Fooling the Juggler.

An inquisitive reporter in New York, has had an interview with Miss Haidee Heller, half-sister to the late Robert Heller, the well-known conjuror. We make this extract: "Robert was very much interested in all foreign conjuring. I remember on the street in Hong-Kong one day he discovered a little, sleepy old Chinaman at a corner doing the ring trick, and doing it better than he could himself. He stopped, paid the Chinaman to give him a lesson, and the following day hunted up the China conjurer and showed him combinations and improvements on his own trick that made the pigtail on his astonished head vibrate with admiration."

"And about the Indian jugglers?"

"I could tell you a hundred stories of those strange creatures. Robert used often to mystify them and expose their tricks, to their great rage. We were lying off some miles away before Madras, on the steamship Sumatra, which had broken her shaft just as we left Madras for Ceylon, when a boat put off from shore with a party of natives to sell us fruits, and among them was one of their most famous men of mystery. He came on board, and it was suggested that he should perform there.

"Spreading some sand on the deck, he planted in it a mango seed, from which he produced a mango tree some eighteen inches high.

"Then he did some surprising things with a venomous cobra, which he carried rolled in the cloth about his loins, concluding with a very clever trick, in which two pigeons, one black and one white, which were made to vanish at will, to change from one basket to another. The captain urged Robert to do something to bother the man, who was very conceited about himself.

"So Robert suddenly asked to look at one of the pigeons. He took the white one. With a movement like lightning he pulled the head off the bird. He held the head in one hand, the quivering, struggling, dying bird in the other, and then threw them overboard.

"The commotion was frightful. The poor native shrieked and cursed, and gave vent to his rage in the choicest Bengalese.

"The mighty white magician looked with merry eyes at the juggler's distress. Then when the row was at its height and I began to feel uneasy about the issue of the prank, Robert suddenly raised his hands—oh, those beautiful, white, wonder-working hands. He mysteriously beckoned, as if summoning the dove from its watery grave, and pointed upward. (No one had looked overboard after the first dart of the bird into the water). There was the white dove circling round and round in the air; in one moment it alighted on the bit of carpet before its despondent owner, unharmed. Curses gave way to profound salaams and prayers that the great white magician might never die.

"And how did he do it? Why, simply by having in his hand one of his stage properties—a white dove's head—which had figured in a hundred tricks. Quick as thought he had turned the living dove's head under his wing. As we were so far from land, though set free, it returned to the ship."

Flesh as a Fertilizer.

I was recently shown a grapevine that promises to cover one side of the Scottsville (N. Y.) flour-mill. The proprietor stated that the original owner drove to Rochester forty years ago with the hams of twenty sheep, but, fancying the price offered too low, brought them home and hung them in the attic. A few years since the present owner found ye olden mutton still unmarketed, and ordered it buried at a proper distance from the vine that now displays such remarkable vigor. Deceased animals are often used as a fertilizer with satisfactory results, being quartered and buried near fruit trees and vines. The distance at which the roots of trees will receive such nourishment is with dwarfs from ten to fifteen feet, with standard apples, fifty to 100 feet, or sometimes further, depending on age and vigor.

Two years ago I buried a large dog, supposed to be affected with hydrophobia, eighteen inches deep, near fruit trees and plants, expecting them to be fertilized thereby. The year following I set a row of monarch strawberries directly over the place of burial. All the plants over the decayed body, and near it on either side, died after repeated planting; those next nearest were feeble, but those adjoining these were vigorous. This was as I had anticipated. I have known large apple trees to be destroyed by the application of fertilizers in excess. The latter case was where manure had been composted regularly on all the soil occupied by the roots, but not high about the trunk.

The poetry of fruit-eating is marred by the knowledge that the plants or trees have been nourished by the decayed bodies of mad dogs and distempered cattle; but the facts of the case tend to dispel such sentiments. Instances are recorded where vegetables seemed to be flavored offensively by odorous fertilizers, but I think such flavor was received by actual contact with the fertilizer, and not by anything absorbed by the feeding-roots. Flesh is reduced in nature's laboratory to the pure elements before it is available as plant-food. The most economical method of utilizing the dead bodies of animals would be in burying in the compost heaps, were it practicable.—*Charles A. Green, Monroe county, N. Y.*

A Cheap Lightning Rod.

The discovery of an extremely simple and cheap means to protect houses from being struck by lightning has recently been announced in a French agricultural paper. This consists in the use of bundles of straw attached to sticks or broom-handles and placed on the roofs of houses in an upright position. The first trials of this simple apparatus was made at Tarbes, Hautes-Pyrenees, by some intelligent agriculturists, and the results were so satisfactory that soon afterward eighteen communes of the Tarbes district provided all their homes with these bundles of straw, and there have been no accidents from lightning since in the district. Probably such a "protector" would answer as well as any—in case the houses were not struck. There are a good many lightning-rods that won't bear that test.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A Man Swallows His False Teeth and Starves to Death After Seven Weeks of Agony.

One evening recently Levi Wagonseller, aged thirty-eight years, and employed in a cotton factory, entered a restaurant in Philadelphia to get supper. When about half through the meal he suddenly felt something sharp and pointed going down his throat, causing him intense pain. For a moment he thought he had swallowed a large and jagged piece of bone, but putting his hand to his mouth instinctively on feeling the pain, he found that his false teeth were missing, and he knew that it must have been they which had gone down his throat. The teeth were three in number. They were fastened to a silver plate, and had been in his mouth for many years. Recently the hooks holding them in place had worn loose, and the artificial teeth had annoyed him by falling from his mouth several times. Plate and all had gone down his throat, and he could feel them lodged against his breast. Alarmed and suffering intensely, Wagonseller went to his home, which was in a suburb of the city. He could eat no solid food, and for two days took nothing into his stomach. On the third day he managed to force down a little bread and milk. On this day the sufferer went to the University hospital to see Dr. Agnew, who, after examining him, seemed to have little hope of saving his life.

Wagonseller then came to Philadelphia to stop at his sister's house to receive treatment from her physician, Dr. Stewart, who was called upon to visit the patient on the fifth day after the occurrence. He advised him to take a swallow of gin as the readiest means of dislodging the teeth, which still remained in the throat. The patient followed his advice, and almost immediately felt the teeth going down. But this only led to a worse result. The teeth moved down and lodged about one inch and a half above the entrance to the stomach. Had they passed into the stomach, according to medical authority, the chief danger in the case would have been over. But lodging as they did the patient could swallow nothing, not even milk or water. It was absolutely impossible to get anything down his throat. Milk was recommended, but when it would be poured down as soon as the glass would be removed from his lips it would come back, exuding from ears, eyes, mouth and nostrils. The strangest of all was what followed. The man lived for seven weeks without swallowing a morsel of food or a drop of water. Even the juice of an orange he could not swallow. From a stout, hearty man, weighing probably 190 pounds, he dwindled away to a mere skeleton. His hands became horrible to look at by reason of their loss of flesh. Strangely enough, too, all the time the man, who was perfectly conscious and rational, had no appetite, no craving for food. The smell of victuals, he said, made him sick. From the time he went to his sister's house, four days after the accident, he had not stood on his feet, lying alternately on a bed and in an invalid's chair. This posture he kept, at the recommendation of his physician, until from lack of food he became so weakened that there was no option in the matter, and he had to lie all the time. Operations with an instrument was suggested by his physician, but this his sister would not consent to, unless assurance could be given that it would result in saving his life. This, of course, the physician could not promise, and no such operation was tried.

After being for over seven weeks without food Wagonseller died, death resulting from inanition, or, in other words, starvation. To the very last he had no appetite for food. The day before his death he began to get short of breath and told his relatives that he felt himself dying. Up to the last hour he retained his senses and talked freely about his case, instructing his relatives to have a post-mortem examination made upon his body. In accordance with his request the examination was made by Drs. Stewart and Agnew. The plate, with the teeth in it, was found about one inch and a half above the entrance of the stomach, the hooks firmly imbedded in the flesh. There were marks at certain intervals in the throat, showing the progress of the plate as it passed downward, the prints of the teeth being in several places plainly visible. Had the plate, which was about two inches long and an inch wide, passed into the stomach, in the opinion of the physicians it would have dissolved and the man's life been saved. As it was, the plate passed down the throat in a transverse form, and once lodged at the furthest point, displacement was impossible.

The Governor's Companion.

A good story is told of ex-Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, who is a good talker and likes to do most of the talking himself. Recently, in making the journey from Cincinnati to Lexington, he shared his seat in the car with a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman. The governor, after a few commonplace remarks, to which his companion smiled and nodded assent, branched into a description of the scenes that he had witnessed in different parts of the country, grew eloquent over the war, described with glowing speech the horseraces he he had witnessed, talked learnedly of breeding, and told thrilling stories of his battles with the Indians in the Northwest. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when the train was nearing Lexington the two exchanged cards and parted with a cordial shake of the hands. The governor drove to an inn, and to a number of friends he remarked that the ride had never seemed so short before. "Then you must have had pleasant company aboard." "You are right. I met a gentleman of unusual intelligence. We conversed all the way over. I never was brought in contact with a more agreeable man." "Indeed! Who was he?" asked his friends. "Wait a minute; I have his card," and the governor felt in his pockets and produced the bit of pasteboard. "His name is King." "Not Bob King?" shouted a dozen in one breath. "Yes, gentlemen, Robert King; that is the way the card reads," was the proud reply. A roar of laughter followed. "Why, governor, Bob King is as deaf as a post; he was born deaf and dumb!"

Terrible Tragedy in a Farmer's Family

The *Morristown* (Tenn.) *Dispatch* says: The small country town of Sneadville, Hancock county, near here and away from railroad communication, has witnessed a tragedy that exhibits a curious phase of justice. About eight miles from the village there lived a few weeks ago a family of well-to-do farmers, called the Eppersons. The family consisted of the father, mother, four sons and two daughters. The father was a good man, but was occasionally under the influence of drink. At such times he was dangerous, surly and unmanageable. There had been some talk about the relations of the man and his wife, but it was generally believed that there was nothing serious between them.

A short time since Epperson came home one day under the influence of liquor, and at once began to quarrel with his wife. In a few moments they came to blows, and he was beating her very severely. At this juncture Joe, one of the sons, ran in, and seeing the state of things, went to the protection of his mother. He was a deformed man, having been born with only one arm. As he interfered in the fight the father turned from his wife and attacked Joe savagely, declaring he would kill him. Being hard pressed, Joe whipped out a knife and commenced cutting his father. In a few minutes the old man fell to the floor. In the meantime his elder brother had entered the room, and seeing Joe engaged in a deadly conflict with his father, determined to take his father's part. He, therefore, drew his pistol, and leveled it at his brother. Before he could fire his mother ran between Joe and the pistol, and received the ball in her breast. The son fired again, and this time struck his sister in the knee; and once again, this time giving a boy brother a flesh wound.

The fracas was stopped here by the condition of the father and mother. In a short time the mother died, having been shot by her eldest son. Before dying, she begged that her slayer should not be prosecuted, as he had killed her unintentionally, and she did not blame him for interfering for his father. The father died also, having been killed by his second son. It is said that before he died he also forgave his slayer, saying that the son was right to take the part of his mother. The sister, who had been shot in the knee by her eldest brother, died also.

Of course the terrible tragedy created intense excitement, even in this comparatively lawless county. A sort of preliminary trial of the men was had, and they were acquitted of any blame in the matter. The son who killed his father was held to have acted purely in self-defense, and the son that killed his mother and sister was held to have done so accidentally, while interfering to prevent the commission of an unlawful act. They were therefore put at liberty and have been at large ever since.

It is doubtful if the matter will ever come into court again. The sons express great sorrow over the affair, but are known to be pretty desperate characters.

Paying for Vermin.

If a man pays his keepers for vermin so much a tail, he will very probably pay for a good deal that has not been been killed on his own land. But as vermin wander a good deal, if they have been killed in the district, it comes to much the same thing. If trappers on any estate are paid so much a head for what they may capture, they are very apt to borrow dead vermin from neighboring trappers who may be merely paid wages without any vermin allowance.

There is no better sport than a good rat hunt, with two or three ferrets and a couple of sharp terriers. Some time ago I went over to a stackyard built near a small stream; the banks of the stream were honey-combed with rats. We put in the ferrets, and the rats bolted, taking headers into the stream like frogs. We had a couple of trout landing nets with long handles, and as the rats swam down the stream we ladled them out for the terriers. Altogether, in stream and stacks, we killed some thirty or forty rats, and left them lying about. The farmer himself happened to be away on that particular day; but after we were gone one of the farm servants collected the rats, took them to his master, who paid for rats, and got the reward. This was fair enough. But that same morning these same dead rats were carried over to a neighboring farm, and the floor of an old barn was salted with the dead rats. After dark the man turned out with a lantern and some sticks, shut the door of the barn, and kicked up a row. The farmer came out to see what was the matter; the man opened the door, showed him the straw turned over, all the rat-holes stopped and a score or two of dead rats. He also paid for them. I don't know if these particular rats earned any more money. But if any of the neighboring trappers were working on tail money, he probably would have the last pull out of them.

Fifty years ago the black rat (now extinct) was very common in houses. It lived all over the house—"up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—like mice; not like the gray rat, which is mostly confined to the drains and lower story. An old gentleman used to pay his son (a mere boy) so much a tail; sometimes the old gentleman thought the tails were a little dry and shriveled, and suspected they were not fresh caught—in fact, tails that he had seen before; so, when produced, he took to throwing them in the fire. The boy was a clever rat-catcher, and the rats were getting scarce; so, when he caught them, he cut off the tails merely, letting the old rat go to breed. So much for paying by tails!—*English Paper.*

A Cure for Madness.

There are at present 1,500 patients in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's island, New York. The annual report of the superintendent of that institution, just issued, shows that the number of patients discharged during 1878 far exceeds that of any previous year, and this increase is mainly attributed to the daily exercises recently introduced to divert the minds of the patients. The gymnasium in Amusement hall is considered the most useful adjunct in accomplishing a permanent cure. The hall has been fitted up with every facility for gymnastics, and the patients are greatly delighted with this exercise.

An Old-Time Conspiracy.

Sixty years ago there was dragged into the light of a London afternoon a woe-begone and squalid lot of men, known in history ever since as the Cato street conspirators. They had formed, after a series of deliberations in the lowest of pot-houses in different parts of the British metropolis, a plot to assassinate at one fell swoop the whole of his majesty's ministers, whose heads, severed from their bodies, were to be brought away in a sack provided for the purpose. The 23d of February was fixed for the accomplishment of this terrible crime, as it was known all over London that on that day a dinner, at which all the cabinet officers were to be present, was to be given at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor square. The leader of this band of assassins was Arthur Thistlewood, who was the son of a substantial farmer in Lincolnshire, and had borne the king's commission both in a militia and a line regiment. But he was an inveterate gambler, and soon got rid not only of his own but his wife's fortune. He was dismissed the service and imprisoned for six months for sending a challenge to a superior officer. The conspirators hired a "loft" in Cato street, just off Edgware road, where they assembled that day to await the signal. After they had murdered the ministers, they were to scatter hand-grenades about the street, set fire to the Bank of England and the cavalry barracks, and see what followed. Fortunately, however, the ministers got word of the designs of Thistlewood and his gang, and the banquet was postponed; but the Archbishop of York, who lived next door to Lord Harrowby, happening to have a dinner-party that selfsame evening, one of the conspirators on guard, seeing the carriages roll toward the mansion, hastened to give the signal. He was closely followed by a party of the foot guards, under the command of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and by a detachment of the household brigade, under Lord William Lennox, who is, by the way, the only surviving participant of that day. The conspirators, all save one, were captured, and numbered nine persons. The leader alone escaped. When the officers were swarming up the ladder leading to the roof, Thistlewood ran a sword through the heart of one of them, jumped from a window, and gof away; but the next day he was captured in bed by a Bow street runner, who thus gained a reward of $5,000. These conspirators were the last prisoners confined in the Tower of London. Each and every one of them was soon after beheaded; but to this day no one has ever discovered the identity of the "man in the mask," who, in the absence of the regular hangman—he declined to perform the task of decapitation—cut off the heads of the strangled corpses.

A Thirst for Knowledge.

Edward Eggleston, writing in *Scribner* of "Some Western Schoolmasters," tells this anecdote:

"While the good Presbyterian minister was teaching in our village, he was waked up one winter morning by a poor bound boy, who had ridden a farm horse many miles to get the 'master' to show him how to 'do a sum' that had puzzled him. The fellow was trying to educate himself, but was required to be back at home in time to begin his day's work as usual. The good master, chafing his hands to keep them warm, sat down by the boy and expounded the 'sum' to him so that he understood it. Then the poor boy straightened himself up and, thrusting his hard hand into the pocket of his blue jeans trousers, pulled out a quarter of a dollar, explaining, with a blush, that it was all he could pay, for it was all he had. Of course the master made him put it back, and told him to come whenever he wanted any help. I remember the huskiness of the minister's voice when he told us about it in school that morning. When I recall how eagerly the people sought for opportunities of education, I am not surprised to hear that Indiana, of all the States, has to-day one of the largest, if not the largest, school fund."

Later on, speaking of Mrs. Dumont, a famous teacher of her time, Mr. Eggleston says:

"I can see the wonderful old lady now, as she was then, with her cape pinned awry, rocking her splint-bottom chair nervously while she talked. Full of all manner of knowledge, gifted with something very like eloquence in speech, abounding in affection for her pupils and enthusiasm in teaching, she moved us strangely. Being infatuated with her, we became fanatic in our pursuit of knowledge, so that the school hours were not long enough, and we had a 'lyceum' in the evening for reading 'compositions,' and a club for the study of history. If a recitation became very interesting, the entire school would sometimes be drawn into the discussion of the subject; all other lessons went to the wall, books of reference were brought out of her library, hours were consumed, and many a time the school session was prolonged until darkness forced us reluctantly to adjourn."

Chrystal's "Xylophonics."

A pink-cushion—A rosy cheek.

The ink-quell—A piece of blotting-paper.

A continual stoning will wear away a drop.

A blister is not the only thing a man has at his tongue's end when he puts the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth.

A year-old baby with a powerful pair of lungs is often the cause of a dire domestic conflict—a regular Crymean war, as it were.

The man who is, was and might have been just as bad as he possibly could be, becomes worse when he strikes a nest of wood bees.

When a man commences to bore you by expatiating on a metaphysical subject while you are trying to write a column editorial, you feel all over like a sensitive tooth when a dentist is digging around it.

We cannot understand why a dentist persists in asking questions of a patient whose mouth is filled with a napkin, a sheet of rubber, several clamps, three fingers and that horrible instrument of torture, the revolving drill.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Keep Your Mouth Shut."

Dr. Elsberg lectured in New York on "The Throat." At the outset he showed his audience that he had not come to talk about cough mixtures and such abominable practices as wearing fur mufflers about the neck in cold weather. He took it for granted that his hearers were men and women possessed of common sense, and desirous to increase their knowledge of the anatomy of the throat and of the mechanism of its organs. To begin with, he undertook to explain the mechanism of deglutition or act of swallowing. Physiologists, he said, had studied the mechanism of the process of swallowing for hundreds of years, and not until very recently was it fully understood. The anatomy of the small voluntary and involuntary muscles of the throat were exceedingly difficult to study, and until the invention of the laryngoscope much had to be accepted on mere theory. But by the aid of this simple little instrument the whole interior of the throat could now be explored and as easily studied as the nose, mouth and eyes. The workings of the vocal cords and of all the muscles of the larynx used in speech and song could be seen as distinctly as the strings of a violin and the fingers of the performer. It was curious to study the mechanism of the epiglottis—a switch at the junction of the windpipe and the gullet, which being under the control of nerves which act with lightning rapidity, leaves the track open for the air to get to the lungs, or upon the notice of a hundredth part of a second flies back and leaves a passage for the smallest quantity of food or drink to pass into the gullet and so on to the stomach. Mr. Elsberg thought that "vocal bands" would be a better name for the muscles known as the vocal cords, as they were attached on three sides and free to vibrate on one only. He exhibited a curious picture of a pair of diseased vocal cords which were so affected that they made the owner speak or sing in two tones at the same time. This patient was cured by the help of the laryngoscope, and was present in the audience.

The lecturer strongly impressed upon his audience the importance of keeping their mouths shut except when they had something of value to say or something good to eat. One man, he said, had not long ago published a whole volume on this subject, in which he took the ground that if human beings would follow the example of the lower animals and keep their mouths shut they would be freed from a great many of the ills to which the flesh is otherwise heir. Many diseases of the throat were brought on by talking and vulgarly breathing through the mouth in the cold open air when the mouth ought to be shut; and as for snoring, there was no excuse for it. He had once invented a muzzle to be worn by habitual snorers. Children when first born always breathe through the nares, which were the natural passages. Breathing through the mouth was an acquired habit, and a very bad and dangerous one.

In the Open Polar Sea.

Captain A. B. Tuttle, the Arctic navigator, from observations made during several voyages, concludes that during a considerable part of the year there is a warm climate within the open polar sea sufficient to produce tropical fruits. In the ice barrier on one of his trips he found bones and tusks of the mastodon, which in 1875 he carried to the Centennial at Philadelphia. They were so large that some naturalists thought the animal to which they belonged must have been forty feet in length. He also found some hard wood in the shape of troughs imbedded in the ice. They looked like feeding troughs, and the edges had the appearance of having been gnawed by animals. In sailing west he struck the north part of the coast of New Siberia, where he found a race of people that he thought no one had ever seen before or heard of. They spoke an unknown tongue which sounded like Hebrew. They spoke a few words of Hawaiian and the Esquimau language and with these and the aid of signs they conveyed the idea that they came from the north. He was a little acquainted with the Esquimau language, having passed four winters with that people, living on raw walrus, whale blubber and bear meat. During one of these winters, which was without daylight, he made a journey of 380 miles in the dark. During his adventurous career he has met with many disasters, the most serious of which was an encounter with a polar bear. He had both arms and both legs broken and lost one finger off his left hand, another being so badly lacerated by the teeth of the animal that it is sadly out of shape. He also lost four ribs, which were completely torn from his body, which bears the marks of wounds which it seems almost incredible that any living man could receive and live. The polar bears attain an incredible size, some being reported to weigh as much as 3,000 pounds.

Why Chinamen's Coats Have Five Buttons.

"Why does the mantle of our national costume have five buttons, neither more nor less? This number was not fixed upon capriciously nor because of fashion. We Chinese wear it solely that we may keep in sight something to remind us of the five principal moral virtues which Confucius recommended to us so earnestly. These are: Jen, y, ly, tche and sin; that is to say: Jen, humanity; y, justice; ly, order; tche, prudence, and sin, rectitude, uprightness. You will perceive that humanity stands before all the other virtues. When one has humanity he knows and feels that the unfortunate are to be respected; he does not add trouble to trouble, sorrow to sorrow or misfortune to misfortune."

Why ladies' gloves have six buttons. Neither was our number fixed upon capriciously. It reminds us of our six cardinal principles recommended so earnestly by Worth. These are slam, bang, whang, boo, doo and boo; that is to say, slam, never be out of the fashion; bang, always, if possible, be the first in it; whang, darn the expense; boo, stick to long trains, high heels, and above all, corsets, till they kill you; doo, marry rich; and boo, marry anyhow. You will perceive that boo stands before all the other principles.—*New York Graphic.*

American Names.

The tastes of the American people, as shown in their selection of names for their homes, are a peculiar and interesting study. "The Post Office Guide," which gives a list of all the postoffices in the country, furnishes the opportunity for some queer comparisons by any one who has the patience to make the necessary investigations. We have first a natural speculation as to who selected the name of Ai, a town in Fulton county, Ohio, or the name of Alamode, in Missouri. Indeed, the unique names are themselves a curiosity. Why, for instance, should there be only one postoffice in the United States called Alice or Acorn Hill (titles frequent and natural), while there are six places called Ava and ten called Avoca? And why, when there are twenty Auroras, should there be only one Rainbow, that in Connecticut? Do not a people who select Ark port, Arkvill and numerous other "Ark" compounds, Noah and two Ararats, remember the whole story of the bow of promise? Coming to facts which seem to show a lack of invention, or at least a laziness that shirks new selections, it is noticeable how many towns borrow their names from the next door. There are seven hundred and fifty "Wests," six hundred "Easts," seven hundred and eighty "Norths" and six hundred "Souths," and besides these there are seven hundred and twenty-one towns beginning with "New," one hundred and seventy-five beginning with "Center," one hundred and forty with "Middle," one hundred and twenty "Littles" and one hundred and two "Bigs." It shows something of the American choice of language that there are one hundred and two "Big" places and only eight teen that begin with "Great." While there are thirty-seven places that begin with "Cold," there are only four that begin with "Hot."

In trees the oak has had the greatest influence. There are one hundred and eighty places named for it. Those that follow it are, in order, pine, cedar, ash, maple, cherry, elm and walnut. "Forest" fixes its name to sixty-six towns; and while there are sixty-eight "Blooms," there are only four "Blossoms"—another evidence of choice in words. Animals have had their influence, too. Reckoning "Deer" and "Buck" as the same, they are most numerous, being one hundred and five. Next after them come "Elks," after which there are seventy-one towns named. The "Eagles" and "Beavers" each number fifty-four. After them come wolf and then bear. In colors, green is far the most abundant; and after it are white, brown, black and then blue. Nature makes a claim to ninety-two "Glens," forty-one "Coves," four hundred "Mounts" and one hundred and seventy-five "Springs." And there are one hundred and seventy-five "Saints."

Humming-Birds.

As an illustration of the luxuriant development of tropical nature, and the changes and varieties consequent upon natural selection, Mr. Wallace gives a detailed account of the family of the humming-birds. These beautiful little creatures are found only in America, and are almost exclusively confined to the tropical zone. There are 400 different species, the largest about the size of a swallow, and the smallest scarcely larger than a humble-bee. They live upon honey, which they extract from flowers, but require also a certain proportion of insect food. In Juan Fernandez, the humming-birds, which belong to a Chilian species, form a very good illustration in the changes through which they have passed, of variation and natural selection, the factors in these changes being abundance of food, and freedom from the competition of any rival species.

The tongue of the humming-bird is tubular and retractile; it is very long, and is capable of being extended far beyond the beak, and rapidly drawn back, so as to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and capture small insects. Seen in its familiar haunts poised on rapid wing in the vivid sunlight, the humming-bird gleams like a jewel with the iridescent hues of the amethyst, the ruby and the sapphire; but like the parrots of its native forests, the basis of its brilliant coloring is green, not a soft, silky green, such as adorns the parrot's neck and breast, but a bright, dazzling metallic hue, which seems to reflect every varying gleam of the sunshine.

The flight of these little creatures is inconceivably rapid. "The bird," Mr. Wallace says, "may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the greatest ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying backward, pirouetting or dancing off, as it were, from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending."

Indian Band Annihilated.

A Portland (Oregon) dispatch says: "Information has been received at Lewiston, Idaho, by messenger from the Lower Weiser, that the settlers in that locality, some three weeks previously, had organized to pursue into the Salmon River mountains a band of Indians, who, after being dispersed by General Howard last summer, had raided that country, driven off stock, and killed a man named Munday and two others who pursued them. They also killed Dan Crooks and his companion while sleeping in their camp, and made their escape into the mountains between Payette and South Fork, on Salmon river. Three Indians were reported to be returning toward Payette, when the settlers organized to intercept them. They proceeded across to Payette, and soon found signs of Indians. They quietly reconnoitered and made a discovery of their camp. Awaiting a favorable opportunity when all were in camp and not in the least expecting the near presence of the white men, they surprised the Indians and killed thirty six of their number, and only two or three are known to have escaped death. An examination of the bodies disclosed the fact that they were Indians who had been fed by settlers at their houses before the Bannock war, when they professed great friendship for the whites, but who, on the first outbreak, fled from the valley and went to Malheurs, and were afterward known to be with the hostiles in Umatilla county, Oregon."