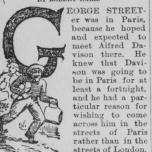
The spider weaves his gauzy web; Quick each false step retrieving, He's weaving on and weaving on Fast in and out his swift thread goes From morn till night, from night till morn.
And why so fast—the whole world knows
That old, old web he's weaving.

The drowsy bee on limber perch Is all day droning, swinging, Is all day droning, swinging,
And up and down, then down and up,
He sings and hums and hums and sings,
As sipping from a rose-leaf cup,
He swings and sips, and sips and swings
That old, old tune he's singing.

Two lovers sit beneath the tree-Oh nappy, happy meeting.
What do they say? Oh, dear—my fair,
"Tis nothing new; no, nothing new,
Oh, peachbloom cheek and golden hair—
Just "I love you," sweet "I love you," The old, old tale repeating. -Bettie Garland, in Godey's.

STRIKING BACK.

BY ROBERT BARR



streets of London.
Streeter was a young author who had published several books, and who was getting along as well as could be expected, until suddenly he met a check. The check was only a check as far as his own self-esteem was concerned; for it did not in the least retard the sale of his latest book, but rather appeared to increase it. The check was unexpected, for where he check was unexpected, for where he had looked for a caress he had received ad looked for a caress he had received a blow. The blow was so well placed and so vigorous, that at first it stunned him. Then he became unreasonably angry. He resolved to strike back. The review of his book in the Argus

was vigorously severe, and perhaps what maddened him more than anything else was the fact that, in spite of his self-esteem, he realized the truth of the criticism. If his books had been less successful, or if he had been newer less successful, of it he had been hever as an author, he might possibly have set himself out to profit by the keen thrusts given him by the Argus. He might have remembered that although Tennyson struck back at Christopher Forth, calling him rusty, crusty and musty, yet the poet eliminated from later editions all blemishes which musty Christopher had pointed out.

Streeter resolved to strike back with

something more tangible than a sarcastic verse. He quite admitted, even to himself, that a critic had every right to criticise—that was what he was for; but he claimed that a man who pretended to be an author's friend, and who praised his books to his face, had no right to go behind his back and pen a criticism so scathing as that which appeared in the Argus, for Streeter knew that Alfred Davison had written the criticism in the Argus, and Davison had pretended to be his friend; and had pretended, as well, that he something more tangible than a sarcas and had pretended, as well, that he had a great admiration for Streeter's

As Streeter walked down the Boulevard des Italiens, he saw, seated in front of a cafe, the man whom he hoped to meet; and, furthfrmore, he was pleased to see that the man had a friend with him. The recognition of author and critic was mutual. "Hallo, Streeter!" cried Davison;

"When did you come over?"
"I left London yesterday," answered

"A man can but do his best," said Streeter.

"Then sit down and have something with us," said Davison, condially. "Streeter this is my friend Harmon. He is an exile and a resident in Paris, and, consequently, likes to meet his countrymen. What will you have to drink, Streeter?" said Streeter to the garcon who stood ready to take the order.

"A man can but do his best," said Streeter, getting annoyed in spite of himself, for no man takes kindly to the candid friend. "A man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings." "Yes," returned Miss Neville, "a man can but do his best," said Streeter, getting annoyed in spite of himself, for no man takes kindly to the candid friend. "A man can but do his best," said Streeter, getting annoyed in spite of the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, and the sometime to the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings." "Yes," returned Miss Neville, "a man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings." "Yes," returned Miss Neville, "a man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings." "Yes," returned Miss Neville, "a man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings." "Yes," returned Miss Neville, "a man can but do his best," said Streeter, getting annoyed in spite of the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best," said Streeter, getting annoyed in spite of the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, and the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, and the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, and the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, and the said three and if friend. "A man can but do his best, as Hubert said whose grandsire draw a long-bow at Hastings."

"Very well; take it, then!" said Streeter, picking up the glass and dash-ing the contents in the face of Davison. Davison took out his hankerchief.

"What do you mean by that, Street"he asked, as the color mounted to

Streeter took out his card and penciled a word or two on the pasteboard.
"There," he said, "is my Paris address. If you do not know what I mean by that, ask your friend here; he will inform you."

And with that the novelist arose, bowed to the two, and departed.
When he returned to his hotel, after a stroll along the brilliantly-lighted

When he returned to his hotel, after a stroll along the brilliantly-lighted boulevards, he found waiting for him Mr. Harmon and a Frenchman.

"I had no idea you would come so so soon," said Streeter, "otherwise I would not have kept you waiting."

"I'd does not matter," replied Harmon in the strong soon in the best and it is not have the writer."

"Poor Davison!" said Miss Neville, lanching, "why, he is one of the best lanching, "why is not lanched the lanching with a sign."

would not have kept you waiting."
"It does not matter," replied Harmon; "we have not waited long. Affairs of this kind require prompt action. An insult lasts but twenty-four hours, and my friend and principal has no desire to put you to the inconvenience of repeating your action of this evening. We are taking it for granted that you have a friend prepared to act

duce you. Come this way, if you will pointment at this hour of the morn be so kind."

duce you. Come this way, if you will be so kind."

The preliminaries were speedily arranged and the meeting was to take place next morning at daylight, with pistols.

Now that everything was settled, the prospect did not look quite so pleasant to Streeter as it had done when he left London. Davison had asked for no explanation; but that, of course, could be accounted for, because this critical sneak must be well aware of the reason of the insult. Still, Streeter had rather expected that he would perhaps have pretended ignorance, and on receiving enlightenment might have avoided a meeting by apologizing.

Anyhow, Streeter resolved to make a night of it. He left his friends to arrange for a carriage, and see to all Now that everything was settled, the prospect did not look quite so pleasant to Streeter as it had done when he left London. Davison had asked for no explanation; but that, of course, could be accounted for, because this critical sneak must be well aware of the reason of the insult. Still, Streeter had rather expected that he would perhaps have pretended ignorance, and on receiving enlightenment might have avoided a meeting by apologizing.

Anyhow, Streeter resolved to make a night of it. He left his friends to arrange for a carriage, and see to all that was necessary, while he donned his war-paint and departed for a gathering to which he had been invited, and where he was to meet many of his countrymen and countrywomen in a

ering to which he had been invited, and where he was to meet many of his countrymen and countrywomen in a fashionable part of Paris.

His hostess appeared to be overly overly to see him.

"You are so late," she said, "that I was afraid that something had occurred that would keep you from coming altogether."

"Nothing could have prevented me from coming," said Streeter, gallantly, "where Mrs. Woodford was hostess."

"Oh, that is very nice of you, Mr. Streeter!" answered the lady; "but I must not stand here talking with you to Miss Neville, who wishes very much to meet you. She is a great admirer of yours and has read all your books."

"There are not very many of them," "Oh, that is a great admirer of yours and has read all your books."

"There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, impatiently, "I don't pretend to know the rules of this idoite game!"

"The wee Mrs. Woodford was hostess."

"Oh, that is very nice of you, Mr. Streeter!" answered the lady; "but I must not stand here talking with you, to Miss Neville, who wishes very much to meet you. She is a great admirer of yours and has read all your books."

"There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, "There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, "There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, "There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, "There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, "There are not very many of them," "Oh, that's all right!" said Davison, impatiently, "I merely wished to give you the opportunity of firing at meif you cared to so," he said; "and now I desire to apologize for my action at I am willing that I did what I did under a misapprehension. Anything that I can do to make reparation I am willing to do."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Davison; "oh," I merely wished to give you the opportunity of firing at meif you cared to so," he said; "and now I desire to apologize for my action at

self.

"Oh, we all know how modest authors are!" replied his hostess, leading him away to be introduced.
Miss Neville was young and pretty; and she was evidently pleased to meet the rising young author.
"I have long wanted to see you," she said, "to have a talk with you about your books."

about your books."

"You are very kind," said Streeter,
"but perhaps we might choose something more profitable to talk about?"

"I am not so sure of that. Perhaps
you have been accustomed to hear only
the nice things people say about you.
That is the misfortune of many
authors."

"It is a misfortune," said Streeter. "What a writer needs is somebody to tell him the truth."
"Ah!" said Miss Neville, "that is

another thing I am not so sure about.

Mrs. Woodford has told you, I suppose, that I have read all your books.

Did she add that I detested them?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Woodford led me to believe that you had liked

The girl leaned back in her chair and looked at him with half-closed

eyes. "Of course," she said, "Mrs. Wood-"Of course," she said, "Mrs. Wood-ford does not know. It is not likely that I would tell her I detested your books while I asked for an introduc-tion to you. She took it for granted that I meant to say pleasant things to you, whereas I had made up my mind to do the exact reverse. No one would be more shocked than Mrs. Woodford— unless, perhaps, it is yourself—if she knew I was going to speak frankly with you."

"I am not shocked," said the young an, seriously; "I recognize that

"I am not snocked," said the young man, seriously; "I recognize that there are many things in my books which are blemishes."
"Of course you don't mean that," said the frank young woman; "because if you did you would not repeat the faults in book after book."

"A man can but do his best," said Streeter getting annoyed in suite of

Streeter to the garcon who stood ready to take the order.

When the waiter returned with a glass of seltzer Streeter pulled out his purse.

"No, no!" cried Davison; "you are not going to pay for this—you ard rinking with me."

"I pay for my own drinks," said Streeter, surily.

"Not while I invite you to drink with me!" protested the critic. "I pay for this seltzer."

"Very well; take it, then!" said Streeter, somewhat startled—the meeting that was so close and which head forgotten for the moing the contents in the face of Davison. Davison took out his hankerchief. ment, flashing over him. "Yes, I did; and I had the pleasure of meeting the person who wrote it this evening."

Miss Neville almost jumped in her

"Poor Davison!" said Miss Nevile, laughing, "why, he is one of the best and stanchest friends you have; and so am I for that matter—indeed, I think I am even more your friend than Mr. Davison, for I think you can do good work, while Mr. Davison is foolish

nough to believe you are doing it."
At this point in the conversation

for you; for your conduct appeared to be premeditated."

"You are quite right," answered Streeter; "I have a couple of friends to whom I shall be pleased to introment—as if anyone could have an appointment—as if anyone could have an appointment.

ing."
"Nevertheless" said Streeter,
"Nevertheless" bid you good-

the word "Fire!" was given Streete, dropped his hand to his side. Davison stood with his pistol still pointed, but

he did not fire "Why don't you shoot, George?"

The Use of Poultices.

Physicians are often surprised at the

ignorance of patients concerning or a poultices. The trouble arises from a wrong idea as to the curative action of a poultice.

In general, poultices are primarily localizers of inflammation; they act by softening and stimulating the tissues with which they are brought directly in contact. The fact that their rectly in contact. by softening and stimulating the dissues with which they are brought directly in contact. The fact that their
value lies in the amount of heat and
moisture which they radiate to these
tissues, is the reason, probably, for
the application by the laity in every
case where heat and moisture may
happen to be indicated as necessary.

Take, for example, two cases—a
poisoned wound and a finger swollen
by muscular strain. It is manifest
that these two cases are not parallel,
though in both the application of heat
is indicated as a remely.

In the case of the poisoned wound,
we have the presence of a foreign substance in the tissues. This sets up a
local information, which by means of
the circulation tends to spread and be-

the circulation tends to spread and be-come general. We place a poultice over the affected part, and immediately the application of the heat brings to it a fresh supply of blood containing numerous leucocytes—white cor-puscles—whose business it is to make war upon all foreign matter with which they may come in contact, and pus is formed. This finds a proper means of escape through the softened tissues under the poultice and with it comes

under the poultice and with it comes the poison.

In the case of the swollen finger, on the other hand, we have a simple irritation, and what we need in the way of treatment is just enough heat to draw a renewed supply of blood to the weakened part for its nourishment, But we do not wish, as in the first case, to confine the heat long enough to stimulate the leucocytes to activity, as in that event we should only have that event we should only have ade a bad matter worse, with an ab-

cess to take care of.

The desired result may be obtained by simply plunging the finger into water as hot as can be borne for a short ie, or by rubbing on a stimulating

The moral of all this is that we are The moral of all this is that we are to use poultices only where we wish to localize inflammation. In sprains and the like proper stimulation is all that is required.—Youth's Companion.

Valuable Woods of Argentine.

While the upper provinces and territories of the Argentine Republic are an almost unbroken forest of primeval proportions, in which are to be found hundreds of kinds of hard woods susceptible of the very finest polish and presenting the most exquisite color-ings, yet the country is almost devoid of the soft woods of commerce. There are pines both in Misiones and along the Cordilleras of Patagonia, but they are quite inaccessible to market; and there are also immense cedar forests, which are just now beginning to be ex ploited. At present, however, the only plotted. At present, however, the only woods which reach Buenos Ayres, or are shipped abroad are the hard woods of the Gran Chaco. Owing to their specific gravity it is impossible to float the logs down the Parana River; but they are brought down in chatas, or liat-bottomed boats, or are loaded from the banks directly in sailing vessels bound to European ports. There is a growing demand for them both in German and French manufacturing centers, where they are used for cabinet work or are sawed into ornamental work or are sawed into ornamental veneering.—American Agriculturist.

Geese That Cannot Swim.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is found only in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

SHAKING A BRIGADIER

Why Leaving One's Jacket Open Be-came a Serions Offense.



IN the spring of 1862 Co. B. 1st. Mich. Cav., was detailed as body-guard to Brigg. Gen. Crawford. We thought we were very fortunate, and that we were very fortunate, and that we were in for a soft sap. The duties were not very severe, and the General that it made our backs ache. Some of the Infantry boys of that brigade, in writing of those times, even accused us of wearing paper collars.

Among my earliest recollections of personal intimacy with the General was that of one morning when I was pacing back and forth in front of Headquarters tent about 4 o'clock as a sentry. It was a beautiful morning. Hardly a sound was to be heard, except from inside the tent, from whence issued the melodious notes of one of the leaviest snorers that I ever came across. As the sky began to light up with the rising sun there was a little stir about the fires, for the cooks were getting to work. The mules, too, woke up, and by their tumultu sus braying it was quite evident that they were ready for breakfast also, Anofficer approached the Genera's tent and accosted use.

"Yes, sir."

e.
"Is this Gen. Crawford's tent?"
"Yes, sir."
"Can I see the General?"
"He is asleep. Don't you hear him snor-

"My!" said he, "he's a-going it, ain't he?"

After listening to the music awhile, he said: "Well, this won't do for me. I have got to have the General's signature to this requisition before the brigade can draw

After listening to the music awhile, he said: "Well, this won't do for me. I have got to have the General's signature to this requisition before the brigade can draw rations."

So, thin'ting it a shame for one man to sleep while thousands waited for food, I considered the occassion sufficiently urgent to venture on waking him up. I took the requisition in my hand and entered the tent. There lay the General on his cot, his big nose showing up in bold relief as he lay on his back.

I called him gently. "General! Oh, General hut he was beyond calling. I put my man to his shoulder and gave him agentle shake: but he was proof against gentle shake: but he was proof against gentle shakes, to taye him a shake that nearly landed him on the floor, and succeeded in bringing him to a sitting posture, with a look of eager expectancy, which was succeeded by a look of disgusts when I showed the requisition at him, saying that there was an officer out there wan ed it signed.

Up came his long, bony finger, and in a very impressive voice he desirvered himself thusly: "Young man, never shake a Brigadier-General. If any more officers come to see me, rap on the tent-post until I say, "Come in."

It makes me smile yet to think what a beautiful time I would have had waking him up by rapping on the tent-pole. But the old fellow got even with me later in the day when my next turn came for sentry duty. The sun had got well up, and pacing up and down in the sun in front of the tent was warm work. My flannel-lined jacket was buttoned up tight, with my saber-belt buckled on euside, and every bit of heat in my body bottled up tight and held in. It occurred to me that by buckling the belt around my hips under the jacket long when I caught the old General's eve and saw that he was beckoning me with his long bony finger. I promptly stepped up with a fine military salute, and was told to go back to my quarters and return projectly equipped, which meant to button up my Jacket and buckle the best outside, which I did, and sweat out the blaince o

GEN. ZOLLICOFFER'S DEATH.

Personal Reminiscence of the Adjutant of the 64th Ohio.

A few days after the battle of Mill Springs I was under medical treatment at a hotel in Lebanon, Ky., when a man stopped over night at the same place. He was dressed in citizen's cloths, and sept himself somewhat secluded. I notice the carried a crooked root five or six feet long into his room, adjoining mine, and in daing so concealed it.

sectuded. I noticed he carried a crooked root five or six feet long into his room, adjoining mine, and in doing so concealed it with his cloak from those about him.

He asw my curiesity was awakened, and to forestal any further suspicions, asked me into his room, and we struck up an agreeable friendship. Learning that I was from northern Ohio, he said he lived in Franslin. Tenn., and had a partner in dentistry from my own County, with whom I was well acquainted before the war. He told me his name was Clift; that he was a Surgeon in Zollicoffer's regiment, and that the queerlooking stick standing near him he had dug up when the General fell from his horse, and that some of Zollicoffer's life-blood was on the root; that his remains were below, togked in a safe place, and that he had them in charge to take to Nashville.

His version of the General's death was substantially as several others have given it. He enjoined secrecy in what he told me, as he feared relic-hunters would give him trouble.

It was at the house of this same Dr. Cliff that Gens. Schofield and Stanley took a short nap and a good donner on the 19th of November, 1884, just before the desperate battle of Franklin opened, and, as Dr. Hildreth, his partner, has said, was as good a Union man at heart as either of his guests that day.

Zollicoffer stood very high in the estima-

eth, his paneau.
Jinion man at heart as either of his guardhat day.
Zollicoffer stood very high in the estimation of the citizens of Nashville, had represented them in Congress, and for years his name had became familiar to the reading public, for it always appeared at the foot of every recorded vote list in the House. He raised the regiment he commanded mostly in his own city, and it was composed of the very best of young men—the elite of the town.

A Mrs. Johnston, one year after, related the refree many complexity and the service of the composed of the town.

the very best of young men—the elite of the town.

A Mrs. Johnston, one year after, related to me in very graphic language the effect the news of the battle had on the people of Nashville. It had been reported to them that their boys were in need of warmer clothing and better fare. They therefore decided on a grand festival to be held at the market house on the public square, where everybody was urged to bring in liberal contributions. Everybody was enthusiastic. The ladies were particularly efficient in getting the long tables tastefully decorated with Confederate emblems and flags. Never before had there been so much spirit and good-will shown as on this occasion, Mrs. J. said she started soon after sun-up on the day set with a basket of dishes to help complete the arrangements. She had about four squares to go. She noticed that there were

but few persons on the street and these shot by her without looking up.

It seemed to her that something was wrong and this apprehension increased every step. So well convinced was she before she reached the market house that she observed several groups of sad faces, and she dared not listen to find out what was the matter. Weak and trembling, she approached an old Methodist minister, when she exclaimed:

"Brother B—, for God's sake tell me what's the matter with the people this morning.?"

"Why, Sister Johnson, Zollicoffer is killed and his regiment all cut to pieces."

She added, "I was so stunned I dropped my basket and broke several dishes."

Notice was given to everybody to take back what they had brought, and almost every family in the place went home to zoourn for a dear friend; but before night they got more authentic news that thely boys, though badly whipped, were mostly able to make good time to the rear.

Every veteran knows how long the boys will continue to repeat some word or prhase that has no historical significance, such as "Grab a root," or "Here's your mule," but one expression heard every day after Mill Spring in our part of the army was this: "What's the news!" "Oh! Zollicoffer's killed."—C. Woodburf, in National Tribune.

AN ECCENTRIC "LORD."

Queer Antics of an American Would-Be

Aristocrat.
One of the most noted eccentries in American life was Timothy Dexter, Lord Timothy Dexter as he chose to call himself, who died in the begin-

ning of the century. He was born in Malden, Mass., in 1747, and entered ness at Newbury port, where he rapidly accumulated wealth. His wealth fed his vanity, which was inordinate, and he

vanity, which was inordinate, and he spared no expense TBR. In obtaining notoriety. He purchased a house in Newburyport, and embellished it in various ways. In the grounds he had erected nearly fifty wooden statues, representing some of the noted historical characters of the world. One of the statues was of Dexter himself, and on it was the inscription: "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world." The furnishings of the house were imported. He procured an elegant equipage, upon which he had painted a coat of arms, and he then assumed the title of Lord Dexter. A former apprentice of his, Jonathan Blummer, he had trowned his poet laureate, but probably dissatisfied with his praises Dexter began writing for the press. One of his productions was entitled "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones." The first edition did not have a single stop or mark in its entire make up; in the second edition one entire page was filled with periods, colons, commas, dashes, with a recommendation from the author to his readers to use them where they were wanted in the works, or, in his own language, "to peper and soolt it as they pleased." He made a pretense of wanted in the works, or, in his own language, "to peper and soolt it as they pleased. He made a pretense of dying once to see how the people would regard his departure, and because his wife did not cry on the occasion, which she knew to be a sham, he beat her severely. He had a magnificent tamb prepared for his register. ne beat her severely. He had a mag-nificent tomb prepared for his re-mains, but when he died, which he did in 1806, the Board of Health or-lered his remains interred in the common burying place. A simple stone marks his grave.

A Horsé with a False Ear

"One of the most stylish driving horses in this city has no ears," remarked Eugene Carter, of Omaha, says the St. Louis Republic. "I wil not disclose the name of the owner, but the horse is driven on the boulevard every fine day for exercise. He and every fine day for exercise. He can easily trot in 2:32 without a skip, and his disposition makes him one of the most valuable family horses in St. Louis. My brother raised the horse. When a colt the animal had his ears his ears frozen so badly that when the healing process set in they sloughed off within an inch of the

head.

"The colt was the most promising one in my brother Dan's stables, but the loss of his ears made him unsalable. Dan broke him three years ago, and he showed speed from the first trial. In less than six months he trotted in 2:50, but the absence of his ears placed a hoodoo upon his real value. Dan conceived the idea of a pair of artificial ears, and a skill-full veterinary surgeon had them or a pair or artificial ears, and a skill-ful veterinary surgeon had them made and fitted them accurately to the stumps. They more than fulfilled expectations, for fastened securely to his head by an elastic band, they defind the glesset investigation. they defled the closest inspection, and had, when attached to the stumps, every motion made by a natural ear."

The venerable head of the house as though breaking in new shoes, while he discussed the last gas bill. "Here, Ruth!" he shouted, "that young Slimjim is not to spend another evening here. Understand? other evening here. Understand? Not another evening. I'll have no such bills to pay in the future. I could rent a fine residence on Jefferson avenue for what I'm paying out here for gas. You want to serve notice on that young man this very evening, and if he won't mind you, I'll see that he minds me. Understand? I mean business." "But, papa," hastily interrupted the fair light of the household, "we never use any gas to speak of after you and ma retire," and she rushed up-stairs with any gas to speak of atter you aim ina retire," and she rushed up-stairs with her handkerchief in her mouth because of the break she had made and the old gentleman decided on the spot that human nature had changed but little since he courted in the but little since he courted in the days of kerosene lamps.—Free Press.

You will miss it if you guess at he size of a lion by his roar.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A leech has three jaws, which form

a triangle.

The solid nutriment in an egg equals

one-third of its weight. Nearly 300,000 pounds of aluminum were produced in this country last

India ink is made in Japan from the soot obtained by burning the shells of an oily nut.

A hive of 5000 bees should produce fifty pounds of honey every year and multiply tenfold in five years.

Dew has a preference for some colors. It is said that while a yellow board attracts dew, a red or black one beside it will be perfectly dry.

A new glass for thermometers is unaffected by a heat of 1000 degrees, the ordinary glass being unreliable above 750 degrees on account of its tendency

The carbon of the food, mixed with the oxygen of the air, furnishes fuel for the body, which explyes the heat in exactly the same way that a fire or candle does.

Experiments have been hade by MM. Goutes and Sibillot with the view of adopting aluminum as a naterial for the gas-holders of dirigible balloons instead of silk or other stuffs, and the

instead of silk or other stuffs, and the results of their experiments have been satisfactory.

A trolley wire snapped and fell on the South Boulevard, near Third arenne, in New York City, and one end, from which a white flame shot, struck William J. Jones in the right eye, destroying the sight. He is suing for \$100,000 damages.

In producing the metal of the In producing the metal of the future, aluminum, America is in it, as usual. Bauxite, the aluminum ore, was first found in Pike County, Alabaca, in 1889. The Warwhoop bank, in the latter place, has been quite extensively operated since 1892, and considerable quantities of the metal taken out.

taken out. The Northwestern Lancet is author-The Northwestern Lancet is authority for the statement that the drowning of expert swimmers is not to be explained as is commonly supposed by cramps, but by the perforation of the ear drum. The vertigo and unconsciousness which precedes death is caused by the water entering the body through the perforations in the drum. through the perforations in the drum

With the introduction of the are light a new insect was found—a huge bug with mandibles whose bite was to be dreaded. With the coming of the electric cars a small insect of the shape, size and color of the flea has made its appearance. No one as yet can explain its presence. It possesses wings and its principal habit is to fly into the mouth, nose or eyes of the person when the car is going at a very lively rate of speed. Motormen are at times bothered with them, more especially in the afternoon and early in the evening. With the introduction of the are

Contrary to the opinion of very eminent geologists, Professor Bonney contends that glaciers exert no excavating action, and this conclusion he bases on facts observed by him in the Swiss Alps. He had followed up many of the valleys in Switzerland, and the work of the glaciers in exerci instance. of the valleys in Switzerland, and the work of the glaciers in every instance should, he believes, be classed rather as abrasive than erosive. In the absence, however, of the erosive theory, it will be difficult to account for the present character of many of the locks on the west coast and in the interior of Scotland.

A Famous Pianist's Sprightly Remark,

A Famous Pianist's Sprightly Remark,
Stupid as a pianist, is a simile at
once apt and exact. A man like Paderewski, who divides his time between
practicing in private and performing
in public, has little leisure for the
study of differential calculus, cuneiform inscriptions or any one of the
other thousand subjects of which a
proper understanding is the manifest
characteristic of a cultivated end
sprightly mind. Nevertheless, before
sailing for other shores, Paderewski
managed to get off a little jest. It was
a poor thing, and not his own. Yet,
uttered by an artist assurprising as he,
it is not undeserving of record.
Whether by bribe, by flattery or by
both, history does not aver; but by

Whether by bribe, by flattery or by both, history does not aver; but by some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to his sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, as mothers will be, and as for the daughter, she had aspirations. She had been taught to play, she thought came, then, saw the piano and at-tempted its conquest. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mo-ther beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother flushed with pleasure

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist. "Tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands. "I think she must be very charitable 'Charitable? Charitable!"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated. "Charitable. She lets not her left hand know what her right hand doth."-Once A Week.

"Getting Into a Scrape." "Getting Into a Scrape."

The red and fallow deer which formerly roamed through the English forests had a habit of scraping up the earth with their forefeet to the depth of several inches, sometimes even of half a yard. The stranger passing through these woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of these hollows, when he might be said truly to be "in a scrape." The college students of Cambridge, in their little perplexities, picked up and applied the phrase to other perplexing matters, which had brought a man morally into a fix.—Detroit Free Press. morally into a fix. - Detroit Free Press.

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