

Nothing yet has happened which can change the belief that the republic is an established institution in France.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century.

Science is causing us to pick up new superstitions for our old ones, observes the Atlanta Constitution. A man is accused of hypnotizing a witness on the stand in a court at Tacoma.

Chicago attracts more vessels by fifty per cent. to its docks than does New York, and its clearances and arrivals are, in the aggregate, a fraction of over sixty per cent. as much as those of half a dozen of the big seaboard ports.

The German Emperor frequently has a week's retirement from the bustling world, and hides within the depths of the forest of Prockelwitz, where a small cottage is his abode, nestled beneath a splendid oak, with forest around him for miles. There, while the dew is on the forest, he starts forth, gun in hand, with a brace of dogs and a sturdy forester, and at 4 o'clock he is at the best spot for sport. Then his majesty bangs away till 11, when he wends his way homeward to his cot, eats and sleeps awhile, after which he puts his signature to all the documents which require it, and have been duly forwarded to his lonely retreat from Berlin.

The extensive use of wood in making the cheaper grades of paper offers one of the most serious obstacles to forest preservation, according to the New York Post. In the last two or three years the growth of the wood-pulp industry has been enormous, a dozen great mills, each manufacturing fifty to 300 tons of pulp a day, having been built on the Hudson River, to feed principally on the Adirondack forests. The wood chiefly used is spruce, and the especially disastrous effects of the industry on the forests results not only from the extreme demand for the lumber, but from the fact that while the demand is especially for trees of thirty to thirty-five years' growth, the young trees are also cut. In 1881 the capacity of the pulp mills in the United States was about 72,000 tons per annum. The present capacity is 700,000 tons. And in this remarkable growth the industry has been accompanied by these three desirable things: increase in quantity, decrease in price and no diminution in the compensation of labor. The sound of the axe, the barker, and the grinder is heard in twenty-two States. The neighborhood of Niagara and the Adirondacks in New York, the territories of the Kennebec, Androscoggin, and Penobscot Rivers, in Maine, the Fox River valley of Wisconsin, the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, and the natural-gas belt of Indiana are the greatest pulp-producing regions of the United States. About 3500 cords of wood are required daily to supply the demand of the mills.

The great trouble with American municipal government, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine, is the lack of homogeneity in the great cities. Each city starts out independently and on a better plan than any other, and yet with very little thought of profiting by the experience of older ones. American politicians are apt to plume themselves on the advances they have made in their own departments, and some even go so far as to point with pride at the growth of their particular city. Yet with all our boasted progress the fact remains that the best governed cities, the most ably developed and thoroughly broadened municipalities are the old cities of the new world, in which the necessity for new growth and complete change from the old have been so wholly recognized as to compel the introduction of a new order of affairs. Nothing of the sort is to be seen in even the most active communities in America. New York cannot annex other districts because local politicians interpose objections which have no foundation save their own selfishness. Boston is hemmed in with so-called rival municipalities that hug their civil privileges and imagine independence with absurd pretensions of might and power. Philadelphia has, in truth, added vastly to her territory and stands quite distinct among seaboard cities in this respect, but she is wanting in the metropolitan spirit and capability of development which alone would make this increase of territory valuable. In the West a different feeling may be noted, and this, as well as their more rapid rate of increase, tends to make our Western cities more prosperous as well as more modern than our Eastern.

BUTTERCUPS.

Jennie was watching the cows home, Down by the meadow bars alone, And her eyes were as blue as her bonnet— Jennie was only a farmer's lass, And she led down the bars so the cows could pass.

Out of the waving, blue-eyed grass, With buttercups sprinkled upon it. Jennie was watching young Farmer Payne Picklewater buttercup out of the lane; Stephen was strong and merry.

"Jennie!" she heard her mother call, But there at her side stood the farmer tall, And her cheeks grew as red as a cherry.

"I'm coming, mother!" she turned to go, But Stephen stood at the path below, And there went Daisy and Bess and Flo over into the clover.

His arms were strong as her waist was slim, "I'll keep you till every cow gets in, Or tell me the name of your lover."

"Jennie, Jennie!" 'tis getting late, "Come mother's voice from the farm-house gate, But Jennie was slender and could not mate With the tender strength of a lover, And who could do a single thing With a yellow buttercup under their chin, But nestle the great strong arms within."

And grow as red as the clover.

"Maybe 'tis Ben," then she blushed again, "And maybe 'tis only Stephen Payne"— Then the dark crept over the meadow lanes And buttercups a-sprinkle.

Not a single sound in the dusky dell Save the tinkle of Daisy's silver bell, "Tink-a-link-a-tinkle!"

For mother's voice and the bars forgot The cows are into the meadow lot Knees deep in the dewy clover.

Jennie and Steve came slowly up, Her soft chin yellow with buttercup, His handsome face flushed over.

"Where are you, Jennie? 'tis late and cold," "We're comin', mother," said Stephen bold, "The cows got into the meadow, We stopped to drivethem slowly up, Then he stily hid the buttercup And kissed her again in the shadow."

—The Modern Argosy.

HOW DOLLY PROVIDED.

BY S. A. WEISS.

HIS house does seem mightily changed since Dolly came," said Miss Martha to her neighbor, Mrs. Staples, as the two sat knitting in the cool entry, with the front door open and looking on the street. "I don't feel nigh as lonesome as I did when I had no company but Pinky and that Clarko girl; and the land knows I'm glad to get rid of her! Dolly's only six years and five months the next Tuesday; but she's got more sense than a dozen Sairy Clarkes, and she's such company!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so; for seems to me you weren't over anxious to have her at first."

"Well, maybe not. You see, I've never been used to children, and I thought she'd be such an everlasting trouble, and keep the house turned just inside out. But I couldn't refuse Cousin Emily Jane when she wrote to beg me to take care of Dolly while she went to nurse her sick mother. She offered to pay board; but I wouldn't dream of taking board for Dolly. She pays for herself in good company; and then she's such a provider."

"Provider? Why, what can Dolly provide?"

"Oh, pretty nigh everything that she thinks is wantin'! Why, she hadn't been here three days when she wanted to know why I hadn't vines trained over the porch, like her mother's; and when I said I didn't know where to get any, off she went and got a couple of sprouts of Madeira vine from Capt'n Winston. There they are, you see, set out in the yard, and growing like possessed. Then, 't'other day, when I was bothered with nice eating my spice cake, I said Pinky was growing too old and lazy to hunt for mice, and that same evenin' in comes Dolly with a white kitten, and says she, 'Aunt Marthy—you know she calls me aunt—'this little cat will be growed up by the time Pinky dies, and then she'll catch mice for you.'"

The two ladies joined in a laugh over Dolly's "cuteness," and Mrs. Staples, craning her neck as she looked out of the front door, said:

"Why, there's the child now, a-setting in old Cay'n Winston's porch, alongside of him. Poor man! he's been terrible lonesome since his sister Nancy married and went away. I declare, I feel downright sorry for him."

"Oh, he don't seem to lanker after company! He's got his business place down at the wharf, and when he comes home he jest goes to work in his bit of garden, or sets in his porch playing with the dogs and children. Dolly's powerful fond of him, and loves to hear tell about how he was shipwrecked once, and all about the strange places he's been to when he was capt'n of the Nancy."

"Pity he ain't married. But Dan'l says he's about the most backward man on yearth where there's women concerned. You know, when Nancy went away he tried Miss Snellin's boarding-house, where the Widder Tomlin was living, and then two wimmen set their caps so p'intedly at him that he got skeered, and went back to his own house and got that old colored woman, Chloe, to come every day and cook and clean up for him. And such cookin'! Everything burnt or overdone, and the risen bread like so much putty. It's a wonder he ain't dead of dyspepsy before this?"

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Marthy, pityingly.

Mrs. Staples commenced rolling up her knitting.

"Talkin' of cookin', reminds me

I've got supper to get, and the sun no higher than a beanpole; so I must be going."

And reaching her calico sun bonnet from a peg she bustled off, stopping to kiss Dolly, who was just entering the front gate.

Dolly accompanied Miss Martha as she went into the garden to get a few radishes for supper. It was a poorly cultivated garden, for it was not always possible to get a man to work it properly. But there was a big cherry tree on which the fruit was just ripening, and as they came in sight of this they saw that the ground beneath was strewn with torn leaves, white prints of bare feet led to a loose board in the fence.

"Oh, them boys!" Miss Martha exclaimed. "They've begun, 'n'ready, jest as they do every year, and now I'll have no rest nor peace until the fruit's all gone. Last summer I could hardly save enough to make three jars of preserves."

"Can't you do something to keep 'em away, Aunt Marthy?" said Dolly, sympathizingly.

"No, deary—there's nothing could keep 'em away but a dog, and I haven't got one. I'm afraid to keep a dog; he might bite me some rusty nails, and with an axe tried to fasten up the loose board, but it was no avail.

She was a stout, neat, delicately-formed woman of forty, with a pleasant, comely face, which now became flushed as she toiled at her unwanted task.

"The whole fence wants mendin'," she said at length, despairingly, "and I'd be likely to knock it all down as makes it whole. Run over to old Chloe's, Dolly, dear, and see if her husband can't come and help me. If this board ain't fastened up at once, Miss Curry's pigs will get in and root up the whole garden."

Dolly skipped away as light as a fairy, but in three minutes was back again, accompanied, not by the old colored man, but by Captain Winston, bearing in his hands a heavy hammer and a box of new nails.

"Aunt, old Uncle Jake wasn't at home, so I brought Cap'n Winston."

"Oh, Dolly—"

"Be pleased to do anything for you, ma'am," said the captain, lifting his hat politely. "Took the liberty of bringing these things, thinking possibly you mightn't have 'em handy."

He handled the heavy boards as if they had been shingles, and securely fastened up half a dozen which were hanging loosely by their rusted nails, Dolly looking on admiringly.

"Anything more I can do for you, ma'am?" he inquired, when the last heavy board had been struck.

"Oh, yes!" Dolly cried, eagerly. "We want a dog to scare away those bad boys—a good dog that won't bite, 'cause Aunt Marthy's afraid of dogs. Won't you lend us Pilot, cap'n?"

"Why, Dolly, I'm surprised at you," remonstrated Miss Martha.

But the captain laughed.

"That's a fast-rate idea, Dolly," he said, patting her curly head. "Pilot never bites; he's too good-natured for that. But he makes noise enough to scare away a band of robbers. So if you're agreeable, ma'am, I'll just fetch him over at night and anchor him to this tree till mornin', and you may depend he'll do his duty."

So thereforth every evening until the fruit was all ripe and gathered, Pilot was tied at the foot of the cherry tree, and in the morning unloosed by Miss Martha and allowed to go home.

The result was that besides having plenty of fruit to send around to her neighbors, she made preserves enough to fill a dozen jars—one of which she presented to Dolly to take home with her as her very own.

By this time there was a very good acquaintance established between Miss Martha and her bachelor neighbor, the captain.

Whenever he brought over Pilot, there would be a little chat in the garden; and he more than once insisted upon doing her some little service, such as pruning her grape vines and mending the back doorstep, to which Dolly was afraid to intrust her small weight.

And once, when the captain was sick and Dolly reported that he wouldn't eat the breakfast which Chloe prepared, Miss Martha sent over a dainty tray of her own delicious waffles and broiled chicken, which the child reported gleefully the captain ate "every bit, and said 'twas the very nicest cooking he ever saw."

It was about this time that Dolly began to look reflectively at her relative Nancy as the latter would sit knitting in her low rocking chair in the entry, and one day she surprised her by saying, gravely:

"Aunt Marthy, I think you wants a man to take care of you."

"Good gracious, child! What put such an idea into your head?"

"'Cause," answered Dolly, with unruffled gravity—" 'cause there's a heap of things you can't do for yourself. My papa takes care of my mamma, Aunt Marthy, why ain't you never married?"

Miss Martha broke into a laugh, but when the question was repeated, she said, with a sigh which seemed to come despite herself:

"'Cause, deary, nobody ever asked me."

"Why not? Mamma said you was pretty and good."

"'Mebbe I was too quiet for folks to notice me," answered the old maid, dreamily. And then her thoughts seemed to go away from Dolly—away into the past, perhaps in speculations of what might have been; and she never noticed that the child slipped quietly away and ran swiftly across the street to the little cottage of her friend, Captain Winston.

The captain was seated in his little back porch, sewing a button on his

coat; and Dolly sat and watched him for awhile; then she said, solemnly: "Men can't sew. My mamma always sews on my papa's buttons. Why don't you get married and have somebody to sew for you!"

He looked up and laughed.

"Why, Dolly, you've got a wise little head on them young shoulders," shaking his own head gravely; "but I don't know of any real nice, good woman who would have an old fellow like me."

"My Aunt Marthy is good and nice," said Dolly.

"But she wouldn't have me, Dolly."

"I guess she would. She thinks you're real nice. And she ought to have a dog and a man to take care of her and the garden."

The captain laughed until his jolly face was red and his blue eyes full of tears. Dolly was offended; and she slipped down from the bench on which she was seated and ran home, without saying a word of good-by.

But the next day the little girl was sick. She had taken cold; and for a whole week the captain saw nothing of her. His conscience smote him that he had, however unintentionally, hurt the feelings of his little friend; so one evening he stopped at the door with a pretty box of candies in his hand, which he intended to leave as a peace offering.

"Good-day, ma'am! How is the little one to-day?" he inquired of Miss Martha, who came to the door in answer to his modest knock.

But Dolly heard him, and as she was almost well and sitting up now, she insisted upon his coming in, and they had what she called "a fine time" examining and sorting the contents of the box.

"I am sorry I ever offended you, Dolly," said the visitor, at length, as he rose to go. "You must forgive me and come to see me again soon as you are well enough."

"Why, I never heard of Dolly's being offended!" Miss Martha said.

"What was it about?"

The captain colored; but Dolly said, frankly:

"I wasn't mad 'n're enough, Aunt Marthy. I wanted him to take care of you, 'cause you ought to have somebody to—"

"Dolly, you'll get sick again staying in this cold room. Go and sit by the kitchen fire."

The child obeyed, taking her precious box with her; but the captain hesitated and lingered.

"Maybe," he said, a little shyly—"maybe, Miss Marthy, since the little one's mentioned it, we might as well talk the matter over now. It ain't the first time I've been thinking over it."

What they said nobody ever knew; but that night, when Dolly had said her prayers, Miss Martha took her on her lap and into her arms, and kissed her with unworldly tenderness, while the child was sure she saw tears in her eyes.

"Are you sorry for anything, Aunt Marthy?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No, deary; I'm glad."

And as the child sank to sleep, rocked in her arms, the little lonely old maid looked down at the fair face with a smile through her tears, and murmured:

"Bless the child!"

Dolly was such a provider.—Saturday Night.

A Dentist Talks.

"I'd rather have three women patients than one man," said a well-known practitioner in dentistry. "They show without doubt a far greater amount of courage and patience under the often excruciating tortures of the drill and forceps than men."

"Have they more pluck?"

"Indeed they have. Dozens of my women patients I could mention who undergo the most acute agony almost without a wince, while I find that the majority of men are absolute cowards in the operating chair, and the very sight of the instruments is often enough to make some great, big, strong fellow pale with nervousness."

"Men always demand gas when their teeth are to be extracted; on the other hand I have seen fragile-looking women refuse gas and sit down calmly in a chair and submit to the otherwise unavoidable painful process of extraction without a murmur."

"Which has the best teeth?"

"Well, I think women are more apt to attend strictly to their teeth, whereas the average man is too busy to stop for dentistry until the stern necessity of pain causes them to do so. Tobacco is as great an evil with men as candy and sweets with women."

"Whom do I consider the best pay?"

Well, I can very truly state that I have never lost a penny of money owed me by a woman. Oftentimes I have been warned by my brother dentists not to have actresses as patients, but they have never failed to pay me. In some cases it was two years after I had done work for an actress that I received the money all the way from England, explaining that circumstances had rendered it impossible for her to pay before then.—St. Louis Republic.

Underground Canal Sixteen Miles Long.

The canal between Worsley and St. Helens, in North England, is probably the longest and most remarkable canal of the kind in the world. It is sixteen miles long and is underground from one end to another. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estate filled its old mines with water that they might transport the coal under ground instead of on the surface. Ordinary canal boats are used, the power being furnished by the men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross pieces, and the men propel the boats along as they lie on their backs on the loads of coal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HAIR FADS OF BIG MEN.

FANCIES OF STATESMEN AS TO THEIR LOOKS AND BEARDS.

The Barbers of the House and Senate Who Trim the Hyperic Locks of the Lawgivers.

THE barber shops in the wings of the Capitol at Washington are always open whether Congress is sitting or not, because there are sure to be some legislators for the Nation in Washington even during the dog days, and employees of the House require shaving between sessions. The Senate tonsorial parlor is more exclusive, and hirelings of that august body are not admitted to its precincts. For them a special chair and a colored servitor are provided in the basement.

Three colored barbers manipulate razor and scissors in the Senate shop, along the sides of which are four bath rooms. In one of these is a box just big enough for the fattest possible Senator to get into. It is closed upon him, so that only his head appears, poked out through the top. Steam, generated by alcohol lamps beneath, is turned on and fills the wooden chamber. It is luxury a la Russe.

The Senator, if he chooses, takes hold of a steel bar inside the box, his feet resting on a metal pan below. A current of electricity is then turned on, reviving the system exhausted by legislative toil. There are two batteries, one stronger than the other. If desired their strength can be combined, but no member of the upper house has thus far been disposed to try such a powerful dose. Rheumatic Senators utilize this electricity for the treatment of their trouble.

While undergoing the steaming process the Senator can cleanse himself by means of a little hose and sprinkler, regulating the temperature of the water as he likes. On emerging from the box he is subjected to massage treatment by an expert operator, after which he goes to sleep on a wicker sofa. All the modern bathing appliances are here at hand, including ingenious shower baths which spray the person from head to foot by a multitude of jets, marble tubs lined with porcelain, and a room with dry heat, which can be run up to 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

All these luxuries Senators get free of charge. They pay nothing for bath, shave, or hair cut, unless, perhaps, by way of gratuity. The barbers are employed by the Government as "skilled laborers" at \$900 a year each. They supply their own brushes, combs, and razors. The "tonic," hair oil, bay rum, etc., which they use are drawn from the general supply room. Of course, the services of three tonsorial artists are not required during recesses of Congress, but at such periods their vacant time is devoted to whatever work may be assigned to them in the Senate wing.

The barber shops attached to the House of Representatives are comparatively shabby. They would not be a credit to a fourth-rate village. There is one on the Republican and another on the Democratic side. They are just alike, but there are three chairs in the Democratic shop and only two in the Republican shop. The case was exactly the reverse when Mr. Reed occupied the Speaker's chair and there was a Republican majority. Every member and employe pays for his shave or hair cut at the usual rates. The barbers are hired as common laborers at \$50 a month.

Twenty-five years ago a laborer employed by the House asked leave to put in a tonsorial chair. Consent was granted, and from that beginning the shops have grown. Between sessions the barbers, who are all colored, clean committee rooms, etc. One of them is a skilled chiropodist and attends to the feet of Representatives who are afflicted with corns and bunions. The latter do not have to pay anything for baths. Beneath the House there are superb bath rooms with huge marble tubs and hot chambers. The attendants are expert at massage.

The testimony of the barbers is to the effect that about forty members of the House during the last Congress used oil on their hair. Among \$300 odd Representatives, Lynch, of Wisconsin, has the most hair. In that respect he has a rival in Smith, of Illinois, whose dark locks with not a gray thread in them hang to his shoulders.

Ex-Speaker Reed has the baldest head. General Wheeler, though a small man from Alabama, has the biggest beard, mixed with gray. Tarsney, of Missouri, possesses the largest mustache, and Hopkins, of Illinois, has the reddest hair.

In the Senate Peffer, of Kansas, has by far the most luxuriant beard. He wears no necktie because he has such whiskers. Blackburn, of Kentucky, has the biggest mustache. Once upon a time it was dark brown, but now it is gray. Brice, the Ohio man, has the greatest quantity of hair, dark red in color. Baldest of all the Senators is Gallinger, of New Hampshire.

In the last century, during the early years of Congress, not a few members of the National Legislature had their hair done up in pigtails. Others wore their locks very long and elaborately curled. Others powdered their tresses so profusely as to conceal their natural shade. So short a time as fifty years ago no gentleman was unshaven. To wear any hair on the face then would have been considered barbarous. The custom of shaving is supposed to have first arisen from the fact that in battle the beard afforded too good a hold for an enemy. Among the Romans the habit was originated by Scipio Africanus. Beards were not worn under the empire until the time of Hadrian, who grew one for the purpose of hiding scars. The Greeks shaved themselves up to the time of Justinian, in

whose reign beards became fashionable, remaining so until Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The ancient Germans shaved their beards, but wore mustaches. Their young men were not permitted to shave or cut their hair until they had slain a foe in battle. The ancient Goths, Franks, and Gauls, as well as the Britons, also wore mustaches only. The Saxons grew long beards, but after the Norman conquest shaving became fashionable in England. Normans regarded it as a sign of misery and distress to permit hair to grow on the face.—Chicago Times.

WISE WORDS.

There is no religion in a whine. A coat of paint adds no warmth to the house.

Faith never goes home with an empty basket.

A fool is sure to tell who he is by the questions he asks.

No matter how good the gun is, it is wasting powder to shoot at the moon.

Every man lives in a glass house into which somebody is always looking.

If our faults were written on our foreheads all men would hang their heads.

It is folly to sit down and do nothing because we cannot do everything at once.

The great thing about influence is that it sets forces in motion that will never stop.

You can find a hundred people who are courageous where you will find one who is patient.

The selfishness of man is probably the ugliest thing upon which angels ever have to look.

If some people were birds they would sit down in the dust and complain that their wings were a heavy load.

How much bigger it always makes us feel to look at other people through the large end of a telescope.

There is many a wife hungering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket.

When a particular man marries a poor housekeeper, it takes a good deal of love on both sides to make their home a happy one.

If we had as much charity for the faults of others as we have for our own, the desert would soon become a flower garden.—Ram's Horn.

Strange Story of an Insane Man.

I heard a remarkable story in an up-town club a few nights ago. It was told by a prominent New Yorker. The talk had reverted to lunatics and to the possibility of sane persons being incarcerated in insane asylums.

"You have all cited cases of sane persons being locked up," said this gentleman. "Now let me tell you an instance of an insane person who once escaped."

"He had been confined in an asylum in an adjacent State for some time. The keepers got negligent, and during one of their lapses of vigilance the person in question escaped."

"He came direct to New York, and having met me socially several years before looked me up. I knew nothing about his mental condition at the time and there was nothing unusual in his manner."

"I introduced him in my club and vouched for him at the hotel where he had engaged a suit of rooms. He lived like a prince for a week, running up big bills."

"Of course this thing could not go on for any length of time, and at the expiration of a week the asylum authorities had gotten trace of him and tracked him to New York."

"They came on and took him in custody. He was entertaining a party of newly-made acquaintances at the club. You never would have imagined that he was a crazy man until he set eyes upon the madhouse keepers."

"Then he broke into a wild laugh, a strange light broke into his eyes, and everybody realized instantly that he was a maniac."—New York Herald.

Fluctuations in the Honey Crop.

This has not been a good year for the bee-keepers, as there has not been half a crop of honey. There is a great difference in seasons, so far as honey-making is concerned. Though flowers come in about the same profusion each year, they do not contain the same amount of honey. Some years they seem filled with the sweet nectar, and the bees make frequent excursions, and always return heavily laden, and other years the busy little workers scour the country for a wide and gather little honey. It has been two or three years since there was a large crop of the product, but when there is, bee-keepers make plenty of money. In a good year an average season's work for a stand of bees is 200 pounds of honey, though a particularly good stand will sometimes gather 500 pounds. The product sells for \$90 to \$140 a ton, so that on a good year a person with a hundred stands of bees would make from \$900 to \$1400. If every season was a good one a person could not find an "odd job" that would reward his spare time any better than keeping bees.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

The Private House "Cold Room."

The "cold room" is a not uncommon feature of many expensive and convenient new houses. It is in reality a refrigerator of some approved make, as large as a pantry, provided with shelves from floor to ceiling on three sides, and the temperature for most articles is found somewhere between the two extremes. On the fourth side are hooks where meats may be hung. The room is perfectly ventilated, and the ice is put in from the outside, so that it is unnecessary for the ice man to enter the house.—New York Post.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tidal waves will often acquire a velocity of one thousand miles a minute. Herbert Spencer has invented a little ear-machine by which he can shut out all sounds.

A steam jet casts but a slight shadow, but if it is given a charge of electricity it takes an orange-brown hue and its shadow is very dark.

To the residents on other planets, that is, of course, providing there are such beings, our earth is a bright blue—this on account of the cerulean hue of our atmosphere.

A Frenchman declares that vegetation can be aided by electricity. Potatoes planted in the path of the electric current grew enormously, and electrified tomatoes became ripe eight days before the others.

The snake worm is the name of a small creature which, when alone, has almost no power of locomotion. Large numbers of them, by forming a close rope-like procession, move with ease from place to place.

A remarkable discovery has been made by Professor Emmerich. He finds that the blood of an animal which has recovered from an infectious disease can cure another animal suffering from the same disease, and the discovery is likely to prove of the greatest importance.

Lieutenant Apostolow, of the Russian navy, recently exhibited to some naval officers in Odessa a new style of ship, without screw or paddle, but which had instead "a kind of running electrical gear round the vessel's hull under the waterline, and a revolving mechanism, which, he says, will propel a ship from Liverpool to New York in twenty-eight hours."

An ingenious conceit for recording sunshine is the recent invention of Professor Marvin. The professor describes the instrument as consisting in principle of a Leslie differential air thermometer—mercury, however, being used to separate the air in the two bulbs, and the whole thermometer is designed in the form of a straight tube, having a bulb at each end.

Experiments have been made with aluminum for horseshoes by a Pennsylvania manufacturer within the last few months. Methods and machines used with steel had to be modified a little first. The shoes are light, of course, but they wear rapidly, not lasting over a week or ten days on a dirt road and breaking easily. The experimenter thinks that possibly an aluminum alloy might be more serviceable.

Insects that spend most of their lives in a torpid or semi-torpid condition are not always killed by being frozen. Instances are numerous of travelers in the Rocky Mountains finding butterflies on the snow-line frozen stiff. When carried to a warmer climate or into a cabin they often completely revive. Their normal vital power is so low that a degree of cold that would prove fatal to other creatures does not kill them.

The decorations of walls prove to have a very important influence upon gas bills. From recent figures it has been calculated that with the different decorations a room would be equally lighted by the following candle powers: Black cloth, 100; dark brown paper, eighty-seven; blue paper, seventy-two; clean yellow paint, sixty; clean wood, sixty; dirty wood, eighty; cartridge paper, twenty; whitewash, 15. Only about one-sixth as much illumination is necessary for the whitewashed room as for the same room papered in dark brown.

A Queer Horned Snake.