

## THE WAY WITH LOVE.

When love shall say: "This is my way,  
Through lonely lands and noons,  
With sweeping eyes, 'neath ruined skies,  
Pass—to the thorns or flowers  
Love only leads thee to the night  
That makes a morning sweet with light.

Far off the dawn appears  
Resplendent in still skies;  
And love shall kiss away thy tears  
And silence all thy sighs.  
Love only leads thee to the night  
That makes a morning sweet with light!

—F. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

## An Answered Question.

BY DORA HASTINGS.

"We all on us told Oscar better," said Mr. Frost, speaking of his son, "but he'd only laugh and say he always liked a good deal of vinegar, and so it was, too," he continued, flicking the old horse with the end of the whip, though that self-willed animal made not the slightest response to his suggestion; "he was the greatest hand for vinegar I ever did see. Sally, that's his mother, used to say she believed that pickles was sweet to him."

It was the evening of a summer day. The wind stirred gently. The omnipresent life of summer voice in bird notes and insect chirpings. Through a foreground of maples or elms, one caught glimpses of white farmhouses, contrasting with long red tobacco barns, that added a dash of gayer color to the sober white and green. Mr. Frost had little appreciation of the values of color; but he scanned the crops along the way, with the eye of a connoisseur, noting height and quality with the precision of long experience and intense interest.

"That's Oscar's wife's," he said, pointing to an oblong, five-acre strip of tobacco. "Looks first rate. She's a better farmer 'n he ever was. He had a good notion of carpenterin' and machinery, but he never took to the land. His seeds always come up kind o' meachin' like, and the 'tater bugs and crows regerally laughed at his scarecrows and pisen. One time the squash bugs eat up all his squashes, and Dorcas—'t with a short laugh—"she told him he'd better plant bugs next time and see if he couldn't raise some squashes."

"She's a tartar, I tell you, a black-eyed woman with a temper that matches. We all on us told Oscar better," returning to the chief motive—"but he'd laugh and say he liked his apples a little tart. Well, he found out, I guess. There never was no peace in the house. She was one of the arguin' kind, and she was bound to have her own way from the start."

First, she tried to make a Methody of him; but Oscar's kind o' set like, if he is good-natured, and it didn't work. They argued on fallin' from grace. Oscar said it made him think of havin' a little back door to one end of the Ark, where a body could fall out, and that made her madder 'n a wet hen; then 'twas close communion and the mind cure; and then they quarrelled on politics. She used to have a tantrum every election day when he went away to vote, and went over to her mother's reglar.

Once she took the key and made him come in the sullen way, and several times she was took with lockjaw, not sayin' a word for a week; and a blessed relief it must ha' been to Oscar. An' then it was women's rights, and the faith cure; but Oscar stood it well enough, always laughin' an' makin' fun of the way things went, till it come to the pound of nails—wire nails she was set on, and cut nails he was bound to have.

They quarrelled about it all the morning before breakfast, and when he went away she called out spiteful— "You needn't come home, Oscar Frost, till you bring them wire nails." That's twelve years ago, an' he ain't been seen around these parts since."

"How's Dorcas got on?"

"First-rate," said the old man with animation. "Paid the mortgage and put money by. She's got more head for farmin' than two of Oscar. That's the place," as they drew near a large, old-fashioned brown house. "She's got to speakin' o' Oscar lately as if he would be home in a day or two. She's been makin' cream puffs for him for some time—mazin' hand he is for cream puffs. She keeps a stock of 'em on hand constant. I should think she'd be pretty near over hankerin' after cream puffs herself, by this time. You'll see her," said the old man, stopping at the gate. "I've got some kerosene for her. I guess," said he, nodding to his companion. "If Oscar ever does come back, she'll be middlin' glad to see him. Dorcas! Dorcas!" he called.

The screen door opened, and a tall, spare woman came towards them. She looked very trim and neat in a new gingham, and had even attempted some floral decoration in the way of sweet peas. "It's the season makes a body feel like it," she said once, apologetically, referring to the flowers. Her large, restive eyes fell carelessly upon the occupants of the wagon; then wandered of their own will down the street. That little strip of road leading from her home to the village center was stereotyped upon her memory. Through summer and winter, morning, noon, and especially at nightfall, she had watched it till it had become one of the factors of her life. It was deserted now except for some children playing. She turned toward the wagon.

"Did you get the kerosene?" she asked in a clear, crisp way.

"Yes," said he, fumbling about among the bundles. "It's somewhere here. Oh, here it is."

"Folks well?" she asked.

"Yes. You've got Bell's boy over here."

"Is he contented?"

"Seems to be."

"Any news up this way?" inquired he.

"They say John Sanders is worse," said Dorcas. "They had a council of doctors there last night. It's doubtful whether he'll get over it."

"That so? I hadn't heard of that."

"Yes. I was over this morning and that's what Annie told me."

"That's bad," said the old man thoughtfully. "Well, I must be goin'," he said, taking up the reins. "It's gettin' late. Goin' to the sociable this week?"

"I don't know—perhaps so. Perhaps," hesitatingly, "we'll both go."

Mr. Frost looked at her curiously. "Perhaps," he said slowly, "I'm sure I hope you will."

"We meant her and Oscar," he explained to his companion as he drove away. "I guess," he remarked, sentimentally, "she'll be tolerable pleased to see him when he comes."

Dorcas went slowly back into the house. On the threshold she turned to look after the retreating wagon. "Father's growing old," she thought. "he'll be sorry to see it when he comes."

The lines of the lower part of her face relaxed as she stood by the door, nor showed that touch of rigidity, that lack of tenderness, so characteristic of her manner and so untrue to her real nature. Her hand fell caressingly upon the flowers at her waist. She needed the flowers to brighten her up, she thought, for she had grown somber with the years, like an old engraving. It was a picture of Washington near her that made her think of the comparison.

She looked about the room with all the pride of possession; for in her eyes it was the choice spot of all the world. It was large, and a bay window added light, and broke the otherwise rigid outline. In the winter that window was a miniature conservatory, redolent of pink and heliotrope, and gorgeous with geranium and oleander. Now it served merely as a shrine for a pot of carnation, set apart by its mistress, as especially worthy of honor.

The room had been rather bare when Oscar went away, for Dorcas had come to the house with a small dowry; but now there was a pretty carpet setting forth bright leaves relieved by a background of green; a sofa covered with gay Brussels, some eminently respectable, but hardly inviting, black walnut, including a table on which were laid some of the current magazines, expressing Dorcas's pride in being in the world and of it; some willow chairs, ribbon bedecked; and near her a large, well-filled bookcase—her medicine chest she called it, as she thought of the purpose which it had served.

During the first year of her loneliness she had been angry and resentful; but in time the anger had burned out; then had come a period of waiting, when she sat for hours, listening so intently that the fall of a book or a step in the house jarred upon her like a discordant note; then had come a period of regret and self-accusing. She tried to defend herself from the charge of being quarrelsome, by thinking that her theories were not like those of others, just patterns woven into the life texture; hers were a part of its very warp and woof, and she could not help trying to set them forth and enforce them, any more than she could help the color of her hair. She became more and more sure, as time went on, that if there were ever to be any happiness in her home when Oscar came back, and she made sure that he would come back, she must somehow establish a harmony of thought.

It was for this purpose that she had bought the books. Her hand ran lightly over their edges as if they were piano keys, while she remembered what they had meant to her. She had pored early and late over those on the first shelf, that she might unlearn a creed as dear to her as her own nature. Glancing up, she noticed, across the room, a painted face just outlined in the dusk. It was a portrait of her Aunt Dorcas, a prim, sweet-faced woman, who had looked upon "trinkets of gold" and bright ribbons as "instruments of the Evil One," and had even mourned her own gift of beauty as a snare set by this same Arch-contriver to catch the soul.

Dorcas remembered for years Aunt Dorcas had never looked into a mirror, she said, lest she herself might be led away to pay some slight, and as she would have termed it, idolatrous homage to the image reflected there. Yet once, when she was an old woman, they said, she had accidentally come upon a mirror, stood staring a minute, then turned away, and was very sad, and refused to speak for a long time. She had thought, it seemed, that the whole world had grown gray except herself.

On the second shelf were the books which she had studied when she had tried to unlearn a political theory, to renounce which was like trying to move out of her own brain. In time, she had succeeded so far as to give up her strong advocacy of and passion for proselytism. In the course of time, too, she had managed to sweep her mind's sky of all cobwebs of modern fantasy, till she felt that there could be no wrangling when Oscar came home—unless he should disagree with her on a certain question of national finance.

She had formed, through various influences—perhaps the very air of the locality was infected by it—a strong opinion upon this money question. Os-

car had never spoken of it, and her heart sank within her, as she fancied that he had been wandering in a region of different thought and policy. She had for months seized every opportunity to learn the opposing arguments, in hope that in case he should differ from her, she might quickly avail herself of them to "break the fall." She might need them any time now, for she daily expected him. At first she had never set times, but looked forward patiently. Now her power of waiting had been stretched to its utmost tension. She felt that she could not bear more. He must come soon now, or they would find her there some day helpless, every nerve quivering like a string when the bow is drawn across it.

"Aunt Dorcas," called a child's clear, drawing treble. It was the voice of a four-year-old nephew, a visitor of hers. Dorcas went into the bedroom.

"Tell me a story," said he, showing a pair of dark eyes set in a halo of brown curls.

"What about?" asked Dorcas lazily.

"Oh, bears—'bout bears."

"What bears?"

"The free baby bears the man found in a tree."

"Oh, yes," said Dorcas, beginning the tale, told so many times that she fancied she could reproduce it by involuntary action of the brain. When it was done there was a minute's silence, as if the little one were assimilating the interesting points.

"Now tell 'bout 'nuther," was the cry.

Dorcas recalled herself from some remote region of thought to relate the history of the three bears who lived in a little white house in a wood. This was a delicate morsel in the story-telling bill of fare. The boy's face sufficed with satisfaction.

"That's good!" he said slowly. "Now tell 'bout 'nuther."

Then Dorcas related the rather tragic adventure of the bean, straw and coal that went out "to see the world." At the close there was a call for "nuther."

"You tell me one," said Dorcas.

The little fellow raised himself, and seemed to be stretching his mental power to cover the request.

"Yes," he said, nodding. "There was once a great big grasshopper a-sittin' on the barn floor, and a chickie,—his voice rising to show surprise and strengthen his climax—'runned into the barn and swallowed him down. That's all."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "naturally, if the grasshopper was the hero of the story. Now let's see who can keep still longest."

Silence reigned for a few moments, broken once or twice by restless, whining demands for "nuther;" then Dorcas heard the deeper breathing that signaled the youngster's departure to dreamland. She lay resting, enjoying the coolness and quiet of the evening.

Suddenly there came the sound of a step upon the porch. Dorcas rose and went to the door. It was he surely, and no other. He was older, his dark hair streaked with gray, pale as if the red tide of blood did not rise so high as once, and thinner, with the look of one who has not been sufficed with happiness or ease.

"Well," he said, half-shamedly, "how'd ye do?"

"All right," said Dorcas, cheerfully. "You're late to-night," speaking as if he had only been gone since morning.

"Yes," he said, laying a package on the table. "I've brought the nails."

"Are they—wire?" she faltered. Her heart suddenly misgave her. She had given up certain faiths and doctrines that had seemed inadmissible parts of her mind, she had created for herself a new heaven and a new earth of theory, had put away and unlearned, denied and renounced, some beliefs that had been almost as dear to her as the faces of those she loved; but she stood helpless now before the nails. She felt that this one thing she could not bear; she could not bear to have him set his will against hers in the matter of the nails. They had never given her a minute's thought, and now, because of them, her long hard labor of study and self-repression seemed likely to come to naught.

"Come!" she cried eagerly, meaning to put off the time of evil. "You're hungry."

"Not very. I had a piece of pie down home."

"Oh, you stopped there then. But I've got some custard and cream puffs."

"Yes," he said, his eyes downcast, "they said you had."

He looked about the room in an eager, embarrassed way.

"My, but you're fixed up!" he said. "They told me all about it down home. They said," he added, laughing, "I'd better hire out to you, if you want a man."

"I've been lucky," she said. "My things grow, and I don't raise bugs mostly," laughing, yet with a touch of the old asperity.

"Come!" she said, brightly, leading him into the dining room. "I've perfected the cream puff—that's one thing I've done since you've been gone."

"It's good," he said, later. "It's got a home flavor."

Then he went on to tell about his wanderings—how he had loaded coal in a mine in Pennsylvania, and then worked at carpentering as he made his way through the West; "always goin' farther on," he said, "and bound somehow to keep goin' till I got to San Francisco, and then I said to myself, 'It's the Pacific Ocean now or old Connecticut,' so I came home."

Dorcas sat looking listlessly out of the window. When he had finished his story, she said, like one who has been only half listening in her eagerness to hear discourse of another subject, "Oscar, are you for silver?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed; then with a sudden, miserably defiant air, pushed

back his chair and waited her attack.

She rested her cheek upon her hand a minute and listened, as if the cricket's chirping held all the meaning of the world; quick, eager, dissenting thoughts came pressing against the flood gates of her speech. She set her strength against them. She clasped her hands upon the sill, and, after one or two attempts to speak, said at last, with a little effort at articulation, "I presume there's something to be said on both sides."

Oscar's face expressed intense relief. "Come!" he said. "Let's go out to see the farm."

They went into the sitting room.

"There are the nails," remarked Oscar, as he noticed the strangeness of the package among the pretty table appointments.

"Yes," said Dorcas, catching up the bundle, "and you mustn't tell me what they are. I couldn't bear it if they turned out to be cut nails, and I'd rather not know at all. I'll put them away, and we'll never speak of them again. I'll forgive you the silver," with an odd little tremor in her voice; "I've learned a new religion and a new politics, and I've given up the other things you don't like; but I can't give up the nails, with a pleading strange enough to her usually quick, wilful tone. "We women have to have our own way, sometimes, you know."

"Yes," he said, laughing, holding out his hand awkwardly. "The nails will always be my secret. Come, let's go out and see the farm."

She slipped her hand in his in an embarrassed way, and they went out together.—The Housewife.

## HEAVY EATERS.

Some Remarkable Feats of Men With Big Appetites.

A comparison and the averages of many noted professional and amateur eaters reveals that none has reached that of Oakley Stanton, of Derbyshire, England, who lived in the last century. Mr. Stanton on a certain occasion in one hour ate a single meal of four dishes, composed as follows: The first dish was an amalgam of two quarts of milk, thirty eggs, half a pound of butter, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg, and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together. The second dish was a pound of cheese and a pound of leaf bread; the third, half a pound of bran, a penny loaf of bread, a quart of ale, three half-pennies' worth of ginger bread and a pint of ale; the fourth a custard of two pounds, a pint of milk and three pints of ale. As a proof that Mr. Stanton suffered no inconvenience from this repast, it is stated that he passed the balance of the evening drinking copiously of ale and liquor. This feat was for some time considered unapproachable, until a porter of Truro, on a bet of five shillings, ate two pairs of worsted stockings fried in train oil and half a pound of yellow soap. Success inspired this man to another effort. The wager on this occasion was that he could not eat as much tripe as would make him a jacket with sleeves. He took the bet and was regularly measured by a tailor, who cut the tripe into the exact size and shape of the garment. The porter ate it all in twenty minutes. As a pie specialist the record of a Scotchman of Dundee is not without distinction. He consumed nine large two-penny pies in 14½ minutes. This feat aroused much enthusiasm, and induced betting men to lay odds that he could not do better than 12 pies of the same dimensions in 25 minutes. The Scotchman won, with eight minutes to spare. He offered to occupy the remaining margin of time by eating half a dozen more. It is alleged that this establishes the record on pies, but it is safe to say that it has been surpassed by some professionals of the east side.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

## Reconstructing the Face.

Half a century ago a child with the most distressing facial deformities was allowed to grow up a dread to himself and an object of pity to all of his associates. It was not deemed possible to correct these ills; indeed, nobody gave it any thought; the wretched victim suffered on his miserable remnant of life, and that was all there was about it. Within the past few years a branch of surgery that is of the utmost importance to humanity has been receiving careful attention. And as the art of restoration stands at the present day, there is no excuse whatever for the hideous objects that were formerly looked upon as incurable and, therefore, inevitable. All manner of changes are now made in the personal appearance. The hare lip and distorted mouth are treated scientifically, and the face is restored to its normal condition, and even greatly improved by the operations which these blemishes render necessary. Crooked noses are straightened, and ears that extend out from the head are skillfully put to rights with the most astonishingly gratifying results. Flat, humped or depressed noses are made symmetrical and even beautiful. Of course, the treatment is more successful upon the young than when undertaken with those who have reached maturity; but even late in life it is quite worth while to have some of one's blemishes removed and to present to the world as good an appearance as possible.

## Wedding Rings.

By an act of Parliament passed in 1855 it is enacted that all wedding rings must be of standard gold, the enactment being intended more to raise the amount of gold duties than to protect the public from imitations.

The owner of a Parisian museum paid Nansen \$5,000 for the oil-soaked suit he wore when he met Jackson.

## THE FARM AND GARDEN.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Corn on Outside Rows—Value of Grain Chaff—Burning Weeds—Cultivating Orchards—Potatoes After Early Peas, Etc., Etc.

#### CORN ON OUTSIDE ROWS.

In cutting corn we always used to notice that the outside rows where the horse turned in cultivation had generally larger and better filled ears than did the corn farther in the field. This indicates that corn is usually planted too closely and does not get sunlight enough. The outside row is not generally richer than the soil farther in the field, and certainly the trampling of the ground by the horses' feet is no advantage to the crop.—American Cultivator.

#### VALUE OF GRAIN CHAFF.

As the time for threshing approaches we would urge on grain farmers the necessity of separating the grain chaff from the straw for winter feeding. If the straw is to be sold for bedding or used for bedding at home it will go farther if free from chaff. The latter is much the best part of the straw to feed. When nature makes the grain all the valuable nutrition is concentrated in or near the head. Some of this remains in the chaff. There are besides some light grains that are usually blown out with the chaff in cleaning.—Boston Cultivator.

#### BURNING WEEDS.

It is far better to rot the weeds by burning them under the soil while green than to rely on burning them after they have ripened their seeds. It is commonly supposed that when a weed is burned, its seed also perishes. Only if piled on brush, which will make coals of fire at the bottom of the heap, is this the case. The weed seed drops as the pod which encloses it shrivels with heat, and as carbonic acid gas settles to the bottom of the heap, the noxious seed is preserved from burning.

#### CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

Many people who plow their orchards in spring fail to get the full benefit of this cultivation by not continuing it through the summer. All fruit growers understand that when the orchard gets into bearing it should not be cropped. But if because there is no crop growing the orchard is allowed to grow up with weeds, these are more apt to rot the soil of what the tree roots require. It is not, however, fertility that the orchard most needs; it is moisture. The object of cultivation in the orchard is to keep the surface mulched, so that all the rains that fall will sink into the soil and be retained. Very shallow cultivation, repeated after each rain, will keep the soil beneath always moist, for it will prevent the growing of weeds, which suck out all the moisture as fast as rains bring it to the soil.

#### POTATOES AFTER EARLY PEAS.

A Western New York farmer is trying double cropping on an improved plan. He had some very early peas, from which most of the crop was picked by July 1. The vines were plowed under and an early variety of potatoes was planted. It is likely that even in a dry season green pea vines would rot in hot weather very quickly. This year the season has been very wet, and the potato have made an extra vigorous growth. No potato bugs have troubled them, though a close watch should be kept, for after mid-summer the potato bugs on early vines seek other potato patches on which to depredate, and often alight in a single day by hundreds. There can be no doubt that a good potato crop will mature on these vines. We have planted early potatoes as late as the first of July, and have had a good crop. The trouble is in keeping early potatoes so late as this without having the vitality of the seed destroyed by too much sprouting. But the potatoes planted the first of July will make the very best of seed for next year. If put in pits soon after the potatoes are harvested they will keep with little change until April or May, and if then brought out to sunlight, will be in good condition to plant by the first of July.

#### CARE OF THE MOWING FIELDS.

The time of haying furnishes a good opportunity for ascertaining what improvements need to be made in the mowing fields, as well as what particular course should be pursued in the matter of fertilization and seeding.

It should be the aim of the farmer to, as far as possible, have his meadow—the part devoted to hay and cultivated crops—in the best condition as regards the largest production and the ease and the facility with which the work can be done.

If possible this part of the farm should be compact, readily accessible and not too far away. Convenience, ease of working and productiveness, are essentials not to be overlooked. In these days it will not pay to cultivate and gather crops from a poor, rough or stony field. If, with reasonable expenses, these parts of the farm can be manifestly improved, then the work should be performed as soon as possible, but if this is impracticable, the next best course would be to turn to pasture or allow to grow to wood.

Some farms—and of good soil, too—are more or less stony, and where this is the case a good deal of work is required to clear the land from these obstructions, but where this can be practically done, the good work should go on until completed.

In running the mowing machines over these fields, if any stones are in the way they are sure to be found. As soon after harvest as may be is a good time to attend to this work, before it is forgotten. The small rolling stones and the sharp-pointed ones, sticking out of the ground and ready to intersect with the knives of the mower, should be removed, as they are a nuisance that has no business in the field.

The larger stones or rocks are always in the way of good cultivation, but many or most of them can, with modern methods, be removed, and where this is the case it should be done, as the land is too valuable to be occupied with these obstructions, as much better results with less labor can be obtained after their removal.

Briars, bushes and weeds really have no place in the meadows or cultivated fields, and their growth should be carefully kept down; a farmer ought to have some sort of rotation of crops for his land, and a kind that experience teaches him is best for his purpose. But even with this from various causes special work will need to be done from time to time. It is desirable to have the best possible returns from mowing fields, and as the crop was being secured it was quite easy to note what particular places or fields needed most attention. There are some portions of the meadows on most farms that it is rather difficult to plow and cultivate, but yet, with proper treatment, can be made to produce excellent crops of hay. If these can be made smooth for the harvesting machines and a good sward secured, they can be kept in condition for a long while without plowing by frequent top dressings of manure or special fertilizers.

For this purpose a "little and often" is better than a large application that is expected to last several years. No better use can be made of farm manure than spreading on land of this character. To produce the best results it should be applied early in the autumn, but commercial fertilizers in spring.

It may be advisable once in a few years to sow on grass seed in autumn and harrow the land. This should be done early and would be better along with the application of manure. This method will work well for land that is somewhat moist, stony and hard to cultivate.

We find little benefit in top dressing good tillable land after the grass has become run out, as it is termed. In such cases plowing, devoting to other crops and re-seeding would be preferable. Then, after a good sward has been established, the yield of hay can be successfully kept up for a time if desired by frequent application of manure.

These are some of the methods which, if followed, will generally secure a good yield of hay from year to year, as well as better facilities for harvesting it.—E. R. Towle, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

#### SUNFLOWER FOR SHADE.

Where the hen yard is not in the orchard or planted with fruit trees, as it should be, a very good substitute may be contrived to furnish shade for them during hot weather by planting a double row or more of the Russian or Mammoth sunflower along the south side of the yards. When the seed is planted, it will need to be protected by wire netting until the plants are a foot high or more, as the fowl are very fond of the seed, and if they can get at them they will "come up" in less time than they would germinate. The seed should be planted about the same time as the corn would be, and plants left about three feet apart, when they will make a good shade in a few weeks. The chickens will like to get there in the heat of the day, and where hawks abound they furnish safe retreat.

When the seeds are ripe they are more valuable than corn for feeding, but should be given only in small quantities at a time, as they are very oily and very heating. They are excellent to give the fowl after they have moulted, as they impart a gloss to the feathers. They are used for this purpose by those who are fitting poultry for the show bench at winter poultry shows.

#### Hostile Indians in Alaska.

A Klondike miner who recently visited W. W. Ware at the offices of the North American Transportation and Trading Company in San Francisco, Cal., said that there were mountains of gold in Alaska, and that more of the yellow metal would remain in the ground for years to come than would be taken out, for the reason that it was located in territories where hostile Indians abounded. He said:

"There are tribes in Alaska which have never seen a white man, have never been counted and never even mentioned by name. The Inuits, or Eskimos, live on the north and northwest coasts and up the lower Yukon, Copper and Tanana rivers; they are identical in race with the Klamaths, Apaches and Navajos of this country, and are fierce and dangerous. The Thlinkets live on the southern coasts, and are the merchants, traders and pack-carriers. On islands off the coast live the Hydias, who are often practically white, and are supposed to be of some unknown race—possibly the same as the Japanese."

#### An Antique Telephone.

It is reported that an English officer, named Harrington, has discovered in India a working telephone between the two temples of Pauj about a mile apart. The system is said to have been in operation at Pauj for over two thousand years. In this connection we may observe that Egyptologists have found unmistakable evidence of wire communications between some of the temples of the earlier Egyptian dynasties; but whether these served a telegraphic, telephonic or other purpose is not stated.