

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	10 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	30 00
Two Square, one inch.....	15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	20 00
Half Column, one year.....	30 00
One Column, one year.....	50 00
Least advertisements ten cents per line each to insertion.	
Marriage and death notices gratis.	
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.	
Job work—cash on delivery.	

A man escaped from a Rhode Island jail by making a rope of newspapers twisted together. This certainly was demonstrating anew the powers of the press.

The real estate craze in Southern California has even demoralized the doctors. In writing a prescription recently one of them added this direction: "Take one-third down and the remainder in one and two years, secured by mortgage."

When a Kentuckian sued a doctor for malpractice he didn't suppose the physician could have any defence. He was therefore paralyzed when twenty-four doctors took the stand and swore they would have set a broken limb just that way.

When Farmer E. D. Higby, of Tooeville, Ill., went to his well to draw a pail of water the other morning he found, where the water had been, nothing but a black hole, which up to date had been unfathomed. This is one of the instances on record of the bottom dropping out of a well.

The various computations of the amount spent yearly in this country on liquor are very curious. One speaker at a recent temperance meeting at Brockton, Mass., asserted that from the sum spent every year on liquor a thousand one-dollar gold pieces might be put on each word in the Bible, and that even then there would be \$26,000 to spare.

Isiah Y. Williamson is considered the richest man in Philadelphia. He is said to be worth \$20,000,000, all of which he made himself. He is an old bachelor, and the word "old" is used advisedly, for he has passed his eighty-fifth birthday. He has been very charitable since he grew wealthy, and has been known to give away \$500,000 in a year.

The efforts of foreigners to acquire and monopolize large tracts of land in this country have been partially checked by the alien land laws. Englishmen and Scotchmen are now turning their attention to Mexico, where they are acquiring immense tracts of land at nominal prices. Let us hope, says the Cultivator, that the land may not be held in large blocks in this country, to the exclusion of the small farmer who may desire to till his own soil.

Southern California produces olives in great perfection. The most prosperous grower is Colonel Elwood Cooper, the largest grower and manufacturer of sweet oil in the world, who expects to make from his present crop from 20,000 to 25,000 bottles of oil. He employs thirty men steadily—from sixty to seventy a great part of the time, and has one hundred acres of olive trees. This year he will also raise at least ten carloads of English walnuts and four or five of almonds.

General Nelson Dow, the originator of the "Maine Liquor Law," is eighty-four years old and his hair is as white as snow; he is in vigorous health, and is more active than most men at fifty. He devotes his entire time to the study of politics and the advancement of the cause of temperance. He has collected a library of statistics and newspaper clippings on the liquor question, and from his voluminous scrap-books and memoranda supplies the friends of prohibition in all parts of the country with weapons of war to be used against the liquor dealers.

Fredericksburg, Va., has a big pickle factory that is supplied with cucumbers from the lands adjoining the city. This season the supply has reached 30,000,000 cucumbers, those engaged in their production furnishing from 200,000 to 1,000,000 each. An acre will produce 100,000, and they sell in Fredericksburg at eighty cents per 1,000. The object is to get them an inch or an inch and a half long, and this requires active picking before they increase this size. A boy will pick 3,000 a day. Picking them thus early increases the productiveness of the vine, and while the season lasts there are appearing in place of those taken from the vines.

James Parton, in one of his fine agricultural articles, says: "I do not know one educated young man of American birth who thinks of farming as a profession," and he says that young men of brains, education and grit are much needed in the agricultural world. Thoughtful, skillful direction, with the ability to recognize and make use of Nature's own limits, are bound to sway the producing world. Mr. Parton believes the kind of farmers who are destined to raise the calling from its present depressed condition, are those who know all about it by education and observation, but as directing head ought not to be also toiling hands. He says: "The head man of anything extensive and complicated is of necessity exempt from manual toil; but, in return for the exemption, he secures to those who labor under his direction a happier lot than manual toil has ever enjoyed." "If any young fellow should ask me: Shall I be a farmer? I would have to reply by asking him another question: Are you man enough?"

MOODS.

PESSIMISM.
The world grows cold as the world grows old, For tender are the hearts of men, And the warmth that is lost in a cruel frost Will never be found again.

OPTIMISM.
The world grows sweet as the centuries meet, For Faith and Hope still sing; Their voices war above the tempest's roar: "Love is eternal king!" —Emma C. Doed.

A FRENCH FIREEATER.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of a race to which Choquet belonged. He must have had ancestors among the existents of the reign of Louis XII., the swab-bucklers of the Hotel de Royanmont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquet's mania for dueling, his ever-recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withhold the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of liping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take his seat, and say to a near neighbor:

"After you, the Figaro, please."
"Sir," the other would politely respond, "it is not the Figaro but the Constitution that I am reading."

"Oh! you would give me that lie, would you? Take care, sir, or I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive way, please!"
"I" expostulated the customer. "Bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquet would grin from his seat in a threatening attitude.

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquet, with a deep frown upon his eyelids.

"But—"
"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gestulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk not one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuleries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the King's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII., his Majesty, turning toward the cup-bearer, said: 'Hand that to Choquet, and give him my compliments.' Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquet, I assure you, sir," screeched Choquet, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter.

"If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney-beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquet, in a soft tone of voice. "That's good, when well roasted. But my confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit? I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentlemen and see for yourselves."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining-room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like a planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquet, after a moment of silent contemplation.

"You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you hate your leg of mutton?" So saying Choquet took up the ladle, and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquet, as he leant over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir," was a severe trial. God, in His goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."

"God, in His goodness!" went on muttering Choquet. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come, now, Choquet," said I interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough of that score. M. Ballu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquet, still fascinated by the leg of mutton. "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquet recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquet died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received five hundred francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went superfluous in money matters. Another chapter will throw light on this side of his character.

Several years ago we were supping, after midnight, at the Vaudeville coffee-house. Among those present were Bouffe, the lessee and manager of the Vaudeville Theatre; Briffaut, the journalist; Doctor Lallemand, who was the proprietor of the Passage Radziwisk; an old notary of the name of Dubois; and M. Marrazt, then a writer on the staff

pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"
We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquet, as soon as he set eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Master Turk; you've caught the wrong row by the ear this time, let me tell you."

"Monsieur Choquet!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquet—Choquet, do you hear, sir! You'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife? She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, avowed that you were on your last legs, and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! Monsieur Choquet," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright. "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquet, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I do quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you are a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney-beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Agree, why don't you come? Here is M. Choquet, who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

"Of course I should assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquet's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart."

"Then again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I should like to have your opinion, Monsieur Choquet."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquet, with a deep frown upon his eyelids.

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of the Tribune; an old sheriff's officer called Mouton, and Choquet. The latter had, as usual, grown tender over the fate of the Princes belonging to the elder line; and Mouton, the sheriff's officer, whose political sympathies inclined toward the republic, went so far as to say that Charles X. was an old idiot. After this Choquet, pale with rage, rose from his seat and said to Mouton:

"I have taken an oath to slap the face of any man who insults my king. I shall now, therefore, slap yours."

The situation was exceedingly grave, and everybody felt dreadfully uncomfortable. Choquet suddenly stopped short, and said:

"Dear me! I owe Mouton a lous, and can not strike him without first reimbursing the money. It would be ungentlemanly in me to act otherwise. Briffaut, lend me a lous, will you, that I may slap Mouton's face?"

"I have no change," answered Briffaut.

"Bouffe, quick, lend me a lous, that I may cuff Mouton's ears!"

"My dear Choquet," replied Bouffe, "I shall only be too happy to lend you four times the amount outside of this place, but I can not lend you a lous for the purpose you mention."

"At that moment I entered the coffee-house."

"Ah! here comes Villemot," exclaimed Choquet, and bounding toward me he said, hurriedly: "Lend me a lous, quick! I want to box Mouton's ears, and delicacy requires that I should first give back the lous I owe him."

"I was at a loss to make out what he meant. 'Don't lend it! don't lend it!' cried out those who were present."

"At that time of life, especially, I had a strong reluctance to lend a lous, so I drew back."

The most amusing part of the story is that Bouffe persuaded Mouton to believe that he was no longer in safety.

"Faith, you see, is no large sum," said Bouffe. "Choquet is found to have a spare one some day, and he will carry out his threat. If I were you I should lend him twenty lous; he'll never be able to give back so large a sum, and you are safe for the rest of your life."

So, after supper, Mouton offered to lend Choquet twenty lous, who was dumfounded at the proposal. He saw the danger, but dared not have special attractions for him. He pocketed the gold pieces, and said to Mouton as he did so:

"Never mind; we are not quiet yet. The first time I receive my pension you shall get your ears boxed all the same."

Choquet, however, was never able to command so fabulous a sum as twenty lous at any one time, nor to wreak righteous vengeance on the offender who had insulted and slandered his King.—From the French, in Boston Courier.

Tips the Beam at 420.
On Colonel S. H. Hawkins's Furlow plantation, in this country, lives one of the most remarkable old colored couples that we have heard of recently. Artemus Tucker and his wife Narcissus are well known among the many negroes in that section, and none command more respect from their race than they. "Art," as he is familiarly called, is eight-and-thirty years old, and for the past fifty or more consecutive years has lived on the place. Narcissus, his queen, is nearly sixty years old and tips the beam at 420 pounds in her stockings, while her legged lord scarcely weighs 100 pounds. Her only duty is to milk the cows and attend to the butter, and not a small number of other duties. It is a fact that it is a duty well performed. Since the Americas, Preston and Lampkin road reached the station near the plantation she once tried to enter one of the coaches for the purpose of coming to town, but the door was not large enough to admit her, and she was compelled to ride in on a flat car. She is very piously inclined, and attends church every Sunday, at which time she carries a basket of provisions, which, by the way, she fills comfortably, and thus prepared she rides through the plantation to the little log church with as much pride at the distinction shown her as would Queen Victoria. She is a queer old genius, and with her "old man" hopes to live on and finally to be buried on "Mars' Sam's" domain, probably the only home that either ever had.—Americas (Ga.) Recorder.

Aristocratic Frog Sparring.
Frog sparring is a questionable kind of amusement which, it appears, is at present indulged in by many aristocratic gentlemen who are trying to kill the long summer days in country seats. The latest instance of this peculiar kind of sport took place in the grounds of the Chateau de Bellancourt. After luncheon a party of ladies and gentlemen, armed with weapons resembling cross-bows, the arrows being of hazel-wood, with long lanceheads, and attached to the bow by silver strings, so as to enable the frogs to be hauled in, proceeded to the banks of a pond. Then there was a great deal of unceremonious stooping down as the frogs appeared, and arrows were let off in all directions, the slaughter being considerable on the part of those who pursued the sport for the purpose of bagging game. The impaled lath-chans were in all cases carefully collected and handed over to the cooks.—Paris Letter.

A Cool Officer.
A Danish officer is pictured to us making observations in regard to the deviation of rifle bullets. One day, when walking on the ramparts at Duppel, he saw a Russian sharpshooter taking aim at him. While the soldier placed himself behind a tree, in order to take a steadier aim, the officer raised his glass to watch his movements. "This is all right," said he; "the musket is just on a line with my breast—we shall see." The trigger was pulled, and the Danish officer quietly wrote down: "At a distance of about 500 yards the deviation of a ball from a rifle's musket is about one metre."—Chamber's Journal.

Bound to Have the Best.
Mrs. Moneybags (to her husband)—"Now understand me, Mr. Moneybags, unless I can sit on the right-hand side of the ship I don't want any meals at all!"
Mr. Moneybags—"Why, my dear?"
Mrs. Moneybags—"I heard some one say the star board would be on that side, and I guess we're rich enough to have the best."—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

RECIPES.
MEYERS.—Cream together one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar; add three eggs and one pint of milk, stirring well; then add one quart of wheat flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one cupful of yellow Indian meal. Bake in muffin rings in a hot oven.

HOT SOUP APPLE SAUCE.—Pure and quarter the early soap apples and put to cook with just sufficient water to keep from burning. When done, add only enough sugar to take off the flat taste, then put through a sieve into a vegetable dish; grate a very little nutmeg on the top and serve.

POTATO COQUETTES.—To make potato coquettes take one dozen of potatoes, one ounce of butter, one gill of milk, lard. Boil the potatoes until mealy, put them into a bowl, and take two forks in one hand with the points of the prongs turned outward; break the potatoes with them; while breaking add butter and milk, salt, and a little white pepper. Beat them until light, then form into croquettes and fry a light brown in lard.

SWEET WAFFLES.—Six eggs, one pint flour, two ounces melted butter, one and one-half cups powdered sugar, one cup milk, one teaspoonful nutmeg. Beat white and yolks separately and very stiff; rub the sugar and butter together, and work in first the yolks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake in well-buttered waffle-irons, very quickly, browning as little as possible. Roll them while hot upon a smooth round stick not larger than your little finger, slipping it out carefully when the cakes take the right shape.

COOKED CHICKENS.—Tender chickens cooked in the following way are as good as if they were boiled: Open them in the back, season and put them in a baking pan with a little water in it. Turn another pan over it, and bake for an hour and a half or two hours, according to the size. If they are not brown enough when nearly done, take off the upper pan. Cut off the neck before putting in the oven, and boil it along with the giblets in half a pint of water, take the bones out of the neck; cut that, the gizzard and the heart into fine pieces. Mash the liver with a spoon, and add them all, with the water in which they were boiled, to the gravy.

Useful Hints.
All salted provisions must be kept under the brine.
Blueberry stains may be removed from table linen by putting the part stained into boiling water.
The white of an egg, with a little water and sugar, is good for children with an irritable stomach.
Bar soap, when first bought, should be cut in square pieces and put in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.
When the knives and forks are stained with egg-scurf them with common table salt, and cleanse them more easily from spoons in the same manner.
To cut a glass jar, fill it with lard oil to where you want to cut it; then heat an iron rod or bar to red heat; immerse it in the oil. The unequal expansion will crack the jar all around at the surface of the oil, and you can lift off the top part.
Little cleavers or broad-headed tacks easily removed. They simply catch the two edges together, holding them firmly in place, and can be more easily removed than the common carpet tack, and without injury to the selvage of the matting.
Castor oil is highly recommended for softening and preserving shoes. Applied at night about once a month it allows polishing in the usual way the next morning, and keeps the leather in good condition. One who has tried it for years says his shoes last nearly twice as long as if they were polished in the ordinary way, and they receive a higher polish.

Tunneling the Great Divide.
In the project for tunneling the "Great Divide," or the Rocky Mountains, the point proposed to be tunneled is under Gray's Peak, which rises no less than 14,411 feet above the level of the sea. At 4,441 feet below the peak, by tunneling from east to west for 25,000 feet, direct communication would be opened between the valleys of the Atlantic slope and those of the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver, in Colorado, and Salt Lake City, in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri River, say at St. Louis, and San Francisco 200 miles; and there would be little more required in the way of ascending or descending or tunneling mountains. Part of the work has already been accomplished. The country from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies rises gradually in rolling prairie till an elevation is reached of 5,200 feet above the sea level. The Rockies themselves rise at various places to a height exceeding 11,000 feet. Of the twenty most famous passes, only seven are below 10,000, while five are over 12,000 feet, and one, the Argentine, is 15,000 feet. Of the seventy-three important towns in Colorado, only twelve are below 5,000 feet, ten are over 10,000 feet, and one is 14,000 feet. Passes at such a height are, of course, a barrier to ordinary traffic, and the railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific have in consequence made detours of hundreds of miles, leaving rich plains lying on the western slope of the great snowy range practically cut off from Denver and the growing city of the East. The point of miles due west from Denver, and although one of the highest peaks, it is by far the narrowest in the great backbone of the American continent.—Locomotive Engineers' Journal.

When Fruit Trees Grow.
A German man of science (Dr. Krauss of Halle) not long ago made some studies about fruit trees. He says that they sleep during the day, and do most of their growing by night. The fruit of the cherry laurel, for example, increases nine times as fast in the night as in the day. Apples, however, are not quite so lazy during the day, for their rate of growth at night is 80 per cent., and 20 per cent. by day; that is to say, they toil only four times as quickly by night as by day.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Microbes are responsible for many things. The latest theory of indigo is French Academy of Sciences, who says that it is the product of a fermentation determined in a special microbe greatly resembling that of pneumonia.

It has been usual to state, in a general sort of way, that the red currant has been cultivated "since the time of Julius Caesar." Dr. Sturtevant, of the Agricultural Station at Geneva, New York, in a recently published history of the currant, says it was not cultivated till the close of the sixteenth century.

If the condensed breath collected on the cool window panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled, be burned, a small amount of stinged hair will show the presence of organic matter, and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found, on examination by microscope, that it is alive with animalcules. It is the inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter which causes half of the sick headaches, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

It has been found that the most practical method of testing color blindness is by means of the Berlin woads, which come in all possible spectral colors and all shades of these colors. The advantages possessed by these woads for this purpose, it is asserted, are that they are evenly colored on all sides, have no reflection, are soft and easily rubbed, and always ready for use. They are done up in little skins of uniform size and appearance, the colors being red, orange, yellow, green, pure green, blue green, blue, violet, purple, pink, brown, gray, several shades of each color, and at least five gradations of each tint, from the deepest to the lightest.

The air of the sea, taken at a great distance from land, or even on the shore in open sea, is in an almost perfect state of purity. Near continents the land winds drive before them an atmosphere always impure, but at 100 kilometers from the coasts this impurity has disappeared. The sea rapidly purifies the pestiferous atmosphere of continents; hence every expanse of water of a certain breadth becomes an absolute obstacle to the propagation of epidemics. Many times pherons upon land purify sensibly the air of the regions which they traverse; this purification can be recognized as far as Paris. The sea is the tomb of moulds and of aerial schizopyles.

As a breeder of diseases says the Cultivator, there are few things that exceed the average farm-house cellar. It underlies the whole house, with nothing to prevent its exhalations rising into the upper rooms except a thin board floor. In this cellar all manner of things for family use are kept the season round. Meat, vegetables, milk, butter, bread, pastry, preserves, pickles and fruit are here stored in their various receptacles. There is very seldom anything to separate the fruit and vegetables from other parts of the cellar, and there is usually more or less decaying vegetable matter in this cellar, and all poisonous germs. At various seasons of the year the cellar walls collect dampness, or small pools of water lie under the loose board floors, sending up malarious odors into the rooms above.

Dr. Griffiths, an English physician, has recently demonstrated that iron sulphate is an antidote for many of the most virulent epidemics which attack field and garden crops. These diseases are due to microscopic fungi, whose structures are built up in a somewhat different manner from the corresponding parts in other plants. It appears that the cellulose in these fungi is acted upon by iron sulphate, whereas in the higher plants the cellulose of the cell-walls is not influenced. The iron sulphate destroys the cellulose of the fungus, but does not affect that of the host-plant. It is, therefore, an antidote and destroyer of such parasitic germs and fungus as the potato disease, wheat mildew, etc.

HEALTH HINTS.
Do not let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.
It is claimed that the juice of a lemon squeezed into a cup of strong coffee will afford immediate relief in neuralgic headache.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.
For a gunpowder burn, keep the wounds wet with a moisture of linseed oil and lime water for three days, and then apply vasoline to heal.

It is better to sleep upon the back than upon either side, as there is in this position less compression of the chest and less cramping of the body and limbs.
In toothache, if the pain extends upward toward the eye, or takes the form of neuralgia, get some horseradish leaves, take out the stems, wet them and apply to the face over the pain. This will usually give relief.

Ear-ache may be cured, says the Medical World, by directing a gentle stream of water, as hot as can be borne, directly into the ear from a fountain syringe. Care must be taken not to allow the force of the stream to become too great. With this precaution it is better than poultices or anodynes.

It is not generally known that pearl fishing is carried on in the rivers of Saxony. A family by the name of Schneider has for generations had the monopoly of following this pursuit for the benefit of the State. The Weiss Elster and its tributaries furnished last year one hundred pearls. Formerly the yield was much greater, and in the sixteenth century pearl fishing was considered in Saxony of rather more importance than the mining industry.

According to "Pioneering in New Guinea," the native savages carry the doctrine of moral heredity to civilized lengths. The Erema believe that men are good or bad by inheritance, and that there are no future punishments for the one or rewards for the other. One of the pretty legends of the Namau is that man sprang from the earth and woman was sent down from heaven as a companion for him.

Strange Household Pets.
A strange bequest and a strange household pet were that which my friend's father received from his grandmother. It was a land turtle that she had cared for and petted for forty years. It had the range of the house, answered to its name Dan, would come after its food and eat it out of the hand. When ready to retire his long winter sleep Dan would peek at the bureau, when his mistress would wrap him in flannels and tick him away in a draw, where he remained dormant until spring. Dan lived five years with the legatee, and when he died an alligator took its place. The latter thrives and is as tenderly cared for as a pet canary or Scotch terrier would be.—Americas (Ga.) Recorder.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been,
Played beside its sparkling