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Job work—cash on delivery.

Maine has wild land worth $20,000,000 at a low estimate.

The demand for California canned and dried fruit has increased till, the San Francisco Examiner declares, it is almost a boom.

It is proposed to change the uniform of the Berlin police. The present "outfit" is too heavy and cumbersome, especially the helmet and sword.

For the first half of the current year the returns of no less than seventeen English railroads show a falling off, and the loss in coal freights is responsible for more than half of that.

The German merchant marine stands next to that of England. In 1889, the latest year from which figures have been published, German vessels made 66,834 voyages, carrying 21,398,522 tons of cargo.

The New York Commercial Bulletin says that "it may be necessary to secure Congressional action to relieve importers of the hardship of paying full rates of duty for merchandise that has been impaired in value by processes of fumigation."

The presiding officer who used a revolver as a gravel, the other day, in an Atchison (Kan.) deliberative assembly, had no difficulty in maintaining order. The chair will always be respected, avers the Atlanta Constitution, when it is ready to blow off the top of somebody's head for unparliamentary behavior.

A butter merchant of London was recently fined rather heavily for selling butter that contained twenty-eight per cent. of water, whereas in ordinary circumstances the percentage ought not to be more than fourteen to fifteen. It was proved in court that at the time the sales were made the defendant was away on his wedding tour, and yet the court refused to accept the excuse, holding that an employe ought to know the law.

When the President passed through Philadelphia recently, the carriage conveying him to the ferry was temporarily delayed at Ninth street. A small newsboy standing on the curbstone called out: "Mister, give us a ride?" "Where are you going?" asked the Chief Magistrate of sixty millions. "To Camden," was the reply. "Jump in then," said the President, and the boy clambered eagerly into the carriage, his stock of papers under his arm. "When the ferry was reached," says the veracious Philadelphia Chronicle, "the newsboy presented the distinguished gentleman with one of his papers as a mark of gratitude, the gift being accepted with grateful acknowledgments."

A study of the meteorological data of Idaho leads to the conclusion that the humidity of the atmosphere is increasing year by year. Never since the settlement of Idaho has there been such an immense crop all over the State as during the present season. The product of grass and grain has been wonderful. Scientific estimates attribute this result to a change in climate produced by the multiplication of irrigating canals, which moisten a great extent of country and create a humid atmosphere. It has been observed that frequent rains now fall during the months of July and August. Nature is closing up the gap between the wet and dry seasons and equalizing the rainfall. Many believe that the time is not far distant when the arid lands will become arable.

Speaking of the establishment of banks for the benefit of farmers, a recent writer says: "The French idea is for the Government to advance $2,000,000 as capital to enable each municipal district to establish a bank of simple form, which shall be managed by an agricultural syndicate or a select number of farmers who would decide upon the solvency of the applicants for loans, and who would collectively become a guarantee to the Government for the amount of the debt. The money advanced by the State would be loaned at a rate of interest lower than that paid to depositors in savings banks, and the State would have the right of inspection at any time of the bank's affairs, while the responsibility for its assets would rest with the farmers or body acting as a Board of Management. Paper would be discounted for as small a sum as one dollar, and the farmer would be able to deal direct with the wholesale vendor of seeds, fertilizers or agricultural implements, giving his paper in payment of his bill, the bank cashing the same for the merchant and the farmer redeeming it after harvesting his crops. The farmer would thus save the expenses of the middle man and also effect a saving of four to five per cent. in discounting his paper, the management, of course, being careful, as they would be responsible, that loans were made only to economical and progressive farmers of good standing."

AUTUMN'S MIRTH

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, watch the rain amid the leaves;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of mother earth,
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh hear the rain amid the leaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, list the wind among the sheaves;
Far sweeter than the breath of May,
Or storied scents of old Cathay,
It blends the perfumes rare and good
Of spicy pine and hickory wood,
And with a voice as gay as rhyme,
It prates of rifled mint and thyme.
Oh! scent the wind among the sheaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
Behold the wondrous web she weaves;
By viewless hands her thread is spun
Of evening vapors shyly won.
Across the grass from side to side
A myriad unseen shuttles glide
Throughout the night, till on the height,
Aurora leads the laggard light.
Behold the wondrous web she weaves—
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE CHILD.

IT was the 12th Brumaire in the second year of the French Republic. The day was cheerless, and the sky dark with a threatening snowstorm, as the beautiful Delphine, Countess of Athis under the monarchy, alighted from a hack on the Pont Neuf, close to a liberty tree surmounted with its red cap. A man, who had been leaning for some time against the pedestal from which they had dislodged the statue of Henry IV., came eagerly forward and lifted his fur cap. His hair was close cropped in Revolutionary fashion, and he wore a ragged carmagnole open at the throat, without any cravat; but even thus disguised, the lady recognized Maurice Despies, one of the youngest and most promising advocates in the last Parliament.

"Maurice," she said, "your dress is admirable; but that does not insure your safety. I have sent for you to take me before the Revolutionary Tribunal."

"I, Delphine, take you before these executioners!"

"You know that our friend, Lefebvre, is brought to trial to-day."

"Yes, I know that, Delphine, and I know, too, that he will not be alive to-morrow."

"And I, Maurice, know that I ought to testify in his behalf. Since the 12th of July I have often heard him declare himself a Republican, and I can prove that he refused a place offered him as tutor of the Dauphin—against my advice, it is true. I can bring forward many instances of his patriotism that must convince his judges."

"They will not listen to you. Write, send word; but do not go yourself."

She looked at him beseechingly.

"Do not try and discourage me, Maurice. If you only knew how frightened I am in such a crowd and how hard it is to do my duty! I am trembling now, and I only go because I must."

"You ask me, Delphine, to take you to certain death."

"If you really love me Maurice, you would not have me cowardly."

"But it is so useless."

"It is never useless to do our duty. I have been perfectly frank in acknowledging my weakness; but what would you truly think of me if I should follow your advice, turn now and go back to my house at Auteuil?"

"Come then," said Maurice. She took his arm and they walked along the quay, talking in a low tone of the old friend whose courage had brought him before the bloody tribunal.

"He was hiding," said Madame d'Athis, "at Madame d'Aubry's, my lace-woman's and he was perfectly safe there; but he insisted on leaving, because he had reason to think that his stay was endangering his benefactress. He succeeded in reaching Sevres in safety, but he was recognized in a wineshop by some Jacobins, brought back to Paris, and now he is in the Conciergerie awaiting his trial. It will go hard with him."

"Thank you, Delphine, for sending to let me know."

"Who but the man I love, Maurice, should share my danger?"

As they turned the corner of the large square clock-tower that abuts on the quay, they saw a crowd of armed men, tumultuously swaying to and fro before the iron gateway of the Palace of Justice. Delphine quickly withdrew her hand from Maurice's arm.

"Keep me in sight," she said. "My courage will fail me if I do not feel that you are looking at me all the time, but it is best that we should not seem to be together. I had better appear to be quite alone; for I have an instinctive feeling that I shall be safer if these creatures think me entirely unprotected."

He yielded to her imperious sweetness stood outside the gate, and then entered, following at a distance the woman now threading her way through the brandished pikes and sabres. The wide staircase was crowded with a rabble in sabots, carmagnoles, and red caps, singing, shouting, and surging to and fro. Groups of men blocked the entrances to the different Revolutionary tribunals, loudly urging summary proceedings and a general massacre, accusing the authorities of lukewarmness and leniency towards the guilty. Newspaper venders came and went, crying: "Here you have the list of the lucky numbers in the lottery of the holy guillotine! Buy the treason of Joseph Lefebvre, former physician of the infamous Capet. Buy the account of the dreadful conspiracy of the traitor Lefebvre to bring about the massacre of all good patriots."

Delphine made her way through the crowd. She was going upstairs when she was brought to a stand by a man dressed in a carmagnole, a self-appointed sentinel. "Where are you going, citizen?"

"I am going, citizen, to attend the trial of Joseph Lefebvre; I am a witness."

He made no objection, and she was moving on when a hideous woman, with a baby in her arms, protested, declaring that aristocrats ought to be kept away from the tribunals, where they only went to corrupt the judges. She, for instance, that woman, would go and show her face, and peep and faint away and turn the heads of all those men inside. Such creatures know perfectly well what they were about, and that was the way justice was cheated and traitors escaped who let people die of statvation. But Delphine hurried on to the room where she heard the clerk of court reading the summons of Joseph Lefebvre.

Protected by his dress, Despies followed her unmolested. But the woman's railing had enflamed vindictive hatred, and on all sides cries arose of, "Marat has gone. We have lost our best friend. Since he was killed the aristocrats are raising their heads. Down with the aristocrats! Death to the conspirators! To the guillotine wish the enemies of the people! Death to false witnesses! Down with the sorceresses, the fine ladies!"

The indictment against Joseph Lefebvre was read, the interrogatory was over—the witnesses were to be heard. Every moment some one coming out of the court-room gave to the crowd outside a distorted account of some incident connected with the trial. Among other things it was asserted that it was proved beyond a doubt that the infamous Doctor Lefebvre had constantly administered poison, instead of medicine, to his poor patients. And when it was reported that a woman had testified in favor of the accused, the tumult reached its climax and there were shouts of: "She is his accomplice! Send her to the guillotine with him." Then there were interminable disputes, shameful exhibitions of brutal ignorance and fiendish cruelty.

The hours wore away and the popular impatience grew more uncontrollable, kept at fever height by occasional rumors of a possible acquittal. The cries, "Death to all false witnesses!" grew louder and louder. The September butchers, massed on the stairs, were talking of breaking down the door, when it opened and Delphine appeared. At the sight of the furious, threatening mob, she paused for a moment, proudly erect, but very pale. Maurice, who had followed her closely, pressed to her side as she stood there encircled by the bare, brawny arms, the clenched fists, and uplifted sabres of these bloodthirsty men, but she restrained him by an almost imperceptible motion of her head. The threats redoubled. The women's shrill cries rose fiercely above the drunken yells of some of the men. The most frighful of all these women, the same creature, with a child in her arms, who had kept the crowd in a state of continual excitement for hours, now pressed forward, and shaking her fist in Delphine's face, shrieked: "Yes, my fine lady, you have got to bleed for it!"

Then a half-naked, hairy-breasted giant pushed the woman aside and seemed about to strike. Madame d'Athis bit her lips to bring back the ebbing blood, and conscious that her lofty aspect of virginal purity and calmness was her only protection—that the terrified shrinking of a predestined victim would be instantly fatal—she cast her eyes about her and remarked the hideous mother who stood there still in a threatening attitude. Advancing toward her, she simply said:

"You have a beautiful child."

At these words, the kindest perhaps she had ever heard, the mother's heart was touched. Tears came to her eyes.

"Take him," she said, and she held the baby out to Delphine, who took him in her arms and walked down the stairs unharmed, smiling in the child's face, while the crowd, hesitating, subdued, taken by surprise, made way for her to pass. She walked thus across the court with her innocent protector and was safe. Outside the gate she gave the baby to its mother. Neither uttered a word, but a tear fell on the child as she handed him back.

Maurice had gone before, and they both took shelter in the carriage waiting for them at the clock-tower. Turning away, the wheels of their hack came in contact with the rough cart driving up to take Joseph Lefebvre to the scaffold.—From the French.

Trees That Sting.

In Australia grows a curious tree which is dangerous as well as wonderful. In the old trees the stem is grayish white and red berries grow on the top. The leaf is nearly round and jagged all around its edges like a nettle and has a point at the top. The tree emits a very disagreeable odor. This tree when touched stings one like a hornet. A traveler says: "I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I know a horse so completely maddened after getting into a grove of these trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him and had to be shot. Dogs when stung will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part."—New York World.

Some Calendar Oddities.

The days of the month and week are always the same in March and November, in April and July, and in September and December; that is, if March "comes in" on a Monday, November will do likewise, the same rule applying to the other months named above. In leap year January is with April and July, in other years it is with October. February, in leap year, is with August, in other years with March and November. The last day of February and the fourth day of July always occur on the same day of the week; the same is true of May Day and Christmas.—American Farmer.

DUCKING FOR HIS LIFE.

A TEXAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE AT A NOTED SPRING.

About to Drink, He Sees the Reflection of a Coiled Rattlesnake in the Water—A Close Shave.

"SEEMS to me, if I was going to make a curious and varied collection of snakes, venomous and non-venomous, I wouldn't lose any time in getting down into Texas," said J. T. Barnett, of El Paso County, to a New York Sun man.

"When I see the rattlesnake they brag about up North here I am amazed, for the biggest one I've seen yet seems dwarfish and lamblike compared with the interesting Texan rattler, especially the bloated rattler of the Staked Plains. I made my first acquaintance with the ordinary rattlesnake of Texas at the time the route of the Texas Pacific Railroad was being located through El Paso County. I was along with the engineer corps, and one Sunday I strolled out in the direction of the Sierra del Diablo, whose gleamy peaks and rocky front were apparently not more than a rifle shot distant, so clean cut did they stand out against the sky, but they were ten miles from camp. But the hills were not the attraction of my tramp. Somewhere between the foothills of the Sierra del Diablo and camp was a famous spring, called Rattlesnake Spring, at which, according to the tradition of the Indians, two big rattlesnakes were constantly on guard. The water of the spring was alleged to have great medicinal properties, but it was death to any one who attempted to drink at the spring unless he first killed the two rattlesnakes, for the instant he stooped to quaff the waters one or both of the deadly serpents would strike him and sink their poison fangs into him, thus putting him out of the way of all future trials, tribulation and trouble. That a rancher had once been found lying dead with his face at the surface of the spring, where he had lain down with the evident purpose of quenching his thirst, two purple incisions in his temple and his bloated body showing beyond a question that he had been struck by a rattlesnake while lying in that position, was a well authenticated story in that part of Texas, and the snake that had doubtless bitten him was killed in the rocks at the edge of the spring by the person who discovered its victim. Still I had my doubts that any of these venomous reptiles habitually lay in wait there for thirsty roamers, and the purpose of my trip that Sunday was to investigate the matter. I went alone, because no one would go with me. I found the spring. It was four miles from the foothills in a rocky basin, and it came up from the white sand in cool and tempting volume. I saw no sign of the presence of rattlesnakes, although the surroundings looked snaky enough, and no mistake. I was hot and thirsty, and after a close and careful scrutiny of all the rocks and scrubby bushes about the spring I was satisfied that if that water was under the guardianship of rattlesnakes they must have gone off duty for that day at least. Still, if I hadn't been so terribly thirsty, I believe I would have come away without risking a drink, all the same; but as it was a tramp of six miles back over the barren plain that lay between me and camp without quenching my burning thirst was not to be thought of, and I prepared to lie down on the rock at one side of the spring, just where they had found the dead and swollen ranchman, I suppose, and quench my thirst. I had bent my face so close to the water that I could see myself and everything about me reflected in the crystal depths as distinctly as in a French plate mirror. It is, beyond question, well for me that these reflections were so intense and vivid, for I paused a moment to gaze into the water at the remarkable mirroring. Suddenly something that I at first thought was the reflection of a nodding twig or vine tendril, quickly moved by the brisk breeze that was blowing, shot back and forth midway between the glassy surface and white bottom of the spring; but as I gazed my heat turned to cold and my thirst was forgotten. The swift-moving, quivering reflection I had thought was that of a twig or tendril was the mirrored image of the long and forked tongue of a snake, as it shot back and forth from beneath a shelving rock, which, seen from above, had hidden the lurking danger from view. Coiled in a crevice beneath that sheltering rock, not two feet from one side of my head, and with part of its own fearful head visible even by reflection, was an enormous rattlesnake ready to strike. For an instant I seemed paralyzed, but knowing that another instant's delay would probably be death, I ducked my head clear to my shoulders beneath the water, the position I was in making it impossible for me to rise quick enough out of danger. As I ducked I felt the snake strike. I wore a heavy, wide-collared flannel shirt. The snake's fangs struck the shirt near the lower edge of the collar, not an inch away from my jugular. The instant I felt the strike I sprang to my feet. The rattlesnake's fangs were fast in the collar, and its long body squirmed and contorted along my side and clear to my feet. I drew my revolver as quickly as I could, and placing the muzzle against the rattler's jaw, blew his head to pieces. The snake fell to the ground, and so did I. There was no more life left in me than there is in a dishrag. It was a good while before I got strength and nerve enough to get on my feet again, and if there is anyone in the world who knows how it feels to be snatched from the very jaws of death I am that person. When I had recovered sufficiently I straightened the dead snake out. Without his head he was two good paces long—not an inch less than six feet. He had sixteen rattles, which I cut off and have to-day. I don't know whether this was one of the two alleged rattlesnake guardians of the spring or not, for I didn't spend any time looking for another one. Neither did I quench my thirst at the spring, but made tracks away from it as speedily as I could, and arrived in camp about as near famished as any man ever was."

Manufacture of Ensilage.

That the extensive introduction of ensilage as a stock-feeding article was not long since accomplished in the United States is a matter of surprise, considering the fact that the system has been in vogue in nearly all European countries for years.

About fifteen years ago the discovery was made by August Goffart, of Burton, France, that placing corn fodder in an air-tight cellar or silo, it could be so preserved as to retain all its rich succulent juices, and possess a feeding value for stock superior to any other winter forage. Goffart's first successful silo was established in 1873, and though many modifications have since been made in the construction of silos, the method in use at present is identical with the first plant erected.

In 1879, Francis Morris, of Maryland, built the first silo in this country. The general use of ensilage was, however, long retarded, first, because of the apparently heavy expense attending the construction of silos; and next, owing to the inability to secure the proper machinery for preparing the fodder for the silo. After many unfortunate and discouraging experiences, this difficulty has been solved, and ensilage has already become a standard product with a majority of the intelligent dairymen and stockraisers in the country. Of late years farmers' institutes have given the subject much consideration, and the establishment of silos have been generally recommended.

In the State of Wisconsin the use of ensilage has become especially popular, and here, too, have been built the largest establishments for the production of machinery. Those who have investigated the subject thoroughly say that the adoption of the silo means better kept stock; an increase of at least fifty per cent. in the winter product of the dairy, and the wintering of all kinds of stock in our northwestern climate for about one-half of the cost of feeding under the ordinary method.—Chicago Graphic.

Where And When America Originated.

It was not until 1837 that Alexander von Humbolt, in his critical examination of the history and geography of the new world, pointed out the real culprit, and showed beyond question that the name "America" was first suggested in a small Latin treatise on cosmography, written by one Martin Waldseemuller, and published during the year 1507 at Saint Die, a village situated in the upper valley of the river Meurthe, in southeastern Lorraine. This little book was entitled Cosmographiae Introductio—Introduction to Cosmography—and the story of its authorship and publication, and the unforseen part that it played in christening the Western hemisphere, forms one of the most curious narratives in the whole record of bibliography. Whether Humboldt made this interesting discovery by mere accident of research, or was led to it by Foscarini or Bandini—who in two successive editions of Solinus had noted the suggestive passage in the Cosmographiae, without apparently comprehending its real importance—cannot now be ascertained. However this may have been, it was the author of Cosmos who first took up seriously the task of vindicating the long-maligned Florentine, and in so doing threw into the arena a topic in the discussion of which bibliographers have ransacked libraries, labored and disputed, until the whole line of evidence has been developed, arranged, and the demonstration made complete. A publication which in the dim early twilight of American history made the little hamlet of Saint Die the godmother of our mighty continent is an object of no ordinary interest to Americans, and this fourth centenary of Columbus's discovery would seem to be a fitting moment in which to bring together in simple narrative form the substance of what is known concerning the Cosmographiae itself, the men by whom it was written and published, the place where they lived, and the motive by which their work was inspired.—Harper's Magazine.

The German Hors shoe.

The Germans ar using a new style of horseshoe. Instead of the horseshoe being simply a curved piece of iron, part of the shoe is made of rope. The shoe is made of malleable iron, and on the bottom is a deep groove, running from end to end. In this groove tightly fits the new feature of the shoe—a piece of tarred rope. The rope is about three-quarters of inch thick. The stands are firmly twisted, and the application of tar makes the bit of hawser tough and durable, yet soft enough to afford the horse a relief unknown with the ordinary shoe. The shoe is fastened to the hoof by four nails driven through the rope on each side. The tarred rope resting on the pavement gives the horses a firm grip on the ground, and as it makes the shoe much lighter and infinitely more comfortable than the solid iron, its advantage is readily apparent. The new invention increases the horse's pulling power and saves the hoofs a deal of hard wear which cannot but result from the iron shoe pounding the rough pavements.—Sporting World.

Why Quicksands Swallow One.

The reason a person sinks in quicksand is because the latter is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are ragged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when mixed with sufficient water, seems incapable of such consolidation.—Chicago Herald.

PERCHANCE.

Perchance in that mysterious realm, so far
and vague and dim,
You cannot hear the cadence of this world's
undying hymn—
A song of Love which thrills my soul like
chant of cherubim.

Perchance there is no note of mine which
may your soul beseech—
No sound which tells you of the heights that
earth's joy sometimes reach
When dwelling with sublimer thoughts than
mortal lips may teach.

Perchance there is no song of Love that
heavenly choirs have banned;
I care not whether simple be the lay, or anthem grand,
If only you, of all the world, shall hear and
understand.

—Dexter Smith, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Called out on strikes—The militia.—Puck.

Women seldom tease men they do not love.—Milwaukee Journal.

The best "household receipt"—A warranty deed.—Texas Siftings.

A campaign lie may be nailed, but caucuses are bolted.—Somerville Journal.

A boiling tea kettle does its best to whistle like a steam engine.—Ram's Horn.

The man who is blunt of speech is not apt to make cutting remarks.—Boston Courier.

The shoemaker is a man who frequently gets beaten out of his boots.—Statesman.

Why does a man say he is going to button his coat up and then proceed to button it down?—Truth.

The man who has wisdom never tries to guess what an embroidery pattern is meant to represent.—Puck.

When a boy is smart there is a question whether he gets it from her folks or his people.—Atchison Globe.

The man who can honestly say that he doesn't believe there is any such thing as luck, must be in pretty easy circumstances.—Puck.

She was a crusty person;
That was plain to any eye
That beheld her working briskly
At the art of making pie.
—Washington Star.

Why should any man in the bosom of his household, reading aloud of the capture of a female pickpocket, look with a hard, hidden meaning expression at his wife.—Philadelphia Times.

Mamma—"Arthur, didn't I tell you to take these powders every two hours?" Little Arthur—"Yes, but you never told me where you wanted me to take them to."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Some backwoods philosopher chops close to the line in the assertion that it often costs more to have a man do you a favor than if you were to buy the accommodation and pay cash.—Blizzard.

There is a great difference between military engagements and love engagements. In one there is a good deal of falling in, and in the other there is a good deal of falling out.—Statesman.

"Mabel, this question of marriage is a serious one that I hope you have considered well." Mabel—"Oh, dear, yes, auntie, I have worried myself sick already about my trousseau."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"That beats me," said good Mrs. Jason, as she read that a fire was supposed to have been caused by "mice eating matches." "I've heard of pie-eating matches and sich, but this is a new one."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Men is mighty skittish critters," observed old Mrs. Thirdwed. "Either they air so cross that there's no a-bearin' 'em around the house, or so goodnatured that you dassant trust 'em out o' your sight."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rev. Mr. Prolix—"How did you like my discourse last Sunday, Mr. Foggi?" Fogg—"To tell you the truth, I was not altogether pleased with your premises, but I was delighted beyond measure at your conclusion."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Chugwater—"Josiah, last Saturday was my birthday, and you forgot all about it!" Mr. Chugwater—"Why, Samantha, my dear, the time passes—h'm—so swiftly in your society that your birthdays—er—come round before I know it."—Chicago Tribune.

Bald Teacher—"Now, little boys, after what I've told you, can any of you define 'nothing?'" Little Yorick—"Yes, sir, I can." Teacher—"Well, how would you describe it?" Little Yorick—"Please, sir, it's what you've got on the top of your head."—Drake's Magazine.

"Now, Mr. Laktee1," said Mrs. Van Braam to her milkman, "I am going to ask you a question, and if you evade answering I shall take my trade elsewhere." "Yes'm." "Do you put water in your milk?" "Well, mum, I must confess that I put in a little, but I always boil it first. You needn't be afraid of microbes, ma'am."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

I wonder if I couldn't collect at least half of the insurance on my wife, remarked Colonel Percy Yerger to Major Witherspoon. Why, is your wife dead? asked this friend. Well, not exactly. But every night when I come home late she says she is half dead with fright and anxiety. It seems to me that in law and equity I could collect half the insurance money.—Texas Siftings.

The Cruel Way Calves Are Killed.

The usual way is to stick the calf's throat a little to mak it slowly bleed to death, giving it a whole night of agonizing misery. No complaint is made about this. Even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is silent on the iniquity. The butchers say it is necessary to make the veal white so as to make it suitable for the "chicken salad" so popular at church and other festivals and for tony private entertainments.—Richmond (Va.) Item.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Great heat seems to cause melancholia.

Flatirons are now heated by electricity.

About one-fourth of the cases of insanity are hereditary.

A German scientist holds that all diamonds come from meteors.

A meteorite weighing 500 pounds recently fell near North Bend, Wis.

The temperature of the planet Neptune is estimated to be 900 degrees below zero.

At the poles, where all meridians converge, there can be no natural standard time, for it is every hour of the day at once.

"Mavrium" is the name of the new chemical element which has been discovered in the bed of an ancient Egyptian river.

Reviving an old project, a French company proposes that lightships connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

Brick made of plaster of paris and cork are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they offer slight resistance and are broken to atoms.

Dr. Styles, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, describes a new cattle parasite which lives in the follicles of the root of the hair, and produces disease in the skin of the animal affected.

Corrosive sublimate, in the strength of sixty-four grains to the gallon of water, is found by the Health Department of New York City to be the most effective of the germ-destroying agents.

A Russian physician declares that the electric light is a very effective anæsthetic, relieving pain in many cases almost instantaneously. Neuralgia and other local pains succumb usually to a beam reflected from a bright arc light.

The African is better protected against the evil effects of the excessive heat than his white brother in two ways. The texture of his cuticle is exceptionally well adapted to encourage free perspiration and his natural temperament does not incline him to borrow trouble largely.

Insects generally breath through special pores in various parts of their body, and if these pores are closed by oil, they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp; it very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

The stratified masses of the earth's crust, where most fully developed, attain a united thickness of not less than 100,000 feet. If they were all laid down at the most rapid recorded rate of denudation they would require a period of 73,000,000 years for their completion. If they were laid down at the slowest rate they would demand a period of not less than 680,000,000.

A few years ago five foot drivers were considered large on locomotives, but in this age of advanced railroading they have increased to seven feet in diameter. Probably the largest diameter wheels in use in this country is that on engine 903 of the New York Central's passenger series that is one of the machines hauling the Empire State Express. They measure seven feet three inches, while the next largest is six feet six inches on another engine in the same service.

French chemists have demonstrated that it is possible to produce heat without fire, and the discovery is to be utilized on the railways and street cars of the country. The device consists simply of a block of acetate of soda, which is plunged into hot water. As it solidifies after the immersion it gives forth as much heat as a coal fire for the space of five or six hours. There is no danger of fire from the use of the substance, and as the same fuel can be used a score of times its cheapness will be of great recommendation with many managers of corporations.

The Story of a Picture.

The death of John Graves, a London print dealer, may recall to some the picture entitled "Can't You Talk?" The history of its production, as told by Mr. Graves under the shade of the historic mound at Waterloo, is interesting. Seeing one of his children playing with a pet collie dog one day, the idea occurred to him that the subject would make a charming picture, and he gave a commission to an artist to carry out his idea. The price was one thousand dollars, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy's exhibition, where it attracted the notice of the Prince and that Princess of Wales, who expressed a desire to purchase it. Mr. Graves, who had placed on it what he considered the prohibitory price of $5000, informed the Prince that as he had had the picture painted solely for the purpose of engraving, he did not wish to dispose of it; but the Prince granted graciously the engraving rights and became its purchaser. Up to the present time reproductions of the picture have netted more than $120,000. Near the field of Waterloo Mr. Graves purchased an estate several years ago, and he was almost a monomanic on the subject of that decisive battle. He confined his reading exclusively to it, and he possessed a singular collection of books that had reference to it.—Boston Transcript.

Hatching Caterpillars in Pill Boxes.

E. B. Boulton, fascinated the Biology Section of the British Association with the results of his experiments on caterpillers hatching in pill boxes. The pepper moth was the particular insect which he experimented on, and his experiments show that if you take an egg of one of these and grow it in a gilded pill box you get a golden caterpiller. Again, if the pill box be black, so is the caterpillar; while a mixed environment produced a muddled creature, just as in man the environment of the slum or the palace pretty much determines a person's characteristics.—Scientific American.