

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Notes of Interest on Agricultural Topics.

Crimson Clover on Vacant Spots. The Best Food for Horses. Care of Brooder Chickens, Etc.

CRIMSON CLOVER ON VACANT SPOTS.

If you have any land that cannot be cultivated to corn or potatoes do not allow it to remain for the weeds to exhaust it, but mow down the weeds when they are young and in August sow the land to crimson clover, to be plowed under next spring. It is a good plan to sow crimson clover on every vacant spot and thus improve the soil by taking advantage of its capacity for gathering nitrogen.—Home and Farm.

THE BEST FOOD FOR HORSES.

Unquestionably, oats, corn, bran and hay come first in the list of horse foods. When a horse is off his feed, or slightly ailing from any cause not indicative of violent disease, bran mashes with good nursing will bring him out all right in nine cases out of ten. Nothing is better than an occasional feed of oats, carrots, potatoes or turnips. If a half a peck of these could be given daily as a morning or evening meal the effect would be quickly shown. The foal should be taught to eat roots as possible.

CARE OF BROODER CHICKENS.

Perhaps we should say care of the brooder, for we find it more work, says H. B. Geer in American Poultry Journal, to take care of the brooder and keep it fresh and clean inside than we do in feeding and watering the chickens.

One thing is very plain to us, and we see it every time that we use a brooder, and that is, that it does not pay to put a large number of little chickens in a brooder together, no matter how large the latter may be. It is better and cheaper to pay the price of two brooders than to crowd 75 to 100 chickens into one brooder.

Another thing, if the chickens are not given a small run where they can get the sunshine after they are two weeks old, either out in the yard or an open shed, they will become dwarfed and stunted in growth. A large run is not necessary, but room enough to give them a good sunning and airing so as to get rid of the artificial environments of the brooder for a good part of the day.

If cleanliness is next to godliness in the chicken business, it is certainly the stepping stone to success with brooder chickens. We clean our brooders once every day, and sometimes twice a day, and re-sand the floors inside, and three times a week renew the chaff or clover hull in the part devoted to a miniature scratch pen.

WELL PROPORTIONED UDDERS.

If one will look through the herd and compare the udders of the cow, he will be surprised to find among the very best cows—let alone the poorer ones—a wide difference in the form of the udders, and that a perfect one will be difficult to find, i. e., one of ideal shape. Udders, like the ears of men, says Practical Farmer, go in all shapes, and it is not the largest ones, or the most symmetrical that supply the most or the richest milk. Of course, the udder of a cow—long, wide and deep—of largest abdominal attachment, each division well proportioned and fair-sized teats, is the one described in dairy literature, but, in fact, it is not uncommon to find large producing cows that have the back quarters more largely developed, and while not symmetrical to the eye, the milk-producing power of the cow cannot be ignored. We think the tendency of common breeding is to enlarge the back quarters at the expense of the forward part, and it should be the breeder's aim to so breed that harmony in size of the quarters shall prevail. In passing along a line of royally-bred Jerseys, the other day, there were not two udders in the line that could be said to be alike, and in some of them, the forward quarters were quite subdivided in appearance, and indicated that the amount of milk given from these quarters was much smaller in quantity than from the back ones. We do not know that any tests to determine the relative richness of the smaller quarters, as compared with the larger, have ever been made, but the question is rather one of how to breed cows with well-proportioned udders.

CREAM-RAISING IN A WELL.

It is established that no system without the use of separation or ice has yet been discovered by which a perfect recovery of the cream contents of milk can be secured, but where the herd is too small to justify the expense of a separator or ice is not available a good method is to fit up a well creamery. A well four feet in diameter will care for the milk of ten cows; but if it were six feet it would be better.

Fit out a sufficient number of common shotgun cans to hold the milk of three milkings, with loose-fitting deep-rim covers, and stovails so arranged as to hold the covers firmly in place when suspended. Provide a pulley and one-half inch rope of sufficient length to let each can when filled with milk into the water, until it floats.

It should remain undisturbed, except by the addition of the next milking, for twenty-four hours, when it can be raised and skimmed.

By this method an effective creaming is secured; the milk is safe from all contamination of flies, dust and odors. Further, the well affords a

perfect place for the ripening and care of cream for the churn, as well as for the proper storage of butter until marketed.

If this well creamery system be studied and faithfully carried out, it will not only save a vast amount of labor, but greatly improve the quality and increase the quantity of the butter made. Its work is constant and uniform, whatever the weather may chance to be, nor does it require a daily scrubbing and scalding.—M. Madison in New York Tribune.

ROADS IN ENGLAND.

English roads are good because they are well built and well cared for is the conclusion arrived at by a writer who has been investigating the subject. He says that they are the finest anywhere in the world. Some of the highways leading out of Bath were made by the Romans, and all the other highways are of scientific construction, with deep foundations and ample provisions for draining. Besides, they receive constant supervision and care. Every county council has a standing committee on roads, which takes charge of the highways and keeps them in repair. The committee is divided into sub-committees, to each of which is assigned a district.

There is an inspector for each division, who employs a force of road menders and holds each responsible for a portion of a road assigned him. The road mender lives in a cottage on the line of the highway which he is required to keep in order. He goes over the road every day and removes in a barrow everything that is unsightly. After each heavy rain he looks out for breaks, and mends them by dumping loads of flint where needed. Supplies of flint are kept along the roads at intervals, ready for the use of the road mender. He watches the road the year around, and if there is any neglect he receives a sharp warning from the inspector. This is the English system of maintaining good roads, and it will be necessary to have a similar system in this country before the roads here will compare with those of the older country.—The Silver Knight.

PROFITS OF THE BLACKBERRY.

The year following the planting of blackberries, says a bulletin of Cornell University experiment station, there should be a sufficient yield to pay for the cost of the plantation to that time. The third year the crop should be large, and from that time on the yield should be nearly uniform when the seasons are good. I do not know the limit to the profitable age of blackberry plantations. It is certain that it should continue to bear heavily for twenty years if it has good care, and I am told by careful growers that a patch will last even longer than this. As the plants are generally grown, however, they cannot be expected to hold out this long, for the land becomes hard and foul, and the plants full of dead and diseased wood.

Blackberries are capable of yielding 200 bushels per acre, year by year, unless very unfavorable seasons intervene. This station once made an inquiry among fifty growers in various parts of the country as to the average yield of blackberries. The lowest return was forty bushels and the highest over 300 bushels, and the average for the whole fifty was ninety-eight bushels per acre. The prices in this State range from seven to fifteen cents a quart. J. M. Mersereau, of Cayuga, one of our best blackberry growers, recently said to me: "Let me choose the soil and I will guarantee to clear \$200 per acre on blackberries." In our own experience at Ithaca blackberries have sold the most readily of any of the bush fruits, at prices ranging from eight to fifteen cents per quart. Granville Cowing, Muncie, Ind., a most successful grower of this fruit, makes the following statements regarding the profits of it: "The blackberry is probably the most profitable of the small fruits. Owing to its firmness it can be kept much longer in good condition than the strawberry or raspberry, and often brings better prices. The best varieties are enormously productive, their cultivation comparatively easy, and a well-kept plantation of them should last a life time." Whilst all these figures and statements are tempting, it must, nevertheless, be said that the blackberry, like all other fruits, yield the golden harvest only to those who work for it and who think whilst they work.

Animal Not s.

There are not less than 2,000,000 dogs in the British Isles.

The New York Aquarium will soon have a pair of white whales. They will come from the St. Lawrence River and will probably be about fifteen feet long.

An albino deer is on exhibition in Augusta, Me. The deer is practically white all over. It was shot by Ernest G. Lyons, of Centre Sidney, on Bald Mountain.

The wild elephant is a wise beast, but there are some who will argue that he has a depraved taste. He is fond of gin, it is said, but will not touch champagne.

The average size of the kangaroo is from three to four feet in height. Specimens from six to seven feet are frequently met with on the Australian plains. A kangaroo has been known to make a leap of ninety feet.

Bees' Brains.

The brain of the honey-bee has recently been studied by Doctor Kenyon of Clark University more thoroughly, it is said, than ever before. It is thought that the source of a bee's power to adapt itself intelligently to its surroundings has been discovered in certain peculiar objects in its brain, called the "mushroom bodies."

BICYCLE BY MAGIC.

A Fakir from India Produces a Wheel from His Cloak.

He has Amazed Paris—But the Trick is Very Simple, Though Requiring Great Dexterity—Carried in Small Pieces.

Arrayed in a gown of spottless white, his coal black hair covered by a snowy turban, with many folds, an Indian juggler, who calls himself the Nawab of Jellabad, has been startling the people of Paris nightly with a marvelous trick and then poking fun at them with his explanation of how simple it is to do. It is not so simple a trick, perhaps, to the unskilful, for it is nothing less than the production of a bicycle from beneath that flowing cloak, where the greatest doubters in all the audience would have sworn no bicycle could have been concealed.

Inasmuch as it is manifestly impossible to carry a bicycle in one's pocket or under the arm without being seen the onlookers puzzle their brains in vain to discover how on earth this seemingly remarkable man is going to carry out the promise he has made. They are not long in discovering that he means to perform exactly what he has promised. Suddenly there is thrown to him by his assistant a large sheet of ordinary muslin, folded. He unfolds this sheet in full view, and then, bowing politely to those who are watching him, flings it over himself and disappears beneath the muslin cloud.

Beneath the muslin he remains, but the muslin is in plain sight of every one, and too far from anything to permit even the suggestion of aid from an outside source. The cloth undulates like the tall grass on a rolling prairie, when the wind is blowing in stiffish fashion. There are regular billows. Then, here and there, appears a suggestion of some object. All at once the muslin shows the distinct outline of a wheel. Then the excitement becomes intense.

"Why, the man is really going to do it!" is heard on all sides.

The cloth moves more violently. A click, click, click, sounds clear and distinct from under the muslin. Then the cloth shakes vigorously. Suddenly it rises as if impelled by a dozen hands, and almost simultaneously with that rising there darts from beneath it the figure of the juggler, riding a silver mounted wheel, upon which he makes the circuit of the stage several times. Then he alights as deftly as the greatest of trick riders, and bowing to the audience, says: "Mesdames et Messieurs, si vous plait."

It is done. The juggler has kept his word to the letter. And now for the explanation. The Nawab smiles in his most charming Indian fashion as he tells those who are about him that what he has done is the simplest thing in the world if only it is understood.

"Any one of you could do it, I am sure," he says.

Could they? Let us see. This is the explanation, condensed from the elaborate fabric of language which the Indian juggler rears for the enlightenment of those who have watched him. In a word, the secret is that the bicycle, all in pieces, is hung about his body beneath the cloak. It seems as if it would be a difficult task to do that, so that there would be no knobby projections, but the Indian is a clever man.

To begin with, the rubber tires are allowed to empty themselves of air, and are then coiled about the man's waist. Each of the spokes folds in three pieces, and thus condensed about the hub of the wheel, the whole hangs down toward the man's heels like the big pendulum of a clock.

The handle bars are fastened about the waist. The frame of the machine is in five pieces, but fits together with snap and locks that make it as firm as if it were all cast in one piece. The chain is wound around his leg. The saddle is carried over his breast.

With all this, weighing perhaps altogether eighteen pounds upon him, the juggler has appeared before those who have come to see the wonder he has promised. The folds of his cloak so thoroughly conceal the dismantled bike that there is not the slightest evidence of its presence. The usual explanation is made and then comes the enveloping with the sheet. Instantly the sheet covers him, the juggler loosens from about him the sections of the bicycle that make a complete whole. First of all he arranges the frame. Then the two wheels are quickly turned into proper shape. Following this he blows air into the rubber tires and adjusts them. Then comes the gearing, the adjustment of saddle and handle bars, and lo, the wheel is complete and ready for use. Then the juggler dexterously flings the sheet from him and at the same moment mounts the wheel. The rest has been told.—New York Herald.

The Work of Honey Bees.

To secure a pound of honey, which is equivalent to something like 3,000 cells, would take a bee several years. In fine weather the bee makes calls upon fifty to eighty flowers to a day's outing. During this time it collects what is equivalent to a grain of nectar, which is a thin syrup and has to be evaporated to make honey. The bee after working all day, spends the greater part of the night fanning the nectar with its wings to evaporate the surplus water. In this way it shortens its life by wearing out its wings. Langstroth says that a bee at the height of the working season lives about three working weeks and then dies. Bees frequently perish on the way home, because their wings are so shattered and splintered that they refuse to support the body. If a disabled bee reaches the hive alive it spends the remainder

of its days as nurse, housekeeper and in general utility work. A good and fertile queen bee keeps the hive full of bees during the season. When the honey flow stops she ceases laying at once, then the workers kill all of the drones and manifest other symptoms of a consuming desire for retrenchment.

HAD NEVER SEEN A TUNNEL.

Jumped From the Train as the Engine Entered the Hole: A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes from Colorado Springs as follows:

"I'm from Missouri, and they'll have to show me!"

That is what John Duffer, of Pike County, Mo., remarked this morning as he was being patched up in the office of Dr. Creighton at Manitou. His face and hands were badly scratched where they had come in contact with the sharp gravel, there was a bruise over one eye where his head had struck against a fragment of Pike's Peak, one elbow felt "like a tarnation wild-cat had clawed it," and there was a general feeling of soreness "pretty much everywhere," as he explained it to the doctor, but he was alive and thankful.

John had jumped from the platform of a Colorado Midland passenger train, at the entrance to the first tunnel above Manitou, while laboring under a mistake as to the destination of the train, which appeared to be plunging into the mountain side.

"You don't catch me lettin' 'em run me into the ground with any of their trains, when I've got a through ticket to Cripple Creek in my pocket," he remarked, as the doctor took another stitch in his scalp and adjusted an artistic corn plaster shingle on the swelling dome over his right eye. "I'm pretty badly peeled up, but you bet I'm still on top, and that's where I'm going to stay." And John Duffer took a good-sized bite out of a mammoth piece of navy plug which he dug out of his pocket, and relapsed into momentary silence, though his jaws worked faster than ever.

"You see, doc," said the Missourian, as he deluged the gas log in the doctor's fireplace with the overflow from his lips, "I was a-going over to Cripple Creek to see what those gold mines look like, where they shovel up the stuff into a wagon and let her go at that, and find chunks of gold in the rocks. I had my grip and a bucket of grub in the car, and just after the train left the depot I went out on the platform to look at the mountains. Down on one side was a holler, and up on the other side was a hill that I couldn't see to the top of, and on all sides was mountains, and I couldn't see how the train was ever going to dodge them all. The little shelf the train was running on kept wiggling through them hills like a snake in a plow field, and then I looked ahead and saw where a hill had been split plumb down to the ground to let the railroad through, and that was all right, because I could see daylight on the other side. And then when the train went through that split in the hill it switched around kinder to one side, and I could see the track ahead of the engine, and then I saw a big white mountain all covered with snow sticking clear up into the clouds, and nobody knows how much further, and the next thing I knowed, the engine give a screech like she was most scared to death, and I looked quick and the whole business was going plunk into a hole in the ground. And then I jumped. Came near getting killed, but I fooled 'em that trip. You don't catch me running up against any game that I don't know anything about, and I ain't going into anything that I don't know the way out of. Then I came down town to get patched up, and I'm going to Cripple Creek some other way, even if I have to walk."

"And what became of the train?" asked the doctor, who had been feeling of Duffer's ribs to see if they were all in place, "didn't they stop for you?"

"Stop nothing. The last I saw of the thing it was still going into the hole, and I didn't care whether it ever stopped or not. I wasn't on it. Say, do you reckon I could get my bucket back if they get them out?"

It took considerable time and the testimony of several witnesses to convince Mr. Duffer that the entire train and its contents were not hopelessly buried in the interior of Pike's Peak, and quite a little crowd accompanied him to the station, where Agent Dunaway telegraphed to Cascade to return one lunch pail and grig labeled John Duffer, Pike county, Missouri.

And as he left the station to fill up on "free soda billing right out of the ground," Mr. Duffer explained once more: "When the train ran into the hole I thought 'we'd never see daylight again, and my only chance was to jump, and so I jumped. I'm from Missouri, and you'll have to show me!"

A Remarkable Memento.

Captain M. B. Rowe of Fredericksburg, Va., recently plowed up on the Bloody Angle battlefield, near Spottsylvania Court House, where the bullets blew thick and fast during the fierce fighting in May, 1864, a remarkable memento of that battle. It consists of three bullets welded together in such a way as to suggest that coming from different directions, they met in midair.—Chicago Record.

Tunnel Between Ireland and Scotland.

It is reported that the British government has a scheme under consideration for tunneling between Ireland and Scotland. The idea is not a new one, and is reckoned by competent engineers to be perfectly feasible. The route will probably be from a point in Scotland just north of Port Patrick to a point in Ireland, near Carrickfergus. The estimated cost is \$35,000,000.

ANIMAL CUNNING.

A Fox Came to Life After Being Killed, Bit Its Captor and Escaped.

Two cases are on record of foxes being discovered in hen-houses. In each case the fox not only completely deceived the finder, but allowed himself to be dragged out by the brush and thrown down. In each instance the fox then jumped up and ran away. Another example is that of a fox which dangled across a man's shoulder as it walked along a road for more than a mile. At last it bit the man and was promptly dropped. A cat was observed to carry a weasel home in its mouth, the weasel dangling helplessly. The door of the house was closed and the cat, in conformity with its usual habit, mewed to gain admission. To mew, however, it had to set down the weasel, which jumped up and fastened on its nose.

The following instance was observed by the late Professor Romanes: A corn-crake had been retrieved by a dog, and, having every appearance of being dead, was put in a man's pocket. Presently violent struggles were felt and the man drew the bird out. To his astonishment it again hung in his hand limp and apparently lifeless. It was then set upon the ground and watched from behind some cover. In a short time it raised its head, looked around and decamped at full speed. A singular fact that must not be overlooked in connection with this phenomenon is that some animals have been found to be actually dead which were at first thought to be shamming. Romanes, for instance, found this to be the case with a squirrel which he had caught in a cloth and with which he wanted to experiment with regard to feigning of death.

Sir E. Tennent also relates, in his book on the "Natural History of Ceylon," that the wild elephant sometimes dies when being taken from the corral by tame elephants. Further, he relates a case in which, being convinced that an elephant was dead, he had its leavings taken off, and a friend leaning against it the while to rest. Hardly had they left it when it rose hurriedly, and trumpeting vociferously, rushed off in the jungle. The fact, however, that a squirrel or an elephant when captured unharmed will die is sufficient to show that a most powerful nervous derangement of some sort is induced.

When the late Joseph Thompson lectured on his African experiences he related how the first buffalo he shot tossed him, and how, when he came to himself and tried to sit up, he found his antagonist glaring at him a few yards away. He told how he recollected that a buffalo does not try to toss a creature which shows no signs of life, and how he let his head sink slowly back, and lay shamming death.

Pheasants, in flying across wide stretches of water, have been noticed suddenly to fall. In this way they are apparently drowned. It is perhaps dangerous to assert positively that fear is here the active cause of death; yet, we are apparently justified in believing that a paroxysm of fear can produce sudden death. The squirrel and the elephant may have died of fright; certainly death in man can be produced by sudden fear, and although man has a much more sensitive nervous mechanism, the lower animals have an extremely active instinct of fear.

Professor Lloyd Morgan mentions the case of a surfaceman working in the Severn tunnel who was nearly killed by a train. It is stated that "his attention was so riveted that he was unable to make, or rather he felt no desire to make, the appropriate movements;" that he could not help watching the train, but felt no terror. With the greatest difficulty he managed to shake himself free of his fascination. In describing his feelings when the danger was past he is reported to have said: "I came over all in a cold sweat and felt as helpless as a baby. I was frightened enough then." This may perhaps be taken as a cataleptic condition without fear.—Scotsman.

Oddest Dinner Ever Eaten.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquary named Goebel in the city of Brussels. A description of it is furnished by one of the guests, Amariah Dukes of New York: "At that dinner I ate apples that ripened more than 1800 years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa.

The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been put up yesterday.

Amusing Chinese Edict.

The official gazette of the Chinese government contains the following edict by the emperor: "We have received instructions from H. I. M., the empress dowager, to grant Liu Kuang, Duke Chiendehai-lyung, the privilege of using vermilion colored reins for his riding pony, and we therefore issue this decree sanctioning the request of her imperial majesty."

British Royal Pages.

In talking of the English royal household one often hears of "royal pages," who must not be confounded with the so-called "pages of honor." The latter are boys of gentle birth, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen, who receive a salary of \$1,200 a year, and bear the trains of royalty on state occasions. Moreover, by virtue of precedent and tradition, they receive a nomination to the military college at Sandhurst, and if they can pass the examination there, a commission in the army on completing their term of service at court. The pages of the ordinary class are grown men, and merely a superior kind of footman. Thus it is the pages who do the waiting at the royal tables, to footmen conveying the dishes to them from the kitchen. The footmen likewise wait at the table of the gentlemen and ladies of the royal household. The footmen wear scarlet coats and vests, blue plush breeches, white silk stockings and low shoes, while the pages wear coats of a dark navy blue, with gilt buttons, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings and gold garters. I may add, says a London correspondent, that at Marlborough House over eighty indoor servants are employed, and until the two daughters of the prince and princess were married they, as well as their still unmarried sister, Victoria, were allowed the services of two footmen each to attend exclusively to their service, one man being always on duty and the other off. In addition to these many indoor servants, there are fifty men more employed at the Marlborough House stables.

The Indians' Pipe Quarry.

In southwestern Minnesota is a celebrated quarry where the Indians have for centuries obtained a soft red stone out of which they carve pipes. The quarry belongs to the Sioux, to whom it was ceded by the United States government forty years ago. Mr. A. H. Gottschall says this is the only place in America, and probably in the world, where this particular kind of stone is found. Many tribes of the red men formerly resorted to the quarry, and the pipestone seems to have been an article of commerce among them, for it has been found in Indian graves scattered all the way from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It has also been found as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and in British America.

Greek Beauties.

Professor E. A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College, who has spent many years in Greece, says that the English language has changed more in a few generations than the Greek in thirty centuries. The ancient type is frequently seen, both in men and women; the modern sculptor could find models almost fac-similes of those after which the grand old masters chiseled their masterpieces. "The most beautiful woman I ever saw in all Europe," says Professor Grosvenor, "was a Grecian girl. She was only a servant, and totally uneducated, but her beauty was almost divine. She died afterwards, I learned, of starvation. Her employer's circumstances caused it, I believe."

Dangers in Writing Inks.

It sometimes happens, says the London Lancet, that a trifling scratch or puncture made with a pen gives rise to a dangerous septicemia, due to the liability of ink to contain pathogenic bacteria. Nigrosin ink, taken from a freshly-opened bottle, was found to contain both saphrophytes and bacteria. Red and blue inks also yielded numerous bacteria. In two instances Dr. Marpman succeeded in cultivating from nigrosin ink a bacillus which proved fatal to mice within four days. This ink had stood in an open bottle for three months, and the inference to be drawn from the inquiry is that ink used in schools should always be kept covered when not in use.

The Ooglywo.

The London Mail says that a number of wealthy Englishmen have organized an exhibition to come to the United States to shoot wild horses in the Rocky Mountains. The gentlemen can, after they get through shooting "wild horses in the Rocky Mountains," come down onto the plains and shoot the Ooglywo, which is found in great numbers in that vicinity. It has six legs and a very strong, short tail. When danger appears, it at once stands on its tail and spins rapidly around. Of course this makes a hole, into which the Ooglywo sinks rapidly out of sight. The hole then disappears also.—Forest and Stream.

The Electric Lucifer.

The electric match is the next important invention promised. Before very long the phosphorus-tipped wooden splints now in use will be replaced by a handy little tool that may be carried in the pocket or hung up conveniently for striking a light when wanted. Twentieth century people doubtless will speak of the "hell sticks" of the present day as primitive and absurd, just as we are disposed to look with scorn upon the flint and steel of our forefathers. Already there is on the market a gaslighter which affords more than a suggestion of the electric match of the future, a twist of the handle generating sufficient electricity to accomplish the purpose.—Industrial Journal.

Found Diamonds in His Coal.

While filling up his stove Frank Shepard, of Millville, N. J., saw several bright stones in the coal he was pouring from the scuttle. He picked them out and they looked so much like diamonds that he took them to a jeweler, expecting to be laughed at, however, for his pains. He was not, though, for the stones were real diamonds, and their value was placed by experts at \$530.