

South Africa will again essay cotton manufacture.

The fitness of things is happily illustrated, the Chicago Herald thinks, in the name of Mr. Chinook Whiskers, of Oregon.

M. Berry asks the French Chamber to give Parisians the right to vote by mail, when they are out of town, or too ill to come to the polls.

A Kentucky woman recently brought suit against a railroad for killing her horse and her husband. She got \$150 for the horse and one cent for the husband.

The ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England condemns public drinking troughs for horses on the ground that they propagate certain diseases peculiar to horses.

Justice Wheeler, of Chicago, holds that a bicycle rider has as much right of way on public streets as the driver of any vehicle. F. G. Nelson sued the owners of a truck which ran into him while he was riding his bicycle, and has gained a judgment for \$50 and costs.

It has been estimated that 25,000 horses are employed in the London carrying trade, that their value is a million and a quarter, and that the cost is for food alone \$4,000,000. A rule prevails of foraging the horses on threepence an inch per week—that is, a horse costs as many shillings a week as it stands hands high.

Letters just published, written during the siege of Paris, show what high prices were paid for curious meals. A certain M. Deboos bought up the Zoological Garden and sold the animals at a profit. The cassowary was sold for \$40 and the kangaroo for only \$20. Two camels brought \$1000 and a wild boar \$440. Elephants' flesh was a luxury, and the two were sold as steaks for \$5400.

In Ireland vaccination was made compulsory in 1863. Since that time the Irish Poor Law Commissioners have carried out the law and the whole population has been vaccinated. From 1830 to 1840 the yearly average of deaths from smallpox was 5800, in the next decade it was 3287 and in the next 1272. In the year 1867 they were twenty, in 1868 they were nineteen and in the next year six.

The largest balloon in the world has just been constructed at Holloway, near London, England. It is a sphere of 57.24 feet diameter, has a capacity of over 100,000 cubic feet, weighs one and a quarter tons, and will lift an additional weight of a ton. It is to be used for the purpose of obtaining continuous meteorological observations for a period of six days without descending. It has been successfully tested.

The annual report of the State Geological Survey of Iowa shows that the belt of coal extending across Missouri from Keokuk to Kansas City is more productive than any other portion of "the great interior coal field of the American continent." This field includes a large portion of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Kansas, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Texas. Coal beds are found in most other States also, but they belong to other fields and strata.

The St. Louis Republic says: Secretary Herbert is the only member of the Cabinet who can be called a specialist in his own department. Mr. Herbert is fitted to be Secretary of the Navy, and for no other place around Mr. Cleveland's council board. He is a sailor, every inch of him; he knows a ship from masthead to keel; he can box the compass like an old salt, and could walk the deck as an Admiral or climb the rigging as a sailor. He has sailed before the mast, and has been taught the art of seamanship in the school of experience.

Though the Chinese have been in this country so long a time and have become so numerous, it is said of them that they do not and cannot comprehend the status of the police, remarks the New York Sun. Their first idea is that a policeman is a sort of feudal ruler, with the right to chop off their heads or levy on their property or do as he pleases with them. They have no fault to find with such rulers. They are used to them in China. In fact, as soon as they find out that the police are mere watchmen on salary set to guard the public peace they become disturbed and confused and end the strain on their minds by deciding that the policemen must be soldiers, and that is what nearly every Chinaman thinks they are to-day.

The Dakota River, with an estimated length of 600 miles, is believed by many to be the longest unnavigable stream in the world.

If all the people of the United States were placed in Kansas, California and Nebraska, those States would not be so thickly settled as England is now.

Every member of the British cabinet acts in three capacities—as administrator of a department of state, as member of a legislative chamber and a confidential adviser to the crown.

An agricultural writer figures that the loss to the farmers of the country by the use of narrow wagon tires, through the wear and tear of horseflesh and the loss of time, amounts to the enormous sum of \$300,000,000 a year.

Jonathan Hutchinson, to the astonishment of the New York Mail and Express, is devoting the best years of his life to studying the question, "Do the sick ever sneeze?" He believes it to be fully as important as the determination of the problem, "Why are black cats black?"

It appears as if the people of the United States were steadily reducing their consumption of quinine and other cinchona alkaloids. Year after year since 1887 the importations of cinchona bark have been diminished. In 1893 the amount imported was less than half that of 1887.

Fine carriages with rubber tires are said to be coming into use in the city of New York. These tires cost about \$100 for a set of four, and rarely last more than one season, but they are a great comfort to those who can afford them, making the motion of the carriage easy and noiseless.

This is an age of specialties, exclaims the Boston Cultivator. The successful men of the world to-day are those who devote themselves to special work. Every man has some liking or possibility which is greater than any other, and which is in some way different from those of other men. This is his vocation, and he should devote to it his best thought and endeavor. In this way he will concentrate his energies and secure larger results.

A Philadelphia physician thinks that a great deal of nonsense has been written about hypnotism. "Any one," he says, "may hypnotize himself in a few minutes by closing his eyes, directing them inward and downward, and then, imagining his breath to be vapor, watching its inhalation and expulsion from the nostrils. Babies invariably look cross-eyed before going to sleep, in this way producing what hypnotists call 'transfixion.' Fishermen often hypnotize themselves watching a cork on a surface of shining water. An hour passes by as if it were a few minutes."

The Swiss Government has, for the last twenty years, caused observations to be made through its forestry stations on the temperature of the air, of the trees and the soil in the forests. These observations show that the temperature in the forests is always below the temperature outside. The temperature also varies according to the trees composing the forests. A beech forest is always cooler than a forest of larch. As to the trunks of the trees, they are always colder than the surrounding air. Regarding the temperature of the soil, it is found that in the forest the temperature is invariably below that of the air. Outside the forest the soil is always warmer than the air in summer and colder in winter.

The popular idea of Siberia, according to the Chicago Record, is that it is a barren desert extending from the frozen ocean of the north to the burning sands of the tropics, but this is a great mistake. The population of Russia in Asia is nearly 18,000,000. There are several cities with a population exceeding 50,000. The agricultural products reported, which constitute only a very small portion of the whole, are valued at an average of \$30,000,000 a year, the output of the mines exported is valued at upward of \$20,000,000 annually, and the furs, fish, skins and other products that come into European Russia from Siberia are worth \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 more. But this population is scattered over an enormous area; it is only partially civilized; the greater portion of the country does not expect or aspire to the production of anything more than is necessary for local consumption; the means of communication and transportation are lacking, and, as productive industry is measured in the European countries and America, it may be said that two-thirds of the people are habitually idle.

#### THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of sluggish mero Its root had humble birth, And the slender stem that upward grew Was coarse of fiber, dull of hue, With nought of grace or worth.

The goldfish that floated near Saw alone the vulgar stem, The clumsy turtle paddled by, The water snake with lidless eye— It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey bee, The sun and sky and air, They marked its heart of virgin gold In the satin leaves of spotless fold, And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity, To soiled life tied down, May bloom to heaven and no man know, Seeing the coarse, vile stem below, How God hath seen the crown.

—James Jeffrey Roche.

#### THE WINDMILL.



OWARD summer one day, in the years when Burke swayed admiring senators by his eloquence and passion, and Wilkes thundered against civic abuses, and set all London aflame; in short,

when George III. was King, one Edward Gray, scrivener, came down to his native village to spend a fortnight with his sweetheart, Lucy Deal.

There were many pretty girls in the country around, but she was the beauty of them all, and as gentle as she was good. Her father had died when she was a mere child, and his wife faded away some four years later, leaving to little Lucy only the memory of that tender love which had cherished her earliest years. So it happened that when Edward Gray, her schoolfellow and playmate, was turned eighteen, and prepared to seek his fortune in the great city by the river, he and Lucy plighted their troth under the windmill on the hill, and it was settled they should be married as soon as Edward was rich enough to set up a home of his own. He had worked hard and prospered since then, and had made the long journey to Penrave this summer to press her to redeem her word and marry him forthwith.

But Lucy hesitated. The times were strangely out of joint; rumors of war were heard on every side; there were riots at Bristol—bread riots, what not; the prudent warned her to be careful.

"Better wait a little, dear," she said, as they started for a walk the morning after his arrival.

"Wait? Why should we wait? Are you not satisfied with me?"

"Of course I am. Still another year will soon pass if you are only patient. The lover could not see it in this light.

"It is needless to delay any longer," said he, decisively. "Heaven favors the bold, and I miss you sorely when far away."

Lucy smiled, but made no answer. They had come to a rising ground, and high above them rose the old mill.

The great sails were motionless, and the whole building—gaunt and grim—looked like some relic of the past set in a background of blue sky. So old it was as to be almost decrepit; the very beams which supported it were worm-eaten and crumbling, and the wonder was that it had not tumbled down long ago. The girl's eyes rested on it with a wistful interest.

"You remember the place?" she said. "We used to play here as children, and later—" She paused, with a becoming blush, and her eyelashes drooped under his gaze. "I cannot help fancying our fate is somehow concerned with that of the mill; indeed, I thought so from the beginning."

Edward laughed outright. "Nay, goodness forbid!" he cried, gaily. "What can we possibly have to do with such a wretched owl-roost? Forty years hence may be—Why, dearest, what is the matter?"

She turned pale with fear, and he felt her fingers tremble as they rested on his arm. His eyes followed hers, and there, confronting them, was an elderly man, in a dark blue uniform, with a sword at his side.

The stranger bent his brow sternly on Edward.

"Who are you, fellow, and what are you doing here?" he said.

"Follow yourself!" replied Edward, his dark face flushing with anger.

"What insolent boor presumes to address me in such terms?"

The other drew back and clapped his hand on his sword. There was a wild scream from Lucy, for Edward rushed at him savagely, and struck at him with all his nervous force of youth and strength and rage. The blow caught the man on the chin, and felled him senseless to the ground.

"O, Edward! Edward!"

"I have only dealt with him as he deserved," said Edward, somewhat ruefully, and repenting of his ire; "but I meant not to strike so hard, either."

"It is not that, dear. Let us away and hide."

"Why?"

"The press gang."

At those two ominous words Edward shivered, and grew cold in the noon-day heat. For in a moment he saw the imminence of his peril, and all it foreboded—seizure, separation from Lucy, exile, perhaps death.

His first consciousness, when ralled from the momentary stupor that had fallen upon him, was of her voice, breathing encouragement and hope.

"Come," she said, "we will make for the glade yonder, and consider what is to be done next. There is no

coach to London till the end of the week, and you must hide somewhere in the meantime. See! he begins to revive; he moves; there is not a moment to lose. Come!"

He caught at the words instantly, though only murmured, and it was as if a new spirit possessed him. He took her by the hand, and half-running, they glided along till they reached a group of trees about a mile away. There they stopped.

For a long while neither spoke. The drowsy hush of the perfect summer day brooded in this secluded spot, undisturbed by movement of sound of any kind. On the trees the sunlight flickered, fled and returned again, playing fantastic tricks among the leaves. Above stretched the serene and cloudless sky.

"If I had only that one man to reckon with," said Edward, at last, "I should not care. But there may be others as well, and if the worst befall me, he has the law at his back to excuse and condone him."

"You are not in his power yet, nor need you be if you are prudent. I heard that strange men were seen in the neighborhood, but understood they were some distance away. Let me go back to the village alone, dear, and ascertain the truth."

Her face was composed; her expression had recovered its natural charm while she spoke to him. All at once she wheeled round with a stifled cry, panting like a hunted hare. Three men were hurrying across the open space behind to cut off their retreat, and in the foremost of these Edward recognized his enemy.

His eyes flashed. "We must run for it, sweet!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, and he clasped her round the waist.

They were out of the glade and into the open without drawing breath. The sun was level overhead, and its brightness almost blinded them as they emerged in its full radiance. Never pausing an instant to glance back, they sped away. The ground was rough and uneven; hard task, in sooth, were it to run fast in such a place. And it seemed to them as if they were fleeing for their lives.

Fortunately, they had gained a few yards in starting, for Lucy's cry of alarm the men paused in doubt, and before they could the two were well ahead of them; Edward drawing her along and encouraging her to do her best.

But the sailors' hesitation did not last long; they were used to such work, and in a minute more were in hot pursuit. Had Edward been alone, he would soon have distanced them, there being but one of the number whose swiftness need have caused him any uneasiness as to the result. This man quickly shot out in advance of the other two—a lean, lithe figure—and the thud of his footsteps sounded perilously near.

Soon that one runner was scarce a dozen strides off, and slowly, but surely, gaining on them still. Edward groaned.

Though almost breathless by this time, Lucy heard him. "Save yourself and leave me," she said.

Edward laughed aloud at the suggestion—a laugh so fierce and despairing that, as the swift pursuer heard it ringing in the air, he had a misgiving, and slackened his pace to let his comrades overtake him. Crafty as well as bold, he saw the folly of leaving them too far behind in an emergency.

But even this assisted Edward nothing, for Lucy suddenly succumbed. He still held her round the waist, and bore her on some distance, but the strain was too great; no man so laden could run far.

She looked up pityingly into his face. Edward stopped, and, careless of all risks, spoke words of comfort to her, but Lucy only sobbed and held him tight.

The other man stopped also, and was signalling to the lagger to make haste. Seeing the quarry at bay, he could afford to take his time, and was disinclined to incur any unnecessary danger.

Edward raged inwardly to think that he was powerless; and the precious minutes were flying fast, never to be recalled!

"If I could only see a way out of this," he said.

"Ah, if!" echoed Lucy.

A change came over his face.

"Listen, dear," he said. "I doubt the power of those men to capture me if I were alone and uninjured; but I have you to protect, for they might insult you on my account. We are nearing the hill again; let us try to ascend it, and take refuge in the windmill. Who knows what may happen after?"

Meanwhile the other two had come up with the comrade who had headed them, when, just as the trio were in peep consultation, the fugitives started the race anew. It was their last effort.

A fierce shout escaped the astonished watchers as they dashed headlong after the prey. The shout ceased abruptly, for Lucy and her lover had suddenly vanished.

"Down the vale!" called the leader, in explanation.

The words were hardly out of his lips when they reach the edge of a hollow which none had noticed until now. There, right before them stood Edward, poised in his hand a great lump of dried earth. Rage and despair tore at the young man's heart, and gave strength to his arm and steadiness to his aim as he hurled the huge missile at his nearest foe. Down went the varlet backwards, his comrade's head falling cracked under his falling weight; and in a twinkling the two strong men were rolling helpless on the ground.

So sudden was it all, that the third man stood like one benumbed. Then, with a bitter laugh, Edward disappeared. With one impulse they ran

to the other side of the hollow, which commanded a view of the hill, and saw the faithful lovers already half-way up the side, at a distance which showed the folly of continuing the pursuit.

They looked at one another.

"Best give it up, skipper," said one of them addressing the man in uniform. "'Tis a smart youngster, and has beaten us cleverly. What then? One can easily find stout hearts for King George elsewhere, and I bear no malice."

"Nor I," said the second.

The skipper eyed each in turn with a contempt which he made no effort to conceal. No creature is so touchy about his dignity as a petty officer.

"Mighty fine," he sneered, "but you may as well keep your sentiments to yourself; they won't suit his majesty's navy. Besides, the scamp struck me in the execution of my duty."

"Oh, as to that, if you're going to drag private quarrels into our business, why, 'tis neither here nor there; and if you ask my opinion, skipper, I say, after the bother we've had already, it's sheer waste of patience to go on. Evidently the lad and the lass know the country well, and will lead us a rare fool's dance before we have a chance of parting them. Small blame to either of them!—in their place I would do the same."

And the speaker folded his arms, and glared defiance.

The skipper felt like a captain whose crew revolts, and his astonishment quickly turned to anger, but he bridled his wrath.

"How do you know what my design is?" said he. "Do you take me for a clown, bent on wasting my own valuable time and yours into the bargain? We have only to wait a little, and the man, or most likely the girl, will be forced to go back to the village for food; they can't sit and starve on the hill. Thank your stars that you have to do with a man who understands his business, for your worthless wits would never keep your skins whole for a single hour." He looked round with a sudden start as he ended. "Lie down, both of you," he said peremptorily.

The gesture and command was so significant that the men dropped on the green in mute obedience; then the skipper advanced a little way, and, at the risk of being observed, scanned the road closely. No, his eyes had not deceived him.

At a bend in the path, he saw Lucy coming quickly along towards the place where he stood. He waited to make sure, and then turned round with triumph written on every line of his face.

It was as he had guessed. Deaf for once to the prayers of her lover, Lucy had insisted on venturing back alone. Strong in her love she feared nothing.

"They dare not harm me," she said proudly, and so broke away from him with a last embrace and a promise to return after sunset.

The skipper made a sign to his men, and went forward to meet her. The others reluctantly followed him. To do them justice, they were ashamed of their work.

Absorbed in thought, Lucy took no notice of them till they actually met, and even then her look was quiet and composed; no changing color betokened fear. But when she saw the fierce eyes of the skipper fixed steadily upon her, then, indeed her courage almost failed.

She looked at each of them in turn and then waited.

"You are the girl that was with that man a while ago?" the skipper began.

"Where is he now?"

Lucy made no answer.

"Are you his sister, or his sweetheart—which? Best speak the truth, or it will be worse for you in the end."

"Bravely said," retorted Lucy scornfully. Then she paused. The thought crossed her mind that it would be wiser to conciliate than defy him. "I have done no more than I have a right to do," she went on. "After all that has passed, you surely cannot expect me to stoop to betrayal."

This time no one answered; she slipped quickly past the skipper, and quickened her pace. But he soon overtook her. "Come, my lass; it is idle to jest with us; be not so foolish as that." He reflected a moment.

"Mates," said he, "my life on it, but our bird's not far off. I have taken a thought, and I mind me of that windmill we passed yesterday. Let's have a look at it; the chance is worth trying for."

She turned pale directly. This change of countenance did not escape him. "You must accompany us, lass."

He caught her by the arm. As she felt the touch of his hand she drew back. "Release me, and I will go with you," she said quietly.

The party walked on in silence till they reached the clearing in front of the mill door. Here the skipper bade them stop, and warned them to keep near him. He then lifted the latch and went in.

They looked searchingly round, but discovered nothing. The place was dim and close. Now the sunlight reached the floor at intervals. Now again it was veiled in gloom.

"Stay you there while I take a peep at the floor above," the skipper said, stepping toward the winding staircase in the opposite corner. Seeing this, Lucy lost all nerve, and, careless of consequences, tried to prevent him from going further.

"Away!" cried the skipper, and pushed her roughly aside. At that moment an active figure sprang on him swiftly as a cat; a heavy blow sent him staggering back, and there, confronting them all, was the man they sought.

The shock of surprise smote them dumb; but before they could speak or move, a low, rumbling sound swept through the building, the walls bent inward, swayed, tottered and sank.

With one simultaneous convulsion the old mill fell crashing down in a cloud of dust that hid the daylight, and threw a sudden darkness over the scene.

Then, in the darkness and stillness, and the horror of it all, a woman's voice was softly audible:

"Dear Edward, only you and I are left now!"

She nestled close to him—closer still, and burst out crying.

FROM THE PARISH REGISTER. The year 1795. Marriage. No. 41, page 12.

Edward Gray, of this parish of Penrave, and Lucy Deal of the same parish, were married in this church by banns, this 21 day of August, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, by me,

ALFRED MAYERS VICAR. This marriage was solemnized between us: EDWARD GRAY, LUCY DEAL, In the presence of: GEORGE EDWARDS, ELIZA JONES.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The circulation of the blood is affected by music.

An ordinary locomotive is said to consist of 5416 pieces.

A new metal named powellite has been discovered in Idaho.

The only quadruped that lays eggs is the ornithorhynchus of Australia.

It would take about 1200 globes as large as our earth to make one equal in size to Jupiter.

Pasteur's patients for treatment against hydrophobia sometimes number as many as 129 a month.

Dr. T. C. Duncan, of Chicago, says that smallpox epidemics are coincident with great atmospheric changes due to sun spots.

It is estimated that by improper methods in the Pennsylvania mines, thirty to forty per cent. of the anthracite coal was formerly lost.

Professor E. E. Barnard has published two striking photographs which indicate that Brooke's comet collided with some other body on October 1st, 1893.

The Paris Academy of Medicine has decided that milk and cheese are great brain restorers. Pure casein contains 753 parts in a thousand of organic phosphorus.

The fastest time recorded was by the Empire State express on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, May 11th, 1893, one mile being made in thirty-two seconds, equal to 112 miles an hour.

The phosphate marls of New Jersey have been worked for fertilizers since 1768. In surveying marl beds a boring apparatus made of half-inch gas piping is used. It gives good results to a depth of thirty feet.

It is said that a red parasol destroys in a great measure the actinic power of the sun and must therefore keep the skin from freckles. Photographers long ago availed themselves of this peculiarity of light transmitted through a red medium, and it seems reasonable to suppose that a red shade might protect the complexion.

Mr. Chandler, the astronomer, in recent investigations into the period of the star Algol, which is subject to remarkable diminutions and eclipses, says that there is no doubt that the eclipses are produced by a far distant and larger body than Algol. It is possible that this is a new world so far distant that light from it has not yet reached this earth.

On Wednesday, January 17th, at Brocknell, England, the Rev. C. W. Langmore observed a beautiful lunar rainbow. It appeared in the shape of a circle of brilliant white surrounded by a broad band of brown, next came another band of violet, followed by a bright band of green and a narrow one of yellow. The whole series was encircled by a band of brown-orange.

If there was no dust haze above us the sky would be black. That is, we would be looking into the blackness of a limitless space. When in fine, clear weather we have a deep, rich blue above us it is caused by a haze. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the kitescope, and the blue color is caused by the light shining through a depth of the haze.

Tests for Color Blindness.

America is far ahead of Great Britain in protecting its travelers by sea from the dangers that might occur through color blindness. The visual examination of all British shipmasters and subordinate officers is left to the examiners in seamanship, which is no test at all. Any person that has made this subject a study is aware that none but surgeons or experts in optical science are competent to locate color blindness even in a mild form. The test of color blindness is not in how well one can name the colors of lights but how well he sees them. Four per cent. of the males and one per cent. of the females of all civilized nations are more or less color blind. The law requires that all deck officers of American steam vessels shall be examined by a marine hospital surgeon, and if found color blind, or partially so, they must not serve in that capacity.

—New York Advertiser.

How He Spelled His Name.

The late Ottivell Wood, one of the leading characters of New England, was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the Judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it, whereupon Mr. Wood began:

"O, double t, i, double u, e, double l, double u, double o, d."

The Judge was too thick-witted to grasp the meaning of this string of words and letters, and, throwing down his pen in despair, exclaimed: "Most extraordinary name I ever heard; will you write it for me, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Witness."—St. Louis Republic.