

### Some Summer Selections Summarized.

Summer time will come again  
With its softly blowing zephyrs,  
Loving kind are in the fields;  
Some are sows and some are heifers.  
—Tennyson, when very young.

Lilacs now have shed their fragrance;  
Snowballs, too, as round as bullets,  
Cackling towarls in the barnyard;  
Some are hens and some are pullets,  
—Yacoub Strauss.

Summer winds waft o'er the meadow,  
Azure skies and perfumes sweet as;  
Come the songs of winged birdlings;  
Some are flies and some are skeeters.  
—Boston Times.

Fall will come with peaches luscious;  
Songsters sweet on all the twigs,  
Through the fields the swine are roaming;  
Some are hogs and some are pigs.  
—America.

icy winter will appear,  
With its fleecy flakes and mittens,  
Felines are there in the house;  
Some are cats and some are kittens.  
—Rome Sentinel.

Seasons all have their attractions,  
Seasons' fruits all have their juices,  
All the seasons have their poets;  
Some are geese, and some are geesees.  
—Will Luz.

Winter with its bracing weather,  
Autumn makes all creatures glad;  
Spring time brings its would-be poets,  
Summer good and summer bad.  
—Boston Journal of Commerce.

### THE STORY OF A GRASSHOPPER

Somewhere about the year 1794 one might have found half-hidden among the trees in the magnificent park at Versailles, a little cottage of Swiss architecture. Had any French peasant been asked the question as to who owned this fanciful dwelling, the reply would have been given, "That is the dairy of Dame Capet."

And, as the reader may at once surmise, this Dame Capet was no less a personage than the lovely but unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette.

Here, one summer afternoon long ago, was assembled a group of women, whom by their rustic attire you would have called peasant-girls, were it not for the indescribable high-bred air about their words and actions.

The room in which they were gathered was large and sunny, the floor was of black-walnut—highly polished—and here and there were tables covered with thin slabs of marble, upon which were placed silver and porcelain pans, containing creamy white milk from the sleek cows browsing outside the dwelling.

One beautiful young girl, whose fair complexion showed in fine contrast to her blue dress, was skimming the cream, while three other ladies—one plump and rosy, the other tall, thin and angular, and the third, petite and piquante—stood, with elbows resting on the marble slabs, watching her.

These four were, respectively, Elizabeth, the king's sister, Madame Campan, the Duchess de Polignac, and the Princess Lambella.

But in this little dairy cottage all titles were laid aside.

Another group was gathered at the table by the window. Here the queen, a graceful woman, with merry face and rich brown hair, wearing a costume of blue and russet, was molding the golden butter into balls, each stamped with a rose, or some other design of flower or fruit.

Scarcely had she finished the last yellow pat ere there was a noise of footsteps at the vinearched doorway. The ladies glanced up and welcomed with sly laughter and gay words the party of gentlemen, who now entered in rustic costume, bearing loose boucles, and with rustic ribbons upon their hats.

"Welcome all!" cried the queen, gayly, brandishing her butter ladle. "All save Monsieur de Lanier," she added, in an aside to a young girl who stood near her.

The person whom she addressed was, as we have said, young, and, besides this, she was extremely beautiful, with perfect features, delicate pink-and-pearl complexion, large, soft, blue eyes, and with masses of shining, bronze-brown hair, half concealed by a coquettish little lace-cap adorned with crimson ribbons. He dressed was a black delaine ooped over a quilted, crimson petticoat, so short that it displayed a pair of dainty feet encased in tiny slippers, with high heels and gay, crimson rosettes. Her blue eyes flashed, and she said, in low tones:

"Yes, your majesty—I mean Dame Capet—Monsieur de Lanier is never welcomed by me, Louis d'Argent."

You did right to refuse him, cherie. No one could endure such a bear for a husband," said the queen, glancing toward a tall, gaunt man whose thin, fiercely compressed lips, thick, bristling eyebrows and fierce, deep-set eyes made his face a most unprepossessing one.

"But what strange creature has he with him?" exclaimed the queen, her bright eyes widening with astonishment. And then, curiosity overcoming dislike, she called out: "Pray, Monsieur de Lanier, what rara avis brings you hither?"

Advancing with a flourish and a smirk, De Lanier said:

"This is no bird, your high—Dame Capet; it is a grasshopper, Monsieur d'Argent," pointing with mock gravity toward a little creature, scarcely four feet in height, who, besides being so diminutive in stature, was also strangely deformed, having a large head set on humped shoulders, and with long, thin arms and legs. His face was small, wizened and yellow, with irregular features. The only thing not repulsive were his eyes: these were large, brown and mild, with that look of dumb entreaty about them that one often sees in the eyes of animals.

His costume consisted of waistcoat and knee-breeches of pale, pea-green velvet, long silk stockings, high-heeled slippers, together with a jaunty hat and light, airy cloak of mingled green and brown tissue, completed his attire.

Truly, from his entire appearance, he well deserved the French name of grasshopper—that is, "le sauterelle."

During the time of Louis XIV., and even down to other reigns, there was a rage amongst the nobility for dwarfs. The ugliest and most deformed creatures were eagerly sought after and retained as pages.

"The sauterelle is quite a juggler," continued De Lanier; "and if you mar-

jesty would desire it, I will order him to perform some of his feats." "Pray, do," said the queen. "But let us go out and sit beneath the shade of the trees."

Merrily chatting the party of ladies and gentlemen left the neat little dairy. When all were seated on the violet-dotted grass Monsieur de Lanier glared at the sauterelle, a sign, whereupon the latter began a series of most wonderful performances.

He caused mysterious eggs to suddenly appear in the grass; he swallowed pointed after pointed; he produced yards of gayly-colored ribbon from his hat; he caused six white mice, with pink eyes, to jump out of the pocket of the Duchess de Polignac, so startling that the haughty dame that she quite forgot her dignity, and acted like a scared schoolgirl.

And, last of all, he nearly sent everyone into convulsions by his gymnastic performances. He hopped, leaped, rolled, and distorted face and form into the most grotesque shape.

Shrieks of laughter rang out at every new effort.

"That is enough," said the queen, rising at last, while tears of merriment were rolling down her lovely face. "I can laugh no more. Monsieur de Lanier, we are much indebted to you. Come, Louis, let us take a stroll among the trees before the sun sets and the dews fall;" and she and her husband sauntered away.

Scarcely had the two royal personages left the group ere De Lanier said: "Come, Le Sauterelle, show us some more. Give us something new. Prove your agility as a monkey by leaping over that ditch," pointing to a ravine some six or eight feet in width, at the bottom of which bubbled a tiny stream with a pebbly bed.

The dwarf hesitated.

"Indeed, master," he said, slowly, "I would obey you if I could; but I fear that this is beyond my power. I cannot jump so far."

"Indeed he cannot," spoke out Louise d'Argent. "It is asking too much of the obliging little man. Besides there are stones down there, and Monsieur de Lanier might severely injure himself, by trying to do something that is not his business. So pray, Monsieur de Lanier, do not command him thus."

"And why should Mademoiselle Louise expect that I should heed any request of hers? She scorns me," said Monsieur de Lanier, in a low, bitter voice, and with a look in his eyes that made the young girl both frightened and angry. "No," he continued; "Le Sauterelle must do as I command him."

The poor little dwarf gave one look of entreaty at his inexorable master and then, smiling gracefully as he saw the sympathy on the faces near him, he threw aside his cloak, measured the distance with his eyes, and then took the leap.

The result was what might have been expected.

There was a fall, and a sight of a green body rolling down among the stones and briars.

"Too bad," murmured the nobles.

"Stupid!" muttered De Lanier.

"He's killed!" shrieked the ladies, while Louise d'Argent exclaimed, with much indignation:

"It was a cruel—nay, a dastardly act to compel the harmless little creature to take a leap which has, perhaps, resulted fatally to him."

Seeing that De Lanier made no effort to ascertain the condition of the dwarf, she herself descended into the ravine, and raised the head of the poor little man upon her knee.

He was not dead, but fainted from the pain and loss of blood from a deep gash in his forehead, where a jagged stone had cut him. At this moment the king and queen, alarmed by the shrieks, returned.

"What is the matter?" inquired Marie Antoinette, anxiously.

Some one explained to her in low tones, whereupon her majesty colored with indignation, and, turning to De Lanier, she said, in a voice of stern reproach:

"Monsieur de Lanier, I am sorry that any gentleman of my court should have acted so cowardly."

The king also administered a severe rebuke, and then his majesty and the queen went down to the little group surrounding the dwarf.

De Lanier flushed purple-red, and then grew deadly pale, at the words of his royal master and mistress; and as they turned away his hand rested on his sword, and he said, in threatening tones, while a lurid light gleamed in his cruel eyes:

"You have your day now—mine will come by-and-by. I shall live to see those haughty heads bow down to the dust. And Louise d'Argent, too—certainly her bewitching beauty!" and so saying he strode away, and was soon lost in the shades of the forest.

Many events have taken place since the ones last recorded. The sunshine of prosperity has changed to the storms of adversity. All France is shaken with the throes of a terrible agony.

Paris, the beautiful, has changed into a huge butcher shop—the streets run red with the blood of human beings. Men have gone mad. Riot and rapine have reared a goddess and worshipped it under the name of Reason.

Who does not shudder when recalling that epoch known in history as the "reign of terror?"

A few miles out of Paris there was, at that time, a large graystone chateau, the property of Monsieur de Lanier.

Its former owner had fallen a victim to the guillotine, and the property of the deceased had been bestowed upon De Lanier as a gift from his friend, Robespierre.

One dark, rainy night there sat in an apartment of the chateau a young couple whose faces were full of misery and despair.

One, the lady, we have met before. It is Louise d'Argent. Her companion, a young man of noble presence, is Eugene St. Leger, her betrothed.

Mademoiselle d'Argent is as beautiful as ever, although her face is pale and wan with suffering. Her long black mourning-robe shows that death has wrested dear ones from her. Her father and uncle have both perished in the revolution.

That morning, while she and her betrothed were just about starting for a place of safety, they were seized by the soldiers of De Lanier, and brought to the residence of the latter.

For two hours they have sat in this apartment, every minute expecting to be hurried away to Paris, there to meet a bloody fate. Only one alternative is given them; De Lanier has promised that if Louise will wed him, he will let St. Leger go free. But she prefers death to such a bridegroom, and her lover applauds her resolution.

So the two sit there with all comfort

gone save the deathless affection they have for each other.

"This suspense is killing me," murmured Louise, pressing her hand to her heart.

"Be patient, love," says Eugene, striving to soothe her.

"Hark! What is that?" she suddenly exclaimed.

There was a slight noise in the wall back of them. One of the beautifully carved panels was shoved aside, and the wizened face and grotesque form of a dwarf appeared.

"La Sauterelle!" Louise exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Hist!—yes, lady, 'tis I," he replied, coming into the room.

"And what do you here?" inquired Louise, after she had explained to Eugene whom this strange visitor was.

"I have come to aid you if I can, for I have not forgotten your kind pity when I was hurt at the Petite Trianon," and his eyes filled with tears of emotion.

"Grateful creature! And can you really help us?" inquired Louise, grasping his hand excitedly.

"I trust so, lady."

"But how can you get us out of this prison-like apartment? The door is locked, the windows barred. I see no way of escape, unless it is, indeed, by the passage through which you have just come. I never suspected that the panel could be moved."

Nor does Monsieur de Lanier," said the dwarf, with a comical grimace. "He has only very recently come in possession of this building, and knows very little about it. I discovered this secret passage, and trust that it is the very thing to help us. We had better start at once, for Monsieur de Lanier intends to visit you soon, and when he comes he must find his prey missing."

"But what is your plan, my friend?" inquired St. Leger.

"It is this," replied the dwarf. "You and mademoiselle follow me through this passage until we reach the door which is in the wall of the wine-cellar, and is so covered by vines as to be entirely concealed from the outside. Inside this door you will remain while I go back and assist Monsieur de Lanier with his toilet, so that he will not suspect me. When dressed he will repair to your room. Discovering your absence, he will at once cause a search to be made. When you are not found on the grounds he will conjecture that you have taken to the highway, and then, mounting horses, he and his servants will scour away on a wild-goose chase. After he is gone, I will repair to you, and we will lie away in another direction."

"But suppose Monsieur de Lanier commands you to accompany him?" said St. Leger.

"He will not do that—he will leave me in charge of the chateau; for his servants are new, and he trusts none of them."

"And the horses?"

"There are three which, with this objection, I told Monsieur de Lanier this morning were disabled; so he will not ask for them. They are sound and swift, and will carry us to a place of safety."

"I have a friend at hand—whom will conceal us until we have a chance to leave the country," said Louise.

"Very well. But come; we must be going. Mademoiselle, will you be so kind as to give me your glove?"

"Certainly."

The dwarf took it with a smile.

A half-hour later all was bustle and confusion at the chateau.

Monsieur de Lanier strode hither and thither, his dark, saturnine face full of wrath. He cursed the servants one and all, and declared that he would slay with his own hand the person who had aided in the escape of Mademoiselle d'Argent and her lover; for, as may be surmised, he had gone to the room in which they had been confined, and found it vacant.

He ordered the building to be searched and the grounds surrounding it. This was done, but with no success, except that just outside of one of the gates, and on the road leading to the northeast, a tiny gaudy tent was found.

It was embroidered with the D'Argent crest, and had doubtless been dropped by the lovely Louise.

"Ha! This is something indeed. It shows the way they have taken!" exclaimed De Lanier, smiling grimly; and he added: "Hurry, Batiste, with three horses—you and Jean will accompany me. Take your pistols, and if Monsieur St. Leger resists, shoot him."

And, in a few minutes, three mounted men dashed out of the gate and along the road.

A little later, three other horses galloped away in an opposite direction. They bore Louise, Eugene and La Sauterelle.

For hours they dashed along in breathless suspense, and then, as the distance widened between them and the chateau, their fears were lessened, and, allowing their horses' mad gallop to subside into a gentle trot, they began to converse.

"How fortunate it was that De Lanier chose the other road instead of this!" said Louise.

La Sauterelle chuckled.

"He selected the other road, lady, because he thought you would see it. You remember my asking you for your glove? That was a ruse to deceive him. I purposely dropped it in the road so that he would think you had passed over the spot. But let us make haste, for the sky is becoming tinged with red, and we must reach your friend's house ere daybreak."

An hour later they were in a place of safety. In a week they had set sail for America.

Louise felt no regret at leaving her native land. The death of her only relatives and the trials through which she had passed made her anxious to seek a new country in which to found a home with Eugene and La Sauterelle. For the latter accompanied them and lived with them until a good old age, and after he died his memory was ever cherished in the hearts of Louise and her descendants.

The company that has been experimenting in Florida with palmetto paper-making purposes has met with such gratifying success that they will erect about twenty paper mills in various parts of the State where palmetto trees grow in abundance, and where the transportation facilities are good. Some English paper manufacturers in Canada have been so influenced by the favorable reports concerning palmetto that they have sent an agent to Florida to ascertain what may be its intrinsic merits.

At Ortonville, Minn., a hailstone fell that just filled a pint bowl by itself. A girl thirteen years old died of fright in a thunder-storm there.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
Keep fighting the insect enemies.  
Poor fences often make bad neighbors.  
Exterminate weeds, briars and brambles, everywhere.  
Alfalfa, or Lucerne, is California's greatest forage and fodder plant.  
Quicklime is destructive to worms, slugs and the larvae of injurious insects.  
The Farmers' Alliance of England is credited with large influence in the late elections there.  
New Orleans has shipped to France and Italy within a year 2,400,000 gallons of cotton-seed oil.  
The annual tribute paid as rent to the landed aristocracy of England by the farmers is estimated at \$500,000,000.  
At a recent shearing at Caldwell Prairie, Racine county, Ind., the heaviest fleece shorn was twenty-seven pounds.  
Nathan Stowell, the originator of the famous Evergreen sweet corn, is still living at Burlington, N. J., and is eighty-seven years of age.  
Farmers who keep sheep should not forget to dip the lambs in tobacco water about three weeks after shearing to kill the ticks.  
Fowls are very fond of milk and thrive well upon it. Sour milk will bring better returns in eggs than in any other way it can be fed.  
The wheat crop of the world for 1879 shows a deficiency of 375,000,000 bushels. Nearly 500,000,000 of this deficiency was in Europe alone.  
The prospect is good for an unprecedented wheat crop in all sections of the republic where the grain is grown, in both quantity and quality.  
Three tablespoonfuls of London purple, well mixed in a peck of plaster of paris, will make a compound which is sure death to the Colorado beetle.  
During the past fiscal year, according to official information obtained at Washington, more settlers have occupied homesteads on the public lands than in any former years.  
Clean farming is the best under all circumstances, and if adopted as a rule will tend largely toward preventing the increase of chinch bugs and of all other injurious insects.  
It is said that one spoonful of coarse powdered saltpeter to a pint of water will destroy potato bugs, squash bugs and other insects. For roses it is unsurpassed. For maggots that work at the root of squash vines, pour about a pint of the liquid on the root of each vine as soon as the pests indicate themselves.  
**Recipes.**  
**BROILED BEEFSTEAK.**—If possible have a nice bed of coals; put the steak on a hot-buttered gridiron, let it remain till nicely browned, turn, letting the other side brown, also remove to plate, taking care not to lose the juice; butter, sprinkle with salt, and cover tightly; serve hot. If the steak is tough it may be made more tender by pounding with the edge of a plate.  
**EGGS POACHED.**—Set a stewpan on top of stove, pour a pint or two of boiling water in, add two teaspoonfuls salt, drop eggs carefully in; when whites are firm, draw off water, dip up, put a little butter on each egg, and, if desired, sprinkle with pepper.  
**EGGS FRIED.**—Break eggs into a dish, butter a warm fryingpan, pour carefully in, sprinkle with pepper and salt, cover; when whites are firm take up, or, if preferred, turn and fry the other side.  
**OMELETS.**—Beat six eggs, stir in one teaspoonful sweet milk and one-half teaspoonful salt; butter omelet pan freely, pour in, set over moderate fire, keep raising edges; when firm and a rich brown on the under side turn together and lay doubled on the plate. The pan should never be washed, but rubbed with a woollen cloth.  
**Animal Patience.**  
We have a little dog, one of those beautiful creatures known as a King Charles, on which it was found necessary to perform a surgical operation. With a heavy heart we took the animal, unconscious of what was to ensue, to the Royal Veterinary college, and were fearful as to what might be the suffering and its consequences. The operation occupied a quarter of an hour, and though no doubt painful, was borne with a wonderful degree of quietness and patience.  
For an hour or two afterward the patient was rather dull, but recovered his spirits and is as lively as ever. On the remarkable degree of equanimity often demonstrated by dogs under surgical treatment, the *Lancet*, in a recent number, makes the following remarks: "We have often been struck with astonishment while witnessing the patient submission of animals, especially dogs and horses, to surgical operations, and to the surgical operations necessitated. A case in point has been brought under our notice. A fine pointer bitch had a large, hard, fibrous tumor on the breast, with deep and far-reaching roots. The operation for its removal was very skillfully and effectually executed by Mr. George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of the Second Life Guards. During the operation the animal displayed an amount of patience that would have been creditable in a human being. Even during the most painful part of the proceeding, that of inserting sutures, she never flinched. The same resignation was displayed when the time for dressing the wound came around. The patient received the surgeon with an air of preparation, and even put herself into position for being dressed."  
In the case of a similar operation of another dog some years ago, strong resistance was offered to the attempt to give chloroform; but the animal submitted to the surgical procedure as we have described above. Such facts submit of a partial explanation in the mental theory of pain, according to which suffering that is not anticipated and mentally apprehended is not pain in the acuter sense of the word. But we should be sorry to see this explanation carried so far as to deprive our dumb fellow creatures of all credit for the submission they show under surgical treatment. We should go further, and say that they are vastly more sensible than many human beings in their estimate of the medical profession, and have instinct enough to see that even when pain is inflicted on them, it is for a good and kind purpose.—*Chambers' Journal.*

There are 895 boys actively employed as messengers by the twenty-four stations which the American District Telegraph company has in New York city.

### How He was Subdued.

It may be that some of the married folks who read the *Companion* will find a lesson for a husband, and amusement for the wife, in the following humorous sketch:

"My dear," said Mr. Spooendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day you bought it," answered Mrs. Spooendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spooendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"Where did you lose it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I'd leave it—in the wash?" and Mr. Spooendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing-desk and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spooendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spooendyke? Think I left it in the ferryboat? Got an idea I left it at prayer-meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spooendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?"

And Mr. Spooendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spooendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spooendyke; it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I came home last night and took it off."

And Mr. Spooendyke sailed downstairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but did not find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spooendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces, to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes! Very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spooendyke, I'd turn loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are."

And Mr. Spooendyke got up in a chair and clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spooendyke.

"Oh, it must, eh! It must have fallen out! Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out," and Mr. Spooendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search established the infallibility of Mrs. Spooendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spooendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so that it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now it has made so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault," began Mrs. Spooendyke.

"Spooendyke, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh! Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket!"

**Fatherly Advice.**  
Don't buy what you don't want.  
Don't spend all your salary whatever it is.  
Don't scold children or servants if you want to get any good out of them.  
Don't think swearing will make the carpet fit the rooms in your new house.  
Don't imagine the world wouldn't go on as usual if you slipped out of it today.  
Don't cut up your heavy clothing for carpet rags; they may come handy next year.  
Don't leave business affairs altogether to clerks, or household affairs to servants.  
Don't expect other people to take a joke in good part if you flare up for nothing.  
Don't blame the maker if a number six glove goes to pieces on a number eight hand.  
Don't run in debt.  
Don't try to suit all your relatives when you name the baby; suit yourself and stop there.  
Don't think the world will call you wise if you make a fool of yourself through the telephone.  
Don't imagine the harmony of the solar system will be upset if there's a wrinkle in the back of your new coat.  
Don't commit suicide if the girl you want won't have you; she wouldn't care a fig and you might be sorry too late.  
Don't expect to do a thriving business if you don't tell people through the papers where you are and what you have to sell.

**Sand-Showers in China.**  
Every year witnesses curious sand-showers in China when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrates houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great desert of Gobi, as the sand of the Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away. The Chinese, while sensible to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of great fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which have been noticed in the Atlantic ocean.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The king of dentists, as he calls himself, is a Philadelphia curiosity. He wears a jeweled crown and gorgeous robes, rides in a resplendent chariot, and extracts teeth without charge. While a glib-tongued attendant sounds his praises, the king takes out teeth for all who apply, sometimes pushing them out with the point of his sword. Then he sells an ache-destroyer at fifty cents a bottle.

The preliminary workings for the tunnel under the English channel, uniting England and France, have had the most satisfactory results. The promoters have sunk their shaft to the stratum in which they propose to bore the tunnel, and are now going to sink another shaft, and lower all the machinery for the bore. In eighteen months they expect to have reached two kilometers (about two and a quarter miles) under the channel, and in three or four years to have completed the task.

Idaho Territory holds court at Boise, where is located all the government offices, and is the home of the United States marshal. He goes to Lewiston, 400 miles distant, twice a year to attend district court, and also twice a year to Malad for the same purpose, traveling a distance of 525 miles to reach there. To simply attend the courts in the three districts requires him to travel 3,700 miles. But to do all his official work last year caused Mr. Chase to travel by stages 9,000 miles.

The slang phrase "queer fish" has been realized in piscatorial form in California. At Monterey some fishermen caught it in a seine. It was about nine inches long. The first half of the fish was a mountain brook trout, having the eye, head, scales, spots and shape of the fish. It had a pair of fins at the usual place behind the gills; an inch or two back of this it suddenly changed into a silver eel, the shape, color and absence of scales being perfect. It will probably find a resting place on the shelves of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

A German paper relates that at Biberich, recently, quite a crowd gathered to witness the novel spectacle of a drunken driver being taken home by his horse. The man was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, but the faithful animal pushed him onward with its head. Now and then the driver attempted to turn into side streets, but the horse seized him by the coat with its teeth, and thus piloted him to the stable. The horse had a great deal of trouble with its master, but finally got him home safe. It is said that this valuable animal has acted the good Samaritan for his master repeatedly before.

An excellent instance of the way in which the children in the average public school learn without learning is related by *Barnes' Educational Monthly*. A teacher in one of our public schools has been accustomed to require her pupils to say: "The equator is an imaginary line passing around the earth," etc. It never occurred to her that the boys and girls of her school had no idea what an imaginary line meant, until one day a visitor asked them how wide they thought the equator is. Some thought it was 5,000 miles wide, others 2,000 and others thought they could jump over it. The visitor then asked how they thought ships got over it. One pupil said he thought they got out and drew them over, and another said he had read that a canal had been dug through it! "What is the name of this canal?" was asked. "The Suez canal!" was the answer.

On the road from Albuquerque to Silver City (New Mexico) is Cook's canon, in which the Apache Indians of Victoria's band have been in the habit of waylaying and slaughtering white people attempting the passage. A private letter of recent date from Silver City says that 240 white settlers, miners and mail carriers have been butchered and scalped in the canon by the Apaches. A fortnight before the letter was written the Indians killed a party of eighteen persons and burned their wagons. They also slew the driver and three passengers on the mail coach and destroyed the vehicle. A detachment of soldiers surprised five Apaches in the canon a couple of days after that occurrence, killed and, it is said, scalped them. Among the Indians killed on that occasion was the fifteen-year-old son of the renowned chief Victoria. The lad fought desperately as long as he could in a and to strike. The people of Silver City are greatly exercised about the Apaches, who have made mining in that vicinity extremely hazardous.

**A Teacher of Pocket-Picking.**  
Twenty years ago Chester established a school in London, dedicated to the devotees of St. Nicholas, and he speedily obtained many pupils. The most well-known and skillful pocket-pickers, who have paid the penalty of being caught, and those who were clever enough to evade the clutches of the myrmidons of the law, have all been molded according to the Chesterian method. And when it is stated that in twenty years Chester has been able to amass a fortune of 50,000 pounds sterling, the great importance and efficacy of his lessons will be thoroughly appreciated. His pupils, on leaving his institution, were formed into bands of ten, under the guidance of a "school-master," and it was under the eagle of this ever-watchful guardian that they overran the earth. Two-thirds of the "profits" were faithfully and punctually paid to the illustrious professor. Chester demanned himself but twice in his career by "working" personally; it was at Paris, during the last two exhibitions. In 1878 he was arrested and condemned to six months' imprisonment; and he was moreover, prohibited from ever entering France again. He has since disposed of the good-will of his "business" to two of his best pupils and retired to Birmingham, where he has a great deal of property. Having some very urgent affairs to settle in Paris, he applied a few days ago, for permission to pass a week in the Capitol, which has been duly accorded him. But as it was deemed unadvisable to allow a man of his capacity to roam about the city without let or hindrance, two police agents have been told off to act as an escort of surveillance. Chester is 65 years old and is the father of ten children, whom he has educated in a princely manner, and he himself is the master of several languages.