A LOVE SONG.

Far away in a sunset town,
Are the flowers blooming fair;
And the world looks up and the sky
bends down;
But the fairest rose in that sunset
town
Is a girl with golden hair.

O rosebud sweet!
O flower fair!
O blue-eyed maid
With golden hair,
There's one to think of thee!

Far away in the crimson west,
Do the song-birds' voices rise;
And the world is glad and the people
blest,
But the sweetest bird in that dream-
land west,
Is a girl with deep-blue eyes.

O song-bird sweet!
O flower fair!
O blue-eyed maid
With golden hair,
The world shall sing of thee!

—JOSEPH W. HUMPHRIES, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLD UNIFORM.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPEE.

When I was a clerk in the War Department I had for an associate a man named Jean Vidal, a former non-commissioned officer. He had lost his left arm in the Italian campaign, but his right arm remained, and with it he could execute prodigious feats of penmanship, making a little bird in the flourish of his signature with a single stroke of his pen.

This Vidal was an excellent fellow; a soldier of the old type, upright and pure. Though he was only forty years old and had but few grey hairs in his light beard, cut after the old Zouave fashion, everyone called him "Father Vidal," more from respect than from familiarity, for we all knew what an honorable and self-sacrificing life he led in his little home on Grenelle street, where he supported a widowed sister, with several children. They all managed to live comfortably on his little pension and earnings from his writing. Three thousand francs for five persons.

For all that, Vidal's overcoats—those coats whose left sleeve was fastened to the third button—were as carefully brushed as if he were to be present at a review by the Inspector-General, and the worthy man attached so much importance to his red ribbon, always new, that he removed it from his button-hole when he carried a package in the streets.

As I, too, at that time, lived in the modest suburbs south of Paris, I often walked home with "Father Vidal," listening with pleasure to his war-stories, while we strolled along near the Military School, where we met at almost every step—it was in the last days of the Empire—the beautiful uniform of the Imperial Guard, White Lancers, and the magnificent somber coats of the officers of the artillery, all black and gold—uniforms within which it was worth while to be shot.

Sometimes, on warm summer evenings, I treated my companion to absinthe, a luxury which poor Vidal denied himself through economy, and on these occasions we sat for half an hour or so before the officers' cafe on the Avenue de la Mothe-Piquet. The old officer, who had forsaken all his convivial habits since he had become a family man, would rise from the table with his heroic memories all alive under the influence of the mild stimulant, and I was sure to hear some fine martial reminiscence.

One evening—I believe, God forgive me, I had given two glasses of absinthe to Vidal—as we were walking along the wretched street on which he lived he stopped abruptly before a shop where second-hand military clothing was hung out for sale, one of many such in this locality.

It was a dirty, uninviting place, having a window display of rusty pistols, bowls full of buttons, tarnished epaulettes, and, in front, among some filthy rags, were hung some old officers' uniforms, rotted and faded by the rain and sun. They still retained the shape of their wearers, and looked almost like suspended human figures.

Suddenly grasping my arm with his only hand, Vidal turned his half-dazed eyes toward me, and, with his stump, pointed to an old coat, an African officer's, with a full skirt and three rows of gold lace trimming the sleeves in the shape of a "8," Hussar-fashion.

"Look!" said he, "there is part of the uniform of my old regiment. A captain's coat!" Approaching to examine it more carefully he read the number engraved on the buttons, then said, excitedly:

"It is from my regiment! The First Zouaves!"

All at once Vidal's hand, which grasped the skirt of the coat, remained motionless, his face darkened, his lips trembled, and, lowering his eyes, he murmured in a frightened tone:

"My God! What if it were his!"

Then, with a quick movement, he whirled the coat around, and I saw in the middle of the back a little round hole in the cloth, encircled by a black ring—old blood doubtless— and I felt as if I were looking at a real wound.

"That was an ugly hole!" I said to Father Vidal who had dropped the coat, and briskly resumed his walk with down-cast head. Foreseeing a story, I added, by way of inciting him to relate it:

"Usually commanders of Zouaves do not get shot in the back."

He seemed not to hear me, but muttered to himself, biting his mustache.

"How could it have got here? It is a long distance from the battle-field of Melegnano to Grenelle Street Yes, I know thieves follow the army and rob the dead. But why should there be only a few steps between a Military School where his regiment is quartered and the other? And he must have passed by here and must have recognized it. Oh! it is like seeing a ghost!"

"See here Father Vidal," said I, really interested by this time, "you are not going to go on in this way, talking in riddles; you must tell me why the sight of that riddled coat affects you so."

I really believe that without the two drinks I should have learned nothing, after all, for Vidal looked at me suspiciously almost, then, regaining courage, he said, in a firm voice:

Well, yes. I will tell you. You are an honest, well-educated young man. I have confidence in you, and when I am through I want you to tell me with your hand upon your heart whether I did right in acting as I did. Let me think where to commence.

I can not tell you his name, for he is still living, but I will call him by the nickname we gave him in the regiment —La Soif (thirst). Yes, we called him La Soif, and he did not steal the name; it belonged to him, for he was not one of those to run away from the canteen, and he could drink twelve little glasses for the twelve strokes of noon. He was a sergeant in the second regiment, and he marched beside me. A good soldier, too; a very good soldier, and a drunkard, loving fights and all the bad practices of the soldier in Africa. He was as brave as a lion. His eyes were as blue and as cold as steel in his bronzed, red-bearded face, and looking into them one could see that he was hard to manage.

When I joined the battalion La Soif's time had just expired, he re-enlisted, took his bounty money, and went on a three days' debauch. With four or five boon companions in a carriage with him he rode about the lowest quarters of Algiers, carrying a tri-colored flag bearing the inscription, "Enjoy yourself while you may." He was brought back to the barracks with his head cut open by a sabre stroke. He had been in a drunken row, where one of the party had been killed.

He recovered, was put in the guard house for fifteen days, and lost his sergeant's stripes. It was the second time they had been taken away from him. If he had behaved himself he would have been an officer long before, for he came of a good family and was well educated. After this affair however, he lost his decorations, and did not get them back until eighteen months later, through the indulgence of our Captain, who was old in the African service, and had been an eye-witness of La Soif's bravery.

After a time our Captain was promoted to chief of battalion, and a new one was put over us, a Corsican, named Gentile. He was only twenty-eight years old, fresh from school, cold and ambitious, full of merit, it was said, but very exacting in matter of discipline, giving a man severe punishment for a rusty spot on his gun, or a missing button on his uniform. He knew nothing of service in Algiers, and he would not tolerate a particle of irregularity or lax discipline. At the very first, Captain Gentile and La Soif came into conflict. It could not be otherwise. The first time the sergeant failed to respond to evening roll-call, eight days in the guard-house; the first time he was tipsy, fifteen days. When the Captain, a swarthy fellow, with a mustache like an angry cat's, gave the sentence, adding, in a stern voice, "I know you, sir, and I will conquer you," La Soif said nothing, but walked quietly off beside the guard; but the captain would not have felt very comfortable, just the same, if he had seen the blood surge into the sergeant's face, as soon as his head was turned, and the lightning flash of his steely-blue eyes.

About this time the Emperor declared war with Austria, and we embarked for Italy. It is not necessary to speak of the campaign, so I will keep to my story. The night before the battle of Melegnano, where I lost my arm, you know, our battalion encamped in the heart of a little village, and, before breaking ranks, our captain gave us a little talk—and he was right—to remind us that we were in a friendly community, that it was our honorable duty to conduct ourselves well, and that if any soldier should in any way disturb the peaceful inhabitants around us he would be punished as an example. While he was talking La Soif, who could not stand straight without the aid of his gun, shrugged his shoulders; fortunately the captain did not see the gesture.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a tumult. I sprang from the bundle of straw on which I was sleeping in a farm-yard, and saw in the moonlight a crowd of soldiers and peasants rescuing a young girl from the grasp of La Soif, who fought like an enraged lion. I ran out to lend my aid, but Captain Gentile was there before me. With one look he subdued the sergeant; then, reassuring the girl by some words spoken in Italian, he came and stood in front of the offender, pulled up his chin with fingers that trembled and said;

"Such a scoundrel as you ought to have his brains blown out! As soon as I see the colonel you will lose your straps, and for good this time. There will be a battle to-morrow. Try to get killed!"

We lay down to rest again, but the captain had told the truth, and at daybreak we were awakened by the cannonade. We rushed to arms, formed into line, and La Soif, whose cursed blue eyes had never looked so wicked, took his place beside me. The battalion moved to the attack. It was necessary to dislodge the white-coats, who were fortified with cannon in the village of Melegnano.

Forward, March! We had gone but a few paces when a volley of grape struck us on the flank, and cut down about fifteen men in our company. Then our officers, who were awaiting the command to charge, ordered us to crouch down in the cover, like sharpshooters, while they remained standing, and I assure you that our captain was not the least erect. We kept up a fire on the fort that we were to carry. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning I saw La Soif, who was looking at me with one corner of his mouth drawn up in a peculiar manner, as he loaded his gun.

"Do you see the captain!" said he, nodding his head in his direction.

"Yes; what of it?" I answered, glancing at the officer, who was standing not twenty steps from us.

"Well, he made a mistake talking to me as he did last night."

Then, with a rapid movement, he put his gun to his shoulder, fired, and I saw the captain bend backward, beat the air with his hands, drop his sword, and fall heavily to the ground.

"Assassin!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm.

Striking me a violent blow on the chest, he knocked me several feet from him.

"Fool! Prove that it was I that shot him."

I rose, furious; but all the sharpshooters rose at the same time. Our colonel, bareheaded, on his steaming horse was there, pointing with his saber to the Austrian fort, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Forward, Zouaves! Charge with the bayonet."

That was all I could do, wasn't it? Charge with the others! Ah, that charge has passed into history, that charge of the Zouaves at Melegnano! Have you ever seen the full sea beat against a rocky wall? Well, this was just the same. Each company beat up against the fort like the sea against the rock. Three times the battery was covered with blue jackets and white trousers, and three times we saw it reappear with its formidable embrasures, unshaken as the rock after the beating of the waves.

The fourth company, ours, must surely take the fort. In twenty bounds I reached the redoubt; helping myself with the barrel of my gun, I clambered up the steep side; but I had just time to see a yellow mustache, a blue cap, and the muzzle of a carbine, which almost touched me. Then I felt such a blow in my left shoulder that I thought my arm was torn out. I dropped my gun; everything swam before my eyes; I fell on my side near a caisson-wheel and fainted away.

When I came to my senses only a distant sound of musketry was to be heard. The Zouaves were standing around in a semi-circle, brandishing their guns, and shouting: "Long live the Emperor!"

An old general, followed by his staff, came up at a gallop. He checked his horse, took off his helmet, waved it joyously, and cried: "Bravo! Zouaves! You are the bravest of the brave!"

I was sitting on the ground, near the caisson-wheel, supporting my broken arm with my right hand, thinking of La Soif's frightful crime. All at once I saw him leave the ranks and approach the general. Yes, it was La Soif, the captain's murderer. In the engagement he had lost his fez, and his head was exposed, showing the track made by a bullet which had just grazed his skull, and the blood was running down over his forehead and cheek. In one hand he carried his gun; with the other he presented an Austrian flag, riddled with shot and stained with blood, a flag which he had captured. The general looked at him with admiration.

"Look there, Bricourt," said he to his orderly, "what men!"

Then La Soif said:

"You are right, general. These are the First Zouaves. There are enough left to fight once more."

"I am glad of that," replied the general, "and you shall be decorated for your bravery." Still repeating, "what men! what men!" he addressed a remark to his aide which I did not understand—you know I am not learned—but which I remember.

"Heroes for Plutarch, hey, Bricourt?"

At this moment the pain from my wound overcame me; I fainted, and saw and heard nothing more.

You know the rest. I have often told you how they cut off my arm, and how I passed two months in the hospital, delirious with fever most of the time. In my rational hours I asked myself what I ought to do about La Soif. Expose him? That was clearly my duty, but how could I prove his crime? Then I said to myself: "He is a villain, but he is brave; he killed Captain Gentile, but he took a flag from the enemy." I did not know what to do.

Finally, when I was convalescent, I heard that in recompense for his brave deed he had been promoted to the ranks of the Guards, and had been decorated. Ah, that news made me disgusted with the cross which our colonel had fastened on my hospital coat. Still, La Soif deserved his, too, but his Legion of Honor should have served as a target for the platoon ordered to shoot him.

It is all past and gone now. I have never seen the sergeant since my return to civil life. But at sight of that coat a moment ago—God knows how it came there—hung out only a few rods from the garrison where the assassin is quartered. I thought of the unpunished crime, and it seemed as if the captain's blood was crying out for justice.

I quieted Father Vidal as well as I could, for the recital of his story had greatly excited him. I assured him that he had acted for the best, and that the sergeant's heroism offset his crime.

A few days afterward, on arriving at my office, I found Vidal there, and he handed me a paper so folded that one item only was visible, murmuring gravely: "What did I tell you?" I took the paper and read the following:

ANOTHER VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE.

Yesterday afternoon a man named Mallet, called La Soif, a sergeant of the Imperial Guards, after having drank freely at a wine shop on Grenelle street, was suddenly attacked with a fit of delirium while looking at some old uniforms exposed for sale at a second-hand store.

Becoming frantic, he flourished his saber, and rushed about causing a panic. His two comrades with great difficulty succeeded in overpowering him, but he kept on shrieking: "I am not a murderer, I tell you! I captured an Austrian flag at Melegnano!" We learn that Mallet had been decorated for his brave deed, and that his intemperance alone prevented him from becoming an officer.

Mallet was taken to the military hospital at Gros-Caillou, from which he will be transported to the lunatic asylum at Charenton, in Corsica, as he will probably never regain his reason.

As I returned the paper to Vidal he gave me a knowing look and said:

"Captain Gentile was a Corsican, He is avenged."—From the French, in Short Stories.

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

New System of Noting the Day's Time Is Gaining Ground.

The new system of noting the time of the day is gaining ground. Under this system the day, as at present, begins at midnight, and the hours are numbered to the end without prefix or suffix of any kind. Just a clean, clear enumeration. Noon will still be noon, and morning, afternoon and evening will, of course, abide with us. An hour after noon will, it is true, be 13 o'clock, but the use of the word thirteen would not be compulsory, especially in the trying first month of the new notation.

The Canadian railroads have adopted the system tentatively. Astronomers of all lands have long discarded the confusing notation that calls for a. m. and p. m. as a key to elucidation. The Italian railroads have used the 24 hour system several years, and no one in that populous country desires a railway time-table of the old sort. The Belgian railways came into line a month or two ago. It is surprising that the Germans, who delight in helpful innovations, have not adopted the plainer, simpler method of time-keeping. Switzerland is now considering the subject.

The change, if it comes at all in this broad country, will doubtless be inaugurated by the railroads—the same railroads that instituted the orderly notations of standard time by employing even hours at given meridians—a blessing in itself. Trains are now sent the length and breadth of the land on telegraphic orders. The new notation would be an additional safeguard against error in such orders. But its advantages need not be enumerated. Its simplicity and orderly sequence will commend it, and at some not very distant day, without much ado, we will find ourselves going to dinner at 19 o'clock, to bed at 22 o'clock, and to search for the time-honored man under the bed or the prompt burglar at 24 o'clock. But we will rise at the usual hour of the clock, and the cocks will crow as they have crowed time out of mind, for the multitudinous strokes of the town clock will not be heard in the morning hours.—Atlanta Journal.

The Prisoner's Friend.

Benjamin C. Clark of Boston is a generous man, whose motive is to help friendless prisoners in their defense. While Mr. Clark is one of Boston's most liberal and practical philanthropists, says "Leslie's Weekly," and is a most bountiful giver, especially to the poor children of the city, he is also a clubman, an enthusiastic sportsman, the head of an immense cordage concern, a class-mate of President Eliot of Harvard, and is the Haytian Consul at Boston. Yet it is doubtful if a thousand Bostonians know him personally, or have heard of him through the papers. He is such a modest man that is with difficulty that he can be induced to talk about himself, and then he will tell you that he is not a public character, and what he does for charity and humanity he likes to do without any show whatever. Mr. Clark comes from a good old Boston family, his great-grandfather having been one of those engaged in the famous "Boston Tea Party." But Mr. Clark is well known to the poor and unfortunates inmates of the penal institutions of the State, whom he visits and consoles with presents and flowers and trinkets, cheering them up with kind words and pointing out the way to do better.

Queer Names.

A traveler who spent some time in the wilds of Texas says that he found families who named the children to indorse a sentiment after this peculiar fashion, "One Too Many Harry," or "Not Wanted James." It is to be hoped that the names did not embarrass their owners with more than one sense of superfluity. The negroes of the south, when left to their own methods of naming their progeny, strive for the most romantic and poetic or historic names they can find, and a good long string of them, too. A colored girl in Laurena county, South Carolina, is named "Fair Rose Beauty Spot Temptation Touch Me Not." The youths struggling under the patronymics of "George Washington Henry Clay Benjamin Franklin Andrew Jackson" are so numerous as to excite no comment.

At a steam shearing plant in Wyoming recently, fifty men sheared 3,400 sheep in one day.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Dr. David Starr Jordan computes that the child of to-day must have had at the time of Alfred the Great 870,672,000,000 ancestors, and at that of William the Conqueror 8,598,094,592.

A doctor who has been experimenting with coffee as a remedy for anaemia says he has brought about some remarkable cures. He requires his patients to drink weak coffee exclusively, also ordering them to take baths in a decoction of coffee.

It is now asserted that a Frenchman has discovered a method of making silk of a fine quality from the webs of ordinary spiders. His name is M. Cachot, and it is probable that he will claim the reward of $10,000 offered by manufacturers of Great Britain to any one who could accomplish this feat.

The retiring president of the Detroit Board of Education, in his annual report, makes the novel suggestion that courses be established for parents as well as for children in the public schools. His idea is to give some of the advantages of schooling to grown people who come to America from foreign countries where they have not had the advantage of free tuition.

There is a certain minister in Kansas who has an eye to the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his congregation. He brought one of his recent Sunday sermons to a sudden close with the following words: "Brethren, I will now close, for I see that we are going to have a thunder-storm. The congregation will please follow me to Brother Soandso's field and help him stack his wheat."

The postal service of the United States costs $9,000,000 a year above receipts, while that of Great Britain yields a profit of over $14,000,000, that of France nearly $10,000,000, that of Germany $6,000,000, that of Russia $8,000,000, and that of even India and Japan $1,500,000. About the only other nations whose postal service does not pay expenses are Canada, Norway, Siam, Chili, Peru, Bulgaria and Bolivia.

Horse dealers of France are apparently no longer able to supply the demand for the flesh of that animal in Paris. An order from the French capital for five thousand barrels of horse meat has been received by a company of Portland, Ore. The animals used are the half-wild cayuse of Oregon, which are bought for about $2 50 each. As the use of horseflesh for food seems to be growing in several foreign countries, it may become a profitable article for export.

The legislature's revision of the laws in Iowa has included some notable changes in that State's school law. Hereafter teachers there may be examined for either of two county certificates, a one year and a two year certificate, the latter depending upon some higher studies. The superintendent may revoke the certificate of any teacher who fails to teach physiology and hygiene as required by law. The power to suspend students is placed in the hands of the teacher. The school treasurer is to be elected annually. A teacher may not also be secretary of the school board.

In Finland there is a decided surplus of women, the female population of that country being 1,208,599, while the male is 1,171,541. Out of a total population of some two and one-half millions, therefore there are 37,000 more women than men. This means that women have to work hard for their support. In a just published book, "Through Finland in Carts," by an Englishwoman, one learns some of the ways in which the Finnish women do this. "She soon comes to think that there is nothing she cannot do. On looking over the statistics of women employed in trades one is pleased to see seventeen women carpenters and twenty-two paperhangers, as these trades are eminently fitted for women; but we sigh to find 765 are employed 'loading ships,' which manual labor is very hard. One is surprised to notice that twenty-one women are slaughterers!"

Gold exists in larger or smaller quantities in every portion of the world. It has been found in almost every State in the Union; in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales and Scotland, in Great Britain; on the sands of the Rhine, the Reuss, the Rhone and the Aar; at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, and at Zell; in the valleys of Toppa, Sesia and Novard, in Piedmont; at Percheria, in Lombardy; on the Tagus, in Spain; in the rivers of Provence; in Southern and Eastern Siberia; in fourteen of the nineteen provinces of China; in the island of Yesso, in Japan; in odd spots in India; Thibet, and the islands of Ceylon and Borneo; in Abyssinia, Kordofan, and the Soudan generally; in North Africa and the region watered by the Zambesi and Limpopo, in South Africa; in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. But, as a general rule, the precious metal is found in such small quantities that it will not pay to work the mines or placers. It is only now and then that it occurs in isolated localities in abundance.

"Miss Gertrude Josephine Dwyer, of San Antonio," says Leslie's Weekly, "was crowned Queen of Texas at the Wako Karnival, held at Wako in May last. One of the features of the carnival was a contest among the different 'queens,' sent from the various cities of Texas, as to who should be crowned queen of queens, and on behalf of the Lone Star State carry greetings to President Diaz of the Republic of Mexico on his birthday. The distiction included for the queen a Mexican holiday and her escort through the Republic of Mexico and entertainment by the various Governors and the President. The award was made by fifteen judges selected from cities other than those that sent queens. About forty cities were represented, and the beauty of Texas congregated. The prize was to go to the most beautiful and most royally attired woman. The fifteen judges unanimously selected Miss Gertrude Josephine Dwyer and crowned her queen of queens. On July 2 the royal party started on the trip, and they have been receiving a splendid welcome in the land of the Montezumas Miss Dwyer was born in San Antonia and is the youngest child of the late Joseph E. Dwyer, a descendent of one of the oldest families of Texas. Her mother, Mrs. Annette Dwyer, was a belle in Kentucky. Her uncle, Beriah Magoffin, was Governor of Kentucky, and her father was General James W. Magoffin. Miss Gertrude is a brunette, with perfect figure and stately bearing."

"The hospitality of Americans is quite overwhelming," said N. Jacobson, an English writer on political economy, in the New York Tribune. "The only objection to it is that it is entirely too generous. I landed in New York Friday an utter stranger, having crossed over to attend the Scientific Convention at Toronto. I expected to meet some Canadian friends in New York, but was disappointed, so I started out the next day in rather lonely mood to see a little of the town. Coming back from a visit to General Grant's tomb I fell in with two gentlemen, one elderly, the other young, who, seeing that I was a stranger, kindly began to point out objects of interest. Before we got back to the city the senior of the two asked me if I would not accompany him to his club to luncheon, naming a club which every man of any consequence in London ought to know stands about at the head of the list. Although I had never met him before, and our acquaintance was not of an hour's duration, he was so cordial and so evidently sincere in wanting to take me with him that I accepted the invitation. We went to the club and enjoyed a delightful repast, following which he ordered a carriage, and pretty soon I found myself being taken all over New York City behind a splendid pair of thoroughbreds. The drive was intensely agreeable. Wishing to return some of my escort's kindness, I asked him later if he would join me at dinner. We went to a noted place, had as fine a dinner as could be wanted by an epicure, and over it we lingered long, chatting about many topics of international interest. The gentleman was highly educated and informed on many subjects. But the time to part came at last. I called for the bill, and you can judge of my surprise when the water said: 'It is all settled, sir.' Protests were unavailing. My entertainer laughingly remarked that my money was counterfeit, which I found out was an American bit of humor when one man will not let another pay for anything. I fear it is too subtle a joke, however, for the average Briton, and I shall not employ it when I get back to London. But the moral of my story, if there is one, explains the wonderful differences in the make-up of the Yankee and his British cousin. Not in a thousand years would a stranger have been shown that attention and kindness in England. When I tell that incident at home my own family will want me to make an affidavit before a magistrate.

Mosquito Blessings.

The Boston Transcript is responsible for a new view of the mosquito, and while we slap and rub this summer we may keep in mind these four truths which it is declared science has established:

First. A mosquito cannot live in air free from malarial poison. Untainted air has the same effect on him as a healthy community on a doctor. It deprives him of patients and he must go to less favored localities to practice.

Second. The lymph, which flows through an automatic valve when it inserts its proboscis, contains a modified germ of the malarial fever, and, according to the well-settled law of innoculation, the introduction of the weak germ renders harmless an attack by the strong germ.

Third. The mosquito never swallows human blood. It cannot. The fact that its body becomes discolored and swells, while probing, is caused by the discoloration of the lymph in contact with the blood and the muscular efforts of inserting the probe.

Fourth. A mosquito will never insert its lancet in a person not susceptible to malaria. In this respect its sense is more accurate than the most skilled and experienced pathologist. This also proves, not only its unerring instinct, but that it never wounds unnecessarily. Its thrusts are those of a skilled and humane surgeon, and even more unselfish, for hope of a fee never quickens him, nor does the malediction of his patient deter him in fulfilment of his duty.

Pigeon Post to Alaska.

Milwaukee capitalists are greatly interested in a scheme whereby communication with the Klondike regions can be had by carrier pigeons.

At present it takes from forty to fifty days under the most favorable conditions to get news from us to that region, and it is thought that investors will not care to wait that long for news of great strikes.

The company proposes to establish pigeon stations at Dawson City, Juneau and Victoria. The distance between the two former points is about 650 miles in a bee line, and it would take a pigeon about twenty-four hours to make the trip.

The birds, whose home is in Victoria, could reach the place in about thirty hours after starting, so that the entire trip would take as many hours as it now takes days.