

How the Advertising Medicines Are Made—The Largest Almanac in the United States.

Every family in the United States, writes a correspondent to *The Cleveland Leader*, uses an almanac, but few people are cognizant of the immense amount of work required in their preparation. The phases of the moon, the positions which the sun and stars will hold at given times for every day throughout the year, the calculation of eclipses, and the hundred and one other facts told by astronomy and mathematics appear as regularly as the years go round. The simplest almanacs used for druggists' advertisements are full of such information, and when one goes further and picks up one of the big volumes called nautical almanacs, published for the use of astronomers and navigators, the array of figures is really appalling, and their long lines of digits, thrown into order which would delight a Gradgrind, make the brains of the general reader swim as he endeavors to understand them. These big nautical almanacs are the fathers of all the others. The calculations of the smaller almanacs are taken from them, and they feed, as it were, the whole family of little almanacs the world over. The greatest nations of the world now have their own nautical almanacs, and these are made by their respective governments. The nautical almanac of France has been published longer than any other, its editions having been issued for several hundred years. The British almanac comes next, dating back to a little before the Revolution, and the German and Spanish ones were begun since then. The American nautical almanac was first issued in 1855, and it is now said to be the best almanac published anywhere in the world. It contains more valuable information and calculation than any of the other government almanacs, and it holds the highest place among astronomers and navigators. The almanac is made at Washington, and a special department of the navy under Prof. Newcomb is devoted to its getting up. It is a book of solid figures, over an inch thick, about eight inches wide, and twelve inches long. It contains more than five hundred pages, and each page is black with a multitude of carefully arranged figures, each of which represent hours of calculation and sheets of scientific and algebraic study.

The work is published three or more years in advance of its date. The almanac for 1888 is now out, and that for 1889 is being prepared. Twelve scientists, each noted as an astronomer and a mathematician, located in different parts of the country, are almost constantly working upon it. They make their calculations and send them to Washington, and they are here proved before going into the Almanac. The title of the book is "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac," and if you would abbreviate this title in talking of it to one of the makers of it he would be highly disgusted. One of them told me yesterday what it contained, but his words of scientific terms fell upon my ear like the jargon of a Choctaw, and he might as well have expressed himself in Greek. Some of the more scientific of your readers, however, may understand him. I will repeat his answer to my request to know what this book of hundreds of pages of solid figures contained. He said its calculations are divided into three parts. Part 1 is adapted to the meridian of Greenwich. It contains the positions of the sun, moon, and primary planets for every mean moon throughout the year. It contains the distances of the moon from the sun and certain fixed planets. This is used by navigators at sea for determining the longitude, etc., etc. Part 2 is adapted to the meridian of Washington, and is intended for the use of astronomers, as well as navigators. It contains data for finding the apparent positions of the fixed stars, and gives also the apparent places of the principal fixed stars for every tenth upper transit at Washington; also the sun's apparent right ascension and declination, hourly motion, and equation of time for every mean and apparent noon at Washington, and likewise the same circumstances for the moon. It also contains the mean time of transit, right ascension and declination, horizontal parallax and semi-diameter of each primary planet at the time of transit at Washington. Part 3 is devoted to phenomena, and here, as I am not a scientific dictionary on legs, I will not attempt to repeat what the astronomer said it contained. It was much worse than the above, and when I looked again at the millions of figures as he repeated the scientific jargon I became more and more impressed with the immense work of getting up a nautical almanac and an "American Ephemeris."

These nautical almanacs, however, do not deal with the weather. That is left entirely to the weather bureau, which is distinct from them. Almanacs were made for years before any government took them up. The old Romans had a sort of almanac, but the first printed almanac was that of George von Barch, who issued his predictions at Vienna in 1460. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almanacs were used as political documents, and they were full of astrology, astronomy, and superstition in addition to their politics. The first American almanac was that of William Bradford, who published one in 1687. Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" was first published in 1732, and the American Almanac, which continued its publication up to 1861, was first published in 1628. There are now about one hundred almanacs published in the United States, of which, perhaps, the best is Spofford's American Almanac, published by the Librarian of Congress.

No Chance for an Alibi.

"If you are innocent," said the lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I don't 'specs we kin," the darkey replied doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?"

"Bout lebben o'clock, dey say."

"Well, where were you between 11 o'clock and midnight; in bed?"

"No, sah; I wah hidin' de ham."

Something Will Break.

He wore a paper collar which had been in constant use for a week, and this was attached to a woolen shirt which had faded from light blue to what might be classed as a crushed huckleberry color. His pantaloons were of coarse linen, bearing strawberry stains here and there, and his straw hat had led the procession on more than one Fourth of July. It was evident half a mile away that he was from a back county. He must have felt his isolation, but he marched up Grand River avenue as stiff as a poker, carrying his extras in a carpet-sack, and turned in at a hotel and asked if he could be accommodated for a few days while he looked around. When answered in the affirmative he grew confidential and remarked:

"I may have to go to Washington before I go back home."

"Got business with the government?" queried the clerk.

"Y-e-s sorter, business. I'm after an office of some sort."

"Ah! Any particular claim?"

"I should remark! 'I've paid taxes for seventeen straight years, been boss at every Fourth of July, and had more fights with the infidels in my neighborhood than you can shake a stick at. I'm going to climb an office or break both legs.'"

That was a week ago. Yesterday he departed for home, broke down and departed. When he settled his bill he had twenty-seven cents left, and when one of the guests who knew of his plans asked him how he succeeded, he explained:

"Say, I'm not the camel I thought I was. I thought I could climb an office like a cow shinning up a hickory, but I'm left."

"What were you after?"

"Anything. I kinder thought I'd like to go as Minister somewhere or other, but a feller in a saloon down here wanted to know how I could go as minister when I couldn't preach. Another feller said I might get into the Custom House, but when I went in there and asked a man if he wanted an office-seeker he said he'd give me two minits to skip."

"Didn't you go to the Pension Office?"

"Yes. Went in there and saw the boss, and he wouldn't take me because I couldn't cipher in cube root. I thought I knew all the roots in the State, but he got me on cube."

"How about the Postoffice?"

"Well, I hung around there waiting to see the foreman, until a policeman comes up and says he'd have a letter for me if I didn't move on."

"Didn't you try for an office under the local government?"

"Yes—for a dozen. I was introduced to seven different Aldermen, and it cost me \$3.30 for beer, but that's all it amounted to. I was just half an hour late with each one of 'em to get an office. I was advised to see the Mayor and speak right up to him. He wasn't in, but his clerk peeled off his coat and told me to take my choice between going out of the door or a window."

"And you are going home?"

"Going right back home. My boys allus said I was the sharpest man in the county. I'm goin' to lick 'em in rotashun for bein' fools. My wife calls me 'Judge,' and is allus tellin' everybody that I was born to be great. I shall begin to call her an idiot before I git 'within a half a mile of the farm."

"You seem broke up."

"I'm clean gone, stranger. I came here to shear, and I've been shorn. I was goin' to git offis for myself, and then pick up half a dozen for the neighbors, and it will be a sick crowd when we git together in my barn and I tell 'em that we are all left. I'm afraid I'm really afraid, stranger, that somebody will offer a resolution that the bulwarks of Liberty are busted and this country gone to Halifax, and that it will be adopted by a risin' vote."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Some people are expressing considerable sympathy for Fish and Ward. It is pretty tough for people in their station in life, but perhaps they will not suffer so much after all. In some particularities the influential convicts are not treated very harshly. The following is about the way it is managed in some institutions.

Superintendent: "What is this prisoner charged with?"

Jailer: "Petty larceny. He stole a ham."

Superintendent: "Run him into one of the lower cells. What is this man charged with?"

Jailer: "This is banker Smith, a big thief, stole half a million—great friend of Mr. Blank, and of—"

Superintendent: "Oh, yes. How do you do, Mr. Smith? Sorry we have not a better room to offer you, sir, but if you will try and make yourself comfortable for a while in my office, I'll have the jailer's private apartment fixed up for you. Jailer, see that Mr. Smith has everything he wants. Take my soft-bottomed chair. Will send you the daily papers. Do you smoke, Mr. Smith? Try one. Not so good I presume as you are accustomed to. Jailer, bring Mr. Smith a cuspidor, and admit his friends freely. Will make things as pleasant as possible for you, sir. Good day, sir."

The richer the thief, or the murderer, the more comfortable the quarters and the greater the politeness.—*Texas Siftings.*

Smith's Little Game.

"Smith, now that times are hard and money scarce, how do you manage your wife when she asks for cash for bonnets and dresses?"

"Easy enough. I give it to her."

"You do?"

"Yes, but always in the evening; never in the morning."

"Why in the evening?"

"Well, she and I play poker every night after supper, and whenever I open a jack-pot and she gets a pair of nines or tens she bets 'em strong. I have no objection to giving her money—in the evening."—*Chicago Herald.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Changes Produced in a Very Laborious Occupation by the Introduction of Machinery—Various Suggestions.

Ancient and Modern Haymaking.

There is scarcely any occupation, says *The Chicago Times*, that has undergone so great changes during the period of a generation as that of haymaking. Many speak of the revolution that has occurred in almost every kind of manufacturing establishment by the introduction of various machines that are propelled by water or steam power. But a greater change has occurred in the field where grass is cut and cured for the support of animals during the winter. In almost all manufacturing establishments some of the hand tools that were in use forty years ago are still needed to do the work. In the haymaking field, however, the work is now performed by machines drawn or operated by animals. On many large farms, where several hundred acres of grass are harvested, not a hand scythe or rake can be found. Grass that can not be cut with a mowing-machine is left untouched. After the grass is cut the tedder scatters it about or places it where it will be in the best condition to dry. When it is sufficiently cured the horse-rake collects it into windrows. On many farms all or nearly all the pitching is done by machinery. The labor is placed on animals to perform. The machine has driven out of the haymaking field all kinds of hand tools.

Not many years ago haymaking was the most laborious occupation on farms. Now it is one of the lightest. Then it employed not only all the men and boys on the place, but all that could be procured in the neighboring villages. Often many kinds of business were suspended to give the men an opportunity to work in the haymaking field. They were sure of receiving higher wages than could be obtained in most other employments, and of having a chance to work while there was little going on in towns. Not unfrequently women, girls, and children worked in the haymaking fields. They spread out the green grass from the swaths, raked it when dry, and "followed the cart" that the men were loading. It was generally necessary to employ all the available help in the neighborhood in order to secure the hay crop in proper season. Haymakers were obliged to work very long hours. The mowers were expected to be up by daylight and to be in the field before sunrise. Time was often too precious to admit of going to the farm-house to obtain meals. Lunches and often dinners were brought out for the men in the fields, and supper was not eaten till it was too late to admit of working. With the many laborers, the hard work, and the long hours, the haymaking season was extended through fully two months.

Haymaking has now become an easy occupation, employing only the number of men who ordinarily work on the farm. Old men, women, girls, and little boys are no longer seen in the haymaking field. There is nothing for them to do. The hours for haymaking are no longer those for planting or cultivating. It is not necessary to cut grass while the dew is on it because the work is done easier. The machine and the horses that draw it never complain being fatigued. Men engaged in haymaking do not go to the field in the morning twilight or remain till dusk. The cost of hay machines has been greatly reduced in places where improved machinery can be employed to advantage. In many parts of the west grass is cut, cured, and put in stack for 75 cents per ton, although laborers receive much higher wages than they did thirty years ago. There is no longer trouble in securing all the hay needed to keep any amount of farm stock. Hay is so easily put up in many places that farmers pay little attention to taking care of straw or to saving corn fodder. They raise no roots for stock food and sow no rye for affording winter pasturage. Scientific discovery and skill in the construction of labor-saving machinery have accomplished more in the haymaking field than in the workshop.

In no respect has the condition of the laborer been injured by the introduction of machinery into the haymaking field. The poet, novelists and painters find little to admire in the haymaking field at the present time. "I know nothing," writes an English novelist, "so cheerful, so genial, and yet so peace bestowing, as the sound, in the first hours of the morning, of the whetting of scythes. It is the happy mean between utter rural silence and the roar of the crowded city; so exhilarating, so sociable, and yet so undisturbing to its unaffected music. What a quiet, happy laugh there is in it! What half-subdued humor, what friendly good nature! The sound never ceases. Field after field took up the magic morning music. Sometimes it was played on a perfect orchestra of instruments." All the pastoral poets from Virgil to Wordsworth have sung of the merry haymakers. The painters of every land have transferred the picturesque scenes of the haymaking field to canvass. They have shown the mowers bending to their work, the women and girls, clad in scarlet frocks, with gypsy bonnets on their heads, raking the hay, and the strong men pitching it on to carts. The building of the stack has been the subject that has inspired many painters. There is little poetry or romance about the modern haymaking field. Everything pertaining to the picturesque has departed, never to return. Every machine designed to do a large amount of labor in a short time is, in the nature of things, prosaic. It is only suggestive of gain, and any money getting employment is unpoetical. The losses that have been sustained by the introduction of machinery into the haymaking field have, however, been very small compared with the gains. Cheap and abundant hay amply compensates for the loss of a few picturesque scenes and a little poetic sentiment.

Farm Suggestions.

Air the stables.

The cabbage needs a rich soil.

See that your stock is in good health.

Carrots and rutabagas require a light, rich soil.

Dry earth is an excellent absorbent of manures.

Late planted squash vines usually succeed the best.

Granaries should be thoroughly cleaned out at least once a year.

A liberal dressing of wood ashes is said to be beneficial to cherry trees.

Keep the tires on your wagon tight and the axels and harness well oiled.

Do not forget that if high feeding causes hog cholera, starvation will not prevent it.

The largest turkeys are the most profitable. It costs but little more to fatten them.

Hogs on pastures should have some grain each day, so as to ripen the growth as fast as made.

Fix the roosts so the hens won't have to roost in a draft. It gives them a cold that ends in croup.

Those who grow millet, sorghum or broom corn will find the seed the best kind of food for small chicks.

A cross of the Dorking and Brahma will produce a fine market bird of large size with yellow skin and fat.

The fruit trees will need some attention during the summer to keep the caterpillar, etc., from damaging them.

Farmers should make their own fertilizers as far as possible, and then they will know just what they are using.

The weight of testimony and experience now seems to be against pinching back melon, tomato and squash vines.

One of the best coatings for tree wounds is gum shellac in alcohol. It effectually excludes air, and the wound quickly heals over.

The effect of short manure upon light soils, and of long manure upon heavy soils, are to improve greatly the physical character of each.

Sheep are the only animals that will not eat beans whole. Ground and mixed with ground corn or oats, they are valuable for cattle, horses and pigs.

An Iowa agricultural society recently decided, after considerable discussion, "that the best time to prune nursery and orchard trees is when the leaf is from one-half to two-thirds grown."

Professor Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, says that cornmeal-fed cattle digest their food much better than the meal-fed animals, and that the corn ears make fifty cents a bushel by the gain in weight of flesh.

It is said that there is no better index to the health of cattle and horses than the condition of the hair. Indigestion and all other diseases that farm stock is heir to, even in a short time, is plainly indicated by a rough, harsh coat of the animal.

Dead limbs on fruit or other trees should be promptly removed. The cutting should be below any diseased part, or it will spread the infection.

The saw used should not be applied to healthy trees unless first washed with carbolic acid and water.

Equal parts of oats and corn, and one-twentieth part of linseed cake, ground with them, makes a good feed for horses. It will give a fine, sleek, good coat, and will make a horse at the same time very healthy. It will also keep horses from contracting colds and diseases.

In planting an orchard the young trees should be slightly inclined toward the direction of the prevailing winds. All the old orchards lean as the trees were bent while young, and most of these old orchards were set when there was more forest and winds were much less violent than now.

Boy's Composition.

Johnny Fizzletop, says *Texas Siftings*, created a sensation in an Austin school by reading the following composition:

"The disobedience of parents is often the source of a great deal of uneasiness to their offspring. Men who commit the darkest crimes generally begin by being disobedient to their children."

"Disobedient parents are often the result of indulgent children, who intend it for the good of their progeny, but are aware, too late, that it is not beneficial. Of course, parents have their privileges, and do not relish having them interfered with, but it is the duty of every conscientious child to see that they do not assume too much authority. Parents are naturally presuming, unless they are checked up once in a while. How often do we see a home where there is no peace, no harmony, and no love? The indulgent child allows not only his parents, but his grandparents, and relatives who may be in the house, to have their own way, and follow the dictates of their own foolish desires. The child who fails to keep a tight rein on the reckless parent, is, sooner or later, sure to have his gray hairs, if he lives long enough, brought down in sorrow to the cemetery. Parents who obey their children are the first to obey their heavenly father. What a wise old adage it is—'bring up a parent in the way he should go, and when he is old he will depart from it.' Obedient and good parents make useful men and women, when they grow up."

Scientific Ball Playing.

A small boy with a base ball bat over his shoulder, his coat hanging on his arm, perspiration pouring down his face, was asked by a gentleman near the Polo Grounds, recently, how the game came out.

"Forty-seven ten fifty-six," said the boy.

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed the gentleman, very much astonished; "which won?"

"De Shantytowns. We beat de Goatvillians by nine runs."

"But I mean the polo game between de St. Louis and Metropolitan clubs."

"Oh!" replied the boy, with a look of disdain upon his face, "I dunno who win de game. Dem fellers can't play ball."—*Dra e's Magazine.*

Malaria is certainly a very inconscient disease. It generally makes acquiescences for the purpose of giving them the cold shake.

—*Texas Siftings.*

OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL.

It was not John Morley, the author and radical, but Samuel Morley, M. P., the manufacturer and philanthropist, who has declined a peerage.

A WEALTHY Cuban has fitted out a steam vessel for the sole purpose of catching sharks. His object is to make bloody war on the creatures, and he expects to kill at least five thousand per year.

MAYOR LOW, of Brooklyn, is said to be very domestic in his habits. After the business of the day is over he regularly goes to his handsome home on Columbia heights, where he remains during the entire evening.

THE land belonging to Cornell university comprises 240 acres, of which 120 is specially devoted to the farm. Not originally fertile, it has been made sufficiently so to yield about \$6,000 annually in gross products.

HOMEOPATHISTS claim a new proof of the correctness of their theories in the discovery that the famous tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine unless it is grown in a malarial region.

THE king of Sweden has resolved to award a prize on his sixtieth birthday for some considerable discovery in pure mathematics. This prize consists of a gold medal with the king's portrait, and also a purse of 2,500 kroner.

THE edelweiss, that Alpine flower which has been the desire of tourists and the frequent cause of accidents, will no longer be the symbol of hardy adventure, since it now tamely grows in common garden earth mixed with a little lime.

A FIRE originating curiously occurred in Crawfordsville, Ga. A clock-cord broke, letting the weight fall upon and ignite a box of matches lying on the bottom of the clock case. The family were all asleep at the time, and the house was nearly burned.

MR. GLADSTONE'S popularity caused him much inconvenience lately. He happened to go into a London bookstore, but was unable to leave on account of a crowd of three thousand persons before the door. Finally a carriage was procured and he departed amid great enthusiasm and loud cheering.

A FRENCHMAN has discovered a method of preserving a fish found in great abundance on the Malabar coast, which is described as being "either the real sardine or very much like it." This fish frequents the coast in question in such large numbers that it is said an entire boat-load may sometimes be purchased for 4 annas. In such circumstances, it is not surprising to further learn that it is used as manure.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is spoken of by a correspondent of *The Philadelphia Record* as "a politician from circumstances and a ranchman from choice. He has," continues the correspondent, "besides his ranch property, a glorious tract of land on Long Island sound, at the far-east end of the island, where he has just built himself a house at an expense of \$45,000. This is an immense establishment for a widower with only one child; but Mr. Roosevelt will probably keep his house filled with guests."

ALL of Mr. Gladstone's "creations," says *The London World*, have evidently been inspired by the desire to do honor to men, not merely of talent or wealth, but of good manners and high breeding. Take Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, for example. He is the incarnation of the natural grace of the Asiatic, of the soft suave fineness of the intelligent Hebrew; scrupulously delicate and considerate, wholly devoid of any of the swagger "side" or assumption which the possession of his money-bags might breed in others, his whole purpose in life is to ingratiate himself with those among whom he may be thrown. And to that end he brings to bear all the charm of a cultivated intellect, a winsome presence, a musical voice, and an irresistible manner.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Adirondack and buckboard wagon celebrity, and long the petted pastor of the fashionable Park street church, in Boston, claims to have been where no other white man ever was, and to have sailed for days upon the vast fresh water sea, which, he says, is many times bigger than Lake Superior, and yet is not on any map or in the knowledge of any other white men, save those who have heard the Indian agents of the Hudson Bay company tell marvelous tales of its immensity, and the vast wilderness in which it lies. Mr. Murray is keeping a little oyster-house in Montreal. It is a neat little box, and the waiters are pretty women. Murray stands near the door, and to every customer who enters he bows and says, "Your servant, sir." As a special favor to friends or distinguished visitors, he sometimes presides at the open coal fireplace, cooking oysters in batter and butter, or broiling a bird or fish. His experience in camping out in the woods, and his fondness for cooking make his culinary productions much sought after.

REDUCED TO WHITE DUST.

A Graphic Description of the Process of Cremation.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The body of Orson S. Murray was taken from this city to the crematorium at Lancaster, Pa., by the son and immediate friends of the deceased. A gentleman who was of the party furnishes the following graphic account of the process of cremation:

Mr. Platt, one of the officers of the Lancaster Cremation society took charge of the body on its arrival. It was immediately conveyed to the crematorium, where a large number of people of all ages and sexes had congregated to witness the operation. After a short pause and conversation in the reception room, the gentlemen were led into the auditorium, which was filled with visitors from the town. The officers of both societies formed a semi-circle in front of the furnace, with the son of the deceased in the center. The view presented was novel and striking. The small building, resembling in many respects a country meeting house, built of pressed brick, was too little for the purpose, and the heat from the furnace was intense. In front of the spectators were four doors, opening into the reception, the preparing and the two retort rooms. Only one retort was in position, however, and the heavy iron door protecting the opening to it was about to be removed. A deathly silence prevailed.

A knock at the preparing room door was the signal to begin. The preparing table moved noiselessly into the auditorium bearing its sacred burden, covered with a heavy dark cloth, and was wheeled into position in front of the retort. The cloth was removed and the corpse, enveloped in a large white muslin sheet, soaked in alum water, lay there but for a moment. The door of the retort swung open and the rosy light of 2,200 degrees of heat filled the auditorium. No fire or flame was visible. Simply the incandescent light thrown by the heat from the brick tilting composing the retort was to be seen, and it like unto the picture of the setting sun on a summer evening. The iron cradle upon which lay the body was rolled from the top of the table noiselessly through the mouth of the retort and it disappeared in the light within. The door swung to and all was over. No noise, no fire, no color, nothing of an unpleasant nature marred the operation. No dull sound of the clod upon the coffin-lid sent a shudder through the nerves of the beholder.

The auditorium was gradually vacated, and no one remained but the son of the deceased and the officers of the two societies before mentioned. A view of the process going on behind that large iron door was to be taken. A delay of half an hour was necessary before the gases being consumed within the retort had sufficiently dispelled themselves to admit of it. Then a small opening, two inches in diameter was made by pressing a small knob in the wall, and the incineration was to be seen. The cradle was plainly visible, and there lay the body enveloped as before, in its white sheet, to all appearances unscathed. One might have supposed it was the habitation of a human soul, so pure and heavenly was the appearance. The ghost of the gases seemed to have been dispelled, as no odor of any kind could be detected. That a dead body could be resolved into its natural elements so quickly and easily seemed strange when one thought of the horrible processes going on daily in the burying grounds. Death had lost most of its terror. It seemed beautiful thus to pass away from materiality into vapor.

The process was nearly ended, but not entirely. The opening was closed, and the little party returned to town, to return after dark. Leaving a view of the building was again had, and one could hardly suppose that so important an act had taken place in so modest a structure. No smoke stack or anything indicating its use was visible. The simple work crematorium, hearn in a marble slab and placed above the iron door, told the story.

At 9 o'clock that night the party returned to the crematorium, and a complete inspection of the building was made. Another view was had of the interior of the retort, and now all was passive light. No gaseous flames were visible. The light of the full moon could not have been milder or more beautiful. The cradle with its apparatus burden was completely visible, and the body seemed to rest there unharmed by the heat or the fire that had raged beneath the retort nearly 24 hours. A slight breeze would have destroyed this filmy shell of alum and muslin tissue. But none could reach it until the large iron door could be opened, which could not be done until morning. At 7 a. m. this was done, and a small heap of white ashes was visible. These were carefully removed by means of a wire brush from the bottom of the retort and placed in a small 6x8-inch metal case. They were found to weigh four pounds and one ounce. Small fragments were found among the ashes, which were the remnants of the larger bones of the body, but no organic matter was there. The work was complete. By exposing the ashes to the air for a few hours the whole assumed the appearance of white dust.

There seems to be a great rivalry among Southern cities in regard to the erection of expensive buildings for young men's Christian associations. Atlanta leads off with a hall costing \$100,000, Nashville and Chattanooga are trying to raise \$50,000 apiece for this purpose, and Selma, Ala., is barely content with \$25,000.

The Church Missionary Society, we are informed by the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, have decided to establish a station at Aden, "the door to Southern Arabia, and the one point in Western Asia where there is religious liberty. They will also undertake a Gordon Memorial Mission to the Sudan."