

## WEEDING RAILWAYS.

### Odd Method Adopted to Get Rid of the Troublesome Growth.

In the Southwest the railroads have a large item of expense which finds no place on the books of Eastern companies, this being for the removal of weeds which grow rank and luxuriantly between the tracks, seriously impeding rapid running, being crushed under the wheels and making the tracks greasy and slippery. Various methods have been proposed and tried to destroy these weeds, but that finally adopted by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is to burn them by means of an oil flame.

This burner destroys the vegetation between the rails and over a space of twenty-four to thirty inches outside of them. The outfit consists of a car made of iron, of iron shields suspended under the car and between the trucks, an oil-tank car having a capacity of 4,500 gallons and a similar oil tank of 800 gallons capacity, strong enough to withstand a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch. This tank is filled from the tank car and air pressure is supplied for forcing the oil to the burners. The car, which is sixty-five feet long, is strengthened by connecting trusses at the sides and has a cab sheathed with corrugated iron at one end. The car is intended to be pulled over the road by a locomotive. The shield beneath the car is thirty-two feet long, with aprons at each side to retain the heat and to prevent side winds carrying the flame to one side of the shield. The forward truck is protected by an auxiliary shield fastened to the bottom of the lower arch bars. When the fire is started the shield is lowered to within three or four inches of the rail, and the aprons then slide on the ground. When crossing bridges the shields are lifted clear of the rails twelve to fifteen inches by means of air pressure from a supply acting through a train of chains and pulleys. The oil supply is also cut off in crossing bridges, and the moment the oil valves are closed the flame is extinguished, and it is as readily renewed when the oil valves are again opened. The oil is directed as it is inclined under surface of the shield, which retains sufficient heat to ignite the oil, even after it has been shut off for half an hour. In crossing small culverts and cattle guards the closing of the valve is unnecessary, as the lifting of the shield will carry the flame high enough to prevent any firing of the timbers.

The compressed air for forcing the oil through the burners and for lifting the shield is supplied by two Westinghouse air pumps, these being sufficient to maintain an air pressure of seventy pounds with four burners in use. The amount of oil required for each burner is about eight gallons per mile. A light crude oil is preferred. Only a few minutes are required to get an effective heat after reaching the place where the work is to be done, and after the first few minutes no difficulty is experienced from the oil dripping on the rails and making them greasy. A gang of four men follow close to the car to put out all fires first, it is the intention soon to use steam jets from the locomotive in extinguishing fires. The speed with which the car travels depends upon the kind of vegetation to be scorched. Early in the season, when weeds are tender and not over five or six inches high, a speed of four miles an hour is practicable, whereas if the track is thickly covered and matted with heavy, coarse grass the speed must be reduced to two miles and a half an hour. Only the light blades of grass are consumed, the greater part being scorched, and while many stalks appear quite green after the flame passes over them, in a few days they, too, wilt and die.

One curious and unexplained fact which has also been observed in connection with forest fires is that a new kind of vegetation appears after each burning. The cost of operating the car for a day of twelve hours is \$50, so that covering thirty miles a day the average cost per mile is \$1.66. It is claimed the oil consumed is a comparatively small item in the total charge, the transfer from one part of the road to another and the use of a locomotive bringing it up to the sum named.—*Railroad Gazette.*

### A Use for Engish Sparrows.

The crusade against the killing of our song-birds cannot but receive the indorsement of every right-minded woman. We are all ready to join Audubon societies, and help in every way to keep our forests peopled with beauty and tuneful with song. But there is a little rowdy fellow beyond the pale of our sympathies—that wicked little fighter, the English sparrow. Individually he is harmless enough, but collectively he is capable of the greatest mischiefs. The extermination of our song-birds is apparently the chief aim of his existence. We can never forgive him, but our wrath against him should be modified, because of his one redeeming point—he is good in pie. "Four and twenty" of him would reproduce that matchless dish of nursery fame. Under the alias of "reedbird" he is constantly sold in our markets and praised by purchasers in the final act of disposing of him. So let us enjoy sparrow pie in and out of season, since we may do so without a moral twinge, and indeed feel that we are doing society a service.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

### Electro-Magnetic Railroad.

Experiments are now in progress at St. Louis which may give the trolley the first formidable rival it has ever had. It is also an electric railway, but its method of operation is very different. First there is a system of electro-magnets through the center of the street, over which the car is to operate. Then what is called the field of the motor is cut open and laid out in the center of the street. The armature is then straightened out and fastened

under the car. In this way the power is got directly under the line of travel, and without being sent through gearing of any sort. The magnets, buried in the street, between the tracks, are sixteen inches apart, and no sooner does the car get on one of them than it is drawn on the others. Cars have been run on a similar principle here at Washington for some time experimentally.

### SLEEP AFTER EATING.

#### Is It Beneficial, or Does It Retard Digestion. Results of Experiments.

Advocates of the after-dinner nap have a powerful, and to them convincing, argument in the fact that most animals sleep immediately after eating. Yet the propriety of such a habit among human beings bids fair to be an open question for some time to come. One authority has recently added his mite to the collection of statistics upon this interesting subject by making a series of experiments upon two persons of normal digestive abilities. The stomachs of these two persons were emptied a few hours after meals, some of which had been followed by sleep and others not, and the contents analyzed.

The normal stomach acts upon its contents by churning them about, and in this manner subjecting every particle to the action of the digestive fluids. The above mentioned investigator found, as the result of his experiment, that the constant effect of sleep is to weaken the churning movements of the stomach, while the acid quality of the digestive juices is at the same time increased.

On the other hand, he found—that is quite as interesting—that simple repose in a horizontal position stimulated the motions of the stomach without increasing the acidity of its juices. The conclusion reached by this experimenter was that while a recumbent position after eating is not to be regarded as harmful, one should be cautious about sleeping directly after a meal. Especially should this caution be observed in cases where there is an overacidity of the digestive fluids.

When all is said, however, the above experiment proves little more than that in such matters each person is a law unto himself; that the after-dinner nap differs in no respect from other habits, which can be indulged in with impunity by some, while they work havoc with the health and happiness of others. Rest after eating is certainly beneficial, both from a rational and a physiological standpoint. Whether sleep can be advantageously indulged in is a question that must be determined by the individual himself by careful experiment.

### Don't Worry.

Not long before his death General Neal Dow, who was nearly 97 years old, was asked the secret of his long life. He said it was that he had never worried.

Similar remarks have been made by other men who reached an advanced and happy old age.

In this explanation there is the essence of philosophy. There is no doubt that worry drives many men and, perhaps, more women to premature graves. It is impossible, however, for some persons not to worry. They are so constituted that the slightest trouble, or even inconvenience, makes them miserable. They fret over imaginary ills as if all as real ones. The habit grows and its wearing effect becomes worse constantly until the physical frame weakens and breaks under it.

But the habit of worrying like any other habit can be resisted with more or less success. The battle against it should begin early in life; it should be part of the self-education of every individual. Natural tendencies can often be checked and in many cases entirely overcome.

We have all seen persons who have exceptional reasons for worrying and yet were the gentlest and sweetest tempered of our acquaintances. These illustrations of self-conquest should be inspiring to us all. Most of us are apt to look for trouble. When things are going reasonably well with us we worry because they are no better. When there is no real trouble in sight we imagine that there is plenty of it just beyond the reach of our vision, and make ourselves unhappy without cause.

It has been said that we suffer more from dread of troubles that never come than from any actual experience.

Old General Dow has given us a valuable hint and if we use it rightly it will conduce to our comfort and happiness and to our prospects of long life.—*Atlanta Journal.*

### Malaria (Central Asia).

Great ravages are being caused by the dreaded malaria among the population of Tashkend, Central Asia, especially in the Asiatic quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which are said to be dying like flies. It seems a worse malady even than the cholera because a visitation of the latter is of a limited duration, and after having destroyed its quota of victims, passes away, leaving the survivors with unimpaired constitutions. Malaria, however, has been prevalent for the last four years, and while causing a heavy mortality estimated at several thousands leaves the survivors heavily physically exhausted, broken in health and incapacitated for work. It is almost impossible to cope with the disease. At Merv, for example, the most stringent and radical measures have been taken to stamp out the malady, but without success, and it has been found necessary to transfer the Russian garrison of that town to Krasnovodsk, in order to preserve it from complete destruction.

It is strange that, while the country is so far advanced in electric railways, it should be behind Europe in the pneumatic tube system of transmitting messages and mail packages.

## WILD CHILDREN.

### A FEW OF THE MOST AUTHENTIC CASES ON RECORD.

A Little Boy in India Was Brought Up by a She Wolf—Two Wild Girls in France—Unsuccessful Attempt to Civilize a Wild Boy.

Among the remarkable stories which travelers have from time to time narrated to groups of admiring and faithful listeners, those connected with the finding of so-called wild children are, says the London Standard, perhaps not the least fascinating. The human being stripped of his thin veneer of civilization, and ranging at large without "clothes, language, or morality," demonstrates how much one owes to early education, and how nearly we are allied to our poor relations with tails, from which science darkly hints we sprang in the past. Byron declared that men became wolves on very slight occasions; and Captain Nicholet's story about the child who, like Romulus and Remus, was reared upon wolf's milk, and nursed through a large portion of his infancy by this unsocial animal, gives a certain weight to the poet's remark.

The Captain tells us that, when he was with his regiment in India, he happened one day to be out shooting, and saw a she wolf bring her cubs down to the river to drink. Among them he spied a human child, which he eventually succeeded in capturing and carrying home to his quarters. It transpired that this child was the son of Hindu parents, but in an unlucky hour had been captured by the she wolf and carried off to the woods. We are not told how this particular Hindu child was ear-marked, nor is any suggestion offered as to why the she wolf did not devour him on the spot, rather than adopt him and bring him up with her cubs. However this may be, Captain Nicholet brought this child once more under the influence of man, and set about civilizing him at once. His favorite diet, as one would expect, was raw meat and bones, upon which he fed with great avidity, tearing the flesh with his teeth, crunching the bones much after the fashion of an ordinary dog. He appears to have entertained a great objection to the society of man, but his partiality to all kinds of animals was marked, and he struck up so fast a friendship with a puppy that he even allowed it to eat out of the same basin with himself. On the Captain discovering that the wild child was no match for the dog at the dinner-table, but stood a fair chance of being starved through the greediness of his four-footed mess-mate, he shot the dog in the boy's presence. This seemed to have no outward effect on the wild Hindu, who at once returned to his dish, perhaps not altogether sorry that his canine friend was no longer present to share the repast. To the conventional garments of civilization he is said to have shown a marked aversion. If he was dressed in a suit of dittos, and then left by himself even for a few minutes, he invariably tore them off, and on the return of his benefactors they found the clothes scattered in all parts of the room, and the child sitting among the fragments. He was, according to the Captain's account, never known to speak, save once, and that was shortly before his death, which occurred a few months after his capture. A few days before he died, a great change came over him, behaving the while with all docility, and startled his attendant by complaining, presumably in Hindustani, of a severe pain which he felt in his head.

Wild girls as well as wild boys have occasionally been met with. In 1731 two female children, of about the ages of ten and twelve respectively, were found near a pond at Chalons. Their clothes consisted of skins, which they had somehow pieced together. Of these two wild girls, one managed to escape, but the other was captured and conveyed to the house of Viscomte d'Epiny. Though unable to speak, she made up for this by incessantly screaming, while she exhibited such agility and strength that it took several men to hold her. So swift of foot was she, that in a race which she subsequently ran with the Queen of Poland's fleetest horse, she outdistanced it with ease. In mental capacity she was not altogether wanting, and would in all probability have soon learned to speak, but she died within six months of her capture.

Probably the most authentic account of a wild child is that vouched for by M. Izard. This child was found in Avignon in 1718 by some sportsmen, and was brought to M. Izard's asylum in Paris. When found, he was without clothes, and though the thermometer registered several degrees of frost, he was rolling in the snow, apparently enjoying the pastime. His body was covered with bites and scratches, and it was presumed that he had lately been engaged in other than amicable discussion with some other denizen of the forest. Unable to speak, he was to all intents and purposes an animal, but how he came into this deplorable condition it was impossible to say. On his arrival in Paris, M. Izard, the superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum, took him in hand and endeavored to teach him language. Whenever any one entered the room in which he was, the child made toward them on all fours and sniffed at their legs like a dog. Like the prodigal, he fed upon acorns and husks, and appears to have taken to this diet in preference to others. Once, on being given a live bird, he promptly killed it, tore it limb from limb, smelt it, and finally threw it away. M. Izard's attempts to teach him to speak always led the effect of throwing him into a violent passion, in which state he would tear up his clothes and everything else upon which he could lay hands, becoming altogether unmanageable. M. Izard, however, had observed that when the boy looked down from a height he became at once frightened and submissive, and so on one occasion, when he had "run amuck," the superintendent seized him, held him out of a window on the third story, and made out that he would throw him down. Cruel as the proceedings appear, it had the desired effect, and from that day the boy became quiet, neither did he ever afterward attempt to tear up his clothes. By degrees he was persuaded to put on clothes, but the attempt to teach him the alphabet on the deaf and dumb system proved as fruitless as his essays at speech. For some time, M. Izard persevered with his strange pupil, but with no result; and although he was treated with all humanity, the attempt to civilize this unfortunate wild child ended in his death.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"Oh! not I," said the owl,  
And he gave a great scowl,  
And he wiped his eye  
And he fuffed his jowl, "Tu whoo!"  
Said the dog: "I bark  
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"  
Said the cat: "Mi-ew!  
I'll scratch any one who  
Dare say that I do  
Feel afraid, Mi-ew!"  
"Afraid," said the mouse,  
"Of the dark in the house!  
Hear me scatter  
Whatever's the matter.  
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,  
And the bug in the ground,  
They both shook their heads,  
And passed the word round;  
And the bird in the tree,  
The fish, and the bee,  
They declared all three  
That you never did see  
One of them afraid!

In the dark!  
But the little boy who had gone to bed  
Just raised the bedclothes and covered  
his head.  
—Louisville Western Recorder.

### HOW TO MAKE FIRE BALLOONS.

These amusing toys may be easily made of thin tissue paper. Cut eight pieces of tissue, all of the same dimensions. Paste the edges together carefully and attach a very fine wire around the lower edge, with another piece across from side to side, to hold a small piece of sponge or rag soaked in spirits of wine. Before inflating it, press it flat to let out the air, then light the spirits, the rarefied air from which will fill it, and cause it to ascend with great rapidity. As soon as the spirit has burned out of the sponge, the balloon will catch fire in the air and drop to the ground.

### THE PEARL OYSTER.

The pearl oyster is the animal from which those highly-valued ornaments, pearls, are extracted. The pearl is nothing more than "naure," deposited in the shape of globular drops instead of being spread over the inner surface of the shell, in which case it is known as Mother-of-Pearl.

These valuable shells are found both in the old and new world. Ceylon is very famous for its pearl fisheries. The fishermen are trained to remain a long time under water, and are assisted in their descent to the bottom of the sea by a heavy weight tied to their feet. They rapidly gather all the pearl oysters in their way into a basket, and when in want of air give a signal to their friends above, who draw them to the surface by a rope. The oysters are then left to putrefy for some weeks, when they are carefully washed, and the pearls extracted.

### AN ISLAND OF FLOWERS.

A good many little nooks and corners of the world yet remain to be discovered and explored. Look on your maps of Oceania and find Java. Away down 200 miles south of it, a western end there is a little dot of an island surrounded on every hand by water over four miles deep. It is known as Christmas island, and until recently no one knew anything about it. But a wandering explorer discovered that it was rich in phosphates, and a company has been formed to develop its riches. At present the island has twenty-two inhabitants, including one English family, and an expedition is now on its way to explore the island more thoroughly. In spite of its wintry name, it is said to contain the most beautiful wild flowers in the world, and there are no snakes nor fierce animals to disturb its new settlers. But it must be a lonesome place to live.

### A BRAVE GIRL.

A girl of sixteen has had the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society presented to her for her brave act in rescuing nearly fifty people from death. Her name is Grace Busse and her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan river in western Australia. She used to help him in many ways, sometimes riding twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.

Now it happened one day in December that a vessel was wrecked off the coast, about eight miles from the Busse's home. The steambot sprang a leak, and not being far from land, the captain tried to steer her in. But she ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her. The lifeboat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked, and eight people who ventured in it were drowned. The surf ran so wildly that no one dared to swim through it, and there was not a house or a person in sight.

The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel, and turning her horse's head towards the coast, started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea she urged her horse into the angry surf. She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms and put them before her on the saddle, then took women and larger children. So she went backward and forward four hours till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden in to bring out the last man.

Tired and wet as the girl was, she still had something more to do. Those forty-eight people must have food and protection before night came on. So Grace rode for help, but by the time she had gone the eight miles, she was so worn out that she fainted, and it was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people.

### SHE SPILLED SOME SALT.

Mrs. Turlingham Knew She Would Have a Quarrel, and it Came.

"You women," said Mr. Turlingham, "are always making fools of yourselves over your superstitions. Here you are, worrying just because you happened to spill a little salt. Why, it's ridiculous! Perfectly ridiculous!"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Turlingham replied, "I suppose it is. But I've never known it to happen yet without making me quarrel with somebody. I've noticed it a thousand times."

"A thousand times, your grandmother! What's the use of exaggerating things like that? I'll bet you never spilled salt twenty times in your life, and if you quarreled after doing it, it just happened so, that's all."

"Perhaps it just happened, but that's the very thing that worries me. I don't want it to happen. And as far as being superstitious is concerned, I guess you're just about as bad as the next one. Didn't you have to spit over your right arm and hop three times around an imaginary circle when you saw the new moon over your left shoulder the other night?"

"I did that because you made such a blamed fuss about it."

"Oh, yes, it's well enough to try to blame it all on me; but I guess you wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been afraid yourself."

"Well, that's what a fellow gets for making a fool of himself to please his wife."

"It seems to me that you are sometimes very willing to make a fool of yourself to please me, but are never willing to do anything else to please me."

"Oh, of course not! Why, I'm the most horrible wretch that a woman ever promised to love, cherish and obey!"

"Henry Turlingham, I want you to understand that I didn't promise to obey."

"You did."

"No, I didn't! When the preacher said that I didn't repeat it."

"It's all the same. It's part of the marriage service."

"I don't care. There is no reason why a husband should have to obey, when the husband isn't compelled to do so."

"There isn't, eh? Why, most women are fools. They've—"

"Yes, I know that. They prove it by getting married."

"Oh, well, go on! Of course you've got to have the last word. A man might as well try to reason with a donkey as try to get a woman to take a sensible view of anything. Confound it, I sometimes wish I could throw down everything and get out of this forever."

Then he grabbed his hat and hurried away without kissing the sweet little woman goodbye, after which Mrs. Turlingham threw herself upon the lounge, buried her face in the pillows and sobbed:

"I kn-knew the moment I sp-spilled the salt that I would quarrel with some bo-body! It ne-never f-falls! Bo-o-o-o-o!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

### Resisting Temptation.

The young man, as he passes through life, advances through a long line of temptations ranging on either side of him; and the inevitable effect of yielding, is degradation in a greater or less degree. Contact with them tends to draw away from him some portion of the divine element with which his nature is charged; and his only mode of resisting them is to utter and act out his "No" manfully and resolutely. He must decide at once; not waiting to deliberate and balance reasons; for youth, like "the woman who deliberates," is lost. Temptation will come to try the young man's strength; and once yielded to, the power to resist grows weaker and weaker. Yield once, and a portion of virtue has gone. Resist manfully, and the first decision will give strength for life; repeated, it will become a habit. It is good habits which insinuate themselves into the thousand inconsiderable acts of life, that really constitute by far the greater part of man's moral conduct.—*Ram's Horn.*

### Useful Games.

Frobel was a great advocate of games which would develop the acuteness and discrimination of the senses in children. Autumn fruits may be made to play an important part in this respect. The children of a kindergarten or of a nursery may be taught to name, count and draw such with colored chalks. Then one child may be blindfolded, and another child hides one of the fruits. If the blinded one guesses which one is missing he is cheered, if not, he tries again. Another way is, to have all the children guess the names of the fruits by the feel of them.—*The Housewife.*

A Pittsburg company has secured the contract for lighting London with electricity. The plant will cost \$450,000.

and the next day they were all taken to Mr. Busse's home.  
Don't you think she deserved the medal?

### A SPIDER'S WEB.

A short time ago the telegraph system of Japan was thrown into utter confusion without apparent cause. Every morning for several days it was impossible to get a message over the line during the early hours. Then an odd word here and there managed to struggle along the bewitched wires, arriving at some point for which, as it was afterwards discovered, it was not intended.

After a little more delay messages did get through, but this did not relieve the strained nerves of the officials for the telegrams were of the most bewildering nature.

The first few telegrams of this description were sent to the addresses in the belief that they were code messages. One man nearly went out of his mind on receiving one such telegram, and was only saved by discovering that it came from a place where he had no correspondent and must therefore be a hoax or a blunder.

As the morning wore on the messages became fairly accurate. This continued until the puzzled officials became convinced that some steps must be taken to ascertain the cause, as the scared employees, whose superstitions fears made them dread to manipulate the instruments, showed signs of revolt, and the public were complaining loudly.

A party of linemen, under the superintendence of a Japanese expert, was sent out to thoroughly overhaul the wires on the trunk line. They examined the line for a considerable distance without discovering any clew, but one morning, when about fifty miles from Tokyo, the expert saw a nest of gigantic spiders which had spun their webs about the wires and in some instances down to the ground.

On putting out his hand to brush away one of these webs he received a shock, and then the cause of all the trouble was clear to him. The morning dew made the spiders' webs good conductors of electricity, and the current was carried to earth in the early morning, and the drying of the gossamer threads here and there accounted for the jumbling of messages later in the day.

### "SPEAKIN' OF FISH."

### A Curious Fact About Eels That Is Not Generally Known.

"Speakin' of fish," said the man in the peajacket, as he leaned a little harder on one of the posts of the Battery sea wall, "reminds me of eels."

"Say, young fellow, did you ever catch an eel? Well, if you haven't, you've missed something. There's lots of ways to gather 'em in, but hooks was good enough for me an' my frens when I way a boy. You see it's this way. When we wanted eels we'd go down to the crick, roll up our pants an' wade in. Every feller'd have a kitchen fork an' he'd go around aliftin' the eels as careful as he could, an' when he'd see a logghead astandin' kind a peaceful like, he'd jest up an' jab him. When we'd got a good sized can full we'd go ashore an' then we'd bait our hooks."

"We'd have about 100 hooks, each one fastened to a stout line about a foot and a half long, and when we'd got our hooks baited we'd wait for night. Dark nights are best; you can't catch eels in the light of the moon. When night came we'd go down to the crick agen, and when no one was around we'd tie all our hooks on one long line, about a yard apart. Then we'd tie a big stone on one end of the long line, which was stout, and drop it in the water near shore. A smaller stone went on the other end, and after the strongest feller had thrown it out into the crick as far as he could so as to stretch the line we'd all go home."

"About daybreak some feller's mother'd waken him an' he'd come aroun' and waken the rest by whistlin' an' throwin' gravel agen the houses. Then we'd go down an' hunt up the big stone an' pull in our line. If we'd have luck we'd get six or seven eels. Some of them would be deader'n a door nail an' all snarled up in the line and some would be lively and quick—well, as quick as an eel. We'd just more'n have fun a-tryin' to see who could hold them live eels. It took a grip I can tell you."

"Say, it's a funny thing about live eels. If you take a stick an' mark a cross on the ground and lay your eel on the longest mark he's no better an' a dead one. He can't move to save his life; he can't do it. If you don't believe me you jest go and catch a live eel an' try it."—*New York Sun.*

### The Comradeship of Miners.

A touching incident is reported from the Australian province of Victoria. A miner met with an accident and broke his leg. The nearest doctor was at Orbost, thirty-eight miles away. He was sent for, but could not leave the township, where several serious cases claimed his attention. The miner's mates thereupon decided to carry the sufferer to Orbost, and thirty-two of them having improvised a rough stretcher, carried the poor man there in a day and a half. They had to traverse the roughest country in Croislingland, and to cross a river and two creeks, all of which were in flood. They got their mate into the doctor's hands in time to save his life.—*San Francisco Call.*

Boston is to have a new public school named after Paul Revere, which will cost, including the site, about \$3,000,000. The building will be constructed of light pink granite, gray and white brick and terra cotta. It will contain public bathing facilities for the children.