 80,-000 ducats. To-day it is valued at \$225, 000. Pope Leo XIII. owns a pearl left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, which is worth \$100,000, and the chain of thirty-two pearls, owned "I did know Professor Goering, and by the Empress Frederick, is estimated

said that until I could furnish proofs of of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild. aroie, which, I need hardly observe, I had a streething last to the conserver of pearls, and their jewelers have instructions to buy for them any pearl of unusual size and hermann von Hohenstein.

"Three days afterwards was fought the come across. The sister of Mmc. Thiers, d'Armee, then commanded by General Dougy.

"Our first care was to establish a field hospital, which was soon filled with wounded soldiers, for though no general engagement had recently taken of the so-called black pearls the Empress of Australia possesses the most valuable their arduous work, and my ability in collection.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fletion.

"SPEAKING of strange bets on an elecvented his making a wager of her, so as has in the other. and located two more mines, from which the winner, though now wealthy, is still drawing dividends. Upon the fulfil- the wing with a whip. ment of his obligation he sent for his wife, and is now employed by one of the street car companies of Denver at about \$50 a month, and will probably never get above that figure."

At the head of the extensive widening to encourage orange trees and other remunerative growths, and also to afford old fellow who has built a long ramshackle bridge from dry land to a little dock that stands in the sedge close to the main channel. Here the steamer stops on his signal to take oranges and letters, or to deliver flour and other groceries. He is a hermit who seldom ventures to the mainland. Passengers on the river steamers occasionally see him busied about the little shed on his wharf, an extraordinary figure in a homespun suit of brown, with a patch of startling white on the seat of his trousers and an indescribable hat that may once have been a "plug," but that has been chopped and banged and battered and unroofed until it resembles the wreck of a Napoleonic chapeau more than anything else. He is indifferent to criticism, however, for he lives apart from men. His nearest neighbor is a lighthouse keeper, who would have to hunt for him with a telescope. Some affect to believe that in his younger days he was a pirate.

A very strange freak of nature is reported from Roseburg, S. C. It is a baby, whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies the entire palm, and is as clearly outlined as though painted on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about three years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted, and the lips are delicately tinted. The baby whose hand contains this singular portraiture is the clild of Clarke Osborne, a merchant of Roseburg, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months ago. Relatives and intimate friends profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the put into its mother's arms she looked at away, but on coming to herself exhibited attendants, who saw at once the strange | installments" system? likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that the strange portrait was sent to comfort her. The image on the palm was clearer the first few days of the baby's life than now, and it is thought to be gradually fading away.

A LITTLE post office near Witmer's, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only office in the country wherein a dog officiates as assistant postmaster. Postmaster Musselman's canine called Beauty, upon whom has devolved Witmer's Station, a half mile distant, the bundle of morning papers from Philadelphia. Two bundles, a large and a small one, are thrown off at the station, says the Philadelphia Record. Regularly every morning Beauty trots over the fields to the station and patiently awaits the arrival of the train. When the two bundles are thrown off Brauty seizes the smaller one in her mouth and trots direetly home. She never makes a mistake, always taking the small bundle; neither does she loiter along by the roadside, but covers the distance between Witmer's and the cross-roads post office at a speed that would almost do credit to Nancy Hanks herself. Beauty has been assistant postmaster almost since

Friburgen-Brisgau is that of climbing the cathedral tower upon the anniversary of the birth of the reigning Duke of Baden. This tower is 400 feet high, and

SOMEWHAT STRANGE. feat successfully. One of the three was coolheaded enough to pause when he had climbed about 200 feet and indulge in an acrobatic performance. He was warmly appliaded by the enormous crowd of spectators which always gathers on the Duke's birthday anniversary.

A curtous freak of nature has taken place in the person of a young man named lones, aged 22 years, living at Stamping Ground, Ky. About two years ago he complained of a severe pain in his left shoulder and arm to the elbow. tion," said Col. Joe Rucker of Colorado, suffered intensely for several months, "the one that takes the ribbon over any when the part affected began to change I have ever seen mentioned was bet, lost, | color until it became a dark brown, and and paid by an enthusiastic Greenbacker at the same time the pain diminished many years ago. One of these enthu- until it finally ceased, when it was siasts at that time, whose view of the noticed (this was about a year ago) that political situation was seen through the a thick growth of brown hair had made roseate-hued spectacles of a reform its appearance on the brown or discolored organ, was certain that a man by the parts, extending from the eibow to the name of Brown would be elected Gov- collar bone, covering the shoulder blade, ernor of Missouri, and bet everything he and at this time the hair is over one inch had except the clothing on his back and in length, the pain has entirely disa young wife. Either his affection for appeared, and the young man has almost his wife or his knowledge of law pre- twice the strength in that arm that he

a last bet he wagered his services for a George B. CLARK of Derby Village, year against \$500. "Of course he lost, Conn., had extraordinary luck bagging a and, borrowing a few dollars from a partridge a few days ago. He was drivfriend, he sent his wife back 'to her ing along a country road at the edge of folks' in Missouri, while he presented a wood in Woodbridge, when his dog, himself to the saloon keeper in Denver that had been scouting about the forest, with whom he had made the bet. The flushed a couple of partridges. The latter, more as a joke than anything else, | birds burst out of the brush with a great grubstaked him and sent him out to whirr, flying side by side, and as they prospect. The first month a small find were passing over Mr. Clark's head he rewarded his labors, and cupidity then made a sudden vicious cut with his whip caused the saloon keeper to insist on the at them. Curiously, the long stiff whippayment of the wager in full. To cur- stock smote one of the birds and broke tail the narrative, he carried out his her neck. The selectman exhibited his wager of a year's service scrupulously, bird to all his neighbors, triumphantly declaring that he is the only man in the world who ever stopped a partridge on

THE little village of Bersted, near Bognor, possesses an unique curiosity in the form of an inn room papered with postage stamps. The apartment is fanci-fully decorated with many descriptions of used stamps, and even the passage leading of the St. John's River, in Volusia town to the room is similarly papered. Some ship, Florida, that is known as Lake five years was occupied in making the George, lie two or three swampy islands. | collection, which numbers some thou-One of these has a few acres of ground sands of stamps. The room being comthat stand high enough out of the water pleted in 1887 received the name of the 'Jubilee Stamp Room." Indeed, some members of the royal family, interested room for a cabin. The cabin is occupied in the collection, are said to have added and the trees are cultivated by a queer to it a number of stamps on their own account.

THERE is a big hotel in San Francisco that pays delicate attention to its guests, and also gets some valuable advertising for itself, by the liberal use of flowers among the guests. There, when a man and wife arrives, and are ushered into the most cheerless of habitations, a hotel bedroom, the desolation is soon relieved by a bell-boy coming with a basket of flowers, which he says "Mr. - the manager of the house, sends to Mrs. Blank, with his compliments." little attention has made the hotel

THE great attraction at the London Aquarium continues to be the "slugging" matches between Professor Laudermann and an Australian kangaroo. The kangaroo is seven feet in height, and according to all reports he is no mean "slugger. Several men who faced him for a few rounds are now in the hospital. Bernhardt offered the Professor \$5,000 worth many times that sum.

WILLIAM SPOONER, about seventy years of age, died suddenly at Milan, Tenn., recently. He had gone to a neighbor's house and eaten breakfast, when he dropped dead. He was a singular character. For eight years he has refused to live in a house, and for a number of years lived in a hollow tree, doing his own cooking and washing. He was robbed of several thousand dollars and this loss probably unbalanced his mind and caused him to live a hermit's life.

A WOMAN in Kingston, N. Y., recently met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of one of her feet. Her dead child. When the baby was first husband is buried in St. Mary's cemetery in that city, and as she expects to be the hands, and with a loud cry fainted interred in the same grave with him she but on coming to herself exhibited caused it to be opened and the foot little creature's hands to the buried there. Is this the 'burial by

> A "JUNGLE man" was recently caught in China and is now being exhibited in Ceylon. The creature stands two feet in height, has a head and a face like a monkey and a body which, but for its diminutive size, appears to be similar to that of a human being. The hands and feet are perfect. The missing link is about four years old and is attracting a great deal of attention.

WHILE some Wesleyan students were practising baseball on the college campus, one of them saw what he supposed to be assistant is a little St. Charles spaniel the ball rapidly approaching him. He put out his hands to catch it, when much for five years the task of bringing from to his surprise it was found to be a fullgrown quail. The bird was given to Ornithologist E. H. Hubbard.

Do Rocks Grow?

The question in the headline is often asked, and not infrequently by scholarly people, too. By way of a general answer to all such questioners I would say that the best authorities have come to this conclusion: That rocks do not grow in the sense that plants do. They may increase in size by means of accretion, and they may also undergo other changes. Old sea beds lifted up and exposed for ages become stratified beds of sandstone or limestone; volcanic ashes or lava her birth, and could hardly be replaced. strewn over hills and plains become tufa A most peculiar custom which has hard enough for building stone, and the been preserved since the Middle Ages at pebbly shores of rivers and smaller streams may sometimes change into conglomerates. The simple mineral, however, does grow, especially when it takes upon itself the form of a crystal. A to scale it from the ground to its apex is sparkling prism of quartz increases from a very difficult performance attended an atom to monster crystals of varying with great danger. It is done by climbing from one projection to another, these being on the average one foot apart. A pingle false step neans death. To descend is also no easy task. Each person who makes the climb and the person who makes the climb and the person who makes the climb and the person safely receives five marks from descend safely receives five marks from stones grow; in another they do not. The the State and a ticket of admission to the annual dinner given in honor of the day. The seventy-six anniversary of the birth of the present Duke was recently celebrated, and three men performed the French Peasants,

M. Betham Edwards, in her "France" of To-day," speaks again and again of the benefits accruing from the ownership of land by the peasantry. As a native of England, she seems to have been peculiarly impressed by this feature of life across the Channel. She writes with special enthusiasm of Osse, "a remote Pyrenean village admirably adapted for the study of rural life." "A beautiful spirit of humanity," she declares, "a delicacy, rare among the most polished societies, characterize these frugal sons and daughters of the soil."

As sordidness carried to the pitch of brutality is often imputed to the French peasant, let me relate an incident that occurred hereabouts not long before my visit.

The land is minutely divided, many possessing a cottage and field only. One of these small owners was suddenly ruined by the falling of a rock; his cottage, cow and pig were destroyed. Without saying a word, his neighbors, like himself in very humble circumstances, made up a purse of five hundred francs, a large sum with such doners, and, too delicateminded to offer the gift themselves, deputed an outsider to do it anonymously.

Another instance in point came to my knowledge. This was of a young woman servant, who, during the illness of her employers, refused to accept wages.

"You will pay me some other time," said the girl to her mistress. "I am sure you can ill afford to give me the money now."

Peasant property, and rural life generally, here presented to me some wholly new features. One of these is the almost entire self-sufficingness of very small holdings, their owners neither buying nor selling, making their little crops and stock almost completely supply their needs.

On a field or two enough flax is grown with which to spin linen for home use, enough wheat and Indian corn for the year's bread-making, maize being mixed with wheaten flour. Again, pigs and poultry are reared for daily consumption.

Expenditure is reduced to the minimum. Coffee is a luxury seldom indulged in. A few drink home-grown wine, but all are large milk drinkers. The poorest is a good customer of the dairy farmer.

The Letter R.

In early English R was always trilled, says a writer in Science, as it continues to be in Scotland, where most of the characteristics of early English are still prevalent. But in modern English the trills have been softened away wherever R follows a vowel, until little is left of the R but its vowel quality. We are accustomed to the entire omission of it in negro speech, where do and sto are all that we hear for door and store; but in educated utterances there is some phonetic effect left in R even where it is least manifest. Such delicate shades of sound are the distinguishfor the kangaroo, but he is considered ing marks of refinement in pronunciation, and they should be carefully preserved by teachers and by writers on phonetics.

> In an operatic performance in Paris the cornets are fitted with a new echo apparatus, which differs from those hitherto devised in not altering the natural tone of the instrument. It is simply a small chamber of silvered copper so constructed as to produce the echo when adjusted to the mouth of the trumpet.



Three years ago, as a result of CATARRII. I entirely lost my hearing and was Deaf for More Than a Year.
To my surprise and great joy when I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparitia I found my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case." HENMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y. Hand's Pills are purely vegetable.

