

A public library and literary resort exclusively for the blind has been opened in Chicago.

The Swiss Postoffice conveys anything from a postal card to barrels of wine, scythes and bundles of old iron.

There are at the present moment eleven pretenders to the various thrones of Europe trying to make good their claims.

It is said there is no case on record in Massachusetts where a verdict having been set aside in a capital case and a second trial granted a conviction was secured.

South Florida is a great country for bees, according to the New York Post. There is something in bloom for them to feed on during the entire year. They keep on laying up honey for the winter that never comes. There is no finer honey than that made from the bloom of the palmetto and orange.

There is a steady demand for walnut timber, and purchasers are scouring the Atlantic coast region in search of large trees. While metallic coffins, usually called caskets by the undertakers, have displaced walnut coffins, the wood is increasingly applied to other uses. The trees are scarce in most parts of the East, and many are jealously guarded against ax and saw.

The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore publishes a list of 502 industrial concerns established in the South since the 1st of July, showing that business was affected very little by the panic below Mason and Dixon's line. The list is made up largely of cotton mills, canning factories, foundries and wood-working establishments. During the first half of the year some 1400 new enterprises of this kind were started in the South.

The De Beers mines in South Africa employ 3000 whites, and from 15,000 to 20,000 of the natives as laborers. The natives will steal diamonds, and no way had been discovered to prevent the thefts. Under the law the native laborers are kept in inclosures called compounds. They sell the diamonds which they steal at a few shillings per carat. They are purchased, although the natives are ignorant of the fact, by agents of the De Beers Company and returned to the company. Within the last two years, the company has paid in this way \$3,500,000 for diamonds which had been stolen by the natives.

That the public domain still offers opportunities for home seekers is shown, thinks the Washington Star, in part by the figures which are found in the annual report of the commissioner of the general land office, recently made public. It is stated that during the year which closed on the 31st of July last nearly 12,000,000 acres of the public lands passed into the possession of settlers and citizens. Only a little over 1,000,000 acres were sold for cash, and as under the present land laws the public land is open mainly to homestead settlers it is evident that the era of the settler has not yet passed. In spite of the heavy drafts which have been made in recent years the public domain still has respectable proportions, and while a good deal of the land is not considered valuable, still there is a surprising acreage available for settlement under the land laws. These facts show that as a Nation we have not yet outgrown our heritage.

American merchants and manufacturers have a great deal to learn in the matter of exploiting their wares, avers Frank Leslie's Weekly. They have lost some important markets, notably those of South America, just because they have failed to employ the means of success of which other countries habitually avail themselves. In this day of sharp and vigorous competition no business man can hold his own who sits down at home and does nothing to familiarize himself with, and reach, outlying markets. German and English manufacturers afford an example of intelligent enterprise in this particular which is well worth emulation. An illustration of this fact is afforded by the action of the German makers of machinery in recently deciding to send expert engineers to foreign countries to study and report upon their wants and needs in order that German producers may be able to adapt themselves to the requirements of the markets and develop a demand for their goods. It is by such methods as these that the Germans have acquired so large a share of the trade of countries where we ought to be masters of the situation, and our people must wake up to the facts of the case, and meet competitors with their own weapons, if they would not be driven from every field worth possessing.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown and the skies are gray,
And the wintry woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are afloat in the frosty air.
But the sparks fly up from the hickory log,
And the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake and the rafters ring
To the lads and the lassies' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn,
And his locks are thin and white,
But his hand is firm and his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in the gown of gray.
With oak-leaf kerchief and creamy frills
She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board,
And his guests they are silent all—
"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the rain and sun,
And the fruit on the orchard wall,
For the silver wheat and the golden corn,
And the star of a toilsome life,
The greatest blessing that Thou canst give—
A true and loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss
Her hand in its frill of lace,
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,
With a proud and courtly grace,
And the snowflakes click on the window pane.

And the rafters ring above,
And angels carol the farmer's thanks
As they mount to the Gates of Love.
—Minna Irving.

"THANKSGIVING'S" LOVER.

BY S. J. EDWARDS.

BEFORE the great bakeoven built into the huge stone chimney of Captain John Folsom's house there sat a fair young girl on a lowly morning of November, 1777, and near her, basting a fat goose on the spit before a log fire, stood another even fairer than she. These maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun their hair concealed except for a few locks that wandered down beneath the linen handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows, revealing arms that were fair to look upon, so white were they and of such exquisite roundness, were busy with the preparation of a feast, and the natural tint of their cheeks, which was as delicate as the peach blossom, was heightened by reason of the heat that came from the crackling logs.

She who stood at the door of the bakeoven hesitated a moment and turned her head slightly to one side as though she listened. Then tossing her hand gently, as though to indicate that her ears had been misled, perhaps by the wind without, she opened the oven door and smiled as she perceived the fragrant odor which came from the cavern within. With a broom splint she penetrated the crust which surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well done, and then she turned to her companion and said:

"'Twill be a fine feast for Uncle John when he returns to-day. Surely he said he would be back by noon."

The maiden who had the spitted



"BASTING A FAT GOOSE ON THE SPIT."

goose in charge paused for a moment in her task of anointing it with rich gravy, and said:

"Father will be here, I know, if the Lord permits, but in these dark days that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and maybe he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a sorry feast for us if we must eat alone. 'Go to the pie?"

"'Tis nearly done, I think, and such a pie was never made. 'Tis full of giblets, for you know that Uncle John always eats them, covered with the gravy of the dish."

For some moments the maidens continued these preparations, and then she who was called Abbie went to the window, and peering out for an instant turned and opened the door, which creaked with mighty moans as it turned upon its rusty hinges.

"What is it that you hear, Abbie?" said the other.

"It seems to me that I hear the march of the company, and still I do not know but 'tis the wind. See, the snow has begun to fall a little." The other maiden arose and went to the door, and so they stood side by side, peering out far down the highway to the turn of the road, where it skirted the Long Island Sound. And such a picture did these fair maidens make as

they stood thus framed by the door-sill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of that town.

"'Tis true, Abbie; 'tis true. I hear their step, and surely that is Ephraim's file."

Abbie returned to the kitchen and made preparations for the great table to receive the bounty with which the day was to be celebrated, while the other maid stood awaiting the coming of her father. She saw the company as it marched around the bend in the road, with her father at the head, and she was going forth to meet them, when of a sudden she halted. The look of joy upon her face was changed to one of wonderment, and she stood her head bent slightly forward, that she might the better see, perplexing and hesitating.

The company had come as near to the farmhouse as the meadow that adjoined it on the west, and there they halted, and the maiden saw that one was with them who was not of the company when they marched away the night before. He stood alone, erect, constrained, and she perceived that his hands were tied with thongs behind his back. She saw her father talking earnestly and seemingly directing two or three men of the company to take this man in charge, and scarcely knowing what she did she approached her father and was so near that she could have put her hand upon his shoulder before he saw her.

"Sir," she heard her father say, "you were captured within our lines without a pass and having no authority to be there. I am going to send you with a guard to the commander of our army, who is in the camp a dozen miles or so beyond. He will discover whether you are no British spy, but have strayed, as you have said, within our lines by accident."

"What has he done, father?" the girl asked, for she was filled with pity for this man, who seemed so proud and yet so pleading in his manner.

"What Thankful, is it you? Why are you here, my daughter?" said the Captain.

"I came to welcome you, father."

"But this is no place for you. We have a prisoner."

"A prisoner! Surely he can do no harm. He is not like an army man and he seems well favored."

"Nevertheless we found him wandering within our lines and there are spies about and he may be one of those."

"A spy? Surely, I think not."

And the girl went to the prisoner and stood before him in the innocence of maidenly confidence and looked full into his eyes, lighting her head to do so, for he was tall and seemed to tower far above her in his splendid presence.

"You are no spy," she said at last.

"No, my child, not a spy. I am an officer of the King's army who has strayed within your lines. Thank you for your sympathy. You have beauty in your face, my child, but you have what is better—you have sympathy."

The girl went back to her father and she said:

"Father, suppose my brother John, who is somewhere in the Jerseys with Washington, should by accident be captured by the redcoats. It would break your heart and mine if they took him for a spy. Surely there is truth in this man's words. Come, bring him with you. Don't you remember that it is Thanksgiving Day, and that we are to have a roasted goose and a chicken pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious pumpkin pie? Let him come and be our guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise me that he will make no effort to escape until you hear from the General what shall be done with him."

The Captain seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then turning to his prisoner he said: "Sir, I am myself impressed with your dignity of manner. It may be that you speak the truth. My daughter's intuitions are that it is so. I have changed my mind. I shall send a messenger to the General with a dispatch telling of your capture, and then whatever he commands—that will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our feast day. We are accustomed every year after the harvest to give thanks to the Lord and to eat a great feast and to make merry in our families. I will ask you to share this with us. You will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape."

"You do me honor, sir. I give my parole to you, and, if I may be permitted, to this fair maiden who has interceded for me."

They unloosed his thongs, and when his hands were free he stepped up to Mistress Thankful and he took her hand and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding and gentle manners prevailed.

They had a fine feast at Captain Folsom's table, and the British officer became most companionable and ventured gentle jests with Thankful and her cousin, Mistress Abbie, who served the meats and bounties with gentle dignity and unconscious grace. And when she turned to converse more seriously with Captain Folsom upon the war and its battles they—Thankful and Abbie—under pretense of some engagement for the preparation of the dessert, glanced furtively at him and exchanged confidences that he was a handsome man and well favored and moreover very young for one of his stature and of his rank, for it was plain that he was a high officer.

In the afternoon there was gentle merrymaking, and Captain Folsom, being greatly impressed with the manifest honor and nobility of his prisoner, had such confidence that he at last said: "Sir, I do not know whether your rank would permit me to call you Captain or Major or Colonel, for one of these offices I know must be yours. You do not care to tell us your name or your rank, but I

have that confidence in you that I am willing to leave you for awhile with these gentle guards, my daughter and my niece, for I have a mission of some consequence in the village, which is a few miles away."



"YOU ARE NO SPY," SHE SAID.

"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not destroy it. While these maidens guard me I shall protect them until you return."

"Will you promise to obey us?" asked Thankful in a merry mood.

"In all things," he replied, bowing with grace, and yet with the mock dignity of gentle sport.

"I exact only one promise, sir," said the Captain, "and that is that you will not quit this house until my return."

"I give that promise willingly."

After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even the more earnestly to entertain these maidens, and their intuition taught them that their charms had found favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although with the greatest courtesy and deference. He told them stories of England, and of life among the nobility there, and how the ways of those titled people differed from the simple customs of their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many things about their manner of life, and it was plain to see that Mistress Thankful had already won his high regard.

"Tell me," said he, "how is it that they call you Thankful? 'Tis a pretty name, and well given to you, I should say, but I never heard it before I heard them call you by it."

"But it is not my name," she said.

"I have heard my mother say that on one Thanksgiving Day they sent to my father, who was in the church, and bade him hurry home, and when he came home he found me there, though I was not there when he went away, and so he said, as he held me up: 'It is Thanksgiving Day. The Lord has been good to me these many years, but he has been best to me to-day. So her name shall be Thanksgiving since she is born upon that day.' And that, sir, is my name, although they call me, for the sake of shortness, Thankful."

She said this with such modesty and with such delicious suggestion of grace, and her cheeks were so gently flushed and her eyes so bright, that the young officer could not conceal the admiration for her which had seized him, and when she perceived it she turned away with gentle coquetry. Thus this Thanksgiving afternoon, which had promised to be so dreary a time for him, was one of joy, and when the shades of evening came and the candles were lighted the maidens and the young officer were like those who had been long acquainted.

In the evening the girls brought apples and nuts and cider, and they were having a merry time, when of a sudden Abbie arose and went to the door. Her quick ears had detected a strange sound. A moment later a lad came panting into the room.

"Look out, Thankful! they are coming to attack you," he said, scarcely able to speak for lack of breath.

"They? Who? Who can attack us?"

"'Tis Ben Williams and his gang. 'Twas yesterday that the cowboys captured a lad—a cousin of Ben Williams—and for some reason they hanged him, and now Ben is bound to have revenge, and he has heard that there is a British officer here, and he wears he'll have him hanged to a tree for revenge."

A moment later a young man with a musket in his hand entered the door and he said: "Mistress Thankful, your father left me here on guard unbeknown to you. There's trouble brewing, I fear. They are coming to take the officer away and to do him harm. Let him go with me and I will hide him."

Thankful brought the officer's cloak and hat and bade him go, but to her amazement he refused. "I cannot go," he said. "I gave your father my word of honor that I would not leave the house till he returned."

"But you must. Ben Williams is a brute. He will take you out and kill you, sir. Go under the escort of the guard and he will take you where you can be concealed."

But the officer would not stir. He would only say that he had given his pledge and he would not break it. In an instant Thankful seem changed, and the officer, even in the suspense and terror of the moment, perceived that she had assumed the manner of one who had authority and can exercise it. She stood erect, her head thrown back, her eyes very bright, her cheeks now somewhat pale, and she said: "You must go, sir. I command it. Go with him, Hark. Don't you hear that mob shouting? You

have not a moment to lose." And then as he did not stir she went up to him pleadingly and with gentle manner, not knowing seemingly what it was she said or did; she put her hand upon his arm with gentle touch, and she said "Go, go; for my sake, go."

"For your sake?" he murmured, and he seemed to hesitate, and then she turned to the guard and bade him lead the officer forth. But at that moment the cry of the mob was so distinct that it revealed that escape was impossible. Thankful bade the guard step in and bolt the door, and commanded him to use his musket if anyone should try to force an entrance. And even as she spoke the door was forced and an ugly face was protruded, and some one shouted: "Come out, you redcoat!" and would have said more had he not been felled by the butt of the guard's musket.

The door was closed and bolted, and the guard stood with the manner of defiance. In an instant Thankful had made disposition of the officer. Before he was aware what she was doing she had led him to the settle in the chimney corner, and she bade him to be seated there. None too soon, for the window was forced open and some one shouted: "Come out, you cur, or we will shoot you where you are!"

"Oh, you coward—you coward, Ben Williams! He has done you no harm, and he is unprotected," and Thankful, speaking thus, placed herself so that she stood directly before the officer. There was a crash, a confusion of sounds, for they were trying to force the door. The officer, then realizing that this fair maiden was protecting him with her body, pushed her aside, saying: "No, no; I cannot permit this. You must not be injured. Let me pass." At that moment a musket was discharged, and the officer, perceiving that Thankful was reeling, supported her in his arms. She had received the shot instead of him.

A moment later there was a mighty shout, a great rushing noise, the door was burst open and Captain Folsom and some of his company entered. "What is this? What is this?" he said.

"Ah, uncle. Ben Williams and his gang are trying to capture the officer, and they have shot Thankful as she tried to prevent it," said Abbie, crying bitterly.

"Williams, take him away; bind him; put him in the guardhouse with his gang!" the Captain shouted, and then kneeling down over the body of his daughter he moaned, saying: "My Thankful, my Thankful; oh, my daughter, they have killed you!"

"They have killed her, sir, while she was trying to save my life," said the officer, and he wept like a child.

But she was not dead. They lifted her tenderly and carried her to her room under the gable roof and when they saw that she opened her eyes and that her lips moved they were rejoiced, and there was a prayer of thanksgiving to God that He had spared her life that night.

A few days later the order came from the General instructing Captain Folsom to deliver the prisoner under his charge to the outposts of the British army at the Bronx in exchange, for it was demonstrated that he had told the truth when he said that he had strayed within the patriot lines by accident.

As he was about to go away he said to Captain Folsom: "I have one favor to ask. May I see Mistress Thankful for an instant alone?" It was permitted. He went and stood by her bedside and took her hand. "Thankful," said he, "I am going away. It is not right that I should speak to you except in thanks, for I am an officer in an army opposed to yours, but I may say this: I heard your unconscious confession when you bade me go for your sake, and your sweet words then uttered will be in my memory until I come back again when these battles are over," and he knelt tenderly over her and touched his lips to her forehead.

When he looked at her he saw the glance of exquisite joy which she could not conceal, and he perceived that gentle tears were coursing down her cheeks, which she did not care to wipe away, and he knew they were tears of joy.

Six years later, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, a traveler dismounted from his horse in front of Captain Folsom's forge—for the Captain was a blacksmith in time of peace. The traveler looked curiously about, as though not sure that this was the place he sought, when his eyes rested upon a maiden who was standing in the doorway. It seemed to him as though the picture which he had seen in that identical spot six years before on the day of his departure was there again. He went up to her and said: "Thankful, my Thanksgiving. I have come."

"I knew you would," she said, and with such gentle sweetness of manner that he took her to his arms.

It was a grievous sorrow to Captain Folsom that his daughter Thankful was compelled to leave him when she married this man whose life she had saved, but it was a joy for him to know that she had a husband worthy of her. She had married Sir John Sterling, and he took her to his estates in England, which were great, and there as long as they lived, and to this day among their descendants, the last Thursday in November in every year is celebrated as a Thanksgiving ceremonial, and in the evening to the children every year is told this romance of the day when their grandfather and great grandfather met his Thanksgiving.

A Roman consular army comprised two legions, each containing 4500 men. The unit of the legion was the manipulus, 100 men, commanded by a centurion. The legion was commanded by a tribune (brigadier general).

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING MARBLE.

A serviceable preparation for cleaning marble is made by mixing soda, pumice stone and finely powdered chalk in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. Pass through a sieve and mix with water to form a paste of creamy consistency. Rub well on the marble and rinse with water.—American Farmer.

SERVING COLD MEATS.

A very pretty luncheon table cannot well have cold meats upon it unless these are artistically well arranged. Haphazard slices will not do at all, nor will even a liberal parsley garnish help matters greatly. The daintiest and the most picturesque way to serve cold meats is to slice them and then rearrange in bulk again. To do this nicely a large piece of meat—say a fine roast of beef—must be cooked and then allowed to get very cold. When quite cold the beef is sliced all the way across in mammoth slices, one by one. When all the slicing is done the pieces are carefully put in place again just as they were when whole, and the "roast" is apparently untouched. For greater convenience in the serving the entire piece of meat is cut once across so that the slices when taken off are half size instead of colossal in dimensions. A piece of resistance like a full sized roast of beef in the centre of a luncheon table is a stately thing to gaze upon, and gives the guests the comfortable assurance that the substantial part of the feast is not to be sacrificed entirely to delicacies.—New York Telegram.

UTENSILS THAT ARE IMPRACTICABLE.

A new tin pie-plate, evolved by a woman, has holes in the bottom to ventilate the undercrust, and thus prevent it from becoming soggy. A wrinkled rim of tin is laid over the edges of the pie-crust to keep them together and prevent the escape of the juices. Being left-handed, I took kindly, too, to a spider seen the other day which has a lip on both sides. Some other so-called improvements in household utensils have little to recommend them except that they are new. Among them are a flour sifter that may be fastened against the wall and turned with a crank, a metal kneading board which fastens to the table so that it will not slip about, and a wooden roller covered with Turkish toweling for dusting hardwood floors or carpets. The latter is not half as good an arrangement for dusting as the English dark-blue flannel kept purposely for hardwood floors, made into a bag and kept on a broom, as it cannot be used in the corners of a room. When a damp cloth is to be used, it would not equal a clean flannel cloth in a self-wringing mop. Small meat-choppers, fruit-presses and evaporators for drying fruit are really labor-saving contrivances.

Too often complex pieces of helplessness are only an added care and an added expense. Before buying them as a pleasing novelty they should be carefully studied. All kitchen utensils should be as plain and simple and as light weight as possible, for the sake of the person who lifts and cleanses them each day.—New York Post.

BOILED BEEF RECIPES.

Boiled Beef à la Landaise—Take some fine, ripe tomatoes, remove the top and scoop out the inside of each. Chop it with garlic, parsley, lard and the boiled beef of the previous day. Add pepper and salt. Season the inside of the tomato with pepper and salt and fill with the forcemeat. Place in the oven, covering each tomato with a bit of lard. When two-thirds cooked withdraw and dust over some bread crumbs mixed with chopped parsley. Brown and serve hot.

Boiled Beef with Lettuce—Take some fine, firm heads of lettuce, strip off the green leaves, wash and blanch in boiling water, and throw them into cold water. When cold, squeeze in a cloth to thoroughly dry, and with a knife cut off the stalk from below, being careful not to injure the heart. Fill with forcemeat made of the beef, some garlic, lard, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, fresh bread crumbs soaked in bouillon and one or two eggs. Tie them up and cook without adding water.

Boiled Beef à la Diplomate—Put into a stewing-pan some butter, minced onions, carrots, parsley and mushrooms and place on a fire. Add a little flour until the sauce boils; then let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Add an equal quantity of lobster broth, and boil down while constantly stirring, until the sauce is smooth and the proper consistency. Let the pieces of beef cook for a good half hour in this sauce, remove it, thicken with butter rubbed up with chopped parsley and serve hot. The addition of a teaspoonful of extract of meat will be an improvement.

Hashed Beef à la Paysanne—Chop four large onions very fine and let cook to a golden color in butter. When nearly cooked dust over them a teaspoonful of flour and stir until the whole is of a golden color, moisten with bouillon or with diluted extract of meat and a little red pepper. Cook until the onions are done and the sauce is boiled down. Then put in the hashed beef, cook for a quarter of an hour, add a dash of vinegar and a little mustard and serve.

Beef à la Vinaigrette—Cut the beef in thin slices and put in a salad dish. Cover with sliced anchovy or smoked herring, chevril, parsley, chives, sweet herbs, tarragons and chopped gherkins; season with pepper, salt and oil. Serve without stirring.—New York Recorder.

The leaf of the pineapple plant can be wrought into a serviceable cloth.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The fly lays four times each summer and eighty eggs each time.

The descendants of a single female wasp will often number 25,000 in one season.

Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males with two exceptions—the angler and the catfish.

The giant of the planetary system is Jupiter, with a diameter of 275,000 miles at the equator, and a volume 1234 times as great as that of the earth.

The weight of a molecule of hydrogen is approximately 0.000,000,000,000,000.04 of a gramme; the atomic weight of iron is 0.000,000,000,000,000,002.2 gramme.

The blood in its natural state contains an amount of pure water that is really astonishing to one who has not given the subject attention—nearly seven-eighths of its entire bulk.

A non-venomous South African snake lives entirely on birds' eggs. Each egg is swallowed whole, and by a muscular contraction of the gullet its contents flow into the stomach, while the shell is rejected by the mouth in the form of a pellet.

It is stated that ordinary bricks boiled in tar for about twelve hours, or until they are saturated with it, are increased about thirty per cent. in weight, are much harder than common ones and unaffected by frosts and acids as well as perfectly waterproof. They form an excellent flooring for workshops or storerooms, particularly in chemical establishments.

There is a remarkable sympathy between the eyes. So much is this the case that any serious injury to the one is almost certain to effect the other, hence the necessity which often arises for the removal of the injured eye mainly for the sake of saving the other. This sympathy has been shown to extend so far that color perceived by one eye alone excites the retina of the other.

In the colliery fields of South Staffordshire, England, hundreds of acres of land are covered with shale or waste material from mines. It is a kind of slate-colored clay. This material, when ground and otherwise manipulated, proves to be an excellent material for the manufacture of bricks. These bricks, when taken from the kiln, are as uniform and rich in color as those made from red clay, and their qualities are of such a nature as to assure an industry of considerable proportions.

Frogs, whether blind or not, become dark green or black if they are kept in a dark vessel in a springly-lighted room, but when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel, they all recover their bright green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or what seems more probable, if Steinach's experiments are taken into account—directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the change of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with a felt or a thin wire net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced into the vessel.

Criminal Festivals.

The great solemn popular festival of the Khonds included the annual immolation of a victim. After three days of indescribable orgies, in which women often participated dressed like men and armed like warriors, the victim was bound to a stake in the midst of the forest, and left there all night alone; in the morning the people returned, with a great noise of bells and gongs, singing and shouting; when the multitude had become well intoxicated with the uproar, and greatly excited by disorderly dances, the grand priest would command silence and recite a long prayer, and would then slay the victim, usually with a single stroke of the knife. The multitude, which had been waiting for that moment, rushed upon the quarry with piercing cries, each one trying to tear off a piece of the palpitating flesh, to lack the body to pieces.

A criminal ceremony exists among the tribes of the interior of Sumatra, which is without doubt the survival of an ancient and very cruel custom, that has passed in the course of time into a civil and religious duty. These people, although of rather gentle disposition, piously and ceremoniously kill and eat their aged parent, in the belief that they are performing a sacred duty. At the appointed day the old man who is destined to be eaten goes up into a tree, at the foot of which are gathered the relatives and friends of the family. They strike the trunk of the tree in cadence and sing a funeral hymn. Then the old man descends, his nearest relatives deliberately kill him, and the attendants eat him.

With some peoples animals take the place of human victims; but what we had said is sufficient to show that even with these peoples collective crime was formerly a solemn ceremony, although individual crime was already regarded as something to be condemned.—Popular Science Monthly.

Most Crowded Spot on Earth.

The most crowded spot on earth is the quarters of Valetta, the capital of the Island of Malta. In Valetta itself the proportion is 75,000 to the square mile, but in the Mandraggio 2544 people dwell on a surface two acres and a half in extent, and this gives no less than 636,000 to the square mile, or 1017.6 to the acre. In the most crowded town in Great Britain, Liverpool, the proportion is only 116.4 to the acre.—New York Dispatch.