WHEN THE CHICKENS CROW.

It's well enough of winter nights to snuggle down in bed
An' draw the homespun kiverlid around your face an' head,
An' lay an' snooze till daylight comes a-sneakin' in your room
An' takes the age off o' the cold an' drives away the gloom;
But when it comes to summertime you'll find 'twill allus pay
To git up bright an' airly, when the chickens crows fur day!

It looks so ca'm an' peaceful like, it makes you want to shout;
An' in the sky a single star that hasn't been put out
Keeps winkin' and a-blinkin', like it tried to flirt with you;
An' then the sun comes perkin' up, an' sparkles on the dew;
An' if you want a tonic to drive the blues away,
You git up bright an' airly, when the chickens crows fur day!

You hear the jay-birds callin' in the oak an' ellum trees,
An' through the open winder comes the cool refreshin' breeze,
A-waftin' spicy oders from the tossles on the corn.
An' the smilin' face of nature makes you thankful you was born.
Oh, it's better then a circus, an' makes you peart an' gay,
To git up bright an' airly, when the chickens crows fur day!

You hear the cows a-moosin' in the barn lot, one by one,
A-askin' plain as may be when the milkin' will be done;
An' you hustle out to milk 'em, a-whistlin' as you pass,
An' turn 'em in the pasture, while the dew is on the grass;
An' if you want to prosper, you'll find 'twill allus pay
To git up bright an' airly, when the chickens crows fur day!

Helen Whitney Clark.

AUDREY'S LOVE STORY.

"GOOD-BYE, Audrey."

Audrey gave her hand to Ned Norroway.

"Good-bye," she said. "And you came the whole way across to see me again! Thank you."

And then she looked at him, so tall and straight and handsome, realizing for the first time just how she felt to Ned Norroway.

"I couldn't have gone without good-bye, Audrey," said Ned. "Yesterday and last night, with all the strangers about at the picnic, gave me no chance. Will you think of me now and then?"

"We shall all think and talk of you..." [illegible]

They sat down under the grapevine.

"I have great hopes of this journey," said Ned. "Uncle Edward promises by and by to take me into partnership. He's very wealthy and a bachelor; a nice old fellow, Audrey. You'd like him."

"Should I?" asked Audrey, thinking only that she should like no one overmuch who had tempted Ned away from Bloomland's slopes.

"And I'm to board with him," said Ned, "and we shall get on splendidly, I've no doubt; and when I'm junior partner—"

Just then a whistle sounded. "I shall have to run for it," said Ned, catching up his portmanteau. "Well, good-bye again, Audrey."

A vague disappointment thrilled Audrey; she had thought so much; and he had said so little. Just then he leant toward her. "One kiss at parting," he said.

Audrey drew back. She was no prude; she would have given her lips to any friend leaving her, without a thought of wrong; but she could not even let the man she loved kiss her; it might be a betraying ordeal, who knew? Everything or nothing for Ned Norroway, and he had never uttered one word of love to her.

"Good-bye," she said, and gave him her hand. And he took it and went a little dashed, and just a little wounded. When Mrs. Dew came home she wondered what made Audrey's eyes so red.

Oh, women's lives! how they glide on, for the most part tangled in the mesh of little things! There was the parlor to dust, ruffles to flute and the cake to bake; a blue bow to be made to wear with the white dress; handkerchiefs to hem; afternoons to be spent at friends' houses; friends to entertain at home; a book mark to be made for the Bible; very important nothings to be done from dawn until dusk; but through it all one thought ran—a thought born of maidenhood's first love, as bright and pure and tender as any ever sung by poet, though she was but a plainly reared country girl and he a nobody with a hopeful heart gone out to seek his fortune.

The time of roses passed away, and grape time came.

Somebody—it was Tom Pepper—had had a letter from Ned, who was very well pleased with New York.

"He's been to see everything," said Tom. "Wait; it's quite what I call a historical kind of a letter, dreadful interestin'; want to read it?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Audrey.

So Tom gave her the letter. It was a sewing circle at Mrs. Dove's, and in a minute more Audrey slipped up into Mrs. Dove's bedroom, and there read the letter. Just such a bright account of himself and what he saw as any intelligent man could have written; but to Audrey it was a miracle of genius, and above all, he wrote it. It brought to her a soupcon of his person and of his soul. Under the shade of Mrs. Dove's chintz window curtains, Audrey kissed that letter as mother's kiss their babies. Then she came back to the parlor.

"Smart, ain't it?" asked Tom.

"What?" asked Audrey. "Oh! yes—the letter; very nice." And as she spoke, she would have given twenty dollars, or fifty, all she had in the savings bank—money she had earned by making pot cheeses for market—all this little hoard would Audrey Dew have given just to have that letter for her very own.

A week afterward she went to see Sally Slocum, and Sally exhibited her photograph album. Here was Uncle Silas and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, all in a row, with their five children, and Aunt Tabitha, and—

"Oh," cried Audrey, "I didn't know he had had any taken."

"Went down to the store one day," said Sally, "and there he was 'burnin' a dozen. Didn't reckon how't they favored him, he said. This here was jest scorched; I pounced down on it. 'I'll hev that, anyway,' says I."

"'Lor'!' says he, 'what d'ye want of that?' but I kep it. Think it like him?"

"Why, he's serious," said Audrey.

"I said, 'That's your identical image when you're in church.' And what d'ye think he said? 'Reckon I'll stay hum, then.' Lor'! it is the beatenest how people want their cards to look."

She had viewed without envy Sally's new bonnet; she had never coveted her link bracelets, but she broke the eighth commandment when she looked at Ned Norroway's photograph. I am sorry to say that she did not stop there.

Next day Sally went out to see her Cousin Pringle, and about two in the afternoon Audrey Dew stepped softly upon the Slocums' front piazza, slipped into the parlor window, and had the photograph album in her pocket in a minute. She dared not take Ned's picture out by itself, and guilty conscience would have filled her with fears of instant detection; but the theft of the whole album would never be laid at her door.

"Most singular thing I ever knew," said old Mrs. Slocum, relating her experience to friends afterward. "Some tramp or somebody slipped in and hooked Sally's album. Sarched high and low, and couldn't hear nothin' on't; offered a reward and all, and giv' it up; but about two weeks arter, here comes a bundle for Sally, and into it a album, bigger and better by two than her tother was, and on the first page the picture of her Uncle Silas—he's dead, ye know. All the rest she hain't never heard nothin' on. And who took it, and who sent it, I dunno, nor nobody."

Nobody knew indeed, save one guilty girl. Cousin Ellen and Aunt Tabitha, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their offsprings, had smouldered into ashes between the covers of the book, and only Ned Norroway's face existed, cut round and pendant in a tiny frame and glass over Audrey Dew's foolish little heart.

"What's that you're a wearin' on a chain?" asked Mrs. Dew of Audrey.

"Grandpa Brown's hair, ma," said Audrey.

Watching and waiting wears one thin. Audrey was not quite as pretty as she had been, if bloom and brightness make all beauty, as most folk think they do, and she was conscious of this, and aware also that her new fall dress was of an unbecoming color, when, at Christmastide it was known through the village that Ned had come down to spend the holidays.

They met at church, and the rest of Christmas Day Ned spent with his old employer's family; while Audrey lost her appetite for dinner, and wished that she had never been born. There was Nathan Prior, to be sure, doing his best to please her, and her cousin Jack, from Hampton, trying to cut him out; but her heart was just as heavy as lead, and every smile was forced, and every word wrung from her lips.

The next day Ned called. At the announcement her heart fluttered; then she ran to the glass. How ugly she looked! She went down to greet him, full of this thought, and gave him a frigid and impassive hand, and sat bolt upright on the remotest chair.

"You're not well, I'm afraid, Audrey," said Ned injudiciously.

"Thank you, Mr. Norroway; I feel perfectly well," replied Audrey.

Ned bit his lip.

"Pleasant weather for the season," he said.

"Yes," said Audrey, "and such a pleasant Christmas Day! Nathan Prior spent it with us, and Cousin Jack. They are so full of fun, both of them! I never enjoyed myself so much."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Ned, and then in came Mrs. Dew, and Audrey lapsed into silence.

Ned took his departure. Next evening they met at a little party, and Audrey, longing for Ned's presence, for his words as never longed for bread, turned her back on him and coquetted with Nathan Prior. Ned waited on Ruth Hallow home, and Nathan gave his escort to wretched little Audrey! And then Ned was gone. The city swallowed him again. Folks heard that he was "getting on." In August came his friend, old General Spradell, to enliven the village with his company.

General Spradell called one evening on the Dews, and in ten minutes dropped his bomb-shell at Audrey's feet.

"Wal, there's Ned Norroway gone and got married. Went to his wedding a week ago. That's the paper, Miss Audrey—gals likes to read about weddin's; makes them think of their own—he! he!"

"Du tell!" cried Mrs. Dew. "Ned married!"

"I don't see why any one should be surprised," said Audrey. "It's the natural fate of young men."

"So it is," said the General. "I mean to try it some of these days myself."

Audrey took the paper to her room and read the notice of the wedding: "On the 1st of August, Mr. Edward Norroway to Helen, youngest daughter of Howard Hotspur, Esq."

Therein, so she believed, lay her world's end.

"Mother," said Audrey Dew, a week after this, "you know Miss Rose always has wanted me to come to her and learn millinery. I'd like to go."

"There ain't any need of your pa's daughter learning a trade," said Mrs. Dew.

"But I could make our bonnets, and save a good deal," said Audrey; and finally she had her way.

She only wanted to let her heart break away from tender, watchful eyes. The farce of cheerfulness could be played no longer.

In a fortnight Audrey went to New York to learn to make bonnets. She wrote letters home to the effect that she was very happy, and stitched indefatigably, and thought, and wept by stealth, and grew thinner and paler, and had a little cough. In fact, nonsense as you may think it, Audrey was dying of a broken heart.

It was October, and the evenings were warm and golden at home, and the foliage gorgeous in its bright decay. In the city the few trees were sere and somber, and all the gorgeousness was in the shop windows. About five o'clock one day, when Audrey, who had been to Brooklyn, came down towards the ferryboat, thinking hard upon a subject which had tormented her for a long time—Ned Norroway's photograph. She had it still, and he was another woman's property. She was doing wrong; she must destroy it.

Why not toss it into the river? Her hand was on the chain, she took a step forward. Just then, "Let me take your shopping bag?" said a voice she knew. She turned her eyes that way. There stood three persons—Ned Norroway, a young lady to whom he had spoken, and an elderly gentleman. Audrey dared not meet them. She turned toward the boat, not heeding her steps as she should have done—not noticing that the boat had left its moorings.

"Stop!" cried half a dozen voices; but Audrey had gone too far to stop. In a second more the waters had ingulfed her.

"Don't go, Ned," cried a young, sweet voice, and two hands clutched Ned's arm.

"Let me alone," cried Ned fiercely, shaking the fingers away with a jerk. And there were two figures in the dark water instead of one, and Ned's voice cried in Audrey's ear, "Be calm. Don't cling to me, and I will save you."

She was quite insensible, and Ned, dripping himself, carried her into a house hard by, and gave her over to the good-natured Irish landlady, who soon had her warm and conscious of this world again.

"She's quite herself, sir," said the woman, coming out to Ned, "and will see you in a minute. I've just brought her jewelry and things to you. I can't watch every wan in an' out."

Ned took the glittering handful; a pin, a little silver portmonnaie, and a chain with a framed picture attached. In a moment more he gave a cry. How she came by it he could not guess, but the face that looked at him through the blurred wet glass was his own.

Half an hour afterward he was kneeling beside Audrey, who reclined in a great arm-chair in the landlady's best room.

"Thank God I saved you, Audrey," he said. "Life would have been worthless without you, my little darling."

At these words, weak as she was, Audrey started to her feet.

"How dare you," she said. "You have risked your life for me, I know, but that does not warrant you in speaking so. What have I done to lead you to insult me?"

"To insult you, Audrey? God forbid!"

"Words that a single man may speak without making a girl angry, sir, are insults from a married man," said Audrey. "Your wife—"

"My what?"

"Your wife would not—"

"Stop, Audrey. Listen to me. What do you mean by 'my wife?' I am not married."

"Not married!" said Audrey. "We saw it in the papers—Edwin Norroway to Helen Hotspur. I read it myself, and I saw her with you on the dock."

"Edward Norroway is married to Miss Hotspur," said Ned, "and you saw her on the dock; but it is my uncle who possesses a wife, and the lady you noticed is, in consequence, my aunt by marriage. She never would have given her hand to so poor a person as the Ned Norroway now in your presence."

"Oh, Ned!" cried Audrey.

"So I meant no insult by calling you my darling, and you don't feel angry with me?"

"No," said Audrey.

"And I may call you so again?"

She said nothing. He kissed her, this time without asking for it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dew, a week after, to some gossip who wanted "to know all about it," "Ned and Audrey are engaged."

However, Mrs. Dew kept her girl's secret in true motherly fashion, and never told how, bursting into the farm house all aglow with roses and dimples, Audrey had begun her confession by saying:

"Mother, it wasn't our Ned who was married, after all, but his uncle."

"Why, who ever thought it was? I knew who the General meant," said Mrs. Dew.

"Did you?" cried Audrey, all amaze. "I didn't until a week ago. Oh, mother, I've been so wretched! and I am so happy now!"

And in these words she told the other woman all her story.—New York News.

Gold Lining in Rats.

I. B. Lake, a representative of the Waltham Watch Company in this city, says it is a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill rats and burn their bodies to get the gold from them, and that the amount thus obtained in the course of a year is considerable. In every large plant like that of the Waltham Watch Company many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time become strongly impregnated with gold. The boys about the factories are supposed to keep these rags out of reach of the rats, but they don't do so. On the contrary, knowing the keen appetite of the rodents for everything greasy, the boys carelessly leave these rubbing rags lying about where the rats can get at them and eat them. Six months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rat with a gold plating he cannot get rid of. It sticks in him closely, and so long as the supply of oily rags holds out the rat sticks to the factory. In order to make sure the voracious rodents will have an inducement to gorge themselves with gold, sharp boys drop butter and fatty meats from their luncheons on the floors and rub them well into the wood by shuffling their feet on it. At night the rats come out and nibble the flooring. They don't care for the gold in it, but the grease attracts them, and in getting at the grease they take a dressing of gold with it.

Twice a year the boys have a grand round up. Rats are caught by the hundreds, and after being killed are put into a crucible and burned. The intense heat drives off all animal substances, leaving the gold in the shape of a button. The amount collected in this way depends upon the number of rats the boys can catch. It is hardly large enough to attract an investment of capital, but it gives the ingenious youngsters considerable pocket money and encourages business tactics.—Chicago Tribune.

The Persian Horse.

Persian horses are to be admired and liked, says Mrs. Bishop in "Journeys in Persia." Their beauty is a source of constant enjoyment, and they are almost invariably gentle and docile. It is in vain to form any resolution against making a pet of one of them. My new acquisition, Boy, insists on being petted, and his enticing ways are irresistible. He is always tethered in front of my tent with a rope long enough to give him considerable liberty, and he took advantage of it the very first day to come into the tent and make it apparent that he wanted me to divide a lemon with him. Grapes were his preference; then came cucumbers, bread and biscuits. Finally he drank milk out of a soup plate. He comes up to me and puts down his head to have his ears rubbed, and if I do not attend to him at once, or if I cease attending to him, he gives me a gentle but admonitory thump. I dine outside the tent, and he is tied to my chair and waits with wonderful patience for the odds and ends, only occasionally rubbing his nose against my face to remind me he is there. A friendly snuffle is the only sound he makes. He does not know how to fight, or that teeth and heels are for any other uses than eating and walking. He is really the gentlest and most docile of his race. The point at which he draws the line is being led. Then he draws back, and a mulish look comes into his sweet eyes. But he follows like a dog, and when I walk he is always with me. He comes when I call him, stops when I do, accompanies me when I leave the road in search of flowers, and usually put his head either on my shoulder or under my arm. To him I am an embodiment of melons, cucumbers, grapes, peaches, biscuits and sugar, with a good deal of petting and ear-rubbing thrown in.

Some Everyday Mistakes.

Current natural history is sometimes very amusing. An observant country boy can give you more reliable information in half an hour than many of the writers who are accepted as authority. Two examples of the fallacies of the latter have been going the rounds. One was an article on the cricket, which described it as a very dainty insect, with a delicate appetite. There is in reality but one that is more voracious, and that is the cockroach. The cricket has a robust taste for almost anything, especially farinaceous matter, and it is very destructive to clothing. A housekeeper had her lace curtains eaten up, and the writer remembers once visiting in a house where the walls had been ceiled and papered. The paper hung loose here and there, due to the crickets that gnawed through to get at the paste that had been used by the paper hangers.

Another story was of the marvelous self-control of a man who discovered that a black snake had concealed itself in the pocket of his coat, which he had thrown aside in the field and donned again, very stupidly, without discovering the reptile. This is not very surprising, as it is generally from four to five feet in length, and weighs several pounds. The black snake of the Northern Middle States is as harmless as the toad, and, moreover, is extremely cowardly. Its greatest fault is its destructiveness of young birds—the broods of those species which nest in low shrubs or upon the ground. But a man might carry one in each pocket, and come to no harm, if his pockets were large enough, if he did not have the inherent animosity of mankind toward reptiles.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

JAPANESE FRUITS.

THE MOST PROLIFIC SOURCE OF POPULAR NEW VARIETIES.

An Extensive Interchange of Vegetable Products Going on Between This Country and the Land of the Mikado.

THE United States Department of Agriculture has recently acquired a collection of Japanese fruits—counterfeits, that is to say, executed most artistically by the Professor of Horticulture in the University of Tokio. This gentleman, whose name is Kizo-Tamari, was educated in this country. The models serve to illustrate the extensive interchange of such vegetable products that has been going on during the last few years between the United States and the Empire of the Mikado. Many of the finest varieties now on our market have been obtained from there, while not a few American fruits are being cultivated largely in the land of the rising sun. For example, Japan has no apples that are good for anything; but apples from New England are being grown in such quantities on the Island of Yezo—the northernmost of the Japanese group—as to have become an important commercial article.

The climates of Japan and the United States are much alike, and any plant native to one country seems to thrive in the other astonishingly. From our point of view, just now that far Asiatic archipelago is the most prolific source of profitable new types of fruits, as well as of hardy ornamental plants. In 1853 two naturalists named Williams and Morrow, who accompanied Commodore Perry's expedition, secured and brought back with them many Japanese plants; while others were collected subsequently by Charles Wright, who went to Japan with Commodore Rodgers in 1855. These collections were submitted for study to Professor Asa Gray, the famous botanist. He was much struck with the similarity between the flora of Japan and that of the Allegheny region of North America. The theory on the subject which he then published is accepted to-day as the true one.

During the great glacial epoch the northern part of this continent was covered by a sheet of ice which extended as far to the south as Philadelphia and St. Louis. When this sheet was withdrawn, the so-called fluvial period supervened, during which the climate was much warmer than it is at present. The sea was 500 feet above its present level, and the rivers were vastly larger than they are now. Elephants and rhinoceroses roamed over Canada and as far as the shores of the Arctic Ocean, while mastodons, buffaloes, lions, elks and horses inhabited high latitudes. Alaska and Northeast Asia were connected by land, and the Siberian elephant wandered from one continent to the other. At the same time the plant life of the two hemispheres became intermingled.

Meanwhile the terrace epoch came slowly on. The Arctic lands were elevated, the waters receded and the temperature fell. The age during which Greenland had a semi-tropical flora, and when, as has been said, an Eden might have been planted in Spitzbergen—vanished and the earth approached its present condition. The vegetation of all sorts was driven southward through Asia and America. The plants, pushed down from the North on all sides of the globe, held on in similar climates; hence the correspondence between those of Japan of to-day and their congeners in this part of the world.

From Japan we have obtained our finest varieties of plums, and these are planted all over the eastern part of the United States from Connecticut to Florida. The Japanese have a huge white clingstone peach, which, though it does not look at all like any of our varieties, is extremely delicious. They got it from China, however. This is to-day the leading market peach of Georgia. Some years ago Dr. S. H. Rumph, of Marshallville, Ga., planted about 10,000 of the stones, from which grew as many seedling trees. From the lot he chose two that bore the finest fruit, eventually discarding one of them. The other was the parent of the Elberta variety, which has since become famous. Dr. Rumph has already sold $60,000 worth of these peaches, hundreds of car loads of which will be shipped out of Georgia this season.

Another Japanese peach, also originally from China, is the Peento. It is cultivated to a considerable extent in Florida, but blooms top early for a higher latitude. Two or three bright days at any time in winter will bring out the blossoms. Some of the trees have been planted in Maryland, but, for the reason mentioned, they never bear fruit. Speaking of plums, the Japanese grow certain varieties for the blossoms alone. They are extremely fond of spring flowers, and celebrate with festivals the unfolding of the plum and the cherry. The fruit of those blossom-producing varieties is acrid and of small account. Plums in general in Japan are not valued for eating fresh; they are picked green usually and pickled.

All of our cultivated persimmons come from Japan. Recently horticulturists in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana have been trying to do something with native American varieties, but none of the latter approaches in size those of the Orient, and as yet they cut no figure commercially.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, who recently made a trip around the world, has published his diary at the request of many of his people.

Wooden-Legged Pedestrianism.

Nogent-sur-Marne, a city not hitherto celebrated as a sporting centre, has rendered itself famous by inaugurating a series of running contests for wooden-legged athletes. Not long ago, in response to a general invitation, no fewer than sixty-seven individuals who had lost either a leg or a thigh competed for a number of prizes, the distance to be covered amounting in every case to 200 metres. The enterprising cripples were divided into cuissards and jambards, and, contrary to what might have been expected, the "grand champion" turned up among the former class. M. Roulin, whose thigh had to be amputated in 1887 in consequence of an accident, succeeded in getting over the course (about 220 yards) in the very remarkable time of thirty seconds; whereas M. Florant, the most speedy jambard, took thirty-six seconds, and was, moreover, easily defeated by the second and third cuissards, as well as by the champion. There was also a race for juniors, but the youngsters failed to approach the veterans, the winner's time being thirty-five seconds. The proceedings ended with a course de consolation, which was carried off in thirty-three seconds by M. Mansire, but whether this gentleman was a cuissard or a jambard is not stated. Altogether the meeting, or match as our French friends called it, was a great success, affording endless delight to both competitors and spectators. If a similar show were to be organized in this country it would doubtless be productive of a large sum in gate money, which might be devoted to some charity connected with athletics, or, better still, be added to the Hospital Sunday Fund.—The Lancet.

The Power of the Jaws.

By means of a spring instrument provided with a registering device Dr. G. V. Black took records of 150 "bites" of different persons. Of these, fifty have been preserved as characteristic of the ordinary man, woman, and child. The smallest pressure recorded was thirty pounds by a little girl seven years old. This was with the incisors. Using her molars, the same child exerted a force of sixty-five pounds. The highest record was made by a physician of thirty-five. The instrument used only registered 270 pounds, and he simply closed it together without apparent effort. There was no method of determining how far above 270 pounds he could have gone. This test was made with the molars. Several persons exceeded a force of 100 pounds with the incisors and 200 with the molars. Dr. Black found that in the habitual chewing of food much more force is exerted than is necessary. In chewing a piece of beefsteak, the crushing point of which was from forty to forty-five pounds, from sixty to eighty pounds stress was actually employed at each thrust of the teeth. The principal articles of food tested had crushing points as follows: Steak, forty to forty-five pounds; mutton chops, thirty-five to forty pounds; broiled ham, forty-five to sixty pounds; roast beef, forty-five to sixty pounds; pork chops, twenty to twenty-five pounds; and the choicest parts of cold boiled beef tongue, three to five pounds. The tougher parts of beef and mutton required a crushing force of ninety pounds in some instances.—Literary Digest.

The Bacteriology of Clothes.

Doctor Seitz, of Munich, in the British Medical Journal, says that on examining a worsted stocking he found 956 colonies of bacilli, while in a cotton sock there were 712. Both these articles had been worn, but no information is vouchsafed as to the personal habits of the wearer. Thirty-three colonies were found on a glove, twenty on a piece of woolen stuff, and nine on a piece of cloth. None of these articles had been worn. On a piece of cloth from a garment which had been worn a week there were twenty-three colonies. Of the micro-organisms found on articles of clothing, relatively few were capable of causing disease; the pathogenic species were almost without exception staphylococci. In one case, however, Doctor Seitz found typhoid bacilli in articles of clothing from twenty-one to twenty-seven days and the staphylococcus pyogenes albus nineteen days after they had been worn. The anthrax bacillus found in clothes was still virulent after a year. The microbe of erysipelas, on the other hand, could not be found after eighteen hours, nor the cholera vibrio after three days. Dr. Seitz studied with special care the question whether in tuberculous subjects who sweat profusely the bacillus was conveyed by the perspiration to a piece of linen worn for some time next the skin of the chest. The inoculation of the guinea-pigs, however, gave negative results.

Pink Snow.

Dr. J. P. Hale, of Colorado, has in his possession a package of pink impalpable powder, the history of which is very interesting. It is the residue of a quantity of pink snow that fell in and around Winfield, Col., last April. P. H. Symons, of Winfield, who sent it to him, thus describes this peculiar snowstorm: "Last Sunday it clouded up and the clouds had a pink cast to them. About 5 o'clock the clouds in the north became very dense and dark pink, and at 6 o'clock it was too dark to read. I have seen many strange skies here, but that was the most strange. It began to snow about 8 o'clock, and in the morning there was one and a half inches altogether; a half-inch of the bottom was very pink, and when the snow thawed it left a coat of slime on the ground and boards, and our walk is pink even to-day." The powder is believed to be of volcanic origin.—San Francisco Chronicle.