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What Was His Creed?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.
Blest "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up,
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task;
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.
His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.
He had great faith in leaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope inspired kind words he said
To him he sheltered from the cold.
For he must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.
In words he did not put his trust;
In faith his words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it;
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.
He put his trust in Heaven, and
Worked over on with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief!
"What was his creed?"
"What was his belief?"

THE STOLEN LOCKET.

In the elegantly furnished drawing-room of a West-end mansion sat a young man, whose gentle bearing, broad, noble brow, from which his chestnut hair was tossed back in graceful carelessness, and large, thoughtful eyes bespoke him to be one of nature's noblemen. He was evidently waiting impatiently for some one; for, as a slight noise was heard on the landing, he would start, and fix his eyes eagerly upon the door. At last, apparently unable to sit still any longer, he arose, and, walking to the window, stood tapping nervously on the glass, and waiting with listless eyes the chambermaid who would pass. While thus occupied he failed to hear a slight rustle as a girlish figure entered the room and gliding softly to his side touched him lightly upon the arm. His quick start and the loving, gentle manner in which she gathered her to his heart showed at a glance that they were lovers.
While they held sweet converse let us pause a moment while I describe my heroine.
She was of medium height, of a slender, delicate figure, and possessed of a nameless grace of movement, which, added to her other charms, had won her the name among her many admirers of "Nellie, the Irresistible." Her beauty was of the true blonde type, and clad as she was in a shining blue dress she looked worthy of the name. On her arms gleamed with a tawny luster broad golden bands; and from one of these, suspended by a small chain, hung a tiny heart-shaped locket, one side of which bore a forget-me-not set of turquoise, with a brilliant diamond sparkling in the center.
Guy Hartley, for such was our hero's name, had called, glad of an excuse, to acquaint Nellie with some arrangement which he had just completed with regard to their soon approaching marriage; and, after a short time passed in pleasant conversation, he reluctantly rose, and, bidding a tender adieu to the fair girl, left the house with a firm, elastic tread.
Hardly had he taken his departure when the front door bell again rang, and once more a young gentleman was ushered into the drawing-room. The new-comer was tall and slight, with jet black hair, and a piercing look in the black eyes that boded no good to an enemy. As he sank into a chair, something glistening upon the floor caught his eye; and as he recognized it he could scarce refrain from a shout of pleasure; for Fred Acton had long been the secret rival of Guy, each striving to win the hand of fair Nellie Pomeroy. And now, as he held in his grasp the tiny locket, which by some evil chance had become detached from the bracelet on Nellie's arm, he felt that he possessed an almost certain means of revenge on Guy, and stand, perhaps, a better chance of winning the fair girl for his wife; for the locket, as he knew, had been Guy's first love-gift to Nellie, and was prized as one of her choicest possessions.
At this moment the footman entered the parlor, presenting Miss Pomeroy's regrets, and a request that Mr. Acton would excuse her that afternoon. The truth was that with her womanly intuition she had long divined the secret which he had thought known to himself alone; and, having ever treated him with polite indifference, she felt less inclined now than ever to endure a *tete-a-tete* with him.

Rising as the footman entered with her message, and scarcely able to conceal the pleasure it afforded him at this moment, when he was still trembling with the fear of having been seen as he hastily hid the shining bauble in his bosom, he left his compliments and departed.

Going directly to a jeweler's, he purchased a small ring, with which he fastened the locket securely to his watch-chain, and then sauntered down the street, in the hope of meeting Guy. His wish was destined to be fulfilled; for he was shortly gratified by seeing Guy approaching, with a serene, contented look on his handsome face.

As they stopped to chat, Fred, as if anxious to conceal something, placed his hand carelessly on his watch-chain; but Guy, as was intended, noticed the action, and said, laughingly: "What is it that you are so jealously guarding, Fred? A love-token from some fair lady?"

"Yes; but for fear that it might blight your hopes in that direction, perhaps I had better not show it you just at present," laughed Fred, nervously.

"Oh, never fear for me!" said Guy, "for I have already caged my bird, and so shall not prove a dangerous rival to your suit."

"Well, then, behold!" replied Fred, removing his hand, and disclosing to view the tiny locket.

Guy turned pale as death; but, mastering his emotion by a violent effort, he playfully insisted upon knowing the name of Fred's charmer.

"Oh, come," said Fred, "you are feigning innocence; for surely you must have often seen this trinket upon the arm of fair 'Nell the Irresistible,' who has this day bestowed it upon me as a pledge of her true love."

Guy had stood as if turned to stone while this flippant speech was being rattled out, and then, with a few commonplace words, passed on; but his tread was not as free and elastic as before he met Fred, and his head, which then had been raised proudly, was now bent forward dejectedly; for a dark cloud had suddenly arisen, which threatened to overshadow forever the bright morning of his happiness.

Fred watched him pass on with a sardonic smile on his handsome yet sinister face, and thought to himself, "Ah, my fine fellow, 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' as you may find to your cost; and then you will know the consequences of standing in the way of Fred Acton!"

That evening, in her luxurious home, Nellie watched and listened in vain for the familiar footsteps she had learned to know so well; and she retired to rest at last, sad and dispirited, and with a dim sense of impending trouble, that was yet too vague to shape itself into connected thought.

The next morning, as the family were gathered around the breakfast table, a servant entered the room with a note addressed to "Miss Pomeroy." Grasping it eagerly, spasmodically, Nellie tore it open, and with blanched face read the following laconic note:

NELLIE: All is over between us. Thank God I have discovered your perfidy before it was too late. I had the fullest confidence in you, Nellie; but that is past now.

I leave for France to-morrow, never to trust to revisit this country which would now be but a sad home for me.

Your once-devoted lover,
GUY HARTLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, occupied in their own conversation, had not noticed the sudden paling of their daughter's face, as she hurriedly scanned the familiar writing, till, as she reached the fatal termination, her eyes closed, and with a low moan of agony she sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

For five years Guy wandered through Europe; for five years he vainly strove to find forgetfulness and happiness in constant excitement and change of scene; but failing in this he had at last resolved to visit again the land of his birth, if only to mark the ravages which time had made among his old friends. So he returned to London.

Not once had a suspicion of Fred Acton's treachery crossed his mind, for to Guy he had always shown the better part of his nature; besides the proof of Nellie's duplicity had seemed too conclusive to admit of any lingering doubt his love might have suggested.

And Nellie? Thrown into a nervous fever by the cruel note from Guy, she wavered long between life and death; but finally her perfect constitution gained the victory, and she again mingled in the gay world of fashion; but a certain sadness was perceptible in her manner, and a weary look in her blue eyes showed that her heart was not interested in the gay scenes by which she was surrounded.

Vainly had Fred Acton sued for her hand. Feeling that he was in some manner connected with Guy's mysterious behavior, she had only scorn to give him. At first she had hoped that some trivial act of hers had displeased Guy and he would soon return, but as the weeks rolled on and no word came from the absent one, she finally ceased to expect him.

Fred Acton, after repeated refusals from Nellie, had at last given up all hopes of winning her hand; but, loving her still, as much as his selfish nature was capable of loving, he attempted to drown his sorrow in the wine cup; and, with drinking and fast horses, was rapidly eating up the handsome property left him by his father. One day, while riding at break-neck speed, his horse, frightened at a fluttering rag, shied, and

threw him. When the hastily-summoned physician had examined his wounds, he pronounced him mortally injured.

Knowing, then, that for him all thoughts of revenge on Guy were useless, and that he must soon render up an account of his evil deeds, his thoughts turned to Nellie, with a feeble wish that he could undo the wrong he had done her. So he dedicated a letter, confessing his sin, begging her forgiveness, and containing the locket, and dispatched it to the injured girl, who, true woman that she was, could not but pity the lying man, bitterly as he had wronged her, and that he might not die thinking himself unforgiven, sent a note to the hotel to which he had been carried, but the messenger reached there only in time to hear that the unhappy Fred Acton had breathed his last.

Guy had supposed that Nellie and Fred were long since married; but hardly had he set foot in London when he was recognized and accosted by one of his old friends, who, among the gossip he had to relate concerning Guy's old circle of acquaintances, mentioned the fact of Fred Acton's death, and also said that Miss Pomeroy was as beautiful as ever, but unmarried. At this Guy's heart throbbed wildly, and his brain almost reeled with the idea that perhaps his own rashness had dashed the cup of happiness from his lips. Could there have been treachery in Fred Acton's conduct, and had he wronged Nellie all these weary years?

Wildly he asked himself these questions while on the way to his hotel; and by the time he had arrived there he had resolved that he would at least see Nellie and have an explanation with her. Once more he turned his steps toward the well-known house where he had spent the happiest hours of his life; once more he was ushered into the familiar room, where even the pictures on the walls seemed to smile on him in friendly recognition. Bronzed by travel, the old family servant failed to remember him, so he gave no name, merely requesting to see Miss Pomeroy.

Nellie soon appeared; but hardly had she crossed the threshold when the eyes of love recognized him, and with a wild scream of "Guy, dear Guy!" she was folded to his heart.

Long explanations followed. Nellie told of the loss of her locket on the day of Guy's last visit, and how she had regretted it, being his gift. She also told of the dying confession of Fred Acton, and his restoration of her locket, which she showed him, worn on a blue ribbon about her neck.

Guy, penitent but loving, was fully forgiven by his deeply wronged Nellie, who, in the joy of such a reunion, had no heart to blame him.

Soon after there was a grand wedding in the stately mansion; and, although the fair bride's ornaments were milk white pearls, there hung suspended from the central cluster of her necklace a tiny locket, bearing on it a blue forget-me-not.

Curious Swedish Ceremony.

A curious ceremony is performed every year in Zurich (Switzerland), on the eve of the so-called Sechselauten, the ancient spring festival of the Tigrines, as our forefathers often classically named the people of Zurich. But the most popular ceremony belongs to the festival itself. This is the solemn condemnation and execution of the hated winter. It seems to be a theory of the Sechselauten that winter ought to end on the 31st March and that spring should begin on the 1st April. After sunset on the last day of March, multitudes of men, women and children collect together on the Stadthausplatz, in order to witness the burning of the unlucky "Bogg," the god of winter.

During the burning of the winter god this year the crown of the neighboring Uetliberg was white with snow, a sign that the hard Zurich winter was not over, so that the experiment with the Bogg was a little daring and venturesome. The execution of the Bogg has occasionally been put off until a later and less wintry day, in April. This was the case last year. Yet, when the citizens arose next morning, the Bogg seemed like the Phoenix to have arisen from his ashes and declared that his reign was not ended, for the city and the whole neighborhood wore the appearance of a winter landscape, every street and field being white with snow.

A Floating Hospital.

It is a strange story of the sea that comes from the bark Beatrice Havner, which has just reached port after a voyage commenced on the 17th of December, during which three of the crew died from a disease which seems to baffie medical analysis. The bark came from Padang, one of the East India coffee, and was laden with green Java coffee. Whether the exhalations from this cargo poisoned the men, or whether they had contracted the Java fever before starting on their return voyage, does not appear; but whichever it was, two days they were so weak that only the mate could move about, and, sitting in a chair, steered the bark. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner had not a much worse time with his dead crew than did this mate with his sick and delirious companions. Finally they fell in with other vessels, obtained fresh supplies of quinine and loans of men, and by slow degrees worked themselves into port. For four months the bark was a floating hospital, and the principal wonder is that she ever reached port at all. — *New York Express.*

A Poor Town for Business.

He was a red-nosed, wild-eyed man from the head waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he had not been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short for him, and he carried half a dozen coon-skins in his hand.

At the post-office corner he met a South Side lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"Can't I sell you something nice to make a set of furs out of?"

The lady screamed, and shot across to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" yelled the red-nosed man.

The lady screamed again.

"Now, what's the matter with Hanner?" remarked the red-nosed man as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man veered into a bank, and threw his hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A No. 1 coon-skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth on any of 'em. Ketched every one of 'em in a box-trap."

"We have no use for them," said the president, politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They'll make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides 'll make you a vest, and one 'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the president, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them somewhere else, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these is—"

"No, no, no," replied the banker impatiently, "take the things away, they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man sharply.

"Take the blamed things out of this," exclaimed the exasperated banker; "they smell like a slaughter-house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door to coon-skins, put in the cashier; 'take them in there, take them up town; take them down town; take them across the river; take them—"

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot," persisted the red-nosed man.

"If you don't get out of this, I'll kick your head off," yelled the infuriated president.

"I'll take thirty cents for the six," said the red-nosed man. "D'ye say the word?" and he laughed the bunch by the tails.

The president started for the outside. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk, and after having reached it he passed and said:

"And this is the boasted Old City, is it? Gre-a-a at Godfrey! If seakins and sable were selling for cent a cart-load the hull town could not buy the sand-papered end of a rat's tail. — *Oil City Derrick.*

A Curious Remedial Agent.

In the course of a report which has just been published by order of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China, Dr. F. Wong gives us some curious particulars respecting a strange remedial agent employed by the Chinese in cases of *Cyanusosis tonsillaris*. The disease they term *Ngo-hou*, or "goose-throat," and the remedy in question is called *Hou tao*, a soft stone not unlike biliary calculus in appearance. It is expensive, being worth twenty times its weight in silver, and is said to come from Siam. Twenty or thirty grains of this powder taken in water is thought to be very efficacious. Dr. Wong mentions having seen a case where this remedy was given, and where it certainly appeared effective, after gargles and astringents had been applied in vain. The specimens of the stone which have come under his notice appear like animal concretions and are of various sizes, some being smaller than pigeons' eggs, while others are as large as hens' eggs. The story goes that when a monkey is wounded the animal, from its natural instinct, picks out the proper medicinal herbs, masticates and applies them to the wound, so that successive layers are in this way laid on so as to form a mass. In time the wound heals, and the lump of dried herbs falls off; it is then picked up by the Siamese, found by them to possess peculiar virtues, and sent in small quantities to China as a drug. — *Nature.*

Mules in the Mines.

In underground places, the intelligence of mules displays itself in a remarkable manner. They soon learn to obey every command their driver gives them. A curious freak about mules is that when anything touches their heads they dodge, while touching horses' ears makes them throw up their heads. For this very reason horses cannot be used underground, for they would soon break their skulls, while mules never get injured in that manner. The switch mules in the Nevada mines, when the men are eating, go from man to man begging for something to eat, and they will eat cooked meat, pies, drink coffee—in fact, take anything the men have. One of the mules, when the men are not looking, is in the habit of upsetting the men's lunch pails and helping themselves, without leave. They have also taken to drinking ice water, and are not satisfied except they get their regular allowance. The mules which pull the rock-trains are driven three or four tandem, each having a torch upon its head, which keeps bobbing up and down as they move along, and they present a very novel appearance as seen from a distance in the darkness.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Interesting Scientific Notes.

* **SPRINGS.**—Springs are formed by the intervention of clay and sand strata, the former holding water, and the latter permitting its free passage.

* **SELF-WINDING CLOCK.**—An inventor describes an automatic clock, in which the winding machinery is operated by the alternate expansion and contraction of glycerine, or other suitable liquid. A piston, on the surface of the glycerine, is so connected with ratchet wheels and toothed racks that motion in either direction will wind up the weight. He thinks that the contrivance will be especially valuable for self-registering meteorological instruments.

* **YELLOW GLASS FOR SPECTACLES.**—Yellow glass gives greater rest to the eyes than either blue or green, and objects at a distance can be seen more distinctly with than without it. At rifle practice the yellow glass was found to take off all the glare of the light without impeding vision, and allowed the men to see the targets most distinctly. Yellow glass cuts off chemical rays, and, perhaps, on that account has a less injurious effect on the eyes.

* **PROCURING FRESH WATER FROM SEA WATER.**—A method of procuring fresh water from sea water through the direct action of the sun's rays is among the foreign inventions. The apparatus consists of a box of wood one inch thick, about fourteen feet long, two feet wide, and of an average depth of six inches. The upper part of the box is closed with ordinary glass, which has an inclination of an inch and a half. At the lower edge of the glass there is a semi-circular channel, destined to receive the fresh water which is condensed on the interior surface of the glass. The operation is entirely simple. The salt water is left in the box for about an inch in depth, and is then exposed to the rays of the sun. A very active evaporation then begins, and it is found that a square metre of glass will condense daily the amount of two gallons of pure water.

* **A CHEAP TELEPHONE.**—Professor Barrett, in a recent lecture on the telephone, gave (in *Nature*) a recipe for making a cheap one. Take a wooden toothbrush box and make a hole about the size of a half-crown in the lid and the bottom. Take a disc of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat tin, and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire, leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near—as near as possible without touching—to the disc, and then one part of the telephone is complete. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire, and with this Professor Barrett says he has been able to converse at a distance of about 100 yards.

* **ARTIFICIAL GEMS.**—What we popularly call paste is technically known as strass; this is also the French word for the same substance (from M. Strass, its reputed inventor). Paste, then, is a material with which diamonds are imitated, and by mixing up with it metallic oxides of different kinds, colors in great variety are imparted to the paste, by which it serves as a representative of the various colored gems. Strass is prepared from silica, potash, borax and oxide of lead, and sometimes arsenic. The crucible in which the materials are melted claims particular attention, since, if the substance of which it is formed contains metallic particles, color would be imparted to the strass. Hard porcelain and Hessian clay are the best materials for this purpose. When the crucibles are supplied with the proper quantity of ingredients, they are placed in a porcelain furnace, where they are exposed to a steady heat for twenty-four hours, and then allowed to cool very slowly, so that a kind of annealing goes on. By this means is produced a strass or paste which, after passing through the hands of the lapidary, who gives it the form necessary for setting, presents us with an imitation of the diamond.

* **Medical Hints.**
HOW TO SOFTEN THE HANDS.—Take equal portions of glycerine and alcohol; mix well; before retiring at night wash the hands in warm water and rub well with the lotion.

* **HAIR TONIC.**—Bay rum, one pint; alcohol, half a pint; castor oil, half an ounce; carbonate of ammonia, a quarter of an ounce; tincture of cantharides, half an ounce. Mix them well. This mixture is said to promote the growth of the hair, and prevent it from falling out.

* **FRECKLE AND TAN REMEDY.**—Four pounds of good hard soap; shave fine and dissolve in ten quarts of boiling soft water; add one ounce of salts of tartar, three ounces borax. Then take away from the fire and set to cool; then add one ounce of liquid ammonia, two ounces glycerine and ten drops of oil of saffron.

* **NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.**—A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a small handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb, then strain it off and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold, till the pain is all gone; then cover the place over, so as to prevent taking cold. Rheumatism can often be relieved by application to the painful parts of cloths wet in a solution of soda in water. If there is inflammation in the joints, the cure is very quick; the wash needs to be lukewarm.

Items of Interest.

The early bird catches the worm;
An attached couple—Oyster-shells.
The fever and ague request—Shake!
Many plants close on the approach of rain.

Labor in vein—Working a silver mine.

The washerwoman's steed—A clothes-horse.

Boston consumes 6,000 barrels of flour per day.

Great Britain exports 16,000,000 tons of coal annually.

A man must necessarily keep his word when no one will take it.

"There is a skeleton in every horse," is the way the little boy read it.

More than 50,000 pounds of oleomargarine are used in New York weekly.

The most sentimental exercises yet known is said to be women swimming in tears.

When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out half the time that it's soot.

Gardeners might not like to part with their gardens, though they are always ready to fork over their grounds.

It is calculated that, at the present rate of destruction, the pine forests of this country will be exhausted in thirty to fifty years.

The Greeks had little or no notion of butter, and the early Romans used it only as medicine—never as food; so that it is comparatively a modern article of diet.

Andre Gauthier is creating a sensation in Paris by painting a landscape in five minutes, a portrait in six, and also by painting two pictures simultaneously one with each hand.

England has 150,000 acres in orchards; Wales 2,536, and Scotland but 1,449. There are 35,264 acres of market gardens in England, against 2,881 in Scotland, and 712 in Wales.

"Take time by the forelock, young man," said a father to a son. "How can I," said the young hopeful, looking at a picture of bald-headed Time, "when he hasn't a bit of hair on his head?"

The name of the phonograph in German is *unsergehausenkeitsgenferne-hauptheilichausgesprecher*. When you wind that up on the cylinder, and leave it till it gets cold, and then grind it out, it usually tears the machine to pieces and strikes the house with lightning. — *Burlington Hawkeye.*

The seeds of plants are their eggs. A sunflower produces 4,000, a poppy 30,000 a tobacco plant 300,000, and spleenwort, 1,000,000. Some, as the sea pink, have but one seed, umbelliferous flowers two, and the slurge and ranunculus three. The capsule of the white poppy contains 8,000 seeds.

The British Medical Journal, in speaking of the effect of the habit of smoking upon the general health of boys under 16 years of age, says: "A celebrated physician took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from 9 to 15, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and of digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding at the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored."

Artificial Ears and Eyes.

This discovery mania is really awe-inspiring in its tremendous possibilities. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the phonograph inventor, has written to an acquaintance in Chicago a significant note which we find in the *Tribune* of that city:

MENLO PARK, N. J., May 10.—DEAR SIR: The many letters that I have received on the subject of an apparatus for the deaf has convinced me that the demand would be enormous. So I have put two of my most skillful assistants at work testing my ideas. I feel sure that I will produce a practical apparatus within six months.

Mr. Edison's ingenuity may be stimulated by the fact that he himself is considerably deaf, so that he has to hold his hand to his ear and scoop in the voice, like a sailor in a hurricane. And really, there is no scientific deduction against the success of the attempt to create an artificial ear. The organ of hearing is a purely mechanical contrivance, and it may be possible to convey sensation to the auditory nerves by artificial methods. And if the deaf can be helped to hear, why not the blind be made to see? Helmholtz, one of the greatest physicians living, has spoken with some contempt of the human eye as a mechanical instrument, declaring it far from perfect, and Professor Clifford has told us that it is not achromatic, and that an important portion of the retina does not reflect an image. It would be rather audacious for a man to attempt to improve on it, and, as a matter of fact, human beings will probably have to put up with the imperfect contrivance for a good many years yet; but if Edison can artificial reach and impress with sensibility the auditory nerves, there any reason why blind may not see with perfect eyes? This is a realm, however, experiments are somewhat more than conjecture. — *New York Tribune.*