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England has a Government fishing school in which, apart from that special training, the boys receive elementary, literary instruction, while there are also classes in training.

Raisin raising and prune growing are two comparatively new industries in California that are attaining very large proportions, and the domestic products have almost driven the foreign goods from our markets.

To show the growth of the industry of furnishing knitting wool, it is only necessary, maintains the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, to point out the fact that in Pennsylvania a single factory turns out 5,000,000 bundles a month.

It is stated that, in addition to the land at present given up to sugar culture in Louisiana and Texas, Louisiana can furnish 3,000,000 acres and Texas a million more, which, at the rate of present production, the New York *Independent* thinks, would supply the wants of a greater population than now possessed by the United States.

Co-operation is getting in its work in England somewhat more rapidly than in this country, notes the Detroit *Free Press*. At Leicester a big shoe factory has just been built covering six acres of ground and costing $150,000. The machinery will cost $100,000 more, and these items, with $1,000,000 in working capital, represent the accumulations of a co-operative enterprise. It is estimated that the factory when completed will turn out 50,000 pairs of shoes in a week.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* states that "two young men near Los Angeles are rapidly making a fortune slaying coyotes. Last April they were not worth $50, but now they have $3700 to their credit in bank and they are adding about $150 a week to their deposit. They have fifty traps set, and with these and their rifles are rapidly thinning out the coyotes in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties. At $5 a scalp there is more money in hunting coyotes than in growing grain or fruit, but the business will probably come to an end when the next Legislature meets. The law which was passed as a joke has proved to be very costly pastime.

It is extremely interesting to know, remarks the New York *Independent*, that the people of Tierra del Fuego have recently proposed to establish a custom house to act independently of other custom houses. The country has established considerable trade with England in wool and its other products. Tierra del Fuego comprises the mass of islands at the southern point of South America only one of which is of any considerable size, that one being two hundred miles long by twenty-five miles wide. The Straits of Magellan separate the Tierra del Fuego country from the mainland. The most southern island of the group is the one upon which Cape Horn is situated.

Here is an expert opinion upon Edison's new electric motor: It is not merely the outcome of speculation, but the result of actual experiment on a commercial scale. Mr. Edison uses the rails as conductors and operates at low potential. He has proved that there is no cause for fear from the accidental formation of a short circuit through the crossing of tracks by vehicles with iron wheels or tires. As regards the question of safety to human beings and animals likely to come in contact with the rails, it is needless to add that the effect of twenty volts upon the human body is imperceptible, and actual experiment has also shown that horses are not effected by it in the slightest degree. So far the initial cost of the new system will make it inapplicable to any but the largest cities and the largest short roads.

The New York *Sun* muses: "First comes the man who has acquired an island in Puget Sound, on which he is raising black cats for their furs, and New York furriers have already shown to readers of *The Evening Sun* that there's millions in it. Next, here is a man in Missouri with a rattlesnake farm, who sells $3000 worth of rattlesnake oil per annum. His live stock on a fenced forty-acre patch are counted at 10,000 tails. The man who tried to make a fortune out of spiders' silk and failed, is an old story. The man who is doing pretty well with his terrapin ranch in Maryland is another story. The Long Island leech farm is ancient history. How the Florida man, with his alligator preserve, may be getting along has not been reported lately. Among the few promising objects of cultivation which appear to have been neglected as yet are musk-rats, crabs, edible snails, skunks (Alaskan sable of the furriers), 'possums (very toothsome), the deadly nightshade, monkshood and strychnine plant. Blooming fields of belladonna and aconite would variegate the rural landscape and might enrich the owner."

FORTUNE TELLING.

My darling has learned the secret
That the gypsies, long ago,
Wielded to lure the yellow gold
From credulous hands of snow;
And now, in a charmed silence
No voice from the world must break,
She deals and ponders the fateful cards
For dear Dame Fortune's sake.

Anon, she starts, exulting:
"A letter, a company,
The smile of the sun, the laugh of the lute,
And a lover of high degree!
But alas for my wish! It comes not."
The broad brows knit as in pain.
The poor little prophets are straight upswept
And the tale begins again.

O gray eyes, masterful, steady,
On the whimsical game intent,
Little ye reck of the shining forms
That over your folly are bent;
Little ye reck of the promise
That throbs in the living air,
Or the gracious hands outstretched in vain
With gifts that mock compare!

Great Mother Nature lingers—
"I have almost lost my child;"
And stately Learning echoes her
In accents deep and mild.
That was Love's plumy pinion
That brushed against your face.
That strain of music is calling you
As it soars to the heavenly place.

But hist! what hurrying footsteps
Nearer and nearer sound?
What shape more fair than all beside
Transfigures the scene around?
Quick, maiden, break from your glamour!
Down, the false prophets! 'Tis she!
O quick, or eternity hides her, sweet!
'Tis Opportunity!

—*M. P. Guild, in New England Magazine.*

FOR A FLOWER.

Count Clairville had just given in marriage his only daughter Yolande to the Marquis of Kergouet of an old and proud Breton family.

The ceremony was over and the church doors were flung open, displaying the high altar decorated with flowers and lights, and in the garlanded doorway appeared the young pair, while the bells pealed joyously. All nature seemed to be in festal attire, for the sweet odors of spring filled the air, the wild birds were singing merrily and sunbeams fell like a halo across the foreheads of the bride and groom. She was fair and graceful and in her white gown and veil seemed like an angel strayed from heaven; the bridegroom, noble and gallant, looked with love unutterable at the fair girl who leaned upon his arm.

The country people were dressed in their Sunday clothes, the men wearing rosettes in their buttonholes, the women with lilies of the valley in their bodices, and all waved flowering hawthorn branches and made the air ring with acclamations.

"Long live Mademoiselle Yolande! Long live the bride! God bless our sweet young lady!" they cried, and from time to time they added, "Long live the marquis!"

The church of Clairville overlooked the village, being built on a rocky eminence, and was approached by a steep winding path and stairway; rich and poor, noble and simple, dead and living, all must enter the church by way of "Paradise road." The wedding party, glittering in gold and silk and velvet, and followed by the cheering crowd, walked down this rustic pathway to where the carriages were waiting, and the bridegroom, pleased by the enthusiasm of the people and their evident affection for his bride, said to her tenderly:

"You see, my love, how dear you are to these people. They will never forget you. I fear they owe me a grudge for stealing their good angel from them."

The bride smiled and raised her sweet eyes to his face for a moment, and then she turned to her father, saying:

"It is such a beautiful day, papa, may we not walk home?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it," he replied, glad of an opportunity of pleasing his child, from whom he must soon part, and accordingly the bridal pair and all the young persons of the party walked through the village to the chateau of Clairville, which was situated at the other end, while the dowagers and other persons followed in their carriages.

Yolande, leaning on her husband's arm, stopped repeatedly at the humble cottages where the poor old men and women whom age or infirmity rendered unable to go out, were waiting in their doorways to see the bride pass. For each one she had a word and a smile, and many a trembling hand and weak, thin voice was raised to bless her.

The joyous procession now reached a turn in the narrow road and came to a standstill, being met by a funeral party. It was a very poor affair; there was no coronet emblazoned on the white pall which covered the corpse of a young maiden, and not a flower was seen there, not a single blossom, in spite of the warm springtime. Behind the bier a poorly clad man, the only mourner, walked slowly, looking, with his head bent and his face covered by his hands, a picture of despairing grief. At sight of the Clairville wedding party, the men carrying the bier stopped and would have turned out of the road, but the mourner raised his head and gazed fiercely at the happy throng, who with their rich gala clothing and smiling faces seemed to offer insult to his sorrow.

"Go on!" he said, in a hoarse voice to the porters, as if he would have liked to crush the fine lord and ladies beneath his feet, but the men did not stir. Then the count stepped forward, saying gravely:

"Respect the dead, friends! Fall back and let the bier pass."

He was instantly obeyed, and the funeral moved on past the gorgeously attired throng, who made way reverently. As the bier passed the bride, she was filled with pity at sight of the young still form under the white pall, and taking a sprig of orange blossoms out of her bouquet, she laid it gently upon the bier. The stern mourner saw the act and his expression softened a little, then covering his face again, he broke into low sobs.

"Who is that man?" asked Count Clairville.

"I do not know, my lord," replied the man addressed. "He is a stranger. He came to the inn a few days ago with his sister. She was almost dead, as any one could see. He seemed to love her very much, and when she died he cursed and shook his fist at heaven. This morning I told him it was too early to have the funeral, and that he ought to give the cure time to change his stole after the wedding, but he would not listen to me."

The bridal party moved on, and soon the merry peals of the church bells were changed to a mournful tolling, as the bier passed under the gay floral decorations of the door.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the mourner of a by-stander.

"The bride? That is Mademoiselle Yolande de Clairville," was the reply, and the stranger murmered softly:

"May she always be happy!"

Then he went into the church.

Twenty years passed and the Reign of Terror began. In La Vendee the war was at its height when the convention sent one of its members to Nantes with instructions to take swift and violent measures against the royalists.

Accordingly, this man, Carrier by name, caused a number of "suspects" to be confined in Entrepot, a building near the cathedral of St. Pierre; men, women and children were hustled pell-mell into this ante-chamber of the River Loire, and in spite of the daily drownings, the prison was ever thronged with victims.

In a large low hall the terrible proconsul presided at the mock trials. The prisoners were divided into two parties, the accused and the condemned; the former group diminished rapidly, as the latter increased, and at last Carrier resolved to hurry the proceedings by dispensing with all formality in disposing of the victims.

Then the fatal words, "Condemned to death!" were heard repeatedly as the royalists were hurried across the hall.

"Henri de Kergouet!" called the clerk, and a young man about eighteen years of age left his companions and advanced towards the tribunal. He bowed to the judges with as much ease and grace as if he were at the court of Versailles, and seemed to be unconscious of the fact that a cruel death awaited him.

"You are accused of conspiring against the republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier, "you took part in a plot against my life."

The youth turned a frank, fearless pair of eyes toward the speaker, and answered slowly:

"I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice entreatingly. Carrier cast a furious glance round him, and then Henri de Kergouet was hurried away. Two women now stood before the judge, Who asked of the elder one:

"Are you the mother of that young man?"

"Your name?"

"Yolande de Clairville, Maquise de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the the investigation at an end and added briefly, "Condemned to death, all three."

The doomed were now led back to their dungeons, and at nine o'clock at night the executions began. Tied together, two by two, the unfortunates were thrown into boats, taken out on the river and dispatched with sword or bayonet and their bodies cast into the water. This method, however, soon proved too slow to satisfy Carrier, and he caused hundreds of his victims to be driven to a neighboring quarry and shot.

The Marquise de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother.

"Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quick!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreaded pro-consul, who looked at her earnestly and when they were left alone asked slowly:

"What is your name?"

"Yvonne de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur!" replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?"

"I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yvonne eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?"

"Sixteen years, Monsieur."

"Then you have not yet learned to lie. Listen to me. Here is a letter which I confide to you on condition of your promising me that it shall not be opened until midnight. Moreover, you are not to speak of it to any one. Have I your promise? Very well. Go!"

The frightened girl took the letter, put it into her bosom and was taken back to the cell, but before she had time to reply to the anxious questioning with which her mother and brother greeted her, a man appeared, carrying a pistol, signed to them all to follow him and led them out of the prison. Then imposing the strictest silence upon them, he gave his arm to Yvonne, while Henri de Kergouet supported his mother's trembling form. In a few minutes the little party reached the river bank, after hurrying through the dark streets of the city, and the royalists realized at a glance that they were not far from the spot where the executions of that day had taken place. Their guide gave a signal and a man in a boat instantly made his appearance from out of the gloom.

"Get in," said the boatman, in a low tone, and as soon as they were seated he rowed out into the middle of the stream.

"Be brave, little sister," whispered Henri, clasping Yvonne to his heart, and then they all waited calmly for their last hour to come. In a few brief moments they seemed to live their whole live over, to feel again the joys and sorrows of their early childhood, as well as their recent trials and alarms.

Suddenly they saw in the distance the outline of a ship dimly defined against the dark sky; they approached it rapidly, and before they had recovered from their amazement, found themselves on board, while their late conductor rowed back to the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked Henri, after an astonished pause.

"That you are saved!" replied the captain of the ship.

"Saved? How? By whom?"

"That is more than I can tell you, madame. All that I know of the matter is that a few hours ago I received a large sum of money and an order to wait here for three passengers who wished to go to England. The order was accompanied by a safe-conduct signed by the pro consul, Carrier. In a few days, we shall, with a good wind, be in sight of the the English coast."

The little family, hardly able to believe their ears, looked at each other in wondering delight, and Mme. de Kergouet murmured with a prayer of thanksgiving:

"Who can our unknown friend be?"

Then Yvonne suddenly asked the captain what the hour was.

"It was just half-past twelve, mademoiselle, he answered, and the girl hastily drew out the letter she had received, tore it open and read the first line:

"To Mademoiselle Yolande de Clairville."

It is for you, mamma," she said, giving it to her mother, but the marquise signed to her son to read it aloud. It ran as follows:

"Twenty years ago, on your wedding day, you laid a flower from your bridal bouquet on my sister's coffin. She was just sixteen years old. I wish to pay my debt, and in return for your flower I give you three lives.

"CARRIER."

—*New York Home Journal.*

Natural Telephone.

A gentleman from Minnesota, about twenty-five miles southwest of Rapid City, South Dakota, tells of a discovery which was accidentally made in the mountains northwest of that town a few weeks ago. According to the story told, there is a natural telephone line between two mountains in the Black Hills range.

On each side of an intervening valley, twelve miles in width, stand two high peaks which tower above the other mountains and have long been known as landmarks, being called the twin peaks. These mountains are fully 10,000 feet high and at least 4000 feet above the near range. Only on rare occasions have these peaks been ascended and but little was known of their topography.

Some weeks ago a party of tourists determined to make the ascent and divided into two parties, one for each peak. They, too, took apparatus for signaling, and expected to have pleasure and amusement by flashing the heliograph code across the intervening space, to the mystification of the people of the valley.

The ascent was made, and while the people were making arrangements to signal across one of the party on the north mountain was surprised to hear voices which apparently came from the air. He moved about and the sound was no longer heard. By changing his position several times he discovered that at a certain spot on the mountain he could hear the voices, and it was not long before he found that they proceeded from the party on the other mountain.

He called the attention of the others to the phenomena and then they attracted the party on the south mountain and found that an ordinary conversation in an ordinary tone of voice was plainly heard from one mountain top to the other. There was only one place on each mountain where it could be heard and it appeared to be a natural telephone. No shouting was necessary and the words were perfectly distinct.

Human Growth, Weight and Height.

Quartelet obtained some weight records of note, but no reliance can be placed in them in the light of modern observation. He concluded from such statistics as he could get that a new-born infant was, on the average, one-twentieth the maximum weight in middle life; that during the first year after birth the increment of weight is about one-tenth of all that is added subsequently, and and that between the fifteenth and twentieth years more is added to the weight than during any other five-year period of life. However, individual instances differ so widely that very little reliance can be placed in the results he obtained.

That Quartelet's statistics of weight were incomplete and unsatisfactory is shown by the fact that he did not detect the interesting law recently recognized, viv., that the weight increases slowly, or even diminishes, when the height is increasing very rapidly, but increases rapidly when the height remains nearly stationary.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Bavaria's King Thinks He's a Stork.

Reference to this story may serve as an excuse for alluding to the queer fad of the present monarch of Bavaria, the mad King Otto. His insanity appears to have taken the form of an illusion that he is a stork. In one of the magnificent apartments devoted to his use at the palace at Fursteuried he has laboriously constructed a gigantic nest, every stick and straw of which he has conveyed to the spot in his mouth. In that nest he squats almost the entire day with feathers stuck in his long, thick hair and beard, while he chatters in imitation of the "clappering" of a stork whenever any one approaches. Occasionally, too, he stands on one leg gazing vacantly straight before him, while at other times he stalks gravely about just in the same manner that he has seen the long-beaked, long-legged birds do.—*New York Tribune.*

A CHINAMAN AT DINNER.

THE FOOD HE EATS AND HOW HE TAKES IT.

Dinner Begins With Tea—Favorite Viands—A Great Variety of Vegetables—Unpleasant Dainties.

A Chinese dinner begins, as we would think, at the wrong end first. As the first course we were served with tea in dainty little China cups. The second course consisted of small dishes of watermelon seeds. These are a favorite delicacy among the Chinese. Next came sliced oranges, served in individual dishes. The oranges were small and very sweet and juicy. The fourth course was the dinner proper and contained the substantials. Rice was the principal viand and was served in a large center dish, each person being given a bowl. There were several smaller dishes of different kinds of meats and vegetables to eat with the rice, such as duck meat, pork, mutton and curry, bean curd, stringed cocoanut, etc. This course completed our dinner, since we did not partake of the rice wine with which the Chinese frequently end their meals.

Rice is the Chinaman's staff of life and forms the principal article of diet throughout the country. It is cooked steaming in a basket or sieve suspended over a shallow iron kettle partly filled with water. The other articles of food are cooked in the same way and at the same time, as many as four or five steamers being fitted nicely over each other and covered to keep in the steam, which the water below supplies to all at once. Baked bread is not used; neither is milk, butter nor cheese. At first it seemed strange to me to sit down to a meal at which these familiar dishes were lacking.

Perhaps the greatest variety in the Chinese bill of fare is found in the vegetables, and certainly much of their agriculture consists in raising them. Bean curd or bean jam, such as we had at the hotel dinner, is made by boiling and grinding black beans and mixing the flour with water, gypsum and turmeric. There are twenty or more kinds of beans and peas raised in China and they are prepared for food in many different ways. Cabbage, broccoli, kale, cauliflower, cress, colewort, lettuce, sow thistle, spinach, celery, dandelion, succory, sweet basil, ginger, mustard, radishes, artemisia, amaranthus, tacca, pig weed, bursiaue, shepherds' purse, clover, garlics, leeks, onions, scallions, ailantus and chives are some of the principal greens, many of them decidedly odoriferous during cooking and after eating. Carrots, gourds, squashes, cucumbers, watermelons, tomatoes, turnips, radishes, brinjals, pumpkins and okers may be named as most common among the score or more garden vegetables. Sweet potatoes are very plentiful. The Irish potato has been grown for a good many years, but has not come into general use among the people. Fruits of most varieties are abundant all the year, oranges being the most common.

The few puppies and kittens that are sold for the table are fed on a diet of rice before-hand. Rats may be eaten in some few cases; in fact I believe I saw a string of dried rats hanging in a market in Canton, but they are neither common nor cheap, and ought not to be considered a distinctive part of Chinese diet any more than frogs' legs and snails should be of American diet. Birdsnest soup is eaten occasionally by those who can afford it. It is very expensive, costing a dollar an ounce. I was fortunate enough to taste some once, and thought it the most delicious soup I had ever eaten. Sharks' fins are also eaten now and then by epicures.

At frequent intervals along the streets in the city there are what might be called restaurants, right out into the street. The keeper may be seen squatting on the stone pavement on a low stool. He has a little earthen furnace, or "fungelow," on which he cooks various kinds of food. On a low counter by his side are trays of food and in front of the counter are stools for customers.

The Chinese generally have only two meals a day, breakfast about nine or ten o'clock in the morning and dinner at four or five in the afternoon. Husband and wife seldom eat together, and never do so when strangers or guests are present. The females eat by themselves, after the men have finished. The rice is placed in a large dish in the centre of the table and each person helps himself, filling his bowl by means of a ladle or large spoon. He then holds his bowl in his left hand near the chin, and pushes the rice into his mouth by means of two chop-sticks, both held between the thumb and the fore and middle fingers of the right hand. Knives and forks are not used at meals. Whenever a bit of fish or vegetable is wanted, it is selected from the common dish and conveyed to the mouth by the use of the chop-sticks. —*The Voice.*

A Queer Volcano.

In the extreme eastern edge of Arizona, some forty miles southwest of the remote and interesting Indian pueblo of Zuni, New Mexico, is a strange natural phenomenon—a great, shallow salt lake, at the bottom of a bowl-like depression some hundreds of feet deep, and about three miles across. The basin is dazzling white with a crust of salt crystals. About in the center rises a small black volcanic peak; and if one will take the trouble to ford the salt lake—which he will find a disagreeable, but not dangerous task—and climb the peak, he will find its crater half filled by a lakelet of pure fresh water!—*St. Nicholas.*

How to Foretell a Storm.

By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distance from each other, and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated copper wire and on the other side with a telephone, it is said that a storm can be predicted twelve hours ahead, through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum makes the best artificial limbs.

There are six thousand pieces to a locomotive engine.

Sixteen million horse-power goes to waste every hour at Niagara Falls.

Few persons are aware that carbolic acid is combustible; but it is, nevertheless.

If your shoes trouble you by squeaking, drive a peg in the middle of the sole, clear through both layers, and it will stop all the annoyance.

A translucent mineral substance, the color of amber and with properties of asbestos, is reported to have been discovered in immense deposits in the United States of Columbia.

According to Swedish papers the expedition of Dr. Nansen to the North Pole has been postponed until 1893. The delay is caused by the impossibility of sooner finishing the ship to be used.

The attempt to establish an observatory for meteorological purposes on the summit of Mont Blanc, Switzerland, recently abandoned owing to the thick crust of snow and ice on the mountain, is to be renewed.

It is said that 1000 sheep will fairly enrich an acre of ground in twenty-four hours. Estimating that each animal would drop eight pounds of manure, solid and liquid, there would be four tons of a pretty good phosphate.

At the newly discovered metalliferous mines in Texas, the miners struck a "blanket lead" of silver ore almost at the surface of the mountain into which they had begun tunneling. There is a crowd of laborers, promoters and speculators at hand.

The most interesting of recent photographs of the sun shows a remarkable solar disturbance, in which vapors ascend to a height of 80,000 miles. This eruption lasted fully fifteen minutes and was accompanied by fluctuations of the compass needle.

A Canadian electrician states that electricity causes the tides, and demonstrates it by electrifying a rubber comb by rubbing it through the hair, and then drawing it over the top of a glass filled with water, the result being that tidal wave follows the comb.

A company has been formed in Germany to erect works for the production of the new explosive dahmenite, which is especially adapted for mine use, having more power than dynamite, at the same time being perfectly harmless under ordinary circumstances.

Many curious and pretty devices are used for softening the electric light and adapting it to household use. A library-table lamp consists of an adjustable shell supported upon a graceful spiral shaft. Other shells of mother-of-pearl are used to soften lights for the ceiling.

Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe, has a night lasting from November 18 to January 23. Near the town are three streams with current so strong as never to freeze, and these have been utilized for electric light, which has been introduced into every house.

On the estate of the Marquis de Laguna, in Spain, a water wheel of twenty-horse power runs a dynamo. Plowing by electricity has been proposed, and the current is to be transmitted to a field three miles distant, where a motor on a plow is to be operated. The cable attached to the plow is to be wound on a reel and drawn over the field.

The Boomerang.

The boomerang is an instrument used both in war and in the chase by the aborigines of Australia. It is usually about two feet in length, made of hard wood bent into a curve resembling an obtuse angle, flat on one side and rounded on the other. The method of using this curious weapon is very peculiar. The thrower takes it by one end, holding the bent side downward, and hurls it forward as if to hit some object twenty to twenty-five yards in advance. Instead of continuing to go directly forward in accordance with the Newtonian law, it slowly ascends in the air, whirling round and round, describing a beautiful and geometrical curved line till it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to retrograde, finally sweeping over the head of the projector, striking the object for which it was intended, which is always in the rear.

This surprising motion is produced by the reaction of the air upon the bends and curves of the oddly-shaped missile.

Lieutenant Breton, in his book entitled "Excursions in New South Wales and Western Australia," has this to say of that singular weapon: "The boomerang is one of the most curious weapons of war ever invented, at least by a barbarous people, nor is it easy to comprehend by what law of projectiles it is made to take the singular directions that it frequently does. I have seen a native throw one so as to make it go forty or fifty yards horizontally, and not more than four feet from the ground. It would then suddenly dart into the air to the height of fifty or sixty yards, describe a very considerable curve and finally fall at his feet. In all cases, no matter how thrown, the boomerang keeps turning with great rapidity, like as if on a pivot, making a loud, whizzing noise all the while."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Pneumatic Tubes for Passengers.

A Hamburg (Germany) company has in view a curious project. A pneumatic railway—probably underground—is to be constructed between Hamburg and Buchen, a distance of fifteen miles, and passengers are to be sent like parcels through the tube, making the trip in eleven minutes. The passenger carrier is to be of cylindrical form, forty inches in diameter and twice as long. This is to enclose three smaller cylinders, of the size of a human being, in which the passengers are to travel. Each little compartment is to have an electric glow lamp, and compressed fresh air is to be supplied while the train is in motion.—*Trenton (N. J.) American.*

LULLABIES FROM ALL LANDS.

DANISH.

Sleep, sleep, little mouse!
The field your father plows;
Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

CHINESE.

Snail, snail, come out and be fa
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mammy will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf young and white.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

ZULU.

Hush thee, my baby.
Thy mother's over the mountain g
There she will dig the little garde
And water she'll fetch from the r

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row to Baltnarock,
How many fish are caught in the ne
One for father and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

SWEDEN.

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pig has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Thy father guards the sheep,
The mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Marriage is often mirage.—*Siftings.*

The tramp's motto—All roads lead to roam.—*Lowell Courier.*

Yesterday is a waste basket into whic Time dumps lost opportunities.

In the game of life the opera composer makes the most scores.—*Chicago Times.*

Despite the oyster's phlegmatic temperament he often gets into stews.—*Baltimore American.*

"We must have an organ to support us," as the man said to his monkey.—*Baltimore American.*

Never hire a person that wants to know why you want something done.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

A Texas cow kicked a mule to death It must have been a mule without a hind legs.—*Boston News.*

Men are most likely to rave about a woman's hair when it is found in the butter.—*Texas Siftings.*

There is no need of dull times board ship. The crew can always ge a boom.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Plant Cannibals" is a headline in the *Dispatch*. All right. Plant 'em ten feet deep.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The latest wrinkle is a source of satisfaction to young people, but to the o is otherwise.—*Galveston News.*

Asking questions of a public speake is a good deal like standing on a trac to scare a locomotive.—*Columbus Post.*

Five things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Justice is blind, but not so much so as the man who goes to law with the idea that he is sure to get justice.—*Texas Siftings.*

Every man who does not labor and lay up a fortune may cause absolute suffering to his daughter's future husband.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The acrobat's lot is an unfortunate one, for no matter how much he makes he is continually subject to reverses.—*Baltimore American.*

It seems strange that, when our army officer has gown old and tired in the service, the Government should re-tire him.—*Boston News.*

Dr. Hammond says we have two brains. This accounts for the fact that some men think twice before they act once.—*Rochester Post.*

Editor's Wife—"Why do you throw the contribution into the fire?" Editor—"Because there is no fire in the contribution."—*New York Press.*

Ethel—"George said last night that there wasn't a girl in town with a complexion like mine." Maud—"The mean thing."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Strangest girl I ever met," muttered Chapple almost to himself. "Why?" asked Cholly. "Accepted me," remarked Chapple absently.—*New York Herald.*

The greatest surgical operation is said to be a Lansing, Michigan, and the greatest feat of strength that of Wheeling, West Virginia.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Are you still engaged?" asked the old friend, who had not seen the dear girl for some time. "Oh, yes," she answered; "but it's to another man."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"So you gave your sister a beautiful birthday present, did you, Tommy?" "Yes'm; I always give Susie a present on her birthday, 'cause mine comes a week after hers."—*Yankee Blade.*

Some of Tennyson's early poetry was written with ink that has since faded entirely from the original manuscript. These may now be classed as his first blank verse.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"You seemed to be holding a long talk with Timmins this afternoon. What was the burden of your conversation?" "I don't remember now. I know it was a burden, though."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Thiggs—"If you had about $7,000,000 what would you do with it?" Fistles—"I should build the finest, handsomest, best furnished, most elegant, magnificent and yet homelike residence in Chicago." "Then what?" "Then I'd—I'd travel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

One-half of the people are supposed to die before the age of sixteen.