The statistics of crime throughout the country show a marked increase in the number of murders during recent years—from 2335 in 1887 to 5906 in 1891—while for several years prior to 1887 the number fell short of 2000.

According to the Shoe and Leather Reporter, a convict in a certain penitentiary, whose crime was dishonesty, is compelled to spend his days cutting out pieces of pasteboard to be put between the outer and inner soles of shoes which will be sold as made of solid leather.

A statement recently published by the authorities of Munich, Bavaria, gives some startling information as to the increased consumption in that city of dog flesh. So great an appetite seems to have developed for the food, declares the Chicago Herald, that the authorities have thought it time to interfere for the protection of dog owners.

"It has passed into a proverb that racing is the sport of kings; it can with truth be stated," declares Outing "that trotting is the international equine sport of the American people. It is true that in New York, Chicago and a few Southern cities the thoroughbred flourishes while the trotter does not, but throughout the balance of the country and in the Dominion of Canada, trotting and its relative gait, pacing, provide the popular and universal sport. It is natural that it should be so, for while it gratifies that love for equine contests which is a leading characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, it also appeals to the patriotism and the utilitarianism of the American nature. The trotter is an American production. He is a grand and distinct type or branch of the equine family. By the application of the laws of selection, training and development, the American breeder has evolved a perfect trotting race as superior to its original crude elements as the thoroughbred of to-day is to the parent horse of the desert."

Visitors to the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago will find 500 guides ready to do their bidding at an expense of fifty or seventy-five cents an hour. Guides for parties of five or fewer persons will be charged for at the rate of fifty cents, and, from five up, seventy-five cents an hour. The business of the guide is not going to be profitable, as the salaries paid will not be greater than $30 a month. The educational advantages are expected to compensate for the small wages. There are to be twenty-five women guides. Mrs. Potter Palmer thought that unescorted women would be in need of the services of a guide, and in deference to her wishes appointments will be made. The information givers are to be formed into an organized and officered corps. There will be at least five companies under the command of sergeants. The first sergeants will be paid $60 a month, there being five of them. There will be twenty second sergeants, with salaries of $40 a month. The grounds will be divided into districts. There are district headquarters where visitors may apply for the services of guides.

The New York Post says: The problem of the ultimate source of the Nile seems finally to have reached a solution through the recent explorations of Dr. O. Baumann. Thirty years have elapsed since Speke sent to the Royal Geographical Society of London his famous laconic despatch, "The Nile is settled," announcing the discovery by him of the great equatorial lake, Victoria Nyanza, supposed to be main head basin of Africa's mighty river. This discovery was followed soon afterwards by that of a second, seeming still larger, equatorial lake, the Albert Nyanza, which divided the honors of "Conqueror of the Nile" between Speke and Sir Samuel Baker. The progress of more modern African exploration, while it has served in many ways to bring about a truer knowledge of the mutual relations of these two large lakes than was known to Speke and Baker, and to establish the more positive claims of the Victoria Lake, had not, until Dr. Baumann's journey, answered the still significant question, regarding the position of the headwaters of these lakes; in other words, the actual fountain-head of the Nile had yet to be discovered. This is now shown to be on the eastern face of the "height of land" which closely borders Lake Tanganyika on the northeast, the source of the Kagera, or Ruvuvu, a western, and the most powerful, tributary of the Victoria Nyanza. This position was reached by Dr. Baumann on the 19th of September last. With its source thus placed between the third and fourth parallels of south latitude, the Nile traverses thirty-five degrees of latitude, and becomes a rival in length of the combined Mississippi-Missouri system of rivers.

"SOME VERSES CAROL."

Some verses carol blithely as a bird,
And hint of violet and asphodel;
While others slowly strike a funeral bell,
Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,
We hear the mustering tramp in every word.
In some, the ocean pounds with sledges fell,
Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell
By shores that visionary seas engird.
As soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies
Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail
Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind;
Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale
And silent faces—'neath lack-luster skies—
Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

—Henry Jerome Stockard, in the Century.

THE SON OF A TAILOR.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

YOUNG Engfer remembered quite distinctly that morning seven years ago, when Miss Sturgis had come with her mother to his father's shop to be measured for a riding-habit. He remembered the frock of large plaid that she wore, all green and blue and black, and he remembered her blue felt hat with its ostrich feathers; but what had made a still deeper impression upon his boyish mind was her pretty pink-and-white face, her great hazel eyes, and her sunny curls, which, after being caught at the nape of her neck with a dark blue ribbon, went rippling down over her rough brown coat nearly to her waist. He had stood at the little desk in the corner, making out bills—for it was Saturday, and, there being no school, he was engaged at his usual holiday occupation.

He was sixteen then, and he fancied that she was a year or two younger; for he had overheard her mother say that they did not care for an expensive one, because she would outgrow it. He recalled that she had blushed at this, as though it were a crime to be young and growing, and that a feeling of resentment had come into his heart against her mother for subjecting her to such an embarrassment.

Seven years had wrought a great many changes, but the shop was in the same old place there on Sixth avenue, under the shadow of the Jefferson Market Police Court's brick walls, and with the elevated railroad trains rumbling past the windows of the upper room where he studied and where he slept. Karl Engfer, the tailor's son, however, was no longer a school-boy, looking after his father's books and making out his father's bills on holidays. He was now a student at the general theological seminary—a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in embryo—and he wore sombre black garments of a somewhat clerical cut to indicate his chosen profession.

Why he had gone into the church he hardly dared to confess, even to himself, because he was really a conscientious young fellow at heart, and he believed that there was such a thing as a divine call to the priesthood. In his case he doubted if the call was divine. The orthodox teachings of a maiden lady who presided over the class in the mission Sunday-school that he attended on Carmine street had not been without effect. He had accepted the Scripture as truth, he had been baptized and he had been confirmed, but the impulse to go forth and preach the Gospel had come rather from a wish to elevate himself above the level of the surroundings in which he had been born and raised, than from any burning desire to lift his fellow-man out of the slough of despond.

Young Engfer now and then inflicted upon himself a sort of moral flagellation. At such times he opened his own heart to his own honest gaze, and he invariably found there a deeper underlying motive for his course, of which he was half ashamed. It was nothing more nor less than an ambition to gain a position from which he might aspire to the love of the little maid in the plaid frock who had ordered her first riding-habit from his father on that Saturday seven years ago.

It would not have been an unworthy ambition, he told himself, under other circumstances. If it were only a secondary consideration! If he had given himself to the church first, and this desire had come afterward, he could have pacified his chiding conscience with the assurance that a wife such as Madeline Sturgis would make him would be of incalculable assistance to him in his parochial work; but now he felt that he was using his holy calling as a means to accomplish an end that was distinctly selfish, and as such hypocritically base.

These moods, as might be supposed, were morbidly depressing. All the afternoon he had been fighting over again in his heart the same old battle between the right and the wrong of it; and now, tired out by the struggle, he had come down from his little upper room into the tailor shop on the ground floor, and was standing at the door gazing out at the passing throngs on the avenue.

Workingmen and workingwomen were hurrying home from their day's toil; the surface cars were crowded, and at short intervals long, heavy trains thundered by on the elevated road overhead. The hurry-scurry of the scene diverted him for the moment, and his mind would probably have been lifted completely out of his doldrums, had not that one name, spoken by his father's voice, at that instant fallen upon his ear.

The old man was evidently in trouble. He had spoken, somewhat graciously, to his cutter, who was busy chalking out a pair of trousers, which were for Herr Fleischman, the walking gentleman at Amberg's Theatre, and which must be finished in time for the premier of the new comedy on the following evening. His question was as to who would carry home a certain riding habit for "Mees Sturgis." The errand-boy was out. Karl knew that it was the busiest season of the year with his father, and that Gottlieb, the cutter, could not be spared for outdoor service. But the garment was promised and must be sent.

Karl turned away from the door.

"Let me take it, father," he said. "It's only a step down to Washington place, and I don't mind."

The old German protested, but Karl insisted, and eventually the father reluctantly consented to allow his son, of whom he was more than proud, and for whom he had ambitions that towered to a bishopric, to deliver the parcel.

In any American city other than New York the spectacle of a young man so well dressed carrying a large bundle on a crowded thoroughfare would have attracted attention, but in the metropolis people are more apt to mind their own business than are people elsewhere, and so it happened that as Karl made his way down Sixth avenue with the riding-habit wrapped in a brown paper under his arm, scarcely a head was turned to look after him. Had it been otherwise, however, it is doubtful whether the young theological student would have observed it. He was plunged deeply in thought, and as his feet traversed the six or seven blocks that lay between his father's shop and the Sturgis residence his mind traveled once again over the seven years that had intervened since that eventful day when Madeline Sturgis had come into his life.

As he looked back at the boy that he was then he wondered how he had ventured to let the seed of hope take root in his heart. The son of a cheap German tailor; his companions, like himself, the children of poor tradesmen—it was certainly a wild notion that possessed him to woo and win this aristocratic little maiden, whose people were not only rich enough to buy and sell him and his father a thousand times over, but were of a social stratum far above that in which the Englers lived and moved and had their being.

He remembered how he had carried home that first riding-habit when it was finished, and how he had been asked to wait in the dining-room until Miss Sturgis could try it on and ascertain whether it was entirely satisfactory; and he recalled how he had sat there in that basement apartment with its extension table and its leather-covered chairs; how he had looked with admiration upon the engravings in walnut frames that hung upon the walls and how he had hoped, all the time, that there might be some complaint, so that the little lady would come down to show him just what was wrong, and he could get another glimpse of her. But his father was a good workman. The habit was all that could be desired and he had returned home disappointed.

The days when he saw Madeline he called his red-letter days, and, for a time they were fewer than those that are indicated in the printed calendars. One January afternoon, however, Mrs. Sturgis had come into the shop and had asked his father if Karl would not like to go to the mission Sunday-school on Carmine street, in which she was very much interested, and his father, who would have gone through fire and flood to please a customer, so fearful was he of losing a dollar's worth of trade, had said that Karl would certainly be there on the following Sunday.

From that time on he saw her more frequently, and his infatuation increased in proportion. She taught a class of small boys across the aisle from where he usually sat, and on more than one occasion the maiden lady who presided over the class of larger boys, of which he was one, was compelled to demand with some emphasis his return to the business of the hour, his gaze having a way of wandering repeatedly from his catechism or his Bible to the face of the pretty little teacher in the opposite pew.

One incident that he recalled with some pleasure had occurred on a Sunday afternoon in early spring. He had noticed that Mrs. Sturgis was not present in the chapel; that Madeline had come alone; and he had wondered all through the lesson whether it would seem rude on his part, after the close of the session, to offer to walk home with her. If he only could, he thought, it would be the happiest day of his life; but he feared that she might think him impudent and presuming, and, when the school was dismissed and the scholars and teachers filed out into the vestibule, he lacked the courage to go forward and speak to her.

But his happiness had come, nevertheless; for in following her at what he considered a most respectful distance, his eyes never once leaving her lithe young figure, clad in a well fitting spring jacket that his father had cut with his own hand, he had seen her rudely jostled by a drunken man, and had dashed to her aid almost before he realized what he was doing. The recollection of her gratitude was one of his most cherished memories; and now, as he turned into Washington place, he was thinking of how, on that occasion, her manner was so cordial and so completely lacking in any indication that she recognized any difference in their social station.

He remembered that it was on that day that his determination to study for the ministry was formed, and that it grew out of her telling him that the assistant minister at the mission had dined with them on the evening before.

"The day will come," he had thought, "when I, too, may be asked there to dine."

And now he was thinking that day might not be so far distant; for, was he not going to the mission, the week following, to take the place, temporily, of that very same assistant minister, the Rev. Mr. David, who, he had heard, was to be married and go to Europe for a three months' honeymoon tour?

"Yes, it was true, as Lord Beaconsfield had said: "Any man may be what he makes up his mind to be."

By the time young Engfer reached the Sturgis residence he had walked and thought himself out of the gloom of his blues and his self chidings into the radiant sunshine of a hope deferred that was on the verge of realization; and he whistled softly a merrier air than was to be found in the hymnal, as he tripped lightly down the stone steps of the areaway, and rang the bell.

It was his intention to hand in the bundle and to make off as quickly as possible. He had no notion of being recognized, and above all he wished to avoid the possibility of a request to await in the dining room, as he had of yore, the verdict as to fit. In making these plans he had counted upon the bell being answered by a housemaid, and when, instead of a servant, the door was opened by Miss Sturgis herself, his mode of procedure was, of necessity, somewhat altered. To escape recognition was out of the question, and, as he realized that in his effort to serve the woman he most cared to please he had put himself in a position that was likely to lower him in her estimation, he blushed to the roots of his flaxen hair.

"Why, Mr. Engfer," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry you went to this trouble!"

"Well, you see I—that is father," he stammered, "thought that possibly you were expecting it, and—"

"Yes, I was expecting it," Miss Sturgis put in; "in fact, I was very anxious for it. I couldn't wait for Delia to get to the door; but I had no idea that you would have to bring it."

"It was coming this way," Karl prevaricated, "and I offered—"

"Won't you come in?" the young woman interrupted again. "You can spare a moment, can't you? We shan't treat you as an errand boy, you know"—and she laughed in a way that made young Engfer hesitate between embarrassment and pleasure.

"I'm afraid," he began to protest, "that I can't stop this evening. I have—"

"Just a minute," Miss Sturgis pleaded. "You must let me thank you for your trouble; and then, I want to congratulate you, too."

Karl followed her into the dining-room, where the table was spread for dinner.

"Sit down," she said, and she drew a chair out for him and another for herself. "Now, Mr. Engfer," she went on, "I am awfully obliged to you for having brought me my habit."

As the young man looked at her in the soft light cast by the pink shades that adorned the candles in the candelabra he thought he had never before realized how beautiful she was. She was so bright this evening, too—so cheering—and, what was dearer to him than all else, she was really almost familiar. The chasm which had once seemed so wide between them was growing narrower and narrower. There was no doubt of that. Once he was ordained the breach might easily be closed entirely.

"And now," she went on, "I want to offer you my congratulations upon the good news I heard to-day; that you are coming to the mission to take Mr. David's place."

Karl could hardly believe that he heard aright. Could it be that she was actually pleased that Mr. David was going away? At one time during the latter part of his attendance at the mission Sunday-school he had thought that she cared something for the young divine, and he had really been a little jealous of him.

"You are very kind, Miss Sturgis," he said, "very kind. Do you take as much interest in the mission as formerly?"

"Oh, dear, yes. More than ever!"

"Then I suppose I shall see a good deal of you, there?"

"Of me?" she asked, surprisedly, "Oh, you don't know, then! Why I thought every one knew. Haven't you heard whom Mr. David is going to marry?"

A sharp pain as from a knife thrust, shot through Karl's heart. He seemed suddenly unable to breathe. There was a rumbling, rushing sound in his head and a swaying, darkening cloud before his eyes. He was conscious of a tingling chilliness, and then of a numbness in his hands, his feet, and his legs from the knees down. He made an effort to pull himself together—to hide his feelings—but he failed. He felt that he was stifling; that he must get into the fresh air, at any cost; and he heard himself mumbling something, he scarcely knew what, his voice seemed so strange and unnatural.

The next moment he was stumbling up the area steps on to the sidewalk; and an instant later he had come into collision with some one who was about to mount the stoop.

The shock steadied him. He started to apologize, but the words died on his tongue. The light of a street lamp across the way had revealed to him the face which he had suddenly come to abhor—the face of the one man in all the world whom he hated; the face of the thief who had robbed him of a hope that had been more precious to him more than life itself, and of an ambition that had raised him from the level of his own people to a place of which he might well have been proud.

Instinctively he clinched his fists, and a fire came into his eyes. Then, suddenly, he grew dizzy again. Iron fingers seemed to be pressing upon his temples with the terrible clutch of death, and he staggered away like a drunken man.

He wandered the streets for hours; a whirl of memories in his brain, a leaden weight on his heart—up one thoroughfare and down another, through by-ways, in and out of blind alleys, seeing no thing, caring for nothing but to escape from himself and the torture that was within him.

Presently he became conscious of the sound of lapping waves—the murmur of waters—and a chill in the air that pierced him to the marrow. Recalled thus to a realization of his physical being, he glanced down, to see that he was standing on the extreme end of a long pier, with the dark river flowing below. A keen wind was blowing in his face; a thousand lights glittered on the opposite shore.

"Another step," he murmured, "and I should have been out of it all. Why did I not take that one as I took the others? And, oh, I must have taken so many to-night. How tired I am!"

He stood for a moment in hesitation. Something was whispering to him to take that one step more. It was for her, it told him, that he had adopted the church as his calling. Of what use was all his learning—his Greek and Latin and Hebrew, his knowledge of the Bible, his knowledge of theology? What good would he do?

Then another voice, lower, sweeter, more tender in its pleading, spoke to him. It seemed borne on the wind, which had suddenly died to a zephyr. It answered the questions, one and all. It breathed encouragement. It bade him look up.

He raised his eyes heavenward. Across the river, above the roofs and chimneys and spires of the sleeping city was a faint but ever-increasing band of light. A new day was dawning.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

WISE WORDS.

The flowers shed no tears.

What women say, men do.

Credit is the character of cash.

We lose the bud in the blossom.

Travel should be a great educator.

Learn something from everything.

Covetousness is a chrysalis of crime.

Nature abhors a vacuum in the affections.

Avarice is a vise that squeezes men's souls.

Injustice may begin before its object exists.

The person without will has a malady incurable.

Happiness is to pleasure as home is to a hotel.

The more we forget the better satisfied we are.

The girl who doesn't think, seldom lets her parents think for her.

A little history every day makes a well informed man in a few years.

Cupid can't shoot straight. His arrows never go through the centers of two hearts.

Suffering alone might break the untried spirit, but with the prop of happiness it is bent to grace.

One sees how ridiculous or misplaced is a fashion or a passion only when its days of prestige are over.

One's wishes are never so fully regarded and so promptly executed as during the vociferous period of infancy.

Life is an angel. Some men are born where the lines meet, and they broaden as they grow; others are born at the wide end and narrow down the further along they get.

We believe in the dignity of manual labor and the advisability of young men learning a trade to relieve the congested professions; especially is this true with regard to the sons of our acquaintances.

A Monster Petrified Whale.

Leon del Mar, a Frenchman attached to the surveying corps connected with the National Museum, San Jose, Costa Rica, reports a find of equal or greater value than the Montezuma (Col.), fossilized monster. Leo's find is not a "Dinosaur" or other half mythical creature which the lapse of ages has transformed into stone, but a common everyday whale, 216 feet in length, with bones mineralized until they are as hard as jasper and as heavy as lead. The "Museo" officials are in a quandary, and are debating as to which will be the cheapest, to move their museum buildings over onto the mountain range where the petrified monster lies, or to try to transfer his flinty remains to the Costa Rican capital.

The point selected by this antediluvian giant in which he concluded to give up the ghost, along about the time of the close of the cretaceous or some other geological period, is a rift between two mountain peaks, seventy-two miles from San Jose and 3300 feet above sea level. There must have been a season of high waters in that section at one time. Either that or Del Mar's specimen was a regular mountain climber.—St. Louis Republic.

Restoring a Withered Arm.

The story comes from London of a wonderful surgical operation that promises to be successful. Five years ago a workman injured his right arm, and a careless surgeon so treated it that it withered and became useless. Recently it was decided to examine the arm, and it was accordingly opened and explored. The nerve was found to be partially divided. Two fresh ends were made and a section of the sciatic nerve from a live rabbit was grafted in. The patient has now recovered the power in his arm, which is regaining its original size, and he is following his employment.—Philadelphia Record.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FLOUR AS A PURIFIER.

Flour has long been known as an excellent purifier. Children's hoods of Angora wool may be perfectly restored, when soiled, by rubbing them with flour that has been made very hot. When the flour is cold, pin the hoods on a line and leave them in a strong wind, or beat thoroughly with a rattan. Angora fur may be cleansed in the same way. The flour must be stirred while heating to prevent scorching.—New York World.

HOW TO SCOUR WATER BOTTLES.

Carafes, which have so largely replaced the ice pitcher, are really very pleasing and refreshing to look at if they are kept fastidiously clean and bright. Unfortunately the purest water obtainable very soon dulls the inside, and it isn't every one who knows a quick and easy method of removing this.

A very simple thing to do is to tear a newspaper into small bits and nearly or quite fill the carafe. Then pour in warm soapsuds with a little ammonia added, and shake well. The paper will soon scour the inside of the bottle thoroughly clean, and it only remains to rinse it well before using again.—New York Herald.

WORTH KNOWING.

Put powdered or dissolved copperas down the sink and other drain pipes as often as once a week, and flush them well on washing days.

For frost bites keep away from the fire and rub the parts affected with snow or ice water until thawed, then treat as you would a burn.

When the eyes are tired, or inflamed from loss of sleep, apply an old linen handkerchief dripping with water as hot as you can possibly bear it.

To throw water on burning kerosene only increases the danger by causing the oil to spread, but salt, flour or cornmeal will quickly smother the flames.

In ordinary burns and scalds the only remedy required is to thoroughly exclude the air from the injured part. Cotton batting will do this more effectually.

To relieve pain from bruises, and prevent discoloration and subsequent stiffness, nothing is more efficacious than fomentations of water as hot as it can be borne.

Five or ten minutes spent every morning during winter in rubbing the body briskly with a flesh brush or piece of flannel over the hand, will do much to keep the skin active and prevent colds.—American Agriculturist.

MOTHS.

Among the many duties demanding the housekeeper's attention is the work of putting away clothing, so as to prevent the ravages of the moth, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal.

Furs are usually the most difficult to care for. They should be brushed and well beaten to dislodge any moth eggs that may have been deposited in them, and then hung in the sun. Woolen dresses, overcoats, flannel underwear and extra blankets not required for summer use should all undergo careful examination and airing, preparatory to being stowed away for the summer.

The old-fashioned custom of our grandmothers—that of packing woolen goods in boxes with gum camphor or tobacco—is now declared a failure, and if we remember the many moth-eaten articles we have seen come forth from trunks and boxes, redolent with these particular odors, one will agree with the modern idea as to their want of efficacy. Many women take the precautionary measure of folding in papers and sewing up in cotton bags, but none of these are wholly safe, as the only guarantee against moths is to keep the moth miller from depositing its eggs, which they seem to do before it can be prevented in the spring. I have recently noticed an excellent bag, which seems to be the best article to use in putting away woolens and furs; it is airtight and entirely free from any unpleasant odor. Garments can be put in and taken out of these bags with ease, rendering one always sure of their condition.

For putting away the winter wear, articles of a kind should be put together, as it sometimes causes delay and trouble to have to hunt through bags or boxes when some particular garment is needed. It is an excellent plan to mark each bag on the outside, so the contents will be known without opening.

Proper attention given the work this month will relieve the housekeeper of all anxiety on the subject, as well as saving much expense by keeping the woolen clothes in good condition for another season.

RECIPES.

Carrot Fritters—Boil one good sized carrot until very tender; press through a sieve and season to taste with butter, salt and pepper. Shake the carrots in small, flat cakes, and saute in butter.

Strawberry Layer Cake—Cut a square sponge cake into layers. Upon one half put thick meringue, made from the whites of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat the eggs until light, then add sugar and beat again until white. Stand large strawberries thickly over this; put on the upper half, cover with strawberries neatly arranged, sprinkle with sugar and serve with cream.

Minced Sandwiches—Chop half a pound of lean ham very fine; add one mixed pickle and a tablespoonful of mustard; put four ounces of butter in a frying-pan, stir over the fire until it creams; add the ham, the beaten yolk of one egg, with a little salt and pepper, remove the pan from the fire, stir all together, pour out on a large dish and let cool. When firm, cut in slices and lay between slices of buttered bread.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Rubber is made from cotton seed oil.

Flies sometimes infect eatables with cholera germs.

Scientists are of the opinion that some icebergs last for 200 years.

An electric railway will probably be built between Atami and Odalvara in Japan.

T. D. Curtis, the scientist, expects to see country roads lighted with electricity.

Comb honey is said to be a remedy for dyspepsia. The wax must be eaten with the honey.

Fourteen wind planets were discovered during last month, bringing the total number of small planets known up to 375.

Successful experiments have been made in stimulating the growth of such plants as wheat, corn and tobacco by means of electric currents.

Granulated cork and bitumen, pressed into blocks, is the latest favorite for paving London streets. Its elasticity is its special recommendation.

The Chinese have bred a whole colony of goldfish, each having two well-developed tails and two sets of anal fins. Biologists say it would be equally easy to breed quadrupeds with eight legs.

The position of the lamprey eels has been reviewed by Professor Howes, who thinks that instead of being primitive forms, they are aberrant fish-like forms, which have lost their lower jaw, their sucking mouth having been secondarily acquired.

If the heat of the sun were produced by the burning of coal, it would require a layer sixteen feet in thickness, extending over its whole surface, to feed the flame a single hour. With the sun a solid body of coal, it would burn up at this rate in forty-six centuries.

Edison, the great inventor, is hopeful of being able to generate electricity directly from heat, and thus dispense with the steam engine and dynamo now used for producing electric power. If this plan be successful, it is likely that a simple piece of mechanism placed over the kitchen chimney will supply electric lights to every room in an ordinary residence.

As the ashes contain only about six per cent. of potash and less than two of phosphoric acid, the value is not more than forty cents per 100 pounds, or $8 a ton. This estimate is based on a value of potash of 4½ cents a pound in muriate of potash, selling at $45 the ton, and phosphoric acid at six cents a pound. The common price of wood ashes is far beyond the actual value compared with the price of other fertilizers.

As everybody is learning now, boiling kills the microbes in water, and it was only when the authority of a law forbidding the use of the infected river water was put in force in Hamburg last autumn that the cholera was really checked; and it is interesting to learn that Cyrus, who seems to have had good ideas of sanitation, when crossing the river Choaspes, had all the drinking water for his army boiled—in silver bowls, the legend says.

Preserved a Fine Leg of Mutton.

There was an immense sensation created at the M— station the other day, just previous to the starting of the afternoon express for Paris. The inspector was about to start the train when a short, fat and pussy old gentleman trotted up to him and exclaimed:

"Wait a minute, will you, please, while I—"

"Impossible, sir!" interrupted the officer, putting the whistle to his lips. "The train is overdue now."

"But you must wait!" cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "There is a man's leg under the wheel."

"Good gracious! Why didn't you say so at first? Where is he?" inquired the horror-stricken inspector. "Hold on there!"

And having stopped the train he hurried after the old gentleman, while a couple of porters jumped down on the line, amid the excitement of a number of spectators. After a short search one of the porters handed up a rush basket containing a large and fine looking leg of mutton.

"Thank you!" said the old gentleman.

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the exasperated inspector. "You said—"

"I said a man's leg was under the wheel, and so it was," interrupted the old gentleman. "I bought this leg and paid for it, and if it isn't mine I should like to know who it belongs to, that's all."

Then the train moved on.—Paris Figaro.

The Ancient Name of Great Britain.

The oldest form of the name Britain is Ortanis, from which comes the adjective Ortanicos, which in Irish is Cruitnech. This last is the name which the Irish gave to the Picts, once masters of Great Britain. The adjective mentioned became in the language of the Gauls Pretanicos. Pytheas, the Greek navigator of Marseilles, who flourished about the time of Alexander the Great, and is said to have made a voyage to Britain, in one of his few fragments now extant calls Great Britain the Pretanic Island. A century after Pytheas, a Gallic people—the Britanni—drove the Picts out of the larger portion of Great Britain and established themselves there. From this came confusion in the minds of Greek geographers between the name of the conquerors and that of the conquered island. Out of this confusion arose various and mixed forms. The Pretanic Island became Bretannic, and then Britannic, which form became fixed, and has come down to us.—Revue Archeologique.