

THE OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers. UNION, OREGON.

About Rattlesnakes.

An English scientific journal, not long since, gave an account of an attempt made by Dr. Arthur Stradling, surgeon on board a British man-of-war, to test the bite of a rattlesnake on his own person, with the antidotes. Dr. Stradling shut himself up in his cabin after midnight with ligatures, ammonia, nitric acid, brandy and the serpent, Crotalus horridus.

The snake was a small one, with but two rattles, but lively, and not at all inclined to lend himself to the cause of science. When the doctor introduced his gloved hand into the box, proposing to be bitten on the fleshless part of the wrist, the snake sprang out at the other arm, and inflicted two punctures, leaving the fang in.

Dr. Stradling slant the snake up, pulled out the fang with forceps, and sat down to write out his sensations and to apply his remedies. He had no sensations, and applied no remedies. About four hours later he suddenly perceived a lump rising on his arm, and turned to the table to get the nitric acid, when he became dizzy and fell on his cot insensible.

There he was found an hour or two later, paralyzed in the lower extremities, his breath scarcely perceptible, his eyes fixed and glassy. Prolonged convulsions followed, and it was only after the most vigorous treatment with brandy, sulphuric acid and ammonia for two days that he rallied. "He was as weak," says his attendant physician, "as a baby, and a mere lay figure for the exhibition of beef-tea, arrow-root and misplaced sympathy." No good could possibly result from so fool-hardy an experiment.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent American specialist in nerve diseases, made the poison of the rattlesnake and its remedy the subject of years of study and experiment. His monograph on the subject was published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The result of his researches was that no known specific against the bite of this serpent is so certain as whisky, swallowed until the patient becomes drunk. The hunters and trappers of the lower Alleghenies reached this conclusion long ago without any scientific research. We have heard among them of innumerable instances of bites, but of none which proved fatal when whisky was taken in time and in sufficient quantity, though in cases where the snake was old, and its fangs full of venom, the health of the victim was injured for life.

Irish Bulls.

There are some good old Irish bulls which are too good to die of neglect. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman, who, on getting a £10 prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid for it, cried out: "What luck it was I did not get the £20,000! I must have been entirely ruined!"

During the time when Ireland had a Parliament of her own, a member of the Irish House of Commons was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized his opponent. "The honorable member," said he, "is so fond of being praised that I really believe that he would be content to give up the ghost if it were but to look up and read the stonemason's puff on his grave."

"Contempt of money," was the expression of another. "The honorable member professes to play the philosopher. I can assure you, Mr. Speaker, that, if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honorable member, it is that of purse-bearer; a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that, if the honorable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and handkerchiefs for the survivors."

"Is there any ford there?" asked an English tourist, who came suddenly to a full stop before one of the little mountain torrents in the West of Ireland. "Oh, to be sure, your honor, there was a ford," said a peasant standing at the brink, and making a hundred grimaces of civility. "When was it?" said the tourist. "Before the bridge was built," said the peasant; "but when man and horse went over the bridge the ford got out of the habit." "Well, now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into the habit again. Is it safe?" "To be sure, your honor, all but in the middle, but that is nothing; and, if you can swim, there is not a better ford in the country." "But I cannot swim." "Then, your honor, the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get beyond your depth, to walk back again."

A New York firm sends us a double-column "ad." of a new stenographic pen, for the insertion of which in the daily for three weeks the firm agrees to send us a pen. No, thank you. We had one autographic pen. Just sold it to a druggist for a soda fountain. If she lets down soda as fast as she did the ink, some man will be drowned at that fountain before the middle of July, and don't you forget it.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

A natural ice-cave, according to the Alta California, exists thirty in less east of Fall River valley, Cal., in the Mount Shasta region. There are huge columns of ice, chambers of ice, and ice hanging from the ceiling like blades of polished steel, forming a picture of grandeur. The residents of the valley haul their summer's supply of ice from the cave.

A street railway will be started in Key West, Fla., as soon as the Mexican miles which have been imported from that country can be "broken."

Brown Bread.

Hell by any other name is just as hot. The devil will never be chained while the lightning-rod man is loose. Train robbing has been crowded to the wall, but the circus is still among us.

Train a boy up to want a postoffice, and before he is old he will pull wires to get it. The flies are buzzing again, darling. The spiders are crawling about. The bugs are flipping and zipping around. And the mosquitoes will soon be out. The seventeen-year locusts are a good deal like seventeen-year girls in one particular. A few of them can make a most tremendous racket.

The youth in Milwaukee who swallowed a silver dollar has done much to justify the solidity of the proverb that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Salvation Army Captain said he was willing to wade through blood knee deep for the good of the cause, but a shower of rotten eggs withered his zeal, and he slid without waiting for gore.

Some people toss up their heads and sneer whenever it is intimated that the world is becoming more bulky in the brow; but the fact cannot be denied that the small boy to-day knows a heap more than his daddy—according to his own estimate.

Of all the distractions under the sun that perplex a man to baldness, nothing is more rising than this thing of getting tangled up in a patent medicine advertisement that starts out with as much fascination as spearing fish by moonlight.

We have a stalwart impression that if the angels ever turn their backs to earth and vibrate their wings so rapidly as to prevent even a whisper with sulphur in it from rising beyond the clouds, the occasion for the same happens about the time a woman with joyous raiment gets doused on the crossing with a sprinkling-cart engineered by a soulless man.

Some red-headed people claim that one of these days the Government will take charge of the weather and run it to suit the crops, as easily as a manager patriot thinks he could manage a postoffice. It may be, but we predict the first step in that direction will be to make it a penal offense for any man to shed his flannels before midsummer. It is a well-known meteorological fact that a change of undershirt at any time previous to harvest is pretty sure to bring frost.—Chicago Ledger.

Mrs. Parnell's Troubles.

Mrs. Parnell takes the troubles which have come upon her in a very philosophic spirit, and is, writes a Borden-town, N. J., correspondent to The New York World, troubled more over the error in the statements of those who often, with the best of intentions, undertake to explain her misfortunes than she is in the loss itself. She says: "There has been so much said that is either entirely false or founded on half facts that it is hardly worth while now to go into more than a general denial of the assertion that our troubles come from speculation in the ordinary sense of that word. The investments by which I largely lost were not due to my brokers nor bankers, but to a gentleman of whom truly one can say: 'De mortuis, nil nisi bonum.' I ordered some bad purchases through lack of time for consultation. My dealings elsewhere, even with the Rothschilds, teach me that no better-informed, hard-working, more kind and honorable men exist than New York bankers and brokers."

"What of the story that your fortune was sunk in assisting your son John?" "My son John threw until his rents in Ireland began to fall. No man ever breathed adversity more heroically, patriotically, and I hope successfully. Neither he nor I ever had any peach orchards in Delaware. The great industry developed in the south is now attracting attention. He helped his tenants, sisters, and myself in hard times."

"How do you find Borden-town?" "Yes, those who have acted as informants as to my condition have attacked this place and Ironsides. Borden-town society is agreeable, distinguished, and always was remarkable. 'Ironsides' is called the Hill of Health, is choice in every respect and dear to me. It owes no debt but the mortgage, which is a minimum compared to its value. It was the first home my daughter looked on as her own. Her health and happiness revived there, nor would she ever remain away from it, however entreated. Some houses in Philadelphia, the first property my father ever owned, will be for sale and well advertised."

"As to reports of your being a speculator?" "I have not speculated for an age, nor did my last dollar thus go. I never lost speculating in my own behalf, and all with or for whom I have dealt profited through me. But appetites which grow by feeding, when best fed, want too much, and cheat the brood of time. I did not lose and surely did not waste money traveling for the Irish or the democrats, and I would gladly have increased them tenfold."

"Someone, by way of putting a good face on me, says I am foolishly good-natured. That is the unkindest cut of all at the person himself who said that, and if Irish, his own people. I am good-natured with the good-natured. 'Sweets to the sweet.' I kissed a bit of the Blarney stone ere I began lecturing to the Irish. I have been blamed, too, for exactly the reverse of the curious notions attributed to me by this informant—blamed for believing in hard work, not luck. Last, though not least, my poor daughter's charity is used against us. Ironsides was rented for some years, and afterward slowly furnished. She remained with necessitous friends in Borden-town to help them, while I was much away working for her country."

The old lady, now on the board-line of 70 years, is yet full of combative-ness, and is ready in feeling for any amount of hard work, and in closing her talk those who had been spreading misinformation with these lines: The world is full of fools—who would someone must dwell alone. And that I too should say it must, alas! Break some kind of looking-glass.

OUR SUGAR INDUSTRY.

A Department of Agriculture Report on the Production of Sugar and Molasses.

The department of agriculture has issued a bulletin on the sugar industry of the United States. It is a work of 224 pages and is accompanied by several maps, charts, and plates. It contains an introduction on the production and consumption of sugar in this and various foreign countries, and reports of the manufacture of cane, beet, sorghum, and maple sugar in the United States. It is compiled by H. W. Wiley, chemist to the department. It shows from the annual report on commerce and navigation that the value of molasses, sugar, candy, and confectionery imported during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, was \$103,884,760. The total duty collected on these articles amounted to \$43,929,688.26. The value of the domestic molasses and sugar made from cane is given as \$1,893,895.30; the maple sugar and molasses are valued at \$5,004,642.10; the sorghum at \$9,636,335.55; the beet at \$192,466.08; and the glucose products at \$9,000,000. The total value of all the domestic sweets produced is estimated at \$43,037,469.63. The value of the sugar and molasses made from tropical cane in other states than Louisiana is estimated, and the yield of maple sugar and molasses is taken from the census report of 1880. This sugar is estimated to be worth 19 cents per pound and the molasses 73 cents per gallon. It is not claimed that the figures in regard to beet sugar and glucose are entirely correct.

The report in relation to cane sugar industry is not flattering. The following are some of the conclusions in regard to it: The production of sugar and molasses in Louisiana has almost ceased to be profitable. Damage from overflow, unfavorable seasons, and depression of prices have been the causes which have rendered the cultivation of the sugar-cane a precarious undertaking. It would be useless to discuss further here the causes which have found the price of sugar down to less than the cost of production. Yet in spite of rapidly increasing consumption the amount of sugar made has been so enormous that a fair price for it could not be maintained. In fact the progress of agriculture is more rapid than the increase of population; and more food per capita is grown now than ever before. Since we cannot hope for any marked decrease in the sugar product of the world the only remaining way to save the indigenous industry of this country is to make its processes more economical. The sum of all the analyses shows that the percentage of sucrose in sugar-cane in this country is neither as large as in the tropics or as it has generally been regarded. I had expected to find the mean percentage of sucrose in the juices of cane at least 14, and was not a little surprised to find it greatly less. One of the great problems to which the sugar-cane grower should seriously address himself is to secure the production of a cane richer in sugar. Careful and systematic selection of seed, and a constant practice of a most favorable system of fertilizing and cultivation, will surely result in such an improvement. No such scientific attempts have been attended with such signal success with the sugar beet in Europe. Yet what would be the condition of this industry to-day if the beet growers of Germany were to use the same kind of seed they planted fifty years ago? It may be true that the sugar-cane would not lend itself to improvement as rapidly as the beet has done, but the natural law of selection still holds good, and a certain improvement must follow its application. The best way to accomplish this result would be the establishment by the state of an experiment station where a principal object of the work would be the improvement of the quality of the cane. The results thus obtained in a small way could be made of the greatest possible advantage on the plantation. Having secured the best development of the cane and established the most favorable conditions of culture, the process of manufacture would next receive attention. As this is now generally carried on it is neither scientific nor economical. The history of the development of the sugar industry shows that only in central factories, where the operations can be carried on to a large scale, the most economic methods can be applied. With the exception of the manufacture of sugar and molasses for domestic use the small mill and open kettle must be abandoned.

The report states that all the beet-sugar enterprises in the eastern states have apparently been abandoned. The Alvarado, Cal., beet-sugar factory, situated on the east side of the bay, twenty-four miles from San Francisco, is the only one in operation in the United States. The climate of Alvarado is a peculiar one, and, as experience has shown, very suitable to the development of a first-class sugar beet. The winters are mild. Planting begins in February and can be continued up to the middle of May. The early planting matures in the summer, and the factory can be started by the middle of August. From this time until December there is a consecutive maturity of beets. The summers and falls are dry, and there is little danger of the beets taking a second growth by reason of early rains. When harvested the beets do not require to be siloed, but are kept up in heaps either with no covering at all or at most a little straw. In the middle of December, 1884, the company had nearly twenty thousand tons of beets on hand.

The belief is expressed that there are 5,830 square miles of land in California, and perhaps as much more in Oregon and Washington, well adapted to raising sugar beets. Land near towns, however, is costly and labor dear. The prospect of making beet sugar profitable even in the most favored regions of the Pacific slope does not therefore appear to be very encouraging.

After mentioning several sorghum sugar factories that were closed during the year, the report adds: The men who have put their money in these enterprises seem likely to lose it, and intending investors will carefully

consider the facts herein set forth before making final arrangements. The expectations of the earlier advocates of the industry have not been met, and the predictions of enthusiastic prospects have not been verified. It would be unwise and unjust to conceal the fact that the future of the sorghum-sugar is somewhat doubtful. This unsatisfactory condition is due to many causes. In the first place, the difficulties inherent in the plant itself have been constantly undervalued. The success of the industry has been based on the belief of the production of sorghum with high percentages of sucrose and small amounts of reducing sugar and other impurities. But the universal experience of practical manufacturers shows that the average constitution of the sorghum cane is far inferior to that just indicated. Taking the mean of several seasons as a sure basis of computation, it can now be said that the juices of sorghum as they come from the mill do not contain over 10 per cent. of sucrose, while the percentage of other solids in solution is at least 4.

It is needless to say to a practical sugar-maker that the working of such a juice is one of extreme difficulty and the output of sugar necessarily small.

Another difficulty with which the industry has had to contend has been found in the crudeness and inefficiency of the machinery which has been in use. Successful sugar-making depends more on the efficiency of the machinery used than almost any other kind of manufacturing. It is safe to say that about the sugar-makers of Europe attempt to make beet sugar with machinery as imperfect as that used in the sorghum-sugar manufacture the attempt would end in disastrous failure. The working of sorghum juices will be found to be difficult as those of beets, and true success can not be hoped for until the processes used for the one are as complete and scientific as for the other. It is not meant by this that the processes and machinery are to be identical. The chemical as well as mechanical treatment of the two kinds of juice will doubtless differ in many respects. And this leads to the consideration of the third difficulty—viz., the chemical treatment of sorghum juice. It has taken nearly three-quarters of a century to develop the chemistry of the beet-sugar process, and even now the process in this direction is great. The chemistry of the sorghum-sugar process is scarcely yet a science. It is only an imitation of what has been done in other fields of work. Sorghum will have to develop a chemistry of its own. This will not be the work of a day or a year, but it will be accomplished sooner or later.

Considerable matter of value and interest to those situated where they can evaporate the sap of the maple is contained in the report. The observations of a large number of the makers of maple sugar and molasses are given in regard to the proper time to tap trees, the method of doing it, the relative yield and richness of sap drawn from trees growing on high and low ground, and the utensils for tapping, gathering and evaporating the same. It seems to be tacitly admitted that maple sugar and molasses are the only domestic sweets, aside from glucose and honey, that are certain to yield a profit to the producer, and that the manufacture of sugar and molasses from beets, tropical or northern cane, could only be carried on at a loss if the protective duties were removed or considerably reduced. The economy to the nation of keeping up these protective duties is not apparent to most persons. They do not encourage the maple-sugar industry, as maple sweets rank among the luxuries which will command a high price even if other kinds of sugar and sirups are low. They are in effect simply premiums paid by the consumers of particular articles to the producers of another class.

Fourteen Million Logs in Jam.

Considerable apprehension has been felt by the lumbermen of Fairfield, Me., in the last few days that they would not get their logs that came out of the East, branch of the Kennebec. The logs, when two miles below Indian Pond dam, began to form a jam on the bend of the river, where the bank is from fifty to one hundred feet high. It was some time before anyone knew that the logs were hung up, and the jam containing 10,000,000 logs was formed. The drivers in charge raised the gates in Indian pond dam, and with a head of eight feet of water, tried to force the jam through. The current from above the dam broke the boom and let 2,000,000 more logs down on the jam. The log gates were then shut and arrangements made to hoist another head of water and break the jam. A large amount of powder was deposited in the jam and connected with a battery on the shore. A full head of water, ten feet, was obtained at Indian Pond dam, which made the jam creek and groin, and at the proper moment the powder was exploded. The jam with its 14,000,000 of logs, went out in a body, crushing and rumbling with a noise which was heard a long distance. The logs were piled twenty feet high, and many of them were standing upright in the jam. From the place where the jam formed to the forks the current is at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.—New York Tribune.

A Direct Temptation.

It is impossible to doubt that the ease with which a defaulter can evade arrest by crossing the Canadian line has been a direct encouragement to financial infidelity. A poor man entrusted with large sums of money, as is the case of a bank teller, must be subject to a very strong temptation to theft. There is not much in the prevailing tone of the world to strengthen the restraints of conscience, but the certainty of detection would naturally act as a barrier to crime. When the man knows that he can fill his pockets with the money of the bank, take an express train for Montreal, and be out of the reach of the police by the time the robbery is discovered, a direct temptation is placed before him to which it is not strange that many weak men yield.—Philadelphia Times.

Nose Notions.

The fool may only see in his nose a convenient thing to smell with, but the philosopher reads there the sure indications of sagacity literally keened, of judgment and force of character, with many other things not to be dispensed with in the mental furnishing of either civilized or savage. An inch on the end of a man's nose is a good deal, both as regards the dignity of expression in that appendage and the qualities of mind which it signifies. Roman, aquiline, Grecian or pug, we are all obliged to wear it, and so it may be well for us to inquire what this frontispiece of the face symbolizes, in general and in particular. Alexander the Great was a Greek, but at the upper part of his nose we see the prominent sign of aggression, which marked the Roman nose and character. It was this extremely large faculty which led Alexander to depart from the established policy of Greece, and to carry on aggressive wars or foreign conquest, and to plant colonies and kingdoms in other countries. The lower end of his nose indicated, the same artistic and literary taste which marked the Greeks as a nation. In the Apollo, in Venus, Mercury and other idealizations of Greek art and thought, we see that delicate and perfect chiseling of the nostrils which indicates refinement and symmetry of intellect. The common Roman nose was less finished at the end; its possessor loved knowledge for the sake of power and conquest, rather than for his own sake. Aggressive and self-defense were the leading signs which gave character to the Roman nose. They are large in the face of Julius Cesar, who carried the genius of Roman conquest up to its meridian splendor. Civilization has always had to push its way against a mass of obstacles. The Roman nose is a moral battering ram to beat down these walls of savagery and ignorance. No person with a very short nose ever made a profound impression in the world. The hard Roman nose, pushing its way despite all personal suffering, has played a conspicuous part in the moral as well as the political advancement of the world. It dominated the old Roman race as well as the modern aggressive Briton. It carried Washington on to triumph, stood in the forefront of Lincoln's unyielding strength, as it had sustained the stocks of Waterloo in the face of the Iron Duke. Against him was pitted the Roman-nosed Napoleon, but in the septum of Wellington's nose the sign of synthesis, of intellectual combination and perseverance was very large, and this caused him to hold out on that day, even when the apparent tide of war had turned against him until Blucher came, and all was saved. The face of John Wesley, a cousin of Wellington, shows the same aggressive character. In all the great founders of religions or of sect we see the same aggressive nose. It stands boldly forth in the face of Zoroaster, in Mahomet, in Calvin, in the otherwise gentle face of the Zazarene, and in the hosts of other leaders who have done fierce battle for opinion. Nature never puts a great cause upon a saddle-backed nose and expects it will rise into power. It was not Victor Emmanuel, but rather the high-nosed Garibaldi, who achieved the independence of Italy. A low-bridged nose will do for the helplessness of childhood or the servility of the African, but such a bridge will never carry a great work safely over. The aquiline nose of the Jews has large signs of aggression, defense and protection, while the breadth of their noses indicates their money-making propensities. This form of the nose was common among the old Assyrians, as shown by their sculptures. The projection of the tip of the nose indicates observations, the questioning faculty, and belongs to the inquisitive mind of the child who has everything to learn, and how can he learn except to ask questions? This faculty takes the lead in our intellectual processes, as its advance guard position in the face plainly shows. If we inquire and observe, some discovery will follow.—Boston Times.

An Irrigating Canal Completed.

During the past week the Arizona canal was under close examination and final inspection by the president of the company, Clark Churchill, to ascertain whether the contract of Mr. Murphy had been fully performed. It stood the test and examination made, and was finally accepted by the company. Water flows gracefully, and evenly through its entire length of forty-one miles from near the mouth of the Verde on Salt river to Cave creek, a point some seventeen miles north of the Gila, into which its waste water flows. This canal will carry as much water as the Erie canal, in the state of New York. It is a grand improvement, and although of a public nature, it has been constructed entirely by private means, and its existence is due to the energy, enterprise, and great business capacity of a few men. It will furnish water to reclaim and render valuable a very large tract of land which does not belong to the canal company, and the only advantage the company will receive from it will be the moneys derived from the sales of water and water rights. In fact, the water rights will barely bring back to the company the money expended in construction. The sales of water at fixed rates will barely cover the expenses, so that, in fact, the landholders will get a share of this great irrigating canal, with the assurance that it will be kept in order for their perpetual use, at about its actual cost. No improvement in any part of the country originating in private enterprise and involving so much expenditure has, to our knowledge, ever been brought to so successful a completion. It will furnish water to supply thousands of farms, vineyards, orchards, and stock-growers' homes upon lands which have ever been an unproductive desert of no value for any purpose. It will be of incalculable benefit to this valley and the whole territory.—Phoenix (Arizona) Gazette.

"As Rome Does."

Etiquette in Rome is very strict as to one point: It is not considered proper for a lady to take the arm of a gentleman in a Catholic Church. In walking about St. Peter's the guides mention this to the couples who innocently stroll arm in arm looking at the statues, pictures, altars and frescoes of that wonderful interior. Perhaps this is because any idea of its being a promenade should be discouraged. A gentleman remonstrated with the guide on one occasion, saying that the lady with him was his mother, and lame. "Then put your hand under her arm," said the guide; "but do not let her take your arm." A young gentleman always gives his right arm to an elderly lady in walking with her. On being asked why this is done, he answers that it is a "continuation of the carriage etiquette," which always puts the gentleman on the lady's left.

Why the French Dress Well.

The French woman is acknowledged to have learned the secret of dressing well beyond all of other nationalities. Isolated cases, exceptions to the rule, prove the statement. Some American women are these isolated cases, not all. Foreigners say that Americans are among the most expatiating, and often the best dressed women in the world. But we are on the road to that distinction. We have learned the secret of being "bien chassé, bien ganté." That is one great point gained. Another rule we are learning slowly, to preserve the street costume plain, the carriage or visiting toilet elaborate, and all effulgence, so to speak, of costume for the ball or toilets of high ceremony. These rules are being adhered to more and more with us, withal, we need that appearance of the "fitness" of things that is never absent from the toilet of the French woman of fashion. And herein is the secret, an open one to all. The American woman sees a material, is caught by its beauty, its colors, its heavy folds, its filmy lightness, any of its attributes. Then she looks up the styles, hunts for patterns, consults the modiste and gets it made, often without knowing for what occasion she will need it. The French woman is too wise for this. She has made the subject of dress too serious a matter of study. She notes and analyzes the different kinds of treatment given by artists to drapery on the female forms of their canvases. She studies her own height, shape, color, carriage, and natural movements. She keeps a list of the probable and possible times and occasions which she thinks she will need preparation for, and when the time arrives for her to have a new costume made she has its general appearance and its minor details all familiar to her mind, even to color and cost. Then, and not till then, she goes to the mart and selects the material that comes the nearest she can find or afford to realize the conception of the costume she wants. In other words the American woman purchases her goods, then finds her pattern; the French woman selects her pattern, then buys her goods. Let some of our lady readers who have never tested this matter see if our idea is not correct. If this French plan were often followed there would be fewer magnificent and beautiful fabrics spoiled in the making, by no fault of the dressmaker. The incongruity in the effect of many of the most magnificent toilets is due to the fact that the "fitness of things has been lost sight of."

Curious Show of Bovine Intelligence.

I owned sixty-five acres of bottom land where the coarse, blue-joint grass grew in clumps like rankness. My Texas cows chose this dense cover in which to bring forth their young. One spring I knew that there were over twenty calves continually hidden in the grass on this bottom. Every morning cow after cow would slip out of the herd and disappear in the tall grass. After an absence of an hour or two, they would return to the herd. In the late afternoon they would again disappear, to rejoin the herd just about corraling time. When the calves were three or four days old, their mothers would bring them out into the herd, and their places in the grass would be occupied by younger calves. Once I desired to see the young calves, and I rode into the grass to hunt for them. After an assiduous search I found one calf lying prone on the earth, with its head and neck extended and pressed into the thick mat of old grass that lay on the ground. The little creature lay perfectly quiet watching my horse. It did not so much as wink its dark eyes when I dismounted and extended my hand toward it. I leaned over it. It watched me intently, but did not stir. I dropped my hand on its head. Instantly it was on its feet and calling loudly for protection, calling that the wolf, its mother had told of, had come. I heard twenty mother cows below in answer to the calf's call that they were coming. The dry grass snapped and cracked in all directions as the maddened cows rushed wildly to their young. I mounted my horse and quickly rode away from that spot. Each cow ran in a direct line to the place where its calf was hidden. The entire herd rushed into the cover to do battle for the calf. What an uproar there was! Cows, steers, bulls, all calling loudly to one another in angry, excited tones. I had a foolish setter dog with me, and he had to mix himself into the trouble. The first cow that saw him bellowed to the others that he saw the wolf. They all pursued him, and he, doglike, fled to me for protection, and my own cows gave me a brisk chase as I galloped over the prairie. The herd were excited and angry for hours. I do not believe the young calf is a particle of scent, and I also believe that the cows know this to be so. At any rate, they are willing to leave their offspring out of the corral over night in a wolf-infested country, once they have hidden them and bade them be still.—Frank Wilkeson in Providence Star.

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