

## THE HILLS OF HOME.

Sweet come the bells at evening, and clear the sparrow's cry, And like two white swans floating, the steamers wander by; But sweeter far the ringing of bells where cattle roam, And dear the cry where kildoes fly among the hills of home.

I long to leave the noises that make the ears so tired; I long to give up striving for power long desired. For peace comes in the ringing of bells where dun doves roam, And in the cry where kildoes fly among the hills of home.

—WILL T. HALE.

## A DEBT OF HONOR.

"Who is the young fellow with the yellow hair, Duff?" whispered Captain Lorraine, as he and his friend stood on the outer edge of the small circle gathered round a couple of ecarte players at the Nebulus Club. "Archie Lidyard!"

"Never heard of him; he's got the card fever pretty strongly, eh?" he added, as they moved away to the other end of the room.

"Young fool!" ejaculated Duff, as he flung himself into a seat, "he's just going the pace as fast as he can. I've known him since he was so high, all legs and Eton collar! His mother is a charming woman, but a great deal too weak to deal with a fellow like that."

"Ah!" remarked Lorraine, without any great interest, "and who's the man he's playing with?"

"A friend of Val Travers; a colonial, I fancy. Mr. James Ruthven by name. Why will youngsters like Lidyard always choose such opponents?"

"You don't think—"

"Oh, no!" interposed Duff, hastily. "Everything is all square, I've no doubt, only Archie Lidyard's about as fit to hold a card against a cool-headed, experienced man, as I am to discuss the Apocalypse with the Archbishop of Canterbury. I say, waiter, can't that window be made to shut behind there?" he remarked, testily, to a servant.

"Yes, sir, I'll see, sir," replied the waiter quickly, as he jumped onto the window sill behind the couch on which the two friends sat, and began to tussle with the window.

"Is this young friend of yours rich?" asked Lorraine, noticing that his companion was still watching the party at the card table.

"Archie Lidyard? I'm not sure that I should call him a friend of mine. I like his mother, but I've small patience with the young jackanapes. Rich? No, not at present, at any rate; the father was a big ironmaster who made a colossal fortune, and, unluckily for young hopeful over there, died half a dozen years ago; the man was tolerably clear-sighted, though, and left the bulk of his money to his wife, stipulating that Archie's minority should not terminate till he reached his 25th year, and that, until that time, his allowance should not exceed a certain figure. He has to get through a couple of years before he attains his majority, and, in consequence, poor Mrs. Lidyard lives in a chronic state of pulling her son out of the mire, paying his debts, and sending him on his way to sin no more! It's terribly hard on the poor woman. He's an only child, and, of course, there's nothing she wouldn't do for him."

"Very sad. But I say, Duff," broke off Capt. Lorraine, "it does seem to me that the Nebulus Club is about the coldest place in London."

As he spoke a window went up with a sharp bang, and the waiter leapt down from behind them.

"You won't feel anything more of the draught now, I think, sir," he said, addressing Duff.

"Oh, is it shut now? You were a precious long time about it."

Some one near the card table called to the waiter, and he hurried there; at the same moment Archie Lidyard rose.

"No, I won't take my revenge to-night," he said, with an attempt at a laugh; "what's the amount of my debt, Mr. Ruthven?"

"Let me see, £500—yes, £555. But there's no hurry if you haven't your check book with you. You can send it round to my hotel any time to-morrow. I don't leave for Paris till the night mail."

"Thank you," said young Lidyard. "I'd sworn off cards or I should have had it with me. You are putting up at the Savoy, I think?"

"Yes, No. 49," replied Ruthven. "You may as well come and lunch with me?"

"I will if I possibly can," said young Lidyard; "but if not, I'll send a check round. Stay, though," he exclaimed, suddenly, "I can discharge a portion of my debt at once." The flush deepened on his cheeks as he fumbled in his pocket book and drew out a check; he glanced at it, and his hand shook a little as he held it toward Ruthven.

"This is for £300," he explained; "you shall have the rest to-morrow."

Ruthven in his turn, glanced at the check.

"To Eva Lidyard!" he read, half aloud, in a tone of some surprise.

"My mother," replied young Lidyard, a little sharply. "I think you will find the indorsement all right. I will give you an I O U for the balance."

He was about to call for the waiter, when the man, who had been standing at his side throughout the transaction, handed him the writing materials.

Archie Lidyard wrote the acknowledgment, spoke a few words to those around him, and then left the room; it was evident, in spite of the young man's calmness and unconcern, that the loss was a serious one and the evening's work no laughing matter.

But James Ruthven was naturally a

a more cheerful mood. He was not a poor man, but he was far enough from being a millionaire to feel no slight satisfaction at the respectable sum of his winnings. Five hundred and fifty pounds was a total worthy of consideration, and it must be confessed that he looked at the slip of paper bearing the pretty signature of "Eva Lidyard" on the back with a certain amount of complacency before retiring to rest.

He was aroused next morning by a loud knocking at his door.

"Eh? Come in—what's the matter; what do you want?" he inquired, starting up.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"What?"

Ruthven admitted the servant, glancing at his watch as he passed; it was just 9:30; who could wish to see him so soon.

"A lady to see me, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of a lady?" inquired Ruthven, dubiously.

"I can't rightly say, sir; she's got a thick veil on, and she's all in black."

"Did she give you no card?"

"No, sir."

"Most extraordinary; go down and ask her if she can tell you her business."

In a few minutes he returned.

"It's Mrs. Lidyard, sir, and she says her business is very private."

"Mrs. Lidyard!" Like a flash the check came back to him. "Ask her into the sitting room," he said, quickly.

"Say I will be with her directly."

He dressed hurriedly; what could she want with him?

"You wish to see me, madam?" he asked as five minutes later he closed the door of his private sitting room behind him.

A tall, black-robed figure advanced to him.

"You are very good to come to me," she said, in a broken voice.

Ruthven glanced at her quickly; she looked particularly graceful and elegant in her sable draperies, and the voice was soft and pleasant, in spite of the evident distress and nervousness of the speaker.

"Pray sit down," said Ruthven, drawing a chair; but Mrs. Lidyard sank down in one nearer her, her back to the light.

"Will you tell me what I can do for you?" asked Ruthven, gently.

The small, black-gloved hands twisted a handkerchief desperately. Mrs. Lidyard made one or two ineffectual attempts to speak, and at last said: "You won a large sum last night from my son at cards, Mr. Ruthven?"

"A considerable sum—yes."

"And he—he gave you a check for it?"

"For part of it, certainly."

Mrs. Lidyard uttered a groan. Ruthven's astonishment grew. What did it all mean? With what was evidently a great effort his visitor continued: "A check drawn in my favor; purporting to be indorsed by me?"

"Yes."

"He—he—oh!" she broke down sobbing, "the wretched, wretched boy!"

The veil she wore was thick, but not so thick as to disguise her, and Ruthven could see that Mrs. Lidyard was still possessed of very great charms, and the glimpse he caught of her snowy hair only made the rest of her face appear more youthful. Grief, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be touching.

"Pray calm yourself, Mrs. Lidyard," he said, soothingly. "You have not yet told me how I can serve you."

Mrs. Lidyard suppressed her agitation and continued: "I must tell you everything; I can do nothing but throw myself upon your mercy. Yesterday, on going through my accounts, I missed a check that had been sent me only the day before. I searched everywhere for it, and not finding it, I finally telegraphed to the bankers stopping payment. I did not at first suspect that—it she hesitated. "I am very unfortunately placed. My son has extravagant tastes, and an income quite insufficient to indulge them." She looked at Ruthven piteously.

"I think I understand," he said, gravely. "I waited for my son, spoke to him of what I dreaded, implored him to tell me all! And—oh, Mr. Ruthven, have pity on me, and give me back that wretched check."

Ruthven rose immediately, and a second later returned.

"You can count on my discretion," he said, pityingly, as he placed the check in her hand.

"Oh! how can I thank you—how can I ever thank you?" she exclaimed, almost hysterically. Then, seeing a small writing table, she sat down hurriedly.

"May I write you a check here—?" He smiled, and she drew a check book from the bag she carried.

"Mr. Ruthven, is it not?"

She began to write, and then turned to him quickly.

"But £300 is not the whole amount. Will you tell it to me?"

Ruthven replied shortly. "Five hundred and fifty-five pounds." It was one thing winning money at the Nebulus from Archie Lidyard, a bit of a cock-and-a-great deal of a fool, quite another thing taking it here in the cold morning light from his mother, still quivering from the anguish she had undergone.

"Here it is," she said, rising. "You see the indorsement was not even a clever forgery," she added, with a little sob.

Ruthven glanced at it; there was a certain similarity in the signatures, no doubt, but the one he had seen last night was firmer, with a touch of masculinity, wanting in this.

No, as she said, it was not even a clever forgery.

"I don't think you know what you have done for me, Mr. Ruthven," she said, offering him her hand. "No, please,"—she continued, as he made a movement to accompany her—"I would rather go alone; thank you again, and God bless you!"

James Ruthven was not a sentimental man, but he was rather pleased with Mrs. Lidyard's parting words, though it was perfectly clear to him that he had done little to deserve them, for, after all, it was a clear gain to him to exchange a worthless bit of paper for a check for £555.

His complacency remained undisturbed for at least two hours. He breakfasted well, and read his paper with absolute serenity. Then he took a cab to the St. James's Square branch of the Westminster Bank.

The cashier took the slip of paper, and after looking at the signature, honored Ruthven with a keen glance before disappearing.

"Will you step this way?"

Ruthven looked up, astonished, but obeyed, conscious that the clerks were watching him curiously as he was ushered into the manager's sanctum.

"I shall be glad if you will explain how this check came into your possession," said the manager, as Ruthven came into the room, while the cashier stood with his hand on the door.

"I really don't understand—," began Ruthven.

"No one," replied the manager, "of the name of Eva Lidyard has an account with this bank?"

"No account!" exclaimed Ruthven. "No account! Why, she wrote this check for me not two hours ago."

There was a smile about the manager's eyes as he renewed his request for an explanation of the circumstances by which the check had come into Ruthven's possession, and as he unfolded the story of the white-haired, tearful mother imploring mercy for her wretched son, it deepened there.

"I think it's a matter for the police, Simpkins," he said to the cashier, and turning to Ruthven he remarked, "I expect the check you parted with has been cashed by now. Do you remember the name and the bank upon which it was drawn?"

Ruthven's memory was not at fault, and driving thither he found that the manager had guessed correctly. The check he had parted with had been presented a couple of hours previously and paid.

Thus it happened that an hour later Ruthven was returning to the Savoy, though in a very different frame of mind from that in which he left it. In fact, he was in a very black humor indeed as he entered his sitting room, where, to complete his perplexity, Archie Lidyard was seated, with his heels on the mantel and a serene smile on his lips.

"Halloo," said Lidyard, "I've accepted your lunch, but if I'd known I should have had to wait so long for it I would have gone elsewhere."

Ruthven was too much excited to take any notice of the remark. He strode up to the young man and looked at him savagely.

"Where's your mother?" he demanded.

It was Lidyard's turn to look astonished. "Where's—my—mother. Why?" It suddenly occurred to him that his host had gone mad, and he grasped a chair as the only weapon of defence handy.

Ruthven's saw the look of fear in Lidyard's face. "I beg your pardon, Lidyard, a most extraordinary thing has happened. Your mother called on me this morning—"

"My mother is in Wales," said Lidyard, quietly.

"Then I've been swindled as neatly as ever man was," declared Ruthven. "There's only one thing to do."

"Lunch," remarked Lidyard, sententially.

When lunch was finished Ruthven had recovered some portion of his serenity. "Nevertheless," he said, as he leaned back in his chair, "I think we'll try Scotland Yard."

And while Scotland Yard busied itself discussing the problem thus presented, a couple of passengers to Nice were comfortably seated in a reserved carriage of the night express.

"Not a bad morning's work, eh?" remarked one of them to his pretty golden-haired companion.

The girl laughed.

"If you don't break the bank at Monte Carlo, Bob, I think I shall go on the stage and play old ladies; that white wig was awfully becoming."

"You managed it beautifully, Nell. There's no knowing what we mayn't be able to do, with my wits and your looks; but any way, this is better than shutting windows for crusty gents at the Nebulus, isn't it?" he added, slipping his arm around her waist.—London Truth.

Elba's Iron Mines.

The iron mines of the Island of Elba appear to have been worked uninterruptedly for at least 3,000 years; local tradition says 4,000. According to this tradition the people of Syracuse were the first to work the mines. Later, as we know, the ancient Etruscans used them, and after that the Romans. They still appear inexhaustible to us, as they did to Virgil (Æneid X, 173). Up to 1754 the amount of ore excavated annually is estimated at 4,000 tons. From that date until 1851 it is said to have been about 14,000 tons; from 1851 to 1881 about 120,000 tons; in 1881 400,000 tons were taken out. The government, fearing that at this rate the ore would soon be exhausted, fixed the annual maximum at 180,000 tons, at which it still remains. The ore is of the highest quality, but the methods of extraction used are still very primitive.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In the 22,000 electoral colleges of Mexico the vote of last month for the re-election of Porfirio Diaz to the Presidency was unanimous. Never in any previous Presidential election in Mexico, or perhaps, in any other republic, was there a result so remarkable.

A special commission has declared impracticable the construction of a ship canal between the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean, across the territory of France. The scheme was originally suggested as a means of evading Gibraltar for the transit of war vessels to and from the Bay of Biscay and Toulon.

Among the various quiet but useful works which Gerald Halloway is carrying out for the benefit of Ireland, the encouragement of horse breeding occupies by no means the least place. It is understood that the government is contemplating the issue of a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject and that the chairman will probably be the Earl of Dunraven.

Pennsylvania papers tell of a man who is swindling farmers by means of a double-end fountain pen, one end of which he uses in drawing up contracts for harvesting machinery, and the other he presents for the farmers to use in putting their signatures to the documents. The ink of the contract fades, and a promissory note is written in over the signature.

A New York Surrogate has decided that George Gould earned the \$5,000,000 left him by his late father Jay Gould. The State Controller tried to show that the money was subject to the collateral inheritance tax as a gift, but the Surrogate says that the younger Gould earned it by his services to his father for twelve years before Jay Gould died. This is at the rate of about \$417,000 a year.

According to the records for 1890 the amount of sugar cane produced by the leading countries of the world was: Cuba, 530,000 tons; Java, 320,000 tons; Jamaica, 210,000 tons; India, 220,000 tons; Brazil, 230,000 tons; Manila, 180,000 tons; Mauritius, 120,000 tons; Guiana, 120,000 tons; China, 100,000 tons; Guedeloupe, 100,000 tons; United States, 100,000 tons; Porto Rico, 80,000 tons, and Honolulu, 60,000 tons.

The London correspondent of The Manchester Courier publishes a remarkable account of a new illuminant, which, if all that is said of it is true, will push both gas and electric light very hard. For its production no machinery is required save that contained in a portable lamp neither larger nor heavier than is used with colza oil or paraffin. This lamp, it is declared, generates its own gas. The substance employed is at present a secret, jealously guarded by some inventive Italian. The cost is declared to be at most one-fifth of that of ordinary gas, and the resultant light is nearly as bright as the electric light and much whiter. The apparatus can be carried about as easily as a candlestick and seems both clean and odorless.

While there is some uncertainty as to the number of warships which Japan may contract for in this country, it is denied that these will be of the Charleston cruiser class, says a Washington correspondent. The Japanese government already has several vessels of this type, the Charleston, in fact, being a duplicate of the Japanese cruiser Nani Ka Wan, which was constructed about a year before its American prototype. It would appear from reports which reach here from Tokio that Japan, like the United States, does not find these vessels as satisfactory for all-round service as those of the gunboat class, which are equally well adapted for carrying the flag and for the performance of police duty. But neither would be especially effective in time of war. It is likely, therefore, that the new vessels of the Japanese navy will be more distinctively of the armored cruiser and battleship type.

Mr. George G. Brown has been the faithful efficient secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education for several years. So satisfactory have his services been that recently the Committee on Finance agreed to recommend an increase of \$1,000 a year in his salary. To the surprise of the public at large, if not of that of his friends, Mr. Brown has put a veto on this proposal, saying that "in view of the problems in financial and monetary matters with which the city is confronted, this is not the most suitable time for such an action." This is said to be the first time a Brooklyn official ever refused a proffered increase in salary. The incident is rare enough, at all events, in municipal history to warrant more than an incidental notice. It is needless to say that Mr. Brown's suggestion has been heeded and the committee's recommendation "withheld for the present."

In noting the retirement from the army of Major George E. Robinson, the Washington papers recall the fact that he saved the life of Secretary Seward on the night Lincoln was assassinated. Major Robinson was an enlisted man in the Army during the war. He was soon afterward transferred to the hospital corps, with station at Washington City. When Seward was thrown from his carriage and so badly injured that he required the services of a professional nurse, Robinson was assigned to look after him. On the night when Booth shot the President and Payne made an attack upon Seward, Robinson was in the secretary's room. The assassin, entering, was seized by Robinson, but he succeeded in attacking and wounding the secretary. But for Robinson's

presence Mr. Seward might have been killed. A gold medal was given to Robinson by Congress for his services, and when Hayes came to the White House he was made a major and paymaster in the Army.

It is noteworthy that, though in each of the American crematories more men than women have been cremated, the movement abroad was practically begun by women, Lady Dilke, of England, and a German woman having been cremated at Dresden. When efforts were made in the years 1873-74 on the Continent of Europe, in England and in the United States, in favor of the cremation of the dead, Lady Rose Mary Crawshaw was one of its prominent advocates. A number of well-known women in this country have expressed themselves decidedly in favor of cremation. Among them are Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Lippincott, Mrs. J. C. Croly, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon, the late Kate Field, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland and Edith Thomas. At a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth referred to the time when her body should be carried to the crematory. The total number of cremations in the United States from 1876, when the first crematory was established, to the close of 1895, was reported to be 4,647. Nearly 1,000 persons were cremated in the last year in twenty-one crematories. In the crematory at Fresh Pond, N. Y., eighty-five boys and sixty-six girls were incinerated. The number of men cremated in New York is more than double the number of women.

A political campaign has a multitude of side effects, besides important civic consequences. Yet few probably think of the influence of a campaign upon literature. Every political contest creates or particularly applies various expressions which thereafter are practically ruined for sober use. Advertising to this point, the Bookman calls attention to the astonishing part played in every campaign by political "gags" which stand to nine votes out of ten in the place of any final and definite opinions upon great questions of national policy. Sometimes these terse expressions embody in a compact form a distinct principle, but often they are mere senseless flings at a candidate which prove nothing but the vacuity of the minds that utter them. In every campaign "some phrase or adjective or epithet is worked to death by campaign orators and afterward by the newspapers. It is, in the first place, generally uttered in a serious way, because it is supposed to be pathetic or striking or especially vivid; but after it has been used by ten thousand stump speakers and twenty thousand editors, it is reduced to the level of a ludicrous bit of political slang." The Bookman contends that this sort of thing has its serious side, for indiscriminate use of these current political phrases results in the vulgarizing of "some of the finest and most expressive words in the language, thanks to the poverty of the reporter's vocabulary." There are words that must be allowed to fall for perhaps years after a Presidential election, because of the over-telling which they received in the course of the campaign. What all the people have once laughed at can not for a long time be profitably used again in a serious relation.

Under Blankets.

When, in the old days of trouble between the English and the French, there was talk of sending Admiral Hawke to sea to keep watch over the enemy's fleet, there occurred a notable interview. It was November. The weather was stormy and dangerous for vessels, and the government was not agreed as to sending him out.

Mr. Pitt, who was in bed with gout, was obliged to receive those who had business with him in his chamber. This room had two beds and no fire. The Duke of Newcastle came to see him to consider the sending out of the fleet, and had scarcely entered the room when he cried out, shivering all over with cold: "How's this? No fire?"

"No," said Mr. Pitt. "When I have the gout I cannot bear one."

The duke, wrapped in his cloak, took a seat by the invalid's bedside and began talking; but he found himself unable to endure the cold.

"Pray allow me," he exclaimed suddenly, and without taking off his cloak he buried himself in the other bed and continued the conversation. He was strongly opposed to risking the fleet in the November gales. Mr. Pitt was as absolutely resolved that it should put to sea, and both argued the matter with much warmth. It was the only warmth, indeed, in the room.

"I am positively determined that the fleet shall sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most lively gesticulations.

"It is impossible! It will perish!" said the duke with equal emphasis.

At the moment the discussion waxed hottest another dignitary of the realm came in and found it difficult to keep his countenance at the sight of two ministers deliberating on a matter of so grave importance from such a novel situation.

The feet did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt's judgment proved to be right. The enemy was crippled and a singular advantage gained.

Linemen on Bicycles.

The practical utility of the bicycle has again been demonstrated in their adoption by telegraph linemen. The New York and New Jersey Telephone Company has equipped its linemen with bicycles, and the time required to locate breaks in the wires has been reduced to a minimum.

## Catching Sharks Near Hawaii.

Lieutenant Coyne and some fifteen members of Company E started out on a steam launch a little after 10 a. m. Sunday for the purpose of doing what they could with a certain family of sharks reported to have been seen outside the harbor. They stocked the launch well, preparatory to an all-day hunt.

Just outside the harbor unmistakable signs in the shape of several fins were noticed projecting above the surface of the water, and they made the soldiers' hair bristle with excitement. A hook baited with a large piece of pork and attached to a heavy line was thrown overboard. There was a bite and a pull, and before long a good-sized shark was hauled along and filled with rifle and revolver bullets. This was excitement enough, but, when, after the line had been thrown over again, another shark was captured in the same manner, the men in the launch could hardly remain in their places.

The line was cast overboard once more, and soon there was a tug that caused a very burning sensation to pass over the hands of the four men who held it. The launch was pulled here and there by what seemed to be a monster twice the size of the others. This seemed to be proven when the shark stuck its fin above water. At this seven or eight bullets pierced the head of the monster, and after a hard fight, during which the launch was in imminent danger of being capsized, the prize was brought alongside and towed with the other two to the Aloha boat-house, where it was found to be 11 feet 5 inches from head to tip of tail, and 5 1/2 inches around at its largest part. The largest of the remaining two measured 9 feet 8 inches.

Upon being cut open the large shark proved to have a stomach exceptionally void, which in some degree accounted for the tug being the line. One of the smaller ones' stomach was found to contain two bats, one towel and half of the top of a barrel, which one of the soldiers construed as meaning that two native women had gone out in a canoe with a keg of beer, and had been met by the shark, which had devoured one woman, the head of another, and tapped the keg in a peculiar manner.

To Cure Headaches.

"A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak soda-water, or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache," writes Dr. B. F. Herrick in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing, a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuralgia is caused not only by cold air but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth, or by indolence combined with a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flat-iron, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes, without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value; though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrective. Rick headache is accompanied by bilious symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life, and often stops of its own accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious."

Killing the Trees.

In France great care is taken in locating the wires that carry high-tension electric currents, whether used for light or for power, but in America the thing is done more simply, says Cosmos. No one bothers himself about what is to be found at the side of the wire and it passes among the branches of trees and across thickets unconscious of the damage that it may do.

Now, in many towns it has been remarked that the trees crossed by the current dwindle and die. It has also been observed that the death of these trees invariably follows the rainy season; the leaves, being soaked with moisture become good conductors and lead the current down into the tree from the wire. The wires to be sure, have been insulated, but the protective layer has been quickly destroyed by the friction of the branches and the line becomes bare, producing thus results that it would have been well to avoid. And the electricity is the only thing that can be accused of this. It suffices to convince one's self to compare the conditions of the trees traversed by the wires with that of neighboring trees. It has often been noticed that in a storm all the trees through which wires pass die in a few hours, while the surrounding ones are not touched. This is a very serious source of complaint and causes some lawsuits.

A Queer Gift.

A queer present has just been made to the President of the French Republic by M. Paul Robiquet. It is a miniature of the ebony coffin of Napoleon I. about a fifth of the size of the real one and made of the same wood. M. Robiquet is the grandson of Edouard Le Marchand, an old Waterloo officer, who was charged by Louis Philippe to construct this coffin for the prisoner of St. Helena. This singular gift has been placed in a glass case in the Musée d'Artillerie, by the side of the moldings of the Emperor's face and hand.

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