

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

An insurance paper has been collecting statistics of suicide in the United States. Among the most singular and perplexing things is the fact that "the classification by condition shows a greater proportion suicides among the married than the unmarried, which is contrary to the accepted theory.

The Lowell Courier asserts that "the jelly of commerce is one of the worst frauds on the list of false products. It is manufactured from anything but the fruit whose name it bears, and is colored to match its name. If you want real good jelly make it yourself or get your mother to give it to you."

A yearling calf worth \$6 became the subject of a lawsuit at Fort Worth, Texas, a year ago. The case has been tried several times and moved from one justice's court to another until the costs now amount to about \$200. Whichever way the case is decided it will be appealed, and the costs will go on piling up.

There are other Clevelands in Washington besides the President's family. The directory gives the names of ten Clevelands who are in various walks of life. Charles Cleveland is a clerk, Chas. H. Cleveland belongs to the United States Navy, Cynthia E. Cleveland is a clerk in the Treasury Department, David G. Cleveland is a waiter, Jane Cleveland is recorded as a widow, Lizzie Cleveland is servant in a house near the Capitol, Philip B. Cleveland has no occupation, while Grover Cleveland appears in large letters as "President of the United States."

The torpedo boat as an engine of warfare has not as yet proved an unqualified success. The latest French experiments with it failed entirely. A fleet of transports was to make a voyage from Toulon to Algiers and return, conveyed by warships. A fleet of torpedo boats was to attack the convoy at every opportunity. The squadron started off on a gale so fierce the boats could not go to sea, and came back on a night so dark that the boats could not find a single vessel. This would indicate that the torpedo boat must find an enemy accommodating enough to sail only in fair weather and by daylight, if it is to get a chance to blow anything or anybody up.

Only seventy years ago a large portion of the territory comprising the State of Wisconsin, with a section of Minnesota, was sold for \$100,000, and the deed is recorded in the New York Register's office. The sale was made by Samuel Peters to a syndicate, for there were syndicates in those days as well as in this. The sale was made in January, 1817, and the syndicate was composed of Lewis Ayres and ninety-nine others. It is described as a large tract of land in the Northwestern territory, containing 8,000,000 acres and more. It comprised the greater portion of the land sold in 1787 to Jonathan Carver by the Naudowessies tribe of Indians. Carver received 160,000 acres. There is a population of 1,315,497 in Wisconsin at this date, and the value of the farm products is \$727,779,406.

If King Kalakaua were to interview the editors who are talking about disturbances in the Sandwich Islands he would very likely ask them to what part of the world they referred. When the King was in this country, a few years ago, the Mayor of Chicago, in a moment of aberration, introduced him to the Board of Trade as the King of the Cannibal Islands. Kalakaua thought this was a tolerably good joke, but any attempts to make him known as the King of the Sandwich Islands always tended to ruffle the royal temper. When Capt. Cook discovered the Hawaiian group he attached to it the name of an English peer. A number of the names Cook gave to islands he discovered have been replaced on the maps by the prettier and more appropriate native names. Hawaii takes its name from the largest island in the group. The natives recognize no other name for the group, and Kalakaua is known to other governments only as the King of Hawaii.

It is an undoubted fact, says the New York Observer, that no instrument invented by man, not expressly designed as a man-destroyer, has actually crippled and slain more men than the car coupler. Accidents to railroad employes from this cause are the most common of occurrences. It is estimated that in the United States alone 450 brakemen are killed every year while coupling cars, and thousands are bruised, maimed, or seriously injured. The question of substituting a safety coupler has often been discussed, and numerous inventions to secure safety, of more or less value have been proposed for adoption, but nothing practical has as yet resulted. The trouble has been to find a safety-coupler applicable to all kinds of cars, and one that could be recommended for universal use. It is gratifying to learn that an investigation by a committee representing 30,000 miles of road is now on foot, with the object of finding a system of safety-coupling that will be generally adopted. When the car stove and the old fashioned link and pin coupling are ruled out of existence, the dangers of railroading will be reduced by a large degree.

ON AN OLD ROAD.

A host of poppies, a flight of swallows; A flurry of rain, and a wind that follows Shepherds the leaves in the sheltered hollows. For the forest is shaken and thinned. Over my head are the firs for auster; The crows bow south, and my heart goes after: I kiss my hands to the world with laughter— I sit Aiden or mystical Ind!

A GLASS EYE.

BY LUCY BLAKE. In the so-called garden of the Pension Bella Vista at Florence a gentleman sat, apparently absorbed in the perusal of the Vedette, with a cup of coffee on the table before him. Gushing young ladies would have called him most interesting-looking; a poet; a man with a history; the hero of some unhappy romance, and other epithets more or less true. He had intensely black hair; a heavy black moustache; eyes as blue as a six-year old child's; and a tall, graceful figure, which gave him an air of distinction among the rest of his kind.

It was a tasteless little pretense of a garden on the roof, with vines painted on the stucco of its walls to supplement the meagre growth of the real plant; bowers made shady with acacia branches tied on with cord, and here and there a pink or white paper camellia fastened to bushes which looked far too feeble to produce authentic blossoms. Mr. Leonard Winston, the aggregate of poet, hero and martyr, privately loathed the vulgar little garden, the bad coffee brought him by a pink roly-poly of a boy in buttons, and the stale news and feeble wit in the Vedette; but he lingered there in seeming contentment with them all, because he could enjoy unobserved behind a screen of bay branches the charm lent to the place by a pretty girl with the bonnet of Brown eyes, and the faintest of feet in dainty, embroidered Cossack shoes. She sat with an older lady on a bench in the midst of a meagre parterre of geraniums in pots, and seemed to find much amusement in a letter presented to her by a veal-looking boy.

"Listen, Clara, dear," she exclaimed. "Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?" "But, Valerie, my dear, perhaps we have listeners," said Mrs. Marshall, in a tone which was intended to be sepulchral, but which reached Mr. Winston's ears as clearly as the girl's answer of, "No matter if we have. Gertie's stupidity ought to be published far and wide as an awful warning to other girls."

This answer reassured the involuntary eaves-dropper, who was hesitating between the idea of the irony table or smashing the Bella Vista croaker in order to orally to make his presence felt before the conversation between the two ladies took a more confidential turn. "Well, what horrible sin has Gertie committed?" "She's breaking her heart over, and wearing the willow for, a man with a glass eye! Really in love with him, I believe, in spite of her half-joking account of her devotion to the man; but he didn't carry his flirtation half as far as dozens of other men meets in a season, and therefore she had a fancy that he was in earnest. It is easy to read between the lines that she would have been glad to give him the encouragement he did not solicit. He is said to play the violin well; an additional horror in his case—imagine the glass eye rolling about in a fine frenzy when he plays the Cavatina, or some such equally sentimental item! He is coming to Florence; should we meet him? Gertie warns us all to be on our guard against his fascinations, as his intentions seem to be strictly honorable, but not matrimonial. She might have spared herself the trouble of that admonition. A cork leg if he likes, or an empty sleeve—they suggest glory and bravery and battles, but a glass eye, ugh! the very thought gives me the horrors; if he were the last man on earth I would not look at him."

"What a silly child you are! he might be a most agreeable fellow, and in these days when they remedy physical defects so cleverly—" "Perhaps you think I would not be able to detect the bogus optic. Ha! ha! I'm not so easily imposed upon. Valerie's eyes flashed when she seemed at last to weary her auditor behind the branches, for he left his coffee and withdrew, saluting the two ladies as he passed them, who looked after him with some consternation. "I didn't know any one was in that preposterous attempt at an arbor," said Valerie.

"You said you didn't care," replied her mother, "but she checks the younger feminine members of the Pension Bella Vista at their giddy heads together in animated discussion of the nice-looking, new men who had arrived."

"He looks like a poet, or a Nilhist, or something interesting." "What's his name?" "Leonard Winston; I read it in the Strangers' List."

"He plays the violin like a finished artist," Mr. Bertram says; their rooms adjoint. "He must have heard the sun and substance of Gertie's letter when I told Clara this morning. I wonder what he thought of it!" said Valerie Tempest. "It is a fine-looking fellow, certainly," she continued; "I had a good chance of judging, for though he sat nearly opposite me at luncheon, he scarcely honored me with a glance; therefore I could study him at my pleasure."

"This was said with a half-scornful, half-amused little shrug of Valerie's pretty shoulders, which made the other girls laugh. "It is something new for Valerie Tempest when the men refuse to look at her." "What can you have done to offend this Adonis, child?" "This question, asked in fun, began, as the days elapsed, to be really a vexatious riddle to Valerie. She, an acknowledged beauty, with an undisputed reputation for wit and cleverness, an exquisite dancer, and a charmingly sympathetic voice, she, with all these attractions, apparently

ignored and overlooked by this newcomer, who, in spite of his indifference, had awakened in her a far deeper interest than she felt in any of her abjectly smitten admirers. He was impartially friendly with the other ladies, but seemed to prefer most the society of an old contessa, an invalid who spent most of her time half buried among the pillows of her sofa. A year or two previous, at Cannes, she had been thrown into a violent paroxysm of fright by her horses running away, and her nerves had never recovered from the shock. Mr. Winston had come to the rescue, very heroically in this accident, people said, and the two had become fast friends, as a matter of course.

Valerie Tempest began to be seriously unhappy over Mr. Winston's marked avoidance of her; slights of this kind were novel and bitter experiences for her, and the more this man's favor was withheld, the more she longed for it. He had bewitched her with his delicious music, with the sound of his voice, and his smile. Under his eyes she began a violent flirtation with Freddy Harborough, whom she detested, but it was all of no avail; not even through the medium of jealousy was the mysterious musician to be won over to worshipping at Valerie's shrine.

As the warm weather advanced the poor little contessa grew weaker and weaker, and one evening was found lying dead on her sofa. She was buried at San Miniato, on the hill, a slab in commemoration of her death being placed in the floor of the church. One of the receivers of the contessa's bounty was a half idiotic vendor of straw brushes; among the funeral flowers was found a neatly woven broom, which the poor half-witted creature had brought as a testimony of gratitude and affection for his benefactress.

A few days later Mrs. Marshall and Valerie sat, over their coffee, in the breakfast-room, flooded with sunshine and invaded by flies, alone, except for Mr. Winston, who sat opposite. He was, if possible, more absent than ever, and instead of looking at Valerie, he seemed to gaze through her out toward the Fiesole hills. Perhaps this abstraction was not surprising, except to the death of his friend. While Mr. Winston's eyes were fixed in contemplation of the distant hills, Mrs. Marshall noticed that Valerie was staring at him with a blank expression of amazement that was really alarming.

"Whatever is the matter, child?" she whispered. "Don't look like that—you frighten me!" "Look!" the girl answered, in a low, eager voice, in German. A fly had settled on his eye-ball, and he doesn't brush it off. Do you see? The left eye—he can have no feeling in it. Heavens! I see it all now. He has a glass eye! Come out on the balcony, it is suffocating in here."

On the balcony, Valerie continued: "This man can be no other than Gertie's flame. She did not mention his name, but there cannot be two fiddling glass-eyed Englishmen in Florence. He heard all my idiotic discourse that day when I read you Gertie's letter. Oh, what a fool I have been! No wonder he avoids me. I wish he would go away—and, yet, I would like a chance to tell him how I repent all those silly speeches."

"Isn't it odd we never noticed that Mr. Winston had a glass eye till Valerie called our attention to it?" said one of the party of maidens which that evening animated the salons of the Bella Vista. "It is not so surprising when one reflects that he never spoke to any of us for more than five minutes at a time, and then usually in the twilight in our enchanting garden. All his attention seemed given to the contessa and his violin."

"I wonder how he lost his eye?" "When he seized and stopped the contessa's horses that unlucky day at Cannes, the carriage-pole struck him in the eye and nearly killed him. He is evidently a very plucky fellow; Mr. Bertram told mamma the whole story."

"Poor Valerie listened with ever-increasing self-reproach. That day she went for a solitary walk, and half mechanically wended her steps toward the hills. There was a chattering crowd of people dispersed about the cemetery, and to avoid them she thought herself of the quiet of the church. The doors were locked, but as she stood before them, hesitating, a custodian appeared, and intimated to her by a series of winks and whispers that, though the public was not admitted to-day, he would let her in for a small consideration of money. He would be obliged to lock the door after her, when she wished to be let out she need only pound on the door with her umbrella and he would bring his key.

Valerie liked the sensation of finding herself alone in the great, ornate, cool interior of the church, although it gave her a little shiver of fright to hear the key turn in the lock, and to know that she was a temporary prisoner. She stood for some moments studying the inscription on the floor in memory of the contessa, and adding to the mass of words she had already upon it a fragrant tear from the bosom of her dress. Presently a sound like a prolonged sigh started her violently. She was evidently not alone. The sigh changed to a discordant laugh, and from the shadow of a pillar hobbled forth the half-mad broom-catcher whom the contessa had befriended. He seemed to be wholly mad now; his eyes glared and rolled in their sockets horribly, and he began gibbering and gesticulating to Valerie with a frenzied eagerness which made her turn pale with fright. She now beat a hasty retreat to the door, followed by the idiot, and rained a shower of blows on the solid oak, to bring the custodian to the rescue. But, horrors of horrors, he did not come. Maybe he had forgotten, and here was this loathsome creature grinning and gibbering close in her ear. She knocked again harder and harder than before, shook and kicked the door and called out repeatedly; but all to no avail—the crowd outside the church was too far away and too noisy to hear her.

Suddenly the maniac seized Valerie around the waist, and began to whirl her about in a hideous dance, which sent her garlands and crosses up the contessa's tomb flying about the floor in ghastly confusion. Valerie gave one piercing scream and tried to free herself from the disgusting creature's grip; then, as she felt her strength going in a deathly

faint, she revived at hearing the sound of hastily approaching footsteps, and a familiar voice cried: "Courage for another moment, Miss Tempest, and that brute shall have the punishment he deserves!"

In another instant Mr. Winston had dashed down the steps from an upper gallery, seized the muttering, mouthing idiot, and pinioned his arms behind with a huge handkerchief the delinquent wore twisted round his neck. "Don't hurt the poor wretch," said Valerie; "he's crazy, and not responsible for his conduct."

"I'm not going to hurt him, but I mean to have him just where he cannot molest you, or any one else again. How lucky I happened to choose just this hour for a look at the mosaics over the choir. That fellow was capable of frightening you to death, at least."

"Let us get out of this prison; I think I can thank you more as you deserve, out in the sunshine," said Valerie with a shiver. "What's this—the door not opened yet, and no custodian to come to our release? That last blow I gave was enough to awake the dead."

"What can be the matter? the man must have fallen down in a fit, that he does not come to let us out." Again, repeated poundings on the door availed nothing, and Valerie and her rescuer were forced to accept the fact that they were prisoners. With the best grace possible Mr. Winston pulled out a silk handkerchief to spread on the marble bench for Valerie to sit upon—it was a little better than the cold stone. In doing so, a little embroidered scrap of a handkerchief fell from his pocket to the floor. Valerie recognized it at once as hers. He blushed crimson and hastily put it back into his pocket. She recoiled to be quite oblivious of the incident, but it did not last to her heart's content; with intense joy that she seemed willing to cherish anything that had belonged to her. How kind and suave and gentle he had suddenly become! Perhaps it was his common misery at being shut up alone in a cold, ghostly church that thawed the selfishness which had heretofore existed between them. Whatever the mysterious influence, Valerie found courage to touch the painful subject of Gertie's letter, and pointed into her companion's ear her great regret at her own stupid, childish speeches which must have hurt his feelings so deeply.

"Let us forget all that," he said taking Valerie's unresisting fingers for a moment in his. "Listen; I think our jailer is coming at last. In my heart I cannot blame the fellow for his carelessness except for the fright you had from our friend tied to the pillar there; it has afforded me the happiest hour I have spent in Florence."

The custodian, overwhelmed with contrition, opened the door for the prisoners. He had been sent on an unexpected errand; Pietro, whom he had commissioned to unlock the door, had gone to sleep and forgotten all about it, the rascal!

Valerie and her hero sat in the moonlight looking down upon the Arno. "Why did you not fall in love with Gertie Ellis instead of waiting for foolish little me?" she asked presently, after one of those long silences approved of by lovers.

"Because she has red hair, and is a desperate flirt, both of which I regard with the same horror as a certain friend of mine professes for a man with a glass eye."

"How cruel of you—" "Kiss changed into a smile the droop that for an instant saddened the girl's lips.—Frank Leslie's.

Flowers Cultivated for Perfume.

One essential principle in perfume is culture, and all flowers that are prepared for the natural, simple, old-fashioned kind are exclusively grown. The roses grown are the common pink ones. The single wild violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties, and not a double tuberose is to be seen on any farm. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety being either discarded or unknown. The morning glories are set in rows about three inches apart, and are closely pruned every year. Roses are grown on the lower terraces, and are likewise cut low, and the ground between the trees heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, so as to conserve for the next season the entire vigor of the plant. During the hottest season of the year the flowers are cut through the country every day with wagons collecting flowers from the farms, for which they pay prices varying according to the extent of the crop and the demands of the market. Their fragrant load is hurried to the nearest manufacturer and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. It is necessary that the flowers should be gathered in the morning as soon as possible after the dew of the preceding night has disappeared. In many cases laboratories are erected on the flower farm itself, and if the farm is of sufficient size this adds very much to its profits.—Chamber's Journal.

Birds on the Farm.

Farmers, protect the birds, the insect eaters, robins, catbirds, bluebirds, blackbirds, thrushes, orioles, redbirds, woodpeckers and all. Each class has a mission to perform in the economy of nature, and without their aid the crops would neither crops nor fruits. The martins destroy weevil, the quails and grouse family destroy the chinchbug, the woodpeckers dig the worms from trees, and the others eat worms, bugs and caterpillars. All do their part. Destroy the birds of prey, but save your friends.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Remarkable Transmission of Diphtheria.

We are reliably informed that a party in the Fourteenth Ward of this city took some clothes that had been employed about a patient afflicted with diphtheria and threw them over the chicken coop the other evening to air. When the family came to lock into the coop the next morning, all of its inmates were found dead. The dead fowls had black marks on their throats in each instance. And a whole brood of young chicks perished in the same way.—Salt Lake News.

SIXPENCES ON A TOMB.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT ARE OBSERVED IN LONDON.

Annual Gifts of Fruit to the Lord Mayor—Why the "Lion Sermon" Has Been Preached 250 Years.

In spite of all the reforms and abolitions, it is scarcely known how many customs, " quaint and old," still remain in London and are kept up in the city with strict and punctilious observance, and particularly, for instance, says a writer in Tinsley's Magazine, in the month of August, in accordance with a very ancient custom in the city, the Master, Wardens and court of Assistants of the Fruiterers' Company wait upon the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayors at the Mansion House and present them with a choice assortment of the fruit in season, including grapes, pinesapples, melons, pears, apples, peaches, plums, apricots and raspberries. The gift consists of twelve bushels of apples of various kinds, which, neatly packed in clean white baskets and covered with napkins, were carried by porters from Farrington Market to the Mansion House, preceded by the company's bowle with his gown and staff. On the fruit arriving the Lady Mayress took charge of it and placed a bottle of wine in each basket for the use of the carriers, who were subsequently entertained at dinner. In later years the form of the present has changed, and instead of apples the choicest fruits of the season are now annually offered.

This custom was traced to the old days when the Lord Mayor for the time claimed, as of right, a sample of all the new fruit which entered the city, by way of toll. The payment of this tribute led to frequent disputes and unseemly brawls between the servants of the Lord Mayor and the company, and the matter was at length gracefully compromised by the agreeable custom which now prevailed, and "which (the Master) hoped would not be swept away by the bold utilitarian spirit which prevailed at the present day." Following the ancient usage, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayress entertained the Master, Wardens and Court of the Company at dinner afterward in the Egyptian Hall, the guests numbering 500. Various toasts appropriate to the occasion were proposed and responded to.

In the October of each year we hear of "The Lion Sermon" being regularly preached. Few think of asking what this means, but there is a pretty story associated with it. It is connected with the old, quaintly named Church of St. Catherine Cree, in Lendalhill street. This was the foundation of Sir John Gayer, a Turkey merchant. On the 19th of October, about 250 years ago, he was in the deserts of Arabia upon business which required his own personal attention. By some means he became detached from the caravan, and while quite alone and unarmed, he was surrounded by a lion, which was approaching him. Scarcely knowing what to do, he fell upon his knees and asked the Lord to deliver him from his perilous position. The lion looked at him savagely, but, upon seeing him in this position, after a few moments walked away in an opposite direction.

The merchant on rising from his knees, made a solemn vow that upon his safe return he would commemorate this providential deliverance by some beneficent act. Upon reaching England he accordingly left a sum of money to provide for this sermon every year, in addition to a banquet to the parish church of his native town, Plymouth. He also liberally endowed many other charities, including Christ's Hospital. The "Lion Sermon" has been accordingly preached annually on October 16 ever since. Last sermon preached was on the 34th of October, 1885. The lion's den is now a garden, but the lion's den is now a garden, but the lion's den is now a garden.

And again, a curious Good Friday observance: At the church of Allhallows, Lombard street, according to a custom which has been observed for the last 287 years, sixty of the younger boys from Christ's Hospital attended the service, and, in accordance with the will of Peter Semone, made in 1593, they each received at the hands of the churchwarden, Mr. Shayer, a new penny and a packet of raisins. The same will also directs that the clerk and sexton shall receive sixpence each, the rector of Chadwell, in Essex, twenty shillings, and the poor of the parish and ward and the Sunday school children sixpence each.

A very ancient custom was also observed at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield. Divine service was commenced at 11. At the conclusion of the service an old tomb in the churchyard was visited (a procession being formed), when the Rev. J. Morgan laid twenty-one sixpences on the tomb, which were picked up by twenty-one elderly females of the parish. It is stated that an old lady left this benefaction, and that she lies buried in the churchyard, but the exact spot cannot be pointed out.

The Old Time "Back Log."

It will surprise many persons of the present day to be told that the "back log" of which we read so much in old time stories was a large stone, a porous stone, was buried in the ashes, and on top was placed the "back stick." The back stone in those primitive times played a very important part in the economy of early housekeeping; matches were not then invented; flint, steel and tow were the only means of lighting a fire or lamp; imagine for a moment the thermometer ten degrees below zero in the kitchen. The stones, together with the ashes with which it was covered, served to retain fire and heat through the night, and all that was necessary in the morning was a little kindling and gentle use of the indispensable bellows, and a fire was as readily made as at the present day.

Back stones were not in much use in bedrooms and parlors after the beginning of this century, turf having taken its place and served equally well, while taking up less space. The stone log in my possession and which belonged to my grandmother, and in use down to within a few years of her death, half a century ago, is at the service of the Boston society if they should think it of sufficient importance. It is not less than 150 years old.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

"At each equinox," says an astronomer, "there are about 102 hours that both poles have simultaneous view of the sun or part of it; and for thirty-four hours the whole of its disc is visible to both."

Cotton has been successfully introduced into three districts of the Caucasus, and extensive plantations are to be established in the vicinity of Erivan. The Caucasian Agricultural Society will send agents to study the American system of culture. An English mineralogist, Mr. Bryce Wright, gives the prices of iron in the form of meteorites as from \$15 to \$20 a pound to as much as \$60 an ounce. Some of the Russian meteorites are worth \$25 to \$30 an ounce, and the prices generally have trebled in the last few years.

By experiments on dogs, M. E. Quinquaud finds that a cold bath increases tenfold the rate of consumption of oxygen, double or treble the quantity of air passed through the lungs, augment the amount of carbonic acid expelled, and very much increase the respiratory combustions and production of blood-sugar. Hot baths have a like influence, but in less degree. Experiments are believed to show that arsenic, or ortho-sulphate, is destined to take the place of carbonic acid as a disinfectant and antiseptic. It is a syrupy, brown fluid of aromatic odor, and soluble in alcohol, glycerine, and water, and is not irritating in as strong as 10 per cent. solutions. As an antiseptic it is said to equal carbonic acid, while possessing also the advantage of pleasant odor, more solubility, etc.

Dr. R. W. Raymond lately called attention to the reputed connection between certain plants and metals in the unproductive soil. Thus zinc is yielded by Galium officinale, sometimes regarded as a distinct species under the name of the Hills containing calamine, or zinc-ore, in Rhenish Prussia and Belgium. The lead-plant, Asarum canadense is believed by American miners to grow only in localities containing galena, and Eriogonum ovalifolium is probably destined to be known in the west as the silver plant.

Careful experiments on the sense of smell in dogs have been made by George J. Romanes, who has communicated the results to the Linnean Society of London. He finds that not only the pet but the whole body of man exhalate a peculiar or individual odor, which a dog can recognize as that of his master amid a crowd of other persons; that the individual quality of this odor can be recognized at great distances to windward, or in calm weather at great distances in any direction; and that even powerful perfumes may not overcome this odor. Yet a single sheet of brown paper, when stepped upon instead of the ground, and afterward removed, was sufficient to prevent Mr. Romanes' dog from following his trail.

Heights, under the equator, from the sea to the level of 16,200 feet—that of perpetual snow—are divided by Meyer into eight zones or regions, which he names from the characteristic plants: 1, palms and bananas, beginning at sea-level; 2, tree-ferns and firs, at 2,920 feet; 3, myrtles and laurels, 4,050 feet; 4, ferns, green and yellow, 5,000 feet; 5, European deciduous trees, 8,100 feet; 6, pines, 10,140 feet; 7, rhododendrons, 12,150 feet; 8, Alpine plants, 14,170 feet. The corresponding zones in latitude, at sea-level, are: 1, equatorial, latitude 0 degrees—15 degrees; 2, tropical, 15 degrees—23 degrees; 3, sub-tropical, 23 degrees—34 degrees; 4, warm-temperate, 34 degrees—45 degrees—58 degrees; 5, sub-arctic, 58 degrees—66 degrees; 7, arctic, 66 degrees—78 degrees; 8, polar, 78 degrees—88 degrees. Beyond 88 degrees vegetation is supposed to be lacking.

The King of Snakes.

Elias Moser of Lynn township, Lehigh County, Penn., is one of the most trustworthy citizens of that county. He owns a big farm, and is a strictly temperate and pious man. A few days ago, he says, he was going along the edge of a field which he had just plowed, when he saw the head of what he supposed to be only a very large specimen of the ordinary black snake sticking out between the bottom rails of a fence. He up with a stone and tried to hit the head. He missed, striking the rail above it. The instant the stone struck, the head raised up, and the snake it belonged to began to come out from its hiding place. Farmer Moser backed away, and section after section of the snake appeared until the reptile stretched over more than twelve feet of the space between the farmer and the fence, and still there was more to come. Moser had seen enough, and turned his back on the serpent and started for home. After he had run several rods he looked back over his shoulder. The snake was after him and gaining on him, carrying its head high above the ground. Moser mounted a high stone wall to afford it its friendly presence just at that spot, and jumped down to hide it on the other side. The snake glided up the wall and followed the farmer. Moser says he knew there was no use trying to beat the snake in a foot race, and so he grabbed a big stone off the wall and hurled it at the advancing monster. Luckily the stone hit the snake just back of the head and bore it down to the ground and held it there. While the serpent twisted and kicked and lashed its immense length in vain efforts to free itself, Moser piled more stones on it, and finally smashed its head. Then he hurried home and got his hired man and his gun. When he came back this re-enforced the snake was dead. It was carried to the Moser homestead and measured. It was 16 1/2 feet long. It had two broad white rings around its neck and was white underneath. All the rest of it was a bluish black. The head was long, pointed, and flat. Local naturalists say it was a king snake, but no serpent of the kind was ever seen in these parts before.—New York Sun.

An Ant in the Watch.

"There is something wrong with this watch," said a gentleman to an avenue jeweler yesterday. "My wife wound it up all right last night; but it has stopped." The watchmaker opened the watch and found a live red ant fastened between the wheels, struggling for freedom. When it was released the watch resumed its ticking.—Washington Post.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 2 00
One Square, one inch, three months..... 3 00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 00
Two Squares, one year..... 18 00
Quarter Column, one year..... 10 00
Half Column, one year..... 20 00
One Column, one year..... 30 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line per week in advance.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

SUMMER NOON.

The air is full of honeyed sounds. The bee, Within the waxen fly's honeyed coils, In monotone of mellow measure tells His yet unmeted ignorance, drowsily The swallows spill their liquid melody As down the sky they drop, and faintly swell The tremulous tinkles of the far sheep bells, While wind-burrs sigh in every corner tree. Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie, Upon their lips a merry harvest tune; Knee-deep within a neighboring stream the kine Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine; And like a dream of olden Arcady Seems the sweet languor of the summer noon. —Clinton Scottard, in Times-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Stands to reason—The gentleman who has the floor. The pawnbroker is now lying in his summer stock of winter clothing.—Omaha Bee. The man who propels a wheelbarrow sees his work ahead of him all the time. Boston Courier. When Mazzini said: "Good counsel has no price," he hadn't heard of the New York bar.—Life. An English writer says: "The girl of England stands alone." That's just the difference; the girl of America always has a host of admirers about her.—Somerville Journal.

A Georgia ghost wears No. 10 shoes. The most incredulous scoffer must acknowledge that here is an unquestionable instance of a sole revisiting the earth.—Commercial Advertiser.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves, though the most bitterly, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the fashion to save the republic itself.—Wilmington (Del.) Star. Had Escaped.—Guest—"Have you a fire-escape in this house?" Landlord—"Two of 'em, sir." Guest—"I thought so! The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing." [P. S.—This should have been printed last winter.]

Only a girl who has run a typewriter at \$4 a week and finally marries her employer can enter a dry goods store and paralyze a lady clerk receiving \$4 per week. It is no use for a millionaire's wife to try it.—Detroit Free Press.

SONG OF THE SEASIDE BONIFACES. Oh, we sigh for a crimson-lip scarcher, Or the blazing-hot breath of a breeze Bringing terror and terrible torture As it blisters the back on the trees! Then the single sheet of brown paper, when stepped upon instead of the ground, and afterward removed, was sufficient to prevent Mr. Romanes' dog from following his trail. —Hotel Mail.

The Acre.

The word acre is from the Latin ager, Greek agros, field. The Greek ager means both field and a measure of land. Most nations have some measure nearly corresponding, such as what one plow could plow in a day. The English statute acre consists of 4,840 square yards. The chain with which land is measured is twenty-two yards long, and a square chain will contain twenty-two by twenty-two or 484 yards, so that ten square chains make an acre. The Scotch acre is larger than the English, and the Irish is larger than the Scotch. The following table shows the value of other measures compared with the English acre:

English acre.....	1
Scottish.....	1.37
Irish.....	1.65
Austria, joch.....	2.18
Baden, morgen.....	2.82
Belgium, hectare.....	2.47
Denmark, tonder.....	3.51
France, hectare.....	2.47
Hamburg, morgen.....	2.38
Hanover.....	.64
Holland.....	1.05
Naples, moggio.....	.89
Poland, morg.....	1.38
Portugal, gora.....	1.45
Prussia, great morgen.....	1.46
Russia, desyatina.....	2.70
Saxony, morgen.....	1.58
Spain, fanega.....	1.06
Sweden, tunnland.....	1.13
Switzerland, fanega.....	1.62
Tuscany, saracata.....	