

Bohemian "sportsmen" during the year 1895 shot and killed fifty men, women and children, and wounded 2104 persons, chiefly gamekeepers.

Over 20,000,000 of packets of seeds were distributed by the United States Government last year. In ten years over a million dollars were expended for this free seed distribution.

One of the dry goods stores in Boston has substituted the cry "teller" for "cash," to the great delight of the local purists who seem to think it a choicer word for use in a cultured city.

Physical degeneracy in Italy is illustrated by the fact that the War Department at Rome has been rejected 520 out of every 1000 young men of twenty years of age as unfit for military service.

Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, who was elected to office last spring by the people instead of the politicians, believes that all contract work in municipalities should be abolished, states the New York Independent. In one of the sessions of the recent Battle Creek Civic-Philanthropic Conference he brought out this point, very clearly. For, said he, contractors' pay must come either out of the inferior work or out of inferior wages; and money thus spent on contracts or contractors goes not to the people but from the people. This is true, and its general acceptance will hasten the time when the city shall be in truth a "model employer."

Acid food, in the view of Dr. W. T. English, of Pittsburg, is our latest excess, the acidulous habits of the body marking a distinct stage in civilization. The consumption of acid fruits, pickles and acid drinks is increasing at an astonishing rate, the production of tomatoes having multiplied ten times since 1890, while the quantity of acid drinks taken has doubled in the same period, every year. The tendency of the acid diet is held to be to destroy the action of the bile and pancreatic juice by neutralizing their normal alkalinity and to lessen resistance to infection by retarding the alkalinity of the blood and other bodily fluids. The effects may be far-reaching, deranging especially the nervous system and the heart, and even temporarily causing intellectual confusion and incoherency of thought.

Dr. Bernard Moses, Professor of History in the University of California, argued a large audience of students to show their patriotism by combatting the spread of luxury and the rise of a feudal aristocracy of wealth. The lecture was the last of a series of four on "Democracy and Social Growth in the United States." Professor Moses said that "a republic may be preserved and yet be further away from democracy than any kingdom. As a nation we stand committed to a representative republic, based on democracy. There is no other alternative but an oligarchy or a military despotism. We hold that the establishment of this Government represented a step forward. It represents certain principles which we believe will abide, no matter how the outward form may change. We should contend against retrogression or the taking up of some outward institution. The feudalism of land has passed away; but in the past fifty years there has arisen in America a new feudalism, based on wealth, no less far-reaching in social influence. There have been recent accumulations of enormous fortunes. The modern feudal lord holds people in subjection by the power of extraordinary aggregations of wealth. The modern feudal lords have obtained possession of all the more important means of production. To the extent to which America is drifting toward the outward form of feudal organization she is going contrary to her destiny. The old feudalism was supplanted by the centralization of power in the hands of a monarch. The feudalism of wealth may be overcome by centralizing the power in the hands of the people. Another retrogression is the departure from a simple style of living and the prodigious attempts to draw class distinctions. To-day we are conspicuous among the nations for our lack of simplicity of living and our desire for social position. Wealth is made the measure. There is need of a revival in political affairs. Politically we have fallen on barren times. It is an affliction of the cultured classes to assume a disregard for patriotism. There is need for an awakening of genuine patriotism. Redemption comes not by form, but by spirit. There is imperative need of a reviving force to awaken the nation to look once more on the ideals of the founders."



MY SWEETHEART.

The tears of years have made snow white
Your golden hair of long ago;
Your footsteps, once so quiet and light,
Like mournful songs are soft and slow;
Your thin pale hands are worn and weak
And tremble as they rest in mine;
Your eyes are dim, but when you speak
They beam with love I deem divine;
In you my dear, I most am blest,
For you're my sweetheart first and best,
My dear old mother, friend so true,
Tongues cannot tell my love for you.

My heart's sublimest song is this:
I love you, mother dear,
And while your sweet old face I kiss,
I'll gently draw you near.
So every word you'll hear,
A queen in truth you are to me,
And let my richest tribute be
The thought I most revere—
I love you, mother dear.

Some day—the time may not be long—
Your spirit greet in endless sleep,
Your spirit greet the angel throng,
That o'er you now their vigils keep,
Then 'twill be late, you will not hear,
The words my childhood lipsped for you,
Those words to mothers' hearts most dear,
What bliss to feel you always knew,
And while you linger here below,
Your heart may joy, your cheeks may glow,
When softly o'er and o'er again
I whisper in a sweet refrain:

My heart's sublimest song is this:
I love you, mother dear,
And while your sweet old face I kiss,
I'll gently draw you near.
So every word you'll hear,
A queen in truth you are to me,
And let my richest tribute be
The thought I most revere—
I love you, mother dear.

—P. D. McKendrick, in Detroit Free Press.

PONGO.



MADE the acquaintance of Pongo, who was a huge baboon, on a large sugar estate on the Island of Cuba, where he had already been a resident for several years; and from his master, Don Jose, I learned the story of his capture, and his subsequent history, which I will give in the words of the planter:

"The last voyage I made were from a northern port of the United States to the coast of Africa. One day, while up the Rio Pongo, I was waited upon by a messenger, sent from the king of one of the upper native towns, with an invitation to come to his place, and open a dantia, or make an offer of trade. I always preferred to deal directly with the natives, rather than through the knavish agents, whenever I could, and gladly availed myself of the invitation.

"It was a long pull to Quomono's town; first up the river, and then through a deep, narrow creek, completely arched over with mangroves and vines. As we pulled up the river, our ears were saluted with loud and angry chattering of innumerable monkeys, whose sista upon the overhanging branches we had disturbed. Among these noisy fellows we occasionally caught sight of a very large species of baboon, who kept a respectable distance, as if suspicious of the kidnapping proclivities of the white visitors of that region.

"After arriving at Quomono's town, and making dantia with his sable majesty, I expressed a desire to possess myself of one of those large baboons I had seen on my way.

"Oh! notin' so easy, buckra cap'n," said my interpreter. "What you gib for nice one—good for black soup; good for roast monkey; good for eat, anyhow; what you gib, ha! massa cap'n?"

"Having held out a satisfactory inducement, the man went to his hut, and soon returned with an empty calabash.

"Now, massa cap'n," said he, "gib me one bottle rum and plenty sucre. Make him sweet, cap'n!"

"Supposing the fellow wanted a dram for himself, I gave him a bottle. He emptied its contents into the calabash, and, stirring in the sugar, tasted it, and, with a smack of approbation, said:

"Dis good for Joeke! Him lub rum sucre like dis." Then turning to me, the man continued: "Now, massa cap'n, you wanten fun? Come wid me! pointing to a thicket a little distance from the palisades of the village. I followed the man to the place, and saw him deposit the calabash on the ground behind a fallen tree, when he withdrew to a little distance, beckoning me to do the same.

"We had not waited long when several large monkeys made their appearance, attracted by the smell of the liquor. But one larger and fiercer looking than the others leaped ahead, and, dealing them here a blow and there a bite, snatched up the vessel and placed it to his ugly mug. With grunts, expressive of the utmost satisfaction, the creature drained off the rum, and then proceeded to wipe out the saccharine dregs with his fingers, which he licked with signs of the most perfect delight.

ric effects of his overdose began to tell upon him. By degrees he became less lively, and his uncertain steps indicated that he was now really drunk.

"The rum was too much for him and before he could recover his position he lost his balance and rolled from his seat to the ground, where in the insensibility of 'beastly drunkenness' he lay stretched as if dead.

"Him all right now, massa cap'n," exclaimed the native, as he ran up to the spot, and, being provided with things, proceeded deliberately to tie the baboon securely. He then lifted the motionless creature to his shoulders, and, having thus secured our prisoner, we moved on to where the boat lay among the mangroves.

"Now, massa cap'n," said the interpreter, "the sleepy good one—two hour. Take him board brig. When him get sober, him fight hard. Tie him good!"

"Having paid the man for his services, and calling together my men, we once more started down the creek and river, toward my vessel.

"On account of the bar off the mouth of the Rio Pongo, which will not admit the passage of vessels of any considerable draught, and the shallow water for a great distance from the shore, my brig lay some three or four miles off, and it was a pull of some hours from Quomono's Creek to where she was anchored.

"We had reached within a mile of the brig when, as I sat in the stern sheets, with my face to the bow of the boat, where the dead-drunk baboon had been carelessly thrown, I saw that the captive began to show signs of returning animation. He opened his eyes and looked about him. At once he seemed to be aware of all that had transpired, and of my intentions toward him. For a few moments he was furious with rage, and before the men could secure him to the ring-bolt of the stem, as I ordered, he had torn the things from his limbs and thrown them overboard, grinning fiercely, and gnashing his savage, doglike tusks together, stood upon the defensive.

"I reached over the heads of the men with my clubbed tiller and attempted to knock the growling baboon to the bottom of the boat, so that he could be secured and tied. But now completely sobered, and fearless with rage, he leaped over the men and fell upon my arm, fastening his powerful jaws upon my arm. Taken completely by surprise—so sudden was the assault—I fell back upon the seat, while my fierce assailant kept his grip upon my arm and attempted to reach my face with his claw-like hands.

"My men rushed to my rescue, and thick and fast the blows from their fists fell upon the monkey, and he was obliged to let go his hold, and turned upon his new enemies.

"So savage and powerful were his attacks that the sailors, having nothing but their hands to defend themselves with, were finally forced to spring overboard; and then I found myself alone with the ferocious brute. Resting awhile in the bows of the boat, as if to gain strength for a fresh tussle, he once more sprang upon me.

"I raised the tiller once more, and as he made his leap, I struck with all my might. The blow would have crushed his skull like an eggshell, but the cunning animal dodged it, and the stick flew out of my hands many yards away upon the water, and I received him upon my outstretched arms and with all my strength forced him back again among the thwarts of the boat, and, following the example of my men, leaped into the sea.

"The baboon had now cleared the decks, and was master of the boat. This victory seemed to be all he desired, for, chattering an insulting gibberish at us as we floundered in the water, he sprang into the sea, and, like a practiced swimmer, struck out boldly for the shore; while we, half amused and half angry, clambered back into the vacated boat and pulled away for the brig.

"On visiting King Quomono on the following day I told the people what had occurred. They laughed heartily at the story and promised to recapture the baboon for me. Accordingly, another calabash of rum and sugar was furnished, and the result was that Pongo, as the sailors christened him, found himself that night a prisoner on board the brig; and before we gained our home port he had become as gentle and gentlemanly a baboon as ever made a sea voyage. I brought him to Cuba with me, where, you perceive, he is as well contented as if among the mangroves of his African home."

Giant Redwoods.
In the several California groves where the giant redwoods have been found there are many trees from 275 to 335 feet high, and from 25 to 34 feet in diameter. The area of Mariposa Grove is two miles square, and it contains 427 of the monster trees. The largest in the Calaveras Grove is "The Keystone State," and is 325 feet high, and its girth six feet from the ground is 45 feet. There are some in the Mariposa Grove which are not so high, but which have a greater circumference. "The Grizzly Giant," being 93 feet at the ground and over 64 feet 11 feet above. Some dozen miles south of the Mariposa Grove is the Fresno Grove, which is said to contain about 600 trees, the largest 81 feet in circumference; while about fifty miles north of the Calaveras, in Placer County, a small grove has been discovered.

Fish Which Clothe Themselves.
The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves. The most conspicuous of them is the antennarian, a small fish frequenting the Sargasso Sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then, as it were, holding the garments on with its force fins.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Brown Velvet in Vogue.
Brown velvet is considered dressy this season and will be worn even to dancing school.

Satchels to Match Gowns.
Traveling satchels are made to match gowns, so a fashionable woman must perform own several of snakeskin and lizard skin, with their delicate markings; sealskin and morocco are dyed in all the prevalent shades and fastened with clasps of solid silver and gold.

Woman's Hair.
It is now said that women's hair is becoming more beautiful in color every year, and is also growing thicker and longer. This is said to be due to the small light bonnets that women wear. Certain it is that air and sunshine improve the color and texture of the hair. Sun bleaches the hair, and Venetian beauties always dried their ruddy locks in the sun, thereby getting that tint so much admired called Venetian red. Of course, sunshine will not bleach dark hair, but it gives a deeper color to all kinds of tresses and will brighten dull-brown hair.

The Bustle a Reality.
We are to have the bustle again. There is no doubt about it. All you have to do to be sure is to go to the dressmaker who best knows the styles and she will tell you that the newest costumes all have that idea in view.

The bustle in its present form is bound to be popular, for it is far from being the monstrosity of a few years ago. Neat and graceful, it is just large enough to round up the hips and give a stylish set to the skirt and prevent its sagging.

The modern idea is to use the bustle in the only sensible way—that is, to suit the individual. Bustles are being made in great variety, both long and short, and some much fuller than others. The style most in vogue is moderately long, and has hip extensions which will suit the woman who is tall and not too full of outlines. A pad of some sort is essential in order to be fashionable.—New York Herald.

The Girl in a New Role.
From time immemorial women have, to a greater or lesser extent, been employed in the fields, but never up to this time, we believe, has any direct effort been made to educate them in the higher lines of agriculture.

It is very much to the credit of Minnesota that she has established schools with this sole purpose in view. One of these has just been opened, in which sixty pupils can be accommodated, and in which they will enjoy the highest privileges and academic honors.

Women, as far as they have been permitted, have developed splendid capacity to prepare and survey land and carry on fruit and other staple culture and develop the soil in every line suggested by science. They make the best of gardeners, are good architects and are in many instances in the West very extensive and successful stock raisers.

Woman's proverbial love of nature amply fits her for outdoor country employment, and especially does it bring within her purview such experiments as are necessary for the propagation and development of plant life. Surely the establishment of the Woman's Agricultural College is a move in the right direction.—St. Louis Star.

Gossip.
Massachusetts has twelve registered women pharmacists, but not one of them does business in Boston.

Miss Elsa Eschelson has been appointed professor of civil law at the University of Upsala. She is said to be the first woman professor in Sweden.

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, who is living in New Hampshire, is the founder of Christian Science. Her income is said to be about \$40,000 a year, chiefly from her books.

The new President of the National Council of Women Workers in England, Mrs. Alfred Booth, is an American by birth, and since her marriage has lived in Liverpool.

Mrs. Emily Stevens, who is said to be the oldest woman in England, celebrated her 102d birthday in the Kingston Workhouse the other day by presiding at a tea party.

The Boston Advertiser tells of two women, Mrs. Nellie Kimball and Mrs. Emma Hamilton, who own coal and wood yards. Both women are prospering and both attend personally to the details of the business.

Miss Jennie Wertheimer, of Cincinnati, has invented a commercial paper which excludes the possibility of forging names or otherwise tampering with its face value. The invention has been sold to a New York firm for \$25,000.

Miss Go-Won-Go is an Indian actress. She plays in an exciting Western drama entitled "Wep-Ton-No-Mah, the Indian Mail-Carrier." Miss Go-Won-Go wrote it herself and takes the leading role. She is a descendant of the famous Red Jacket.

A young woman of St. Tammany Parish, La., can shear more sheep in a day than any two men in the place, catching, tying and washing them herself. She can also hoe two rows of corn to the average man's one, and prefers to ride her horse bareback with no reins but his name.

Lady Marcus Beresford had a recent exhibition of cats at the Crystal Palace Cat Show London. It is said that she has the most remarkable collection of tabbies in the world. All the cats are named, and know when they are called. They are devoted to their indulgent mistress, who has a man specially to care for them.

The season has developed two fresh specimens of the "new woman" among the aristocracy. Lady Gifford is personally hunting a pack of harriers regularly, while the Duchess of Bedford has established her reputation as a first class shot, and in Bedfordshire knocks over high rocketing pheasants with the best shots among the men.

New York Fashions.
Ribbon embroidery is in high favor. Doeskin gloves are worn with street gowns. Handsome costumes are much bespangled. Yokes are much worn. They give the effect of an underbodice. Ruches for the neck are very full. The most stylish ones show two colors. A striking evening fabric is canvas with phosphoric stripes in metal effect.

Plain and figured velvets are in brisk demand. Velvet gowns are the vogue. Chatelaine bags are of silk in color to match the gown, and are secured by gold or silver fastenings. Roman striped sashes are seen in many widths and colors. Some are trimmed all round with a ruche of chiffon.

Silk undershirts are to be had in Roman stripes. They should be accompanied by corsets in solid color or pure white or black. A lovely novelty is a shoulder cape for evening wear. It is an arrangement of white ostrich plumes with bows forming a border.

In millinery, marten, sable and astrakhan are much used as borderings for toques, turbans and capotes which have full crowns of velvet.

There are some quaint Empire fans listed among holiday novelties. One of white gauze has steel paillettes in close-clustering lines in the form of wavy stars. A conventional border is wrought in plain gold sequins. The ivory mounts are inlaid with gold and silver.

Some of the prettiest frocks shown are of gray plaids, made up straight or with the squares forming diamonds; small sleeves, with a top puff effect, and a round blouse cut down to show a yoke of plain-colored cloth, braided, or velvet, with a narrow folded belt to match.

A stylish hat is a sailor shape in felt, with the brim bound with velvet. One side of the brim is rolled up to the crown and holds a large bunch of curled feathers. A scarf of velvet passes around the crown, ending in a bow in front fastened with a jeweled buckle.

Heliotrope in all shades is popular for winter dresses. It is combined with many shades and colors, most of which are anything but artistic. Heliotrope is at its best with black, white, a peculiar shade of green very like that of the elm leaf, and various tints of yellow.

The fur blouse which will usurp the place of both bodice and wrap is one of the leading novelties of the season. There are likewise fancy blouses for very youthful wearers, made of Scotch tartans and plain vivid reds of many different shades, but somewhat toned in effect by their velvet trimming.

Little girls are as fond of the Russian blouse as the grown-up ladies. Their preference in this respect is gratified by making up delicious costumes of this nature. Frequently the blouse forms the outer wrap, and is trimmed with dainty fur. A fancy bodice is worn under it with the dress skirt.

School frocks are a most, perhaps the most, important factor in a girl's wardrobe, and they must be made of good serviceable material that will stand the hard service of daily wear, says a writer in Harper's. A good plan is to start with two, so that they can be worn alternately, and, if need be, more can be added after the Christmas holidays. It is a most foolish plan to accumulate many frocks for any young girl; far better to buy them when needed.

Bees in a Bedroom.
A bedroom in a house in Morrisville, Vt., has been made uncomfortable for some time past by honey, which ran down the walls to the bed and the carpet. An investigation revealed the fact that a swarm of bees had located between the boards and laths. Thirty or forty pounds of very fair honey were taken out, and the bees were induced to enter a hive, where they are living happily.

A permanent machinery exposition will be maintained in Lima, Peru.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Way to Wash Eiderdown.
Here is the way in which to wash garments of eiderdown: Make a sud of lukewarm water and the best laundry soap. Put in the garment and wash it thoroughly, being careful not to rub soap on it; that causes it to shrink in spots and is undesirable in every way. The best eiderdown will not fade and will bear hard and frequent washings.

Kitchen Odors.
There are few of the annoyances of the kitchen which it is more difficult to overcome than the odors of cooking, which in summer seem to penetrate all closed doors and even cling around the slight draperies of inner rooms far from the cooking-rooms. A great many vegetables, including cabbage, "greens" of all kinds, as well as peas and beans, should be boiled in an un-covered kettle, and there must be some escape for these odors besides the doors and windows.

The best arrangement, therefore, is a hood or ventilator of metal placed directly over the cooking stove and opening in the outer air at considerably higher altitude than the ceiling of the kitchen. By such an arrangement the most penetrating odors of cooking may be successfully disposed of and left to breezes that waft them to the upper air.—New York Tribune

On Beds and Bed-Making.
Do you sleep upon a feather bed? If you do, you are guilty of a crime against the whole tribe of sanitary teachers; you are down on the black books of the hygienists.

According to those wise persons, no sensible being of this enlightened age ever sleeps upon anything but hair mattresses, placed over the springs. So, if you have a cherished feather-bed make cushions of it.

Feather-beds have been proved to be dangerous to health. They have frequently been the means of communicating contagious disease. The feathers seem particularly adapted to holding the impurities cast off by the body through the pores.

Whatever kind of a mattress you have give it frequent airings. Once in a month, at least, have it taken to the yard or to the roof and there let it be blown through by the wind and beaten upon by the sun until it is thoroughly freshened.

Every day let the mattress be aired from an open window. Turn the mattress daily in order that it may not become lumpy and ridgy from being in one position all the time.

In making a bed draw the sheets so tightly that wrinkles are an impossibility. One can sleep at least twice as well on smooth linen as on crumpled. Let the blankets be warm and light in weight. They should be all wool, as that provides the greatest heat with the least burden.

The bedding should be aired for an hour every day.—New York Journal.

Recipes.
Oyster Steaks—Cut beefsteak into pieces about the size of an oyster, dip into beaten egg, then in cracker dust and fry in hot lard, as croquettes.

Feather Cake—One cup of sugar, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two spoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, two cups of flour, flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Cottage Padding—One pint of flour, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a little nutmeg. Steam for half an hour.

Lard-d Potatoes—Peel and with an apple corer take out a piece lengthwise through the centre, insert bits of salt pork, ham or bacon and bake until tender in a large baking dish. The corer can be used in soups or in mashed potatoes.

Tea Cakes—One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one and two-thirds cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in muffin pans and eat while warm. One cup of raisins may be added if desired.

Whipped Chocolate—Wet three tablespoons chocolate with a little boiling water. Seal one quart of milk, stir in the chocolate paste and simmer ten minutes. Put a whip churn into the boiling mixture and churn steadily over the fire until it is a yeast froth. Serve at once.

Cheese With Celery—One-half cup each grated cheese, milk and butter, two cups celery cut small, one-fourth teaspoon each salt and pepper. The celery should be in pieces about an inch long, split to look like macaroni. Boil ten minutes in water to cover, drain, mix in the cheese, milk and butter and bake in a pan. Serve like a vegetable.

Lemon Pie—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of warm water, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cracker rolled fine. Bake between two crusts, or bake with one crust, using milk instead of water, and leaving out the white of one egg for frosting; beat it with four table-spoonfuls of sugar, and spread on the pie after baking. Return it to the oven to brown.

Mock Terrapin Soup—One cup of calf's liver cut in tiny bits. Boil in hot water with teaspoon salt for half an hour. Then put a heaping table-spoon butter and flour in saucepan, stir till brown, then add water in which liver was boiled, half-cup at a time, stirring smooth, adding more hot water if needed to make soup right consistency—less thick than gravy. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper and a very tiny pinch of nutmeg, cloves and allspice. Put in sliced liver, let boil just once and serve with dish of sliced lemon.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

RAPIDLY TURNING INTO AN INLAND SEA OF FRESH WATER.

Clogging of the Salt Rocks Causes a Loss of Saline Strength in Utah's Natural Wonder—An Underground Reservoir of Springs—Peculiarity of the Lake.

The Great Salt Lake is two feet lower to-day than ever before known in the history of Utah, and, according to competent observers, it is rapidly changing its chief characteristic and turning into an inland sea of fresh water. Every fall the lake is several feet lower than in the spring, but this year the waters have subsided to such an extent that many of the bathing pavilions and bathhouses are left high and dry upon the beach. It has always been believed by experts that the lake had an underground outlet, but no explorer has yet been fortunate enough to discover any. It is supposed, however, that outlets exist, and that during the last six months they have gained noticeably upon the springs which supply the lake.

On the northern slopes of the lake's shores and down the western border are numberless springs which have always run pure brine into the inland sea. These springs evidently come through immense rocks of salt in the earth, and by washing through them they make the spring water intensely briny by the time it reaches the surfaces. There have been signs of a change in these springs in recent years. Several times they have ceased to flow as rapidly as usual, and the water they poured appeared fresher. They have now become partly choked up, either with rocks or salt, and they no longer give the same supply of salt water as they did years ago. In several other places—notably on East Antelope, within fifteen feet of the brimming lake basin—there are many fresh water springs that gush up at all seasons of the year and pour into the lake. These fresh water springs have become larger and more powerful since the salt water springs became clogged up, and it is supposed the underground reservoir of water, diverted from its usual course, is now seeking an adequate outlet through the springs where no salt rocks exist.

If this theory is correct, the Great Salt Lake will gradually turn to fresh water, and the surface will continue to fall until the winter and spring freshets from the mountains fill it again. This additional water will add to the salt in the great sea, but make it fresher than ever. It has been well known for many years that the Great Salt Lake is fresher in the early spring than in the summer, and the phenomenon is probably caused by the addition of great quantities of water from the snows and streams of the mountains. Those engaged in manufacturing salt on the lake say that it takes six gallons of water to make one gallon of salt in the summer and fall, but that in the early spring it often takes seven and even eight gallons to make the same quantity.

There are three large streams emptying into the Great Salt Lake—the Bear, Weber and Jordan Rivers—but they make no appreciable difference in the saltness of the lake, except early in the spring, when they carry the melting snows of the mountains down to the lake. So long as the underground springs of salt continued to pour their brine into the lake it required an immense volume of fresh water to neutralize them.

The Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and fifty miles across in its widest part, and it has an area of 2000 square miles. Another peculiar change that has taken place in the lake is the gradual upheaval of the bottom. In recent years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet, while the average depth is only from twelve to twenty. Fifty years ago the bottom could not be sounded in places, and lines 100 feet long failed to strike bottom.—Philadelphia Times.

Not Another Like Him.
Contrary to existing belief and the newspaper paragraphs, neither Arkansas nor Georgia has a corner on all the rustic simplicity and blissful ignorance in Uncle Sam's domain. Squire James Higgins, of Brooklyn Township, Schuyler County, is sixty-five years of age. He lives on the farm on which he was born, and has never been farther than thirty miles from his own hearthstone. He never rode on a railroad train, never saw a steamboat, a theatrical performance nor a game of baseball.

Mr. Higgins has been a Justice of the Peace for Brooklyn Township without a break in the consecutive links of time since 1861. No decision handed down from his bench has ever been reversed by a higher court. He has married more than 500 couples, and points with pride to the fact that none of them ever appealed to the matrimonial bond. Squire Higgins is a bachelor, and says that he cannot remember that he ever paid court to any young woman. He also says that he is one of the few "Andrew Jackson Democrats" in the country.—Blandsville (Ill.) Star.

The World's Telegraph System.
The total length of the world's telegraph system has now reached 7,900,000 kilometers (4,908,823 miles), exclusive of 292,000 kilometers (181,440 miles) of submarine cables. This mileage is apportioned as follows: Europe, 2,840,000 kilometers (1,764,790 miles); Asia, 500,000 kilometers (310,685 miles); Africa, 160,000 kilometers (99,419 miles); Australia, 350,000 kilometers (217,569 miles); America, 4,050,000 kilometers (2,516,548 miles). It will therefore be seen from the above that America leads and has almost double the mileage of Europe.