

A SINGER CROWNED.

The light came softly streaming
The day the singer died;
They whispered "He is dreaming"
He lay so tranquil-eyed.

No vision of Death's river
Flashed on the waiting throng;
The pale lips seemed to quiver
Still with immortal song.

And nations came and crowned him
With laurels of their love;
The deathless glory 'round him
Seemed like that above.

But greater than all glory
Of worlds, or words to be,
Was Love's last, sweetest story
In Love's simplicity.

For to the singer sleeping
Where none might heed or mark,
A little child came creeping
With lilies in the dark.

And, mid the laurels gleaming,
With trembling hands and fair,
Laid them above his dreaming—
Kissed them, and left them there.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

A COMPLETE CURE.

HAVE you had a good time in town?
"No-o; beastly hole; bore one to death."
"But there is such a lot going on now. Did you not go to any theaters?"

"Yes, to every one; music halls, too; saw everything there was to be seen. I suppose I did enjoy myself, but I have forgotten it."

The girl looked at the man steadily for a moment, but he walked moodily on, unconcerned of her gaze.

"Were there any nice people staying at the same place?" she asked unconcernedly, but still watching him.

"No-o; at least, I hardly spoke to any of them."

"Who were those people you wrote about—those people you were with so much?"

"Oh, they were Irish."

Dead silence. The man and the girl sauntered along the beach, each intent on his or her own thoughts.

"What charming people the Irish are, as a rule," the girl said at length.

"Yes, awfully jolly," enthusiastically.

"Were these?"

"Oh, yes, they weren't bad."

"How many were there, and of what sort and condition? Do rouse yourself a little and try to be a trifle more entertaining."

The man pulled himself together and made an effort. "What shall I tell you? About the Irish people I met? Well, there was a father, also a mother—awfully fine old lady she was—and a daughter."

"Was the daughter pretty? Irish girls are lovely as a rule, aren't they?"

Their eyes are so beautiful. Had this girl beautiful eyes?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Was she a nice girl, clever and so on? Tell me all about her."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell." The man grew restive under the questioning; then he tried to turn the conversation. The girl sauntered on more slowly. She was a little paler than she had been, but a slightly mocking smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"How pretty those brown sails look out there," she said presently, pointing to a little fleet of fishing-boats far out on the glittering sea. "Mark, I should like to go out sailing."

"Would you?" he rejoined, indifferently.

"Yes; let us go and have a nice long day. I will get some provisions while you get the boat. Shall we go?"

"I should like it if you would."

With a little more alacrity he moved off, while the girl watched her way up the cliff path to the house perched on the top.

"Poor boy!" she said softly. "To be slung, he is hard hit, or thinks he is, which amounts to the same. I am afraid he is very impressionable."

Out at sea there was a soft breeze blowing, a little breeze that made the hot sun bearable and put new life and spirits into the two in the boat; there was something so exhilarating, so free, so invigorating, in the very feeling of flying along over the smooth, sparkling waters. Care seemed to be left behind, where it would not overtake them; anger, jealousy, mortification, seemed all too petty and mean to live in this great open stretch of sea and sky.

"Shall we have lunch now?" The girl was leaning back in a perfect nest of cushions, looking unexpectably comfortable and very pretty.

"You look so comfortable it is a pity you should move," the man said. "I will unpack the things and hand you all you want."

"My dear boy, I could not possibly eat in this position, and loath as I am to disturb myself, my spirit longed for sustenance. I am going to sit in the bottom of the boat," she said, "will you arrange some cushions at my back for me?"

Easily and daintily, and with an air in which the proprietor and protector were curiously mixed, he arranged her nest.

"This is awfully fine," said the man, leaning back, with his hands clasped behind his head, and looking first at the girl, then at the sky, and then back again at the girl. "This is splendid. I could go on sailing away forever. One seems to leave all worries behind and forget all disagreeables."

The girl did not speak for a moment. She was looking at the brown sails of the boats they were passing.

"I do not know that I should care

for it the rest of my existence," she said at length. "You are a very agreeable companion, Mark; at least, you can be," with a little rising of her eyebrows; "but I think it would be very stupid to pass one's whole life with one friend—"

"With one what?"

"Friend," answered the girl, calmly unfolding her sunshade and settling more comfortably into her cushions.

The man stared at her for a few seconds. Then he followed her gaze at the brown sails, and for a moment they appeared to find something of surpassing interest in them.

"I think it would be very jolly to bring out Mina Armstrong one day, and her brother, don't you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, perhaps they would like it," indifferently.

"Oh, Jack Armstrong told me yesterday that he is devoted to sailing. He wanted me to go with him—them—to-day, but I said you were coming, and you would think it odd if you found no one at home."

"You were very kind," he answered a little sulkily. "I am sorry to have kept you at home."

"Oh, it does not matter. I can go another day. I wanted to see you, you know."

"Thanks; but why not go in his boat to-morrow instead of having him here? You would enjoy it more, probably."

"I don't know that I should," musingly. "Besides, I want you to know Mina. She is such a dear little soul, and so pretty. I am sure you will quite fall in love with her."

She looked at her companion for the first time, then quickly lowered her sunshade, for the dignified amazement of his expression was too much for her gravity. For minutes silence reigned in the boat. The man was wondering if it could really be possible that the girl regarded him simply as one of her many friends, and was quite indifferent as to whether he cared more for another girl or not.

It had never occurred to him that other men might admire Ruth so much as to wish to take her from him. He looked at her in his endeavor to fathom it all. He looked at her, and then he no longer wondered. She was really very pretty. When he looked at her she was leaning on the side of the boat, her head resting on her arm.

"How perfectly idyllic it is," she finally said. "What a comfort it is to be able to sit silent when one feels inclined, and not feel one is playing the bore. It is a sign of true friendship, Mark. I could not do so with any one but you, but you understand."

She looked at him with a sweet, grave smile. "We ought to be good friends after knowing each other all these years, oughtn't we?"

Mark nodded. "Friend" always seems to me such an inadequate, cold word," he said. "Friends and acquaintances are the same to me."

"Oh, no; oh, no!" she cried. "Acquaintances mean so little, they are nothing."

Friends so few. You are one of my chiefest, and—"

"I always thought we were more than friends," he said.

"You silly boy, how could we be?" she replied, with a little laugh, but the laugh did not ring true.

"Well, you know what the old folks—"

"Mark, do you know that it is nearly 4 o'clock, and that I promised to be at Armstrong's at 4:30? We must really go in now."

Later that day it occurred to the man that he had not thought of the Irish girl for several hours. He did not think of her until the moon rose, and he went out on the headland and sat alone with his pipe.

"Ruth, do you feel inclined to come out for a stroll?" The girl was sitting in a large basket chair in the garden on the cliff-top; in her hand she held a magazine, but she was not reading it, she was looking out over the sea, thinking, thinking of something which called up a little smile to her lips.

She looked so sweet and fresh and cool, her soft white gown showing her pretty, sunburnt cheeks, and the glorious color of her hair. Mark approached her with his request almost diffidently. During the last week or two he had found that she did not jump at his suggestions with her old alacrity; in fact, it had taken him all his time and all his tact to secure her company at all, and so occupied had he been that he had had no time to think at all of the Irish girl; at least he had only found time of an evening over his pipe, and two of those evenings he had spent in thinking of Ruth.

To-day, however, Ruth willingly consented to accompany him. "Let us go on the heather," she said, "and you must talk to me, for I am feeling fearfully lazy."

So they strolled along the narrow lane inland until they came to the moor where great stringy beds of purple and white heather stretched away for miles and the low hedges were draped with festoons of honeysuckle and "old man's beard." Close to one of these hedges they found a seat, or at least Ruth found a seat; Mark did not want one, he lay on the heather beside her.

"Mark, this is an earthly paradise," she exclaimed, as she leaned back against a soft cushion of sweet-scented thyme. "If I was superstitious I should say it was too good to last."

"I think it is," said Mark, rather mournfully. "We seldom have a walk or anything together now, Ruth."

"No?" she was not prepared for this sudden attack, and grew confused. The man noticed it, and determined to make the most of it. "Ruth, dear, you have changed lately; we are not such good friends as we use to be. Why is it? Tell me!"

He looked up at her, and from his lowly position could see every change in her face.

"Don't be silly," she said, studiously averting her eyes. She stooped and gathered a handful of heather, which she promptly began to destroy and scatter in little showers over her white gown. In a moment she recovered and became herself again. "Get into a more comfortable position," she said, smiling down at him, "and talk to me. I must be amused." So the man, with a sigh, lay down on his heather couch and began to talk. In those days he did anything the girl told him, and everything he could think of to please her. Presently he began to talk of his late visit to London, that visit on the subject of which he had hitherto been so silent.

"And those Irish people," said the girl, unconcernedly, idly sticking pieces of heather in his curls while she looked keenly down on his face. The top of his head was towards her, his eyes were fixed on the blue sea, where it appeared far away in the distance, so that he did not see her. "Why do you not ask them down here? You were so much with them and liked them so, I am sure you would be glad to have them."

No answer. The girl stuck another piece of heather in his hair, then took it all out again. "I am sure I should have liked to have met them. I think I should have liked the girl awfully."

"I am sure you would not. She is not your style at all."

"What style is she?"

"Oh, I don't know. She is an awful flirt, and not good form at all."

"Oh!" a silence ensued for about five minutes, then the man rolled over, and, planting his elbows in the heather, looked up determinedly in his companion's face. An inkling of the truth had reached his brain.

"Ruth, I must know. It is only fair that you should tell me why you have changed so to me?" Dead silence. The girl looked away and made no attempt to reply. "Won't you tell me?" he said, wistfully. "You are making me very miserable, dear." His voice was quite sad and pleading; it touched the girl in spite of herself.

"I am? Oh, Mark." The tears almost came into her eyes, but she smiled instead. "How can I make you unhappy?"

"Because I love you, Ruth, and I cannot bear this something that has risen between us; it drives me mad. Ruth, my dear girl, don't you know how I love you, and that I want you to be something very, very much nearer than a friend?"

The smile died away from her face; she grew very pale, and her fingers trembled a little as she played with the heather, but she spoke calmly, almost coldly. "I did not know it was me you loved," she said.

"I have never loved any one else, not with a real love such as I have for you. I may have admired others, yes, and perhaps thought myself in love with them for a time; but that is all so different, you know it is."

"Yes, I think I know," she said; "but it might happen again."

"I do not think it would," he said seriously. "I never knew until I came back this time, and—began to feel that I might lose you, how much I loved you, dear." He wondered then why she smiled so oddly. "You must have seen it, Ruth?"

"But, Mark, how about that other girl, that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—care for her?"

"Pooh!" said the man with unfeigned scorn. "Care for her? I never did. One may flirt with a girl like that, but as to loving her, or—marrying her—well, I pity the poor fool who does. She flirts abominably."

Then the girl smiled again, a triumphant little smile, quite unintelligible to the man. She knew that her course of treatment had been successful, the cure was complete.

"Why do you smile?" asked the man, perplexed.

"Because—oh—because I am so happy."

"Happy! Do you mean that?" catching one of her hands and kissing it passionately. "Then it is to be—may I tell the old folks that it has all come about as they wished? Look at me, child, and tell me you really mean it, that you do care."

Still she looked away, intent on tearing up the unfortunate heather by her side. The man watched her in silent dismay; he could not understand her in this variable mood.

"You do not care," he said at last, when the silence had become unbearable. "You do not care, and you cannot make yourself." There was a great sadness in his voice, his face seemed in a moment to have aged and grown haggard. He turned over and propped himself on one elbow, with his face well away from hers.

Something was laid on his bowed head. It was Ruth's little hand.

"Mark," she said, softly.

"What is it, Ruth?"

"Look up; I want to tell you something."

He obeyed her, and turned a very miserable pair of eyes towards her. "Never mind, little woman," he said bravely; "I know you can't care"—He stopped; something in her face making him forget what he was saying.

Her eyes were bright and shining, a delicate flush crept up over her cheeks. "You are making a mistake. I do care, very, very much," she said earnestly. "It is all right now," and leaning towards him she took his face between her two hands and kissed him gently on the forehead.

"You dear little soul!" he cried, astonished at this unusual outburst on her part. But she had buried her face in her hands to hide the crimson that dyed her sweet face.—The Gentlewoman.

OUR SEA POWER.

SHIPS THAT ARE AVAILABLE IN CASE OF WAR.

The Battleships, Cruisers, Gunboats and Monitors Ready or to Be Relied Upon—Thirteen Armored Vessels—Torpedo Boats.

IN these days it is natural to take account once more of our available ships in order to see what we can rely upon in case of early need. We must strike out, of course, most of the relics of our old wooden navy, although some of these would be of service by reason of the batteries they carry.

But, taking the new war vessels, we find, to begin with, thirteen armored ships of four different types that can be counted on. Five of these are battleships. The Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon are of 10,288 tons displacement, and the Indiana has shown a speed of over 15½ knots. Their main batteries consist of four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, and four 6-inch guns, with twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, and four Gatling in the secondary battery. They carry 18 inches of armor on the sides, and 17 and 15 inches on their heaviest barbettes and turrets, and are unequalled, it is believed, in their combination of armor and armament, by anything afloat. The Indiana is ready for service today, and her two sister ships are nineteen-twentieths complete, so that all three can be relied upon from this time forth. Two other completed battleships are the Maine and the Texas, the former of 6682 and the latter of 6315 tons. They were built for 17 knots, and the Maine exceeded that speed on her trial, although then she was not carrying her normal weights. The Texas carries two 12-inch and six 6-inch guns, and the Maine four 10-inch and six 6-inch guns. The former has 24 and the latter 20 secondary pieces. The Texas has 12 inches of armor on her sides and turrets, and the Maine also 12 inches on her sides and barbettes. Both are ready for service.

Passing to the armored cruiser New York, she is of 8200 tons displacement and 21 knots, carries 10 inches of armor on her barbettes, 5½ inches on her turrets, and 4 inches on her sides, and has six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch guns in her main and twenty pieces in her secondary battery. Her protective deck is 6 inches thick on the slopes and 3 inches on the flat. The ram Katakhdin, of 2155 tons, has a speed exceeding 16 knots, and armor on her sloping sides of from 6 to 3 inches thick.

Of our six double-turret monitors, three, the Monterey, the Miantonomah and the Amphitrite, are in regular service. And since the Terror, at a recent reckoning, was 97½ per cent. finished, the Monahanok, 97 and the Puritan 91, we really have all six at our service.

The Puritan, of 6000 tons displacement, carries 16 inches of armor and barbettes of 16 inches and turrets of 8, and carries four 12-inch and six 4-inch guns. The Monterey, built of steel, while the others have iron hulls, is of 4081 tons and over 13½ knots, with sides 13 inches thick and with 13 and 11½ inches of armor on her barbettes and 8 and 7½ on her turrets. Her turret guns are two 12-inch and two 10-inch. The four others, 3999 tons, have speeds of from 10½ to 11½ knots, 9 to 5-inch sides, and turrets of 11½ inches to 7½. They carry each four 10-inch and all but one, also two 4-inch guns.

In this array is not included the Iowa, though larger and faster than the Indiana class, and very powerfully armed and armored, since she is only half completed; nor the Brooklyn, far surpassing the New York in battery power and protection, as she is only two-thirds completed. Yet neither is to be forgotten, in reckoning for the future. Nor is here included the baker's dozen of single-turret monitors, some of 2100 and others of 1875 tons, which carry two 15-inch smooth bore, and would undoubtedly be of some use for harbor defence.

In the steel cruiser and gunboat types, excluding the Chicago, now under repair, we have twenty-four vessels, outside of the composite gunboats recently laid down. They would all be useful for destroying an enemy's commerce. The only ones of them not completed are the Helena, Wilmington and Nashville, and they are all over two-thirds done, and could be hurried forward.

The Minneapolis and Columbia are of 7375 tons, and have made 23 and 22.8 knots respectively. The Olympia, of 2870 tons, has made 21½ knots, and carries the powerful battery of four 8 and ten 4-inch guns. The Baltimore is of 4413 tons and 20 knots, and heavily armed. Only a little below her in speed are the San Francisco and Philadelphia, carrying each twelve 6-inch guns. The Cincinnati and Raleigh, the sister ships Detroit, Montgomery and Marblehead, and the Charleston all have coal speeds to their records. The 3000-ton Atlanta and Boston, the 1700-ton Yorktown, Concord and Lexington, the Castine and Maclure are all useful. The Dolphin, Petrel, Bancroft and Vesuvius are among our new steel craft.

Of our torpedo craft, only three, the Cushing, Ericsson and Stiletto are built, but three others are somewhat advanced, and work on the third trio can be hurried. Of other craft, either iron or wooden, perhaps a dozen could be made useful in some form. The auxiliary cruisers of the American line and others to come from the merchant service must not be forgotten.—New York Sun.

John E. Smith, a farmer of the neighborhood, has just bought 8000 acres of land near Augusta, Ga., for \$33,000 in cash. He will cultivate it as a big farm.

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How to Use the Whip.

Two men stood in one of the riding academies the other day watching Academi Batonyi as he was driving a very pretty high stepper to a dog cart about the ring. It was evident from their conversation that one was a driver and the other was not, but both of them appreciated the way that Mr. Batonyi used the whip, and this led to a discussion on the proper method of handling the whip, of which so many lapses from good form are seen daily in the park.

"There is a right way and a wrong way to hold the whip," said the driver to his companion. "At no time should a gentleman driver have his whip out of his hand. The etiquette of the driving box is very well defined and there are any quantity of little details that mark the difference distinctly between good form and bad form."

"As an example of how essential it is to turn out well, I can refer you to the carriage and harness classes at the recent horse show at Madison Square Garden, and particularly the tandem classes. It should be remembered that the tandem classes were very hard to win in, and if the whip happened to be held at the wrong elevation it might throw out a tandem in a class where appointments counted."

"Every driver should know how to catch a whip. This is of particular importance when driving fours. The whip used on a coach has a stock about six feet long and the thong is usually about twelve feet long. When the whip is not in use five or six feet of the thong has to be taken care of in some way, and to do this when the driver throws the lash out and touches the leaders a bit, he catches the end of its return in his whip hand, and throwing the thong in the air, he strikes it with the stock some distance up from the point of the lash, so that it winds itself about the stock and remains there out of the way."

"You will notice that when a driver wishes to use the whip again by a simple movement of the wrist he unwinds the thong and throws out the lash where he wishes. This is all done with one hand, of course, and the other hand is left wholly free, to use in handling the reins."—New York Mail and Express.

American Maize and Westphalia Hams.

The analysis of specimens of American and European maize by the Department of Agriculture, which shows that the Indian corn of the United States is the best in the world, is an important service rendered to our country's interests. We have had frequent occasions to show how much more important the corn crop is to our farmers than that of wheat, although the latter sometimes continues to hold a larger share of public attention.

Analysis shows that our maize is not only much richer in protein than that of Europe, but that it contains a larger proportion of fat. This result was reached notwithstanding the fact that many low grades of American corn were used, which tended greatly to reduce the average.

In this connection a passage in a 1905 report on Westphalia hams becomes of interest. These hams, produced in a western province of Prussia, have a world-wide reputation, and are extensively exported. The consular report deals with the kind of hogs raised, the method of feeding, etc. The food fed to the swine is mainly potatoes, which are cooked with their jackets on mashed into a paste, and mixed with wheat bran, rye or oatmeal. It is added that the addition of Indian corn is not deemed advisable, as this cereal is thought in Westphalia to have an undesirable effect on the production of hams. This is calculated to provoke a smile from those who are acquainted with the splendid hams produced from the corn-fed hogs of the United States.

In the result of the analysis made by the Department of Agriculture we have, perhaps, an explanation of the prejudice against maize in Westphalia. The European maize, being of so inferior a quality, may not be suitable for the production of the best hams, but experience shows that this is not at all applicable to the corn of the United States.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A 1500 Mile Walk.

Charles Roberts, his wife, and three children have just finished a fifteen-hundred-mile walk, from the interior of Texas to their old home in Delaware County, Ind. Roberts removed to Texas some years ago, but failed there, and things went so badly that last summer there seemed nothing but starvation ahead, so he determined to return to his friends in his old home. He had no money to spend in railway fares, and decided that the only thing to do was to walk. The youngest child is a boy, aged seven, and the other two children, a boy and a girl, are twins, twelve years old. Roberts says they walked the whole of the distance except about twenty-five miles. They had a little money, and the farmers all along their route treated them with great kindness. Parents and children were in good shape physically at the end of their tramp, but showed many evidences of the long walk and exposure in all kinds of weather.—New York Sun.

Two Drummers for Trade.

A Portland merchant has recently had illustrated to him, in the person of two commercial travelers, great vicissitudes of fortune. One who called to solicit trade for a certain brand of catsup, was at one time one of the leading merchants of Boston, and his residence, when adversity came, sold under the hammer for \$73,000. The other, who had a line of cigars, had been twice elected Governor of one of the largest of the Middle Western States.—Portland (Me.) Advertiser.

The Tadpole in Science.

At the close of the last century Galvani astonished the world with the experiments he performed on frogs. There is no doubt but what his work, as far as the development of engineering was concerned, almost retarded the progress, at least for a very short time; but he has opened a field which to future generations may be of as much, possibly of more importance than all the practical applications of electricity to-day. We refer to the physiological effects of the electric currents.

Now, as we approach the end of another century, another experiment on tadpoles has been made, which in our minds' eye may have tremendous consequences. D. Waller has observed that tadpoles face the positive pole when an electric current is sent through the trough in which they live. This is certainly a remarkable fact, and we hope sincerely that this matter may not be taken up as a matter of ridicule, or of play, for there may be hidden in this simple experimental fact a vast deal of knowledge; not that we want to prophesy, but on the face of it it does not seem impossible that this simple fact should be the commencement of a knowledge of electro-physiology, which in a hundred years from now might in perfection be second to none of our descriptive sciences.—Electric Power.

A Regiment of Relatives.

There is a movement in Horry County, South Carolina, for the erection of a monument to the