

Ninety-one per cent. of the farmers in Utah own their farms.

Encouraging reports continue to come from the cotton manufacturers of the South.

The average time spent by the British House of Lords in the Nation's work, according to a contemporary, is fifteen minutes per day.

Australia is a country without orphans or an orphanage. Each waif is taken to a receiving house, where it is kept until a country home is found for it.

The new programme of public instruction adopted in France devotes more time to the study of English and less to the study of German.

In thirty-six State prisons in this country solitary confinement is used as a punishment, and in twenty the prisoner is handcuffed to the wall.

An English widower returns thanks to a choir for their sweet singing at his wife's funeral, "thereby enlivening and brightening up the dullness and monotony which not infrequently characterizes a funeral service."

Russia has decided to spend a quarter of a billion in the improvement of her navy. This is a pretty expensive outlay in pursuance of a plan to keep the peace; but the leading powers of Europe are not stopping at expense. England will have to meet these figures, and France can be relied upon to slide several big war ships into the water. It looks to the Detroit Free Press as though the test of modern naval improvements was not far off, and it may be followed by very material changes in the map of the eastern continent.

Says the New York Observer: "The poor we have always with us—and the lazy. To discriminate between them is somewhat of a task. In some cases the wood-pile marks the division. They go to the right or left according to their disposition. Some of the hungry go right to work, while by others the opportunity to labor, and so earn a breakfast, is left severely alone. If the newspapers are to be believed, and we see no reason for doubting their statements, then while in Chicago the unemployed number tens of thousands it is hard to get men to labor at fifteen cents an hour or canal work. When men were recently asked for from Milwaukee by a Chicago business firm, the answer came that while there was plenty of steady work in the Wisconsin woods for willing men at fair wages, the men were not to be had. There was work, and there were workers enough, but the men were shy and refused to be introduced."

The New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, which keeps a daily record of the fires in this country, and is deservedly high authority on all questions of insurance, reports the total losses by fire in the United States and Canada in the year 1893 at \$156,445,875, against \$132,704,700 in 1892. In but one month of 1893 did the total of fire losses sink below \$10,000,000, and that was in February, when the returns of the Journal of Commerce place the figures at \$9,919,900. The same paper reports 235 fires in December of a greater destructiveness than \$10,000 each. It says that the underwriters attribute much of the loss to careless installation of electric light and power plants. Under these circumstances it ought to be the occasion of more than insurance interest to learn that the electric risk is being investigated by experts who are gathering particulars of all the fires traceable to electricity. Electricity is a good servant who will bear a lot of watching.

The Baltimore Sun's tribute to the South is worthy of reproduction: "Less complaint has been heard from the South during the last eight or ten months than from any other part of the country, but this is not because the people of this section have not felt the financial stringency, but because they have learned to suffer and be strong and silent, too. They are not given to making an outcry every time they come to rough places in the road of life. For a people who, prior to 1860, enjoyed an exceptionally luxurious existence, the manner in which they bore the poverty and privations that followed the war was amazing in its calm strength and quiet endurance, and was fully as heroic as their bearing during that conflict. The bravery and patience with which they have since struggled to redeem their fortunes have been no less admirable, and their progress toward prosperity has been noted with heartfelt interest by their friends in other sections."

ON THE ROAD TO DREAMTOWN.

Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee.
And lo! all in a moment, a trusted steed 'twill be
To bear you to that country where troubles are forgot.
And we'll set off for Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot, Trot!

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing soft and low!
What a pleasant, pleasant country it is through which we go.
And little, nodding travelers are seen in every spot,
All riding off to Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot, Trot!

The lights begin to twinkle above us in the sky.
The star-lamps that the angels are hanging out on high,
To guide the drowsy travelers where danger lurketh not,
As they ride off to Dreamtown
Trot, Trot, Trot!

Sung in a wild-rose cradle the warm wind rocks the bee:
The little birds are sleeping in every bush and tree.
I wonder what they dream of? They dream, and answer not,
As we ride by to Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot, Trot!

Our journey's almost over. The sleepy town's in sight
Wherein my drowsy darling must tarry overnight.
How still it is, how peaceful, in this delightful spot,
As we ride into Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot, Trot!

—Elen E. Rexford, in Independent.

RESCUED AT LAST.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

FORWARD, I see counter!" shouted the floor-walker.
"Miss Garrick, what are you thinking of? Show these ladies heliotrope chiffon and be quick about it!"
Isola Garrick hurried to her post, with one hand pressed to her forehead. All day long she had suffered from a racking headache, but in this promising dry goods firm headaches were not "business," and no allowances were made for them.

"Why, mamma," whispered a tall, red-checked young woman, in a seal coat and a velvet toque, nodding with jets, "it's Cousin Isola!"
"Hush—sh!" said the other lady, who was stout and short, with a gold eyeglass and big diamonds in her ears. "We are not supposed to recognize her now. No—to the young girl behind the counter—"this is not the right shade. This is violet, and I inquired for heliotrope. Some people seem to be absolutely color blind!"
Isola looked wistfully at her aunt. Surely—surely she could not intend entirely to ignore her!

But Mrs. Pierson Garrick's gaze was wholly unrecognizing.
"We have heliotrope also," said she, taking down another box.
But the tall young lady tossed her head impatiently.
"It isn't the right color at all!" said she. "Come away, mamma."
The floor-walker administered a sharp rebuke to Miss Garrick, when the customers were gone.
"Really," he said, "it would seem as if a sale might have been made."
Isola's eyes brimmed over with tears which it would have been "unbusiness-like" to shed. Six months ago she had come, a timid, inexperienced orphan to New York, and naturally her first idea was to go to her father's brother, Mr. Pierson Garrick.

That gentleman, however, was not at home—he generally contrived to be out of the way when any embarrassing circumstance occurred—and his wife gave Isola to understand that it was quite impossible to do anything for her.
In the old Connecticut farmhouse a generous hospitality had always prevailed, and the girl could hardly believe that she was unwelcome to these relatives.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Garrick, absently, "you can get something to do, for Satan finds some mischief still—Oh, no, that isn't the right quotation! 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' was what I meant to say. But your uncle isn't at home, and Cousin Isola is just going out, and the house is full of company."
"I could wait a little while," invited Isola, glancing at an inviting easy-chair.
"It would be of no use," sharply uttered the lady. "We really can't undertake to open a hotel for all our country cousins."

Isola rose, with burning cheeks and indignantly-sparking eyes, and bade her aunt good morning. Where to take herself she did not know, but of one thing she was quite certain—she would be no burden on these supercilious people.
A kindly country neighbor had a daughter married and settled in a confectioner's shop on Third avenue, and here she took refuge.
"Surely," she argued within herself, "my good education must stand me in good stead here!"
But she was destined to be speedily disenchanted, and after various intervals of sickening suspense, was finally overjoyed to secure a situation in the

dry goods house where she received the smallest possible salary for the largest possible amount of work.
As it happened, Mr. Benjamin Garrick, of Rio Janeiro, was staying at the house on Lexington avenue, the one sole guest who represented the "household of company," mentioned by Mrs. Garrick.
In his younger days Cousin Ben had been the black sheep of the family. But the Pierson Garricks, who had been the loudest in his censure while he was under a financial cloud, were his most devoted adherents, now that he had come home the lucky possessor of ruby mines, railway shares and thriving coffee plantations.
"You must do your very best, Cornelia, to make yourself agreeable to him," said Mrs. Garrick to her tall daughter. "Who knows how he may decide to leave his money?"
"Oh, by-the-way!" said Cousin Ben, the first day that he came home to dinner. "I met Burley in the Exchange, and he was telling me that Alfred was dead."
"Yes," smiled Mrs. Garrick. "Some soup, Benjamin? It's lobster bisque, and very nice. Oh, yes—we are all mortal!"
"Well," quoth Ben, smiting the table with his fist, "there isn't a soul that I've calculated more on seeing when I came back than Alfred! Nobody but myself ever knew how good Alfred was to me in the days when all—yes, Louisa, you and Pierson, too—turned their back upon me. Ah, you never knew it, but I went up into the old garret one day, with a clothes line, to hang myself. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. And Alfred came after me—it was when that little baby of theirs was so ill of croup, and he was looking for herbs to make herb tea—and I tell you he talked to me as no one else had ever done. And he took his last five hundred dollars out of the bank and packed me off to South America with it. Oh, I sent back the money long ago! But what could pay for the kind words and the helping hand—eh? Poor Alfred! So he's dead! And that pretty little wife of his—and the child? She grew up, didn't she? What has become of her? I mean to go out to Elmville to-morrow and see after the child. They called her some strange Spanish name—Isidora or Isola. Alfred's wife was always fanciful."
Mr. Pierson Garrick swallowed his soup silently. Mrs. Garrick and her daughter exchanged glances behind the tea urn.
How lucky it was that they had sent their country cousin away! For the Garricks were money worshippers, and the idea of diverting one cent of Ben's fortune from their own coffers was terrible to them.
Benjamin Garrick went to Elmville the next day, but to no purpose. The old house was closed, padlocked, and drifted knee high with frozen January snows, and no one could tell him what had become of the solitary child with the strange Spanish name.
And no one sympathized more deeply with him in his disappointment than Cornelia Garrick!
Isola had heard her father speak of the wayward cousin who had drifted off into the arid regions South, but that was all. Of his return she knew nothing, or she might have felt more hopeful that evening when the floor-walker notified her in an incidental way that, as it was necessary to cut down their expenses after the holidays, they had decided to dispense with her services thereafter.
Poor Isola! Did the floor-walker know that she had but twenty-five cents in her pocket? That she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? That in all the great, dreary city she knew not whither to turn?
The man made some little careless jest as he counted out their week's salary, minus sundry fines, to her and the five other victims who were on the discharge list.
They looked blankly at each other, but went quietly away. What else was there to do?
"I must go to Mrs. Pierson Garrick now," said Isola, "even though she stared me full in the face and never chose to recognize me to-day. She is at least a woman, and she has a daughter of my own age."
The next day she paid her small stock of money to the confectioner's wife for the board bill—it was little enough, and the poor woman had sore need of it—and walked through the deep snow to the handsome house on Lexington avenue.
As she stood hesitating at the foot of the steps, a stout, elderly gentleman, dressed in a tall silk hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, came down them.
He glanced casually at her, but she had turned away her face. It seemed as if everybody must know that she was a beggar, and the shame of it—oh, the shame of it!
"Pretty girl," said Cousin Ben to himself. "Hangs down her head too much, though."
"He has a kind face," thought Isola. "I wish Uncle Pierson was like him."
And then she timidly ascended the slippery steps and rang the bell.
Mrs. Pierson Garrick was adding up her housekeeping accounts in a pretty little room opening from her husband's library. Between the two apartments hung a portiere of richly-colored Italian silk.
She looked up indignantly as the parlor maid ushered in the unwelcome visitor. Fair Cornelia raised her eyes from the novel she was reading.
"Well, I declare!" cried she. "And what is it that brings you here, Isola? Did not mamma tell you that you must depend on yourself?"
"I never saw such assurance in my life!" said Mrs. Pierson Garrick, growing very red.
Isola looked piteously from one to the other.
"I have tried to depend on myself,"

said she, "and I have failed. Please don't look so cruelly at me. All I ask is a little money to take me back to Elmville. I can get housework to do there, or I can work in the factory. But oh, this cruel city is killing me!"
She burst into tears; but Mrs. Pierson Garrick did not relent one whit.
"This is all nonsense, Isola," said she. "I have already told you that we can do nothing for you. Why don't you go to the intelligence bureau or the employment agencies? Mr. Pierson and myself have all we can do without providing for all our penniless relations. And I beg you will go away at once. This is dear Cornelia's at home day, and I can't have her nervous system upset."
"Hello! what's all this?" spoke a deep voice, and Cousin Ben appeared from between the rich Roman portieres. "Who is this girl? Not Isola, Alfred Pierson's daughter? By Jove! I believe she has her father's very eyes! And what are you bullying her for, Louisa? Turning her out of your house? Then, as sure as the world, I'll go, too. Come here and kiss me, Isola. I've held you on my knee many a time when you were a baby. I'm your Cousin Ben, and your father was the best friend I ever had in the world. And I've looked for you—I've hunted high and low, and these people have allowed me to believe you were dead. Yes, Louisa," in answer to Mrs. Garrick's pleading glance, "I did go out, but I returned after a paper I had left behind me in Pierson's study, and so I heard it all. I couldn't believe that a woman could have been so false and cruel. Little Isola, you will come to me and be my adopted daughter? I owe more than that to your father's child."
And Isola ran, sobbing, into his arms.

That was the last of all the dark days she had endured. Nothing was too good therefore for Cousin Ben's adopted child.
But Mr. Pierson Garrick shrugged his shoulders. He was one who always laid the blame of things on other shoulders.
"You have outmanaged yourself, Louisa," said he.—Saturday Night.

Poisoned Arrows.
Poisoned arrows have been in use since time out of memory. We have it on the authority of both Strabo and Aristotle that the ancient Gauls poisoned both their arrows and the shafts of their spears with a preparation of vegetable poison extracted from what is now believed to have been a species of hellebore. The Seythians went a step further and used the venom of serpents intermixed with the virus of putrid blood, the latter being one of the most active and incurable of the poisons known even to-day.
The natives of Japan, the Ainos, prepare their arrow poisons from a secretion of the bamboo, and the same may be said of the Aborigines of Borneo, Java and New Guinea.
In Central and South America the "Woorara" poison was the terror of the early explorers, as well as of the modern scientific expeditions. Analyses of several specimens of arrows rubbed with this poison prove it to be a mixture of rattlesnake venom, putrid blood and juice from the plant or tree which produces the strychnine of commerce.
Among the North American Indians the Sioux, the Apaches, Comanches, the Bannocks, the Shoshones and the Blackfeet were the chief tribes which used poisoned war implements. The Sioux obtained their supply of venom and virus by forcing large rattlesnakes to strike their fangs repeatedly into the liver or kidney of a deer or buffalo, and then allowing the meat to putrefy. When a war party went out, one of their number was made bearer of this putrid, venom-soaked mass, and whenever a battle was imminent each brave would take turns at jabbing his arrows into the poison.
Among the other tribes mentioned, although the process of obtaining the poison supply was not always identical with the above, the general modus operandi and results were very similar.—St. Louis Republic.

Much Like a Man.
The Kulu Kamba is more like a human being, according to Professor Garner, than any other animal. The principal difference between the physical organization of a human being and a gorilla, according to the same authority, is that the spine of the gorilla is not so regularly jointed as that of a man, some of the joints having seemingly gone into partnership. The difference, or to put it more finely the distinction, between the chimpanzee and the Kulu Kamba is still a matter of conjecture. Professor Garner says, as he does not possess a skeleton of the Kulu Kamba. Skeletons of gorillas and chimpanzees are the same to him as a varied collection of pipes are to some men, and he expects to be just as well supplied with the inanimate remains of Kulu Kambas some day. Having been in Africa on scientific exploration bent, he naturally intends to go again. The African fever seldom leaves a man upon whom it has once taken a grip.—Pall Mall Budget.

Remarkable Little Magnets.
A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore as a set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One which formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Society's collection at Edinburgh, has still greater powers. It weighs but little more than Newton's, yet it is capable of supporting 1560 grains, and is, therefore, the strongest magnet of its size in the world.—St. Louis Republic.



CARROT GRUB.
An English gardener reports that he effectually destroyed the carrot grub, after it had become so abundant as to cause the tops of carrots to wilt, by watering them with a liquid made by pattering a bushel of lime and a bushel of soot into 100 gallons of water. This was well stirred up and allowed to stand over night, then the next morning the clear water was used freely in the common rose-nozzled water-pot.—New York World.

WASTE OF GOOD FODDER.
An enormous quantity of corn fodder is grown each year, but not one-third of its feeding value is procured. Hundreds of thousands of acres of stalks are allowed to stand in the fields until December or January until the grain is husked, and then the cattle are turned in the field to get what they can. Usually they find only blades whipped off by the wind and blown away, and the stalks bent and the upper part—the best portion—ruined, and even the husks weather-beaten so as to be of little value. Such feed as remains is of poor quality. The greater part of it is rotting on the ground. There is hardly a better or cheaper stock feed than corn fodder, yet most farmers treat it as though it had little or no value.—Farmer's Guide.

NOTES ON WHEAT.
From field experiments carried on at the Agricultural Experiment Station, Purdue University, Indiana, reported in Bulletin 15, extending over ten years, it appears that none of the varieties of wheat tried have any tendency to deteriorate or "run out," provided proper care is exercised. No wheat proved to be "rust-proof," but early wheats were generally less injured by rust than later kinds. Eight pecks of seed per acre gave the best returns at the station, the average yield for nine years being 30.35 bushels per acre. The best results came from sowings made not later than September 20. The value of crop rotation in maintaining yields of grain has been strongly emphasized, for a comparison of rotating crops with constant grain cropping for seven years showed an average gain of 5.7 bushels per acre in favor of the former. Another important result obtained was that wheat may be harvested at any time from the dough stage to the dead-ripe condition, without appreciably affecting the weight or yield of the grain. A comparison of the forms of nitrogen as fertilizers for wheat indicated that sulphate of ammonia is better than nitrate of soda or dried blood.

SOME ADVICE TO DRIVERS.
A driver gave his horse six quarts of oats about two hours earlier than he was usually fed. The harness was being put on while the horse was feeling the driver manage to get his breakfast in the meantime. Shortly everything was in readiness and the horse was started on a long drive. The driver urged the animal with the whip. At the end of thirty miles the horse began to ignore that instrument. He went slower and slower; finally he fell dead. Post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the oats had not been digested. The lining of the stomach gave evidence of having been in a high state of irritation. It was plain that the horse's previous accumulation of nerve power had been largely exhausted in defending the terrible irritation set up by the sharp points of the undigested oats. Had the horse been permitted to stand, or lie down for an hour after feeding he would have prepared not only a regular meal but a nourishing material accumulated would have helped him to endure his exhaustive journey. Time is required for the digestion of food before beginning a long muscular strain. It must also be clear that when the effort at hard labor ends, time should be given for rest before taking food.—Rider and Driver.

REQUISITES FOR A HORSE STABLE.
A horse stable should have thorough drainage first, then a solid, non-absorbent floor; next, the stalls should be roomy, and the feeding troughs should be made so that food cannot be wasted. The best floor is one made of cement concrete, of one part of cement, two of sand, and five of coarse gravel, laid three inches thick, and when wet dried and hard, saturated with hot gas tar. This makes the floor water and vermin proof, and very durable, with sufficient elasticity to prevent injury to the feet of the animals. The stalls should be six feet wide, the floor sloping one inch to a shallow gutter in the rear, from which the liquid mass may flow away into a drain. The feeding trough should have a deep grain box, if grain is fed, or if cut feed is used, the whole trough may be the full length of the width of the stall. A few bars fastened across the top of the feed box will be useful to prevent the horse from throwing out the feed, as some will do. If long hay is fed, this should be given in a rack above the feed trough, but on account of the great waste in feeding long hay and whole grain, the hay should be cut and the grain, finely ground, be mixed with it. This avoids the loss by waste, which is often one-half of the food. It is desirable to have a drain from the stable to a manure pit at a distance, where the liquid may be absorbed by the coarse litter. The width of a horse stable should be not less than twelve feet, to afford space to move about in easily. The loose boxes, made nine feet square, are the most desirable for safety and convenience, and these may open into a passage five feet wide. A feeding passage should be made in front of the stalls.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Strain the milk before the cream begins to rise.
Medium sized hogs now bring the largest prices.
The milk is largely affected by the physical condition of the cow.
It requires about twenty-five pounds of milk to make a pound of butter.
There is a scarcity of beaver seed in Europe owing to the drought.
The number of sheep killed by dogs every year is said to exceed 700,000.
To make dairyming a success, a dairyman must be a worker and a business man.
Experienced butter makers say that too much washing spoils the flavor of butter.
The great food crops of the world are wheat, corn, oats, rye, rice and potatoes.
There is a good market for trotters now, but only at prices consistent with the facts in the case.
Colts in training, if well cared for, grow better and keep in better health than when running at large.
It is established that a horse whose individuality is strong enough to create a family type will also fix the color with great uniformity.
First-class fancy animals, suitable for driving and carriage horses, sound and well broken, are reported as scarce and bring good prices.
Prices running well into the thousands are no longer given for road horses unless the speed and other qualities are of an exceptional character.
Many trotting horses, owing either to natural defects of temperament, to bad training or to imperfect preparation, are exceedingly difficult to control.
The winter is the time to build the intended silo, as it can be done with less interference in other work. Have the silo ready and complete for a crop of corn next season. A silo soon pays for itself.
Sloppy food is not advisable as a continued diet for pigs. Give a change occasionally. The hogs are very partial to whole corn, fed dry, and will eat it from the trough, either shelled or on the cob.
Currant and gooseberry cuttings should be about five or six inches long, and planted two-thirds their length in open ground. They will root more quickly if cut a week or two before using and packed in damp moss. It is well to keep them partially shaded.
The Sharpless strawberry has been tested over a large part of the country and does well in almost every locality, but in spite of its excellent record it sometimes fails. The Jessie is a fine berry when it succeeds, but it should be tested well before planting extensively.
Turnips are easily kept by pitting, if not put in too thick. Make the pits long and about three and a half feet high. Cover with straw and about six inches of earth. Ventilators should be placed about every ten feet. The pit is best made in a sheltered place, where the snow will not be blown off.

FARM FENCES.
The growing scarcity of timber in some parts of the country, and its entire absence in others, make the fence question a more serious one year by year. Only in the newly settled heavy-timbered land do we now see rails split for fences. Wire in some form is almost universally used for this purpose. The woven wire fencing which is made in various widths answers every purpose of a fence, but it is too expensive for general use. Wire and picket fencing does very well, but it is liable to be broken by unruly animals, and once a rent is started it is soon of little use to turn stock. Barbed wire, which composed the original wire fences of the West, is cruel, and many a horse has been ruined by being caught on the sharp, knife-like points.
There is a way of making a wire fence, however, that is free from the objections that have been brought against the others. Plain, smooth galvanized wire, No. 10 or No. 12, may be stretched tightly, and fastened to wooden posts, with a single six-inch board at the top. Instead of the board a common "two by four" spiked to the posts may be used. From five to seven wires are needed, according to what it is desired to fence against. The latter number put four inches apart near the ground, and further apart toward the top of the post will keep hogs, cattle, sheep or horses within the inclosure. The railing or board at the top is often used on barbed wire fences, as the animals can see it more plainly than they can the wire alone, and there is less danger of their running against it. Wire fences of any kind should be thoroughly braced and very tightly stretched, or they will soon sag and get out of shape.—New York Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.
The English language contains forty-one distinct sounds.
When oxygen is in a liquid state it is strongly attracted by a powerful electro magnet.
The beef extract factories in South America make one pound of extract from thirty-four pounds of meat.
A cubic foot of new fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds on the average, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.
It is strange, though true, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.
In filing band saws, tie a string where you begin to file, and then you can tell when you get around, and therefore all the teeth will be sharp, and you will not file any of them twice.
Dr. O. V. Thayer, of San Francisco, has successfully used the solar cauterizing burning glass—in removing facial discolorations of the skin of large area, also in removing tattoo or India ink marks.
At the two large abattoirs of Lyons, France, the guards protect the animals to be slaughtered from seeing anything connected with the slaughtering of other animals; a terror is found to have an injurious effect upon the secretions and flesh of dumb creatures.
Refined crystallized sugar, whether made from the beet or the sugar cane, is almost chemically pure and saccharose, and is the same substance in both cases. Few articles of food are so generally free from adulteration as granulated—not powdered or coffee-crushed—sugar.
The rate of mortality of London is shown by a recent report to have steadily decreased with the introduction and perfection of adequate means of disposing of the sewage of the city. At the end of the eighteenth century the annual average mortality was estimated at fifty per 1000, and in 1892 it had dropped to 10.1 per 1000.
In South America among the mountains the evergreen oak begins to appear at about 5500 feet, and is found up to the limit of the continuous forest, which is about 10,000 feet. The valuable cinchona tree, from which Peruvian bark is obtained, has a range of elevation on the mountain slopes running from 4900 to 9500 feet.
In the process of extracting gold from its ores molten lead is used instead of mercury. The lead is melted on a shallow hearth and the powdered ore is shaled at one end and carried forward by means of an agitator moving over it. It is thus brought to the other end, where it escapes through a hopper. In order to prevent oxidation of the lead the chamber is kept filled with carbonic oxide from a gas producer.

A Man With Three Legs.
Of late years I have lost all trace of my old and oddly malformed friend, George Leppert, whom I first met at Tiffin, Ohio, in 1884. George was a Bavarian by birth, and came to this country twelve years ago, settling at Baltimore, where he followed the trade of a wood-carver. Should you happen to meet him on the street you would notice nothing peculiar either in his gait or general makeup, unless it was that the right leg of his trousers was something near twice the size of the left, and too full to wrinkle besides. This lopsided appearance was caused by a remarkable malformation. Mr. Leppert being the not over prodigious possessor of two right legs and one left; or, in other words, of three perfectly formed lower limbs. I often remarked that should nature, through some of her odd freaks, choose to increase my normal supply of legs by fifty per cent. I would do my best to play the \$100-a-week fiddle in a dime museum before the setting of the sun on the day following the addition of the extra member to my anatomy.
He often told me that when he was a small boy in his Bavarian home he had perfect use of all three of his legs, but when I saw him last—in 1887—the extra member was slightly paralyzed, probably the result of being bound to its companion, an operation that was necessary in order to get both into one trousers leg. When I last heard from him, in 1891, he was at the Bellevue (N. Y.) Hospital, undergoing treatment for rheumatism.—St. Louis Republic.

The First Iron Bridge.
The first iron bridge ever erected in the world, and which is in constant use at the present time, spans a little river to the County of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778; is exactly ninety-six feet in length; total amount of iron used in construction, 378 tons. Stephenson, the great engineer, in writing concerning it, said: "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."—St. Louis Republic.

Effects of Electricity on Lunatics.
It is said that when the electric current was turned on the circuits at Long View Insane Asylum, at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the first time, the insane patients were much affected. They tossed their hands about, fell into each other's embrace, danced with glee and displayed an exaltation such as irrational animals sometimes do when stirred by emotional music. Improvement in many of the patients has been noted, one, it is believed, to the buoyant effect on the system of the surprise.—New York Telegram.