

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.
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The public debt of the Australian colonies amounts to \$875,000,000, while the entire population—white, black, Maori and Chinese—numbers four millions.

Chatter boasts that ancient Rome was never so populous as New York. In the zenith of her fame she did not probably contain a million people. Brooklyu is just such a city, as to size, as she was in her glory.

The experiment of profit sharing has had a thorough test at the Bourne mills, in Fall River, Mass., during the last twelve months, and the results have been so satisfactory as to elicit from the President of the company the opinion that it is the beginning of the solution to the labor problem.

If the cable is to be trusted, some young Parisian brides are to be in luck each year. It is said that a sum of money amounting to \$3000 has been bequeathed to the City of Paris by one Pascal Favale, the interest of which is to be used annually to furnish dowries to young women from the ages of sixteen to twenty-five, who must be of good report and natives of Paris.

The modern idea, observes the Argonaut, that it is better to wound than to kill, not because it is more humane, but because a dead man can be left lying on the battle-field, while a wounded man puts hors de combat his comrades who assist him. Therefore, the bullet that passes through half-a-dozen men, wounding each severely, is preferred to the bullet which simply finds its allotted billet and kills only one.

It is very gratifying to those citizens who brought German song birds to Oregon a year ago and released them in the suburbs of Portland, rejoices West Shore, to see how they have increased in numbers in one season. In a few years they will have spread over a large territory, and their songs will carry joy to the hearts of thousands to whom the nightingale and bullfinch have been as unknown as the bird of paradise.

General O. O. Howard, in a recent address in Brooklyn, N. Y., referred to workmen who earn \$20 per month, pay \$8 of that for rent and had only the remaining \$12 to support families of four or five persons for thirty days. The Christian Inquirer says: "It is that class of piteous, impoverished workmen that is liable to rise like the blind Samson and hurl the State to destruction. It is impossible to make such men feel the justice of the inequalities in modern society."

The Boston Cultivator sends out this warning: "Sundry sharpers, with more shrewdness than honesty, are working an entirely new trick upon the farmers out West. They go to a farmer and pretend to want to buy his farm at once. The price does not exactly suit the strangers, but they manage while negotiations are going on to install themselves into the good graces of the farmer, and proceed to 'put up' at his house for as many days as they can. After they have stayed as long as they dare, they take their departure and look up lodgings with a fresh victim. If their price is met they give the farmer the slip at the first opportunity."

A New York insurance paper has just completed its figures on life insurance for 1889, and they show that during last year the companies increased their assets \$55,000,000, and their surplus, which now amounts to \$89,477,707, is \$7,000,000 larger than it was last year. The premium income increased \$20,000,000, while the total income amounted to \$181,115,809, an increase of over \$26,000,000. The companies disbursed to policy holders, \$82,643,705, and the total premiums for the year were \$121,176,081. The new business of last year increased \$161,000,000 over the previous year, while the insurance in force was increased \$150,235,251.

A number of New York's foremost citizens have organized themselves into the New York Bath Association, with the purpose of establishing in that city a system of public baths similar to that of ancient Rome. The plans for the baths have been settled upon. The building will occupy nearly a whole city block, and accommodate a vast number of persons at once. It will be patterned after the Roman baths, with all modern appliances and comforts, and will be three stories high. The outer walls will be of terra cotta and brick or stone, and all the floors marbled or tiled. The upper floors will be converted into libraries and gymnasiums, and the bathing rooms will have a large swimming pool, hot baths, showers and dressing rooms.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

Their world was a world of enchantment; A wonder of luminous light Came out with a flaring of auroras, From all the black spaces of night; The music of morn was as blithesome And cheery as music could be; But all through the dawn and the daybreak I mourned for the song of the sea. They showed me the marvelous flowers And fruits of their sun-beaten lands; They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys; Forget ye the barren white sands; For a weariness unto the spirit The dash of the breakers must be; So dwell ye beside our blue waters; Forget the sad song of the sea." And I wrapped me about in the sunlight, On the merge of a dimpling stream, And there in a tangle of lilies, I wove me a wonderful dream; And a song from my dreamland went floating Far up where the angels must be, But deep in its under vibrations I heard the sweet song of the sea. With the dew in his locks all a-glitter, The Prince of the Daytime lay dead; For the silver-white lance of the twilight Snudo off the gold crown from his head; And the Princess of Night came to see him, Her lights all about him to hang; And a nightingale screamed in the thicket His song to the slumberer sang. And the stream from the tangle of lilies Came winding its way through the sedge; And a silvery streamer it rippled Among the tall flags on its edge; But its lullaby I fain would have given, For the sleep-wooing sea voices' lull, And the nightingale's song would have barred For the desolate cry of a gull. Their world was a world of enchantment; And they laughed with the laughter of scorn, When I turned me away from its beauty In the light of the luminous morn; But I heard a grand voice in the distance Insistently calling to me, And I rose with a jubilant spirit And followed the song of the sea. —Hattie Whitney, in Belford's Magazine.

A Patchwork Quilt.

BY MARY EYLE DALLAS. Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpane and comfortable which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the finest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz? That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; that is a piece Miss S— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning-gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world. Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork." They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the Mayflower. At least, it was said so. When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said: "I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter." A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron. Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the higher mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking every girl of that family quite understood. A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion. One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long

breadth of old-fashioned, flowered chintz. "Mother has just given me this," Harry, she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepziba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it." "I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bird and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, and butterfly, and rose again. "And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried." So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen. It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever. No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent. Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her. "Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb. "It's I—Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive." "Oh! Harry Martin," said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears. "And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would." "Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry." "And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man. "You don't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one that has disgraced himself." "Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive." Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love, with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; and a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose alternately. A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone. The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of T. Jolliver upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed. The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a baxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed. "Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave anything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a laugh. "There's an honor." The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again. The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman bubbled on. "We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home. Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in a good many quilts, if you did but know it, and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir." "No, go on," said the gentleman. Go on, please." "She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was but sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out these blocks, the next they parted. He was suspected of a crime—of robbery, sir, if I must say it—and she never saw him again. She knew that he was innocent. She said that all the angels in heaven couldn't make her doubt it, but no one else thought with her until a year had gone by, and then an old confiden-

tial clerk, who was trusted in everything, being caught in another theft, confessed to that which his sister's sweetheart had been accused of. The story he had told to his employers of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where he went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was no doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt." The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips. She gave another little cry in a moment, and knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! I do believe it is Harry Martin." And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and of fair repute, and who had returned to find both awaiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses. "Lucy" said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing." "Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service." "Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says we can't keep house without it, we both love it so." "I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive." And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflies and roses.—The Ledger. The Musical Sense in Animals and Men. The higher animals can also enjoy music, as my house-cat shows, when she comes at the playing of the piano to sit by the player, and sometimes jumps into her lap or on the key-board of the instrument. I know of a dog, too, in a family in Berlin, which comes in in like manner when there is music, often from distant rooms, opening the door with his paw. I knew of another dog, usually thoroughly domestic, which occasionally played the vagabond for love of music. Whenever the semi-annual mass was celebrated in the city he could not be kept at the house. As soon as the so-called Bergknappen, which were accustomed to play at this time in the streets, appeared, he would run away and follow them from morning till evening. Evidently neither cats nor dogs, nor other animals that listen to human music, were constituted for the appreciation of it, for it is not of the slightest use to them in the struggle for existence. Moreover, they and their organs of hearing were much older than man and his music. Their power of appreciating music is therefore an unaccounted side-faculty of a hearing apparatus which has become on other grounds what we find it to be. So it is, I believe, with man. He has not acquired his musical hearing as such, but has received a highly developed organ of hearing by a process of selection, because it was necessary to him in the selective process; and this organ of hearing happens also to be adapted to listening to music.—Popular Science Monthly. Heroic Deed of a Telegraph Operator. A delegate to the recent Convention of the Order of Railway Telegraphers of America in New York city who attracted much attention was Charles Adams, of Youngstown, Ohio. At one time when he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., Adams found a freight train directly in the way of a fast express on the main line, and at that very moment the instruments in his office broke down without warning. Unless the freight train was headed off and got on a siding a dreadful disaster was inevitable. The anxious operator fortunately was equal to the emergency. He climbed the nearest pole, cut a wire and brought it down. Then he took his stand on the steel rails of the track, and made a connection through his body. Calling up the next station, he received the response by holding the end of the wire to his tongue. In this way he sent and received dispatches and saved the express. The pain was excruciating, and his tongue was badly burned. Such is the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made.—New Orleans Picayune. Frederick's Tall Regiment. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, formed a regiment of the tallest men he could procure, and insisted on their marrying the tallest women they could find, with a view of producing a giant race of guards; but in this he was unsuccessful. Voltaire says that those men were his greatest delight. Those who stood in the front rank were none of them less than seven feet high, and he ransacked Europe and Asia to add to their number. There is a somewhat apocryphal story that Frederick was once reviewing his regiment of giants in the presence of the French, Spanish and English Ambassadors, and that he asked each of these in turn whether an equal number of their countrymen would care to engage with such soldiers. The French and Spanish Ambassadors politely replied in the negative; but the English Ambassador replied that, while he did not venture to assert that an equal number of his countrymen would beat the giants, he was perfectly sure that half the number would try.—All the Year Round.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

UTILIZING WOODEN PLATTERS. Table Talk tells us how to utilize the little, thin, wooden plates now used so extensively in sending out lunches from restaurants and bakeries. Take two perfect platters; cut one in heart form, grid or bronze it inside and out; fasten it to the other plates by means of small holes about three-fourths of an inch from the edges, through which are run silken cords. Sketch a pretty design on the upper plate, and the result is unique. ORNAMENTATION OF HOUSEHOLD LINES. The ornamentation of household linen should be of a kind that will not deteriorate by wear and tear or by frequent washing. The popular style of open work now claiming much attention from housewives who desire the latest fancy resembles Renaissance or Richelieu guipure. For this the embroidery is done with colored threads. The main portions of the design touch each other, or are drawn so as to be connected by small bars. The outlines are covered with buttonhole stitches and the pattern filled in with various fancy stitches, as may be required, lace stitch, French knots, etc. When the design is embroidered the material between the portions should be cut away. Care should be exercised in selecting both the design and the colored threads, that the former, when finished, may be sufficiently close to prove durable and that the latter may not fade.—New York World. BANISHING FLIES. Flies will not pass through a net made of thread, fine silk or wire stretched across an open window, even though the meshes are an inch apart, unless there is a window or light behind it. This affords a ready means of excluding these insects from all our rooms which have windows on one side of the rooms, flies can only be kept out by using fine gauze for the purpose. The best way to destroy flies in a room is to expose on a shallow plate the following mixture: Quassia chips (small), one-quarter ounce; water, one pint; boil ten minutes, strain, and add of treacle four ounces. Flies will drink this with avidity, and are soon destroyed by it. Cold green tea, very strong, and sweetened with sugar, when set about the room in saucers, will also attract flies and destroy them. An ingenious person has devised the following plan: Observing that a fly always walks upward, he made a window screen divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch space between. As soon as a fly lighted on the screen it proceeded to walk upward, and thus walked straight out of doors. Not being able to walk down it had no way to return to the room. By this means a room can be quickly cleared of flies, which always seek the light. BOUQUET MAKING. The most graceful bouquets have the least method in their arrangement; a few sprays of bloom put in carelessly often are the most artistic in effect. A bunch of misty gypsophylla with half dozen or more coropsis blossoms, placed in a dark brown vase and set before a mirror was a combination which demonstrated this. Few large flowers are capable of more arrangement than the peony. The old time, rich, red variety forms a gorgeous bunch by itself, or is equally beautiful lightened with sprays of white; with its own bronzy-green foliage, it is most effective. The lovely and fragrant Chinese varieties, with their delicate shadings and exquisite tints, when massed on a platter and bordered with ferns are almost as handsome as roses and make a pretty and lasting table decoration. There is an early single peony, between magenta and rose in color, and with a deep golden heart. It is contemporary with the first sturdy growth of the ribbon grass and combines with it admirably, although, by tradition, lemon lilies and ribbon grass are affinities. An old ginger jar of just the right shade of blue, filled with a large bunch of these richly odorous lilies, their exquisite yellow relieved by the creamy white and delicate green of the grass, may quite content the artistic country maiden who has no royal Worcester and orchids at her command.—Vick's Magazine. RECIPES. Quick Biscuit.—Two cups flour, one tablespoonful mixed lard and butter, one cup milk, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt. Handle little, roll out and cut quickly, and bake in a steady oven. Chocolate Ice.—Allow one pound of icing sugar to every two ounces of chocolate; grate the latter into a saucepan, and mix with it eight tablespoonfuls of water; stir well, and let it cook gently for ten minutes, then add the sugar, and use while warm. Potato Soup.—Three pints of rich milk, one pint of mashed potato, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the milk, add the potato and boil again, stirring frequently, that the potato may become thoroughly dissolved, and season just before serving. Serve very hot. Parsie of Celery.—Boil two heads of celery in plenty of salted water with an onion, a blade of mace and some whole pepper. When done drain them and pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix a little flour with it, then the celery pulp and work it well on the fire, adding a little cream of milk and some of the gravy of the ducks. Horseradish Sauce.—Mix two or three heaping tablespoonfuls of fresh grated horseradish with twice as much cream. Salt it lightly and stir in an equal number of dessertspoonfuls of vinegar with a teaspoonful of sugar. Add a little pepper or cayenne if very hot sauces are liked. This sauce is good either hot or cold. If preferred hot, it must be warmed in a double boiler, taking care that it does not boil, or it will curdle. It is especially good with roast beef, either hot or cold.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

New York's brokers reduce obesity by kipping the rope. Bread made with sea-water is said to be a good remedy for scrofula. The French have tried smokeless powder with the biggest guns successfully. A man requires about eight hundred pounds weight of food in the course of a year. Stanley says he frequently saw a mercury mark 135 degrees in the shade in Africa. There are thirty-five varieties of granite in Maine, each of which is easily recognized distinctive characteristics. A house in Southfairfield, Mich., set on fire by the rays of the sun reflected from some tin pans that had been left out to dry. American wheat contains nearly two as much gluten and nitrogen—muscle-making element—as that grown in Australia. Electric launches proved so successful at the recent Edinburgh Exhibition showing that they could travel six knots an hour carrying a heavy cargo, that is now proposed to start an electric ocean ship. A new electric lantern has been designed in Vienna for the use of lecturers and medical classes. By a combination of lenses the magnified image of an object is projected on a white screen in its natural colors. The circumferences of a man's neck and the calf of the leg are the same. The circumference of the neck equals twice the circumference of the wrist. Three times the circumference of the head equals the length of the body. A Berlin restaurant and cafe is cooled in summer and heated in winter by electricity, and the flood of light from the electric lamps is tinted a delicate pink which is so becoming to the complexions of the lady visitors that the place is thronged. From the investigations by Professor Foster and Dr. Freytag, salting or pickling seems to have very little destructive power on many of the commoner forms of bacilli, which may be found in diseased meat. The bacilli of typhoid, erysipelas, tubercle and infectious porcine disease were found alive after having been in pickle two months. The experiment of treating typhoid fever by prolonged immersion of the patients in water has been tried in Liverpool hospital with gratifying success. Four cases were recently reported one of which involved six days' immersion; two others eleven days each and the fourth sixteen days. They were all severe cases, and every one of the patients recovered. The scoring of the bores of modern cannon by the new powders in use is claimed to be due to the fact that upon ignition all of the powder is not turned to gas, some of it remaining in a flake state. It is this latter which does the scoring by being thrown with such force against the metal of the gun that the suluting action is very similar to that of sand blast for cutting glass. There are two periods of life in which the powers of resistance to adverse influences are excessively weak. It is infancy, from birth to five years of age, but especially in the first year of existence the power of life is very feeble, and it is the reason that so many infants suddenly in convulsions. Again, after the age of sixty-five is passed, the tenacity is lowered, the substance of the heart and of the muscles in general becomes fatty, and there is an inability to sudden failure of the heart's action. Another electrical device has been brought out to afford communication between trains in motion and to prevent accidents. Batteries and the necessary connections are placed on each engine, central conductor being laid parallel with the rails. Should two trains approach within a certain distance of each other, an alarm is sounded in each with an electric gong and a steam whistle is set blowing. The engine driver stops the train and communicates by phone. This communication can be effected when the engines are at rest, running or still. An automatic signal also given if a switch is misplaced, a bridge burned or washed away. Additional batteries are placed at stations along the road, and these the alarm should those placed on engines become broken. Statistics About the Ebb. Some one has recently figured out the exact distance that a person may be moved from a reflecting surface and still hear the echo of his own voice. It is 112 feet. A second is said to be the distance of both distinct pronunciation and distinct hearing. This gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable. When the atmospheric temperature is sixty degrees sound travels 1120 feet a second. In one-fifth that time it will cover a distance of 224 feet. Hence, if a reflecting surface is 112 feet distant the sound of an utterer's syllable will be returned to the ear just as the next syllable starts on its journey. In this case the first fifth of the second is consumed in the utterance of a syllable and the next fifth of the second in hearing its echo. If syllables would be echoed from a reflecting surface 224 feet distant, three syllables from 336 feet, and so on within the limit of audibility.—New York Herald. Parliament Houses Crumble. The British Parliament houses are crumbling to pieces so fast that the constant danger of some important building toppling down upon its members. Part of the front of Stephen's has had to be entirely removed because of the wearing away of the stone. Only a week or two ago a piece of a stone heraldic animal fell close to the entrance to Westminster Hall, in Old Palace Yard, a means of entrance to the house which is largely used.—New York Telegram.