THE GRUMBLER.

He grumbles in the morning
On rising from the bed,
He grumbles at his breakfast
While spreading butter on his bread,
He grumbles at his napkin,
He grumbles at his knife,
He grumbles at the tablecloth,
He grumbles at his wife,
He grumbles at the cobler
When he buys a pair of shoes,
He grumbles at the paper
When he's reading the news,
He grumbles at the clock
When it strikes out the hour,
And he grumbles at the "deluge"
When there comes a little shower,
He grumbles at the children
When they're playing in the street.
He grumbles at the butcher
At the way he cuts the meat,
He grumbles at his little dog
If it only wags its tail,
And when the wind gently blows,
He grumbles at the "gale."
He grumbles when a bill comes in,
No matter how very small,
He grumbles at the servants,
He grumbles at us all.
He grumbles at the darkness
When he has to light the gas
And he grumbles at the matches,
The unhappy grumbling ass.
He grumbles at the prices,
He grumbles at his socks.
He grumbles at the Summer
When the sun is rather warm,
And he grumbles at the "Winter"
Every time we have a storm.
He grumbles at a question,
He grumbles at a smile;
At church he grumbles at the people
Who are standing in the aisle.
He grumbles at his daughter
When she wants a little money,
And he grumbles when she laughs
At anything very funny,
He grumbles at the rich man,
He grumble sat the poor,
He grumbles at the beggars
When they knock at his door.
He grumbles at the rent day
When the landlord's to be paid,
He grumbles in the sunshine,
He grumbles in the shade,
He grumbles at his neighbor
When he's getting in his coal,
He grumbles at the cartman
Who dumbs it down the hole.
He grumbles at a wagon
If it stands before the door,
And he grumbles at a crumb of bread
If it falls upon the floor
He grumbles in his little room,
He grumbles on the stairs,
He grumbles all the way to church,
He grumbles after prayers,
He grumbles in his sleep
While he's lying in his bed,
And I often fancy to myself
He'll grumble when he's dead,

AGRICULTURE.

At a meeting of professors of agriculture and horticulture from several of the agricultureal colleges of the Western States, held at Lansing, Mich., last month, a committee submitted a report which contains much of interest to the large class of people interested in agriculture and kindred subjects. We give a portion of the report:

The idea of systematic experimentation for the discovery or verification of new truths in agricultural science, if not strictly an outgrowth of the present century, has certainly during this period been brought more prominently to view. In 1804, Thaer commenced his agricultural experiments and farm school at Moeglin. In 1827 Christiani began, and with the aid of his son, for many years continued farm experiments at Oderbruck. In 1835 Boussingault engaged in similar experiments at Bechelbronn. In 1837 J. Bennet Lawes began to experiment, and in 1843 inaugurated at Rothampstead that series of investigations which has made his name and that of his associate, Dr. Gilbert, famous both in Europe and America. The chemical and agricultural teachings of Liebig and Stockhardt prepared the way for the establishment in 1852 of the experiment station at Moechern under Emil Wolff. Since that date experiment stations have been established in nearly every country in Europe, so that at present they number not less than one hundred. There can be no doubt about the high rank these experiment stations are entitled to hold among agencies that have brought about the great agricultural progress of the present century.

In the United States we find the experiment stations coming into operation either as State institutions, or in connection with the agricultural colleges endowed by the General Government. Here, however they have not attracted as much attention as in older and more densely populated countries. The almost unlimited extent of our uncultivated and fertile soil has made the occupation and clearing of new lands more more economical and more attractive than the restoration of farms that have become sterile by bad management. In many of the older States, however, the time appears to have come for a better and more conservative husbandry. Even in Ohio, which fifty years ago was regarded as the most fertile of the then new States, the evidences of partial exhaustation of the soil and the means for the restoration of its lost fertility, have already become interesting topics of discussion. I regret to say that the State of Ohio has not yet expended a dollar to provide for systematic experimentation, a means of improvement which in other States and countries has proved so efficient and economical. Two years since numerous petitions were presented to the Ohio Legislature, asking for the establishment of an experiment station upon the farm of the State University. Subsequently a bill was introduced providing for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to erect buildings, purchase instruments and material,. and meet expenses for one year. But the farmers of the State, or their representatives in the legislature, had not become awake to the importance of the measure, and the bill failed to become a law.

Persons not familiar with the subject do not realize that the experiment station to answer the many questions presented by the various agricultural interests of a great State, requires at the outset not only sufficient land, but suitable buildings and money for the purchase of material and labor, and also the assistance of scientific men. Inasmuch as chemical analyses are required for the protection of farmers from frauds practised by some of the manufacturers and venders of commercial fertilizers, many persons have fallen into the mistake of supposing that the making of these analyses constitutes the chief work of an experiment station. In fact, such analyses may be made at any chemical laboratory, and very rarely can they with propriety be regarded as experimental work. In Germany some experiment stations (so called) have but little land attached, and in some instances, none at all, and however useful, they are, in fact, nothing more than chemical laboratories devoted to agricultural purposes. Other experiment stations make good use of extensvie farms. That of J. Bennett Lawes has 450 acres upon which most elaborate and valuable field experiments have been made for a long series of years. To answer the knotty questions that beset the American farmer, it is essential that a farm be attached to every experimental station and that the farm shall have pastures and meadows, crops of all kinds, and all kinds of stock, and fences, buildings, implements, teams and laborers. Suitable buildings are indispensable, such as propagating or plant houses, in which the temperature can be controlled, not only for the growth of plants, but for the testing of commercial seeds, a matter not less important to the farmer than the testing of commercial fertilizers. There must be rooms for weighing and measuring, for drying and storage, and also for chemical labratory unless this already exists as a part of an associate educational institution. Experimental work requires money for the purchase of materials such as seeds and fertilizers and for laboratory expenses, and to compensate experts, except where they may be found in our agricultural colleges. Still more is money needed to compensate the large amount of careful labor which all experimental work involves necessarily. The station at Rothhampstead is economically managed, for the director, a gentleman of wealth, not only gives his times but pays all expense from his own pocket, which is perhaps a sufficient guarantee that there is no extravagance, yet the annual cost is fifteen thousand dollars. Many experiment stations in Germany, in Great Britain and in the United States do what they can upon an income of one-half or even one-fourth of what is expended at Rothampstead. Well qualified men are also necessary to successful experimentation. The direction of a station may rest with a Board or with a single individual. If under the control of one person, he must be familiar with all forms of agricultural industry, or in such intimate relations with each that he will understand the wants of all. And he must be able to command the assistance of a botanist, an entomologist, a microscopists, a chemist and a physician. Adequate provision for all meteorological observation must be made at every station, unless those made at a United States signal station in the vicinity are available. The fact that the sciences referred to are all taught in our agricultural colleges, and specialists in all of these branches are to be found in most of them is the great reason for attaching experiment stations in the United States to agricultural colleges. Another good reason for this association is found in the fact that the orignal research of an experiment station has great value to students as a means of practical education.

To obtain some adequate idea of the wide range of inquiry which a successful station in one of our Northern or Western States must be prepared to meet, it may be desirable to look for a moment at the various interests which will be certain to present problems for solution. The dairyman will have his questions about the adaptations of various breeds of stock for his special uses; of the influence and comparative profit of all kinds of feed, the comparative effects of shelter, pure air and good water, the extent and profit of machinery, and the means for preserving and transporting his products in the best condition. The grain raiser will have his questions about varieties, quantities, conditions, and times of seeding, modes of tillage, climates, soils and manures, of harvesting, preserving, and preparing for market. Stockmen will have innumerable questions about horses, cattle, sheep and swine; their various characteristics and adaptations, the principles of feeding and breeding, especially how to prevent the spread of such diseases as the epizootic catarrh of horses, pleuro-pneumonia and Texas fever of cattle, the lung-worm and foot-rot of sheep and hog cholera among swine. Farmers interested in general improvement will ask for experiments on hedges, fences, buildings, machinery, drainage, irrigation, etc. Fruit growers and gardeners will have their many questions of soils, manures, climate, situation, varieties, modes of propogation and management, especially how to protect plants and fruits from the myriads of insect enemies. Forestry, serriculture and the apiary will also claim attention. These are only some of the sources from which questions will come—questions which can be answered only by careful experiment made by the farmer himself or by others working in his interest.

From the extent and diversity of the interests embraced by agriculture, it must be evident that an experiment station should be amply furnished; the few simple experiments which can be made without special appliances, have been many times repeated. The differences of soil and climate and products which this country presents, and the multitude of new methods and adaptations that may be required, not only prove the need of careful experiment, but convey the impression that experimental work in this country is scarcely more than begun. A large proportion of the questions that await solution cannot be successfully mastered by the individual farmer of limited means, without the necessary appliances, and often without scientific education. If the increase of agricultural products adds to the wealth of the whole country, and benefits not only the farmer, but almost equally all other arts and professions, is it not unquestionably the part of an enlightened State policy to give all necessary aid and encouragement to agriculture? This, indeed, is conceded, and in most of our States laws have been passed with this avowed object. Congress displayed wise forethought in donating lands to the several States for the establishment and perpetual maintenance of colleges in which all branches of learning that relate to agriculture or the mechanic arts were to be taught. If the States will take up the work which Congress began, and will now endow well appointed experiment stations in connection with all these colleges, a most valuable combination of teaching with research will be secured. The union of investigation with instruction in all these institutions will not only be highly advantageous to students, but may be expected to prove of still greater advantage to the agricultural progress of the country.

To make the best use of time and money, experiment stations should be established in all the States. Each station should know what all others have done, and some arrangement should be made by which future work will be properly and conveniently distributed. Your committee therefore recommend that every agricultural college here represented, and indeed all others, shall become associated for this purpose; that at least once a year those having charge of the experimental work shall meet and review the work done, consider what is required, then by mutual agreement distribute new work, according to the means at the disposal or the special facilties of each institution. It may be thought that our whole country is too large for a single association, and doubtless it will be more convenient to have several such associations each formed of a few contiguous States that have climate and products in common. The Pacific States can have a good association, the Southwestern States another, the Northwestern States a third; New England, the Southern, and the Middle States are distinct geographical and climatic regions, and may find it convenient to form separate associations. Each agricultural college or independent experiment station will report to its own association and all the associations should report to the Agricultural Department at Washington, and from that common center complete reports may be distributed over the whole country.

To bring these suggestions to a practical issue the committee begs leave to recommend the consideration and adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the agricultural colleges and State experiment stations here represented, so far as the same may be subject to our advice or control, are hereby united as an association for more systematic and efficient experimental work.

Resolved, That each college or station shall report to the Secretary of this association what experimental work it has already done and what kind and amount of work it is prepared to do.

Resolved, That the representatives of agricultural colleges which are not provided with facilities for experimental work be earnestly requested to make renewed efforts to secure the necessary outfit and to report to this association so soon as they are ready for work.

Resolved, That all other agricultural colleges and State experimental stations be cordially invited to join this association and co-operate in its work.

Don't Whine.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window, he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteenpence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it. "Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere." As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't-do-it" would not eat the bread but for him, but "Try" made meat of mushrooms.—[John Plowman.

A Pretty Bird Story.

While strolling through the woods at Goguac Lake, Michigan, recently, I suddenly came across half a dozen birds of the variety known as brown thrush or mocking birds. They were all busy working at some object on the ground, and did not notice my intruding till I was upon them, when, with a shrill cry, they flew off a short distance and perched on the trees to watch my movements. Having my curiosity aroused, I went to examine what I supposed was a nest of young birds, when, to my surprise, I found the dead body of a female thrush, which had been killed by a shot from some hunter's gun, and had fallen where it lay. The birds which I had noticed had been covering it over with leaves, sticks, little tufts of grass, etc., until only its feet stuck out. Immediately the story of the "Babes in the Wood," covered with leaves by robbins, came to my mind, and all seemed real as the time when in childhood I read the story and believed it to be true. Anxious to see what the birds would do, I stepped back of a large tree to a distance and watched them. Slowly the birds came back one by one, and continued the work of burying the dead bird. While engaged hopping about after leaves and grass they would chirp in a low, melancholy key, what I took to be the dirge notes of the little bird's funeral. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them, and watched them at their labors for a full half hour, at the end of which time the dead bird was completely buried.—[Chicago Tribune.

LUXURIES IN A REPUBLIC.—Madam la Marquise Ahconati of Paris has, like M. Gambetta, a silver bath, but the bath of the President of the French Chamber cannot be compared with that of Madam le Marquise. The water is spouted into the bath by a dolphin. By pressing his right eye you have warm water. A slight pressure on his tongue empties the bath in a few seconds. The bath room is splendid with painted glass windows and tapestries. The floor is of lava, and also the walls.

ANDRE'S QUEST.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Andre Perrinot was the only son of a widowed mother, and the object of her fondest and most solicitous care, notwithstanding there was a peculiarity about the boy which caused the neighbors to say, pityingly:

"How sad that the lad is deficient in sense when he is so sturdy and handsome that he might make his way in the world on the strength of his good looks alone, had he been better balanced. But now——" and usually a deprecating shake of the head supplemented the unfinished sentence.

He was cast in a large yet graceful mold, and had a finely shaped head, covered with masses of dark curls. His straight nose, with its thin, dialated nostrils, and his curving red lips, his large, stag like eyes, the rich coloring of his complexion, formed a "tout ensemble" which invariably attracted a stranger's admiring notice. But upon addresing this "rara avis" of nature's handiwork, as surely would a feeling of disappointment follow. Vague, unsatisfactory answers would fall from the curved lips and vacant, unintelligent glances from the great, dark eyes. He was like an exquisite statute endowed with life, but without a spark of Promethean fire which was to enkindle the soul. A veil seemed drawn over his mental facultfies. But whatever else was undeveloped in the boy's nature, one thing existed in full force—a passionate love of the beautiful.

His large eyes would kindle into animation at the sight of a delicately-tinted flower, or of a handsome face; and he would watch with keen delight those sunsets where masses of crimson and gold canopy the glowing west.

Thus it was that after he grew to man's estate a new emotion was evoked within the heart hitherto so quiet. One day the daughter of a rich landed proprietor came athwart his vision. She had just returned from her "pensionaire" for a short vacation. As mounted on her white Arabian, and attended by an aged servant, she flew past Andre, he caught his breath in astonished ecstacy.

He was in the midst of a group of young men. Turning to the one nearest at hand, he asked stammering:

"Tell me, Henri Leclerc, is it an angel from the skies, who flitted past? Ah, was she not beautiful!"

The youth addressed was of a humorous turn, and seeing a chance of sport, answered Andre in a way which was to transform his whole life. So it often chances that the scales of destiny are made to incline in a direction hitherto unthought of.

"The young miss is no angel, Andre; she is flesh and blood like you and me. Knowest thou not Pierre Lemoine, who lives in the great house on the hill? it is his daughter. A thought strikes me! She is just the wife for you, Andre, and it is time that you should marry."

Addressed to a different person, these words would have been taken as they were meant, and laughed at. The very idea of one of Andre's class looking up so high as to an alliance with the heiress of the most important man in the village would have been so preposterous as not to occasion even a second thought. But falling upon the ears of one of Andre's peculiar temperament, they had a far-reaching effect. He went slowly home pondering upon the meaning of Henri's laughing remark.

"Mother," he asked, "what is it to have a wife?"

Now, Andre's mother had much the same nature as her son, with the exception that there was no cloud over her mental faculties. She looked with pitying tenderness at her only son, who had come to her a few months after her young husband had been brought home to her killed by a kick from a vicious young colt he had been training. It was owing to the shock she had then received that her poor Andre was so different from other boys.

It was with a startled feeling that she heard him now ask this question. What had such as he to do with love or marriage?

She put her arms about him with motherly affection and gazed into his velvety dark eyes. There was a troubled wistfulness in them. The angel had descended into the depths of the pool to stir the troubled waters so that health might come with the healing presence.

"My boy," she said, "a wife is to her husband a fountain of rest and peace. She soothes his cares and lightens his burdens. She loves him above all others. She is his good angel."

"Yes, mother, that is true. The young girl I saw made me think of an angel, and Henri said she was the wife for me. He is a good lad to put me in the right about it."

"What do you mean, Andre? what in the world has the son of Leclerc been saying to you?"

The dark eyes of Andre brightened, and a glad light came over his face.

"Thou knowest that big house on the hill all made of gray like the granite rocks on the way to the great dark mountain yonder," pointing as he spoke to a distant purple peak, whose summit seemed lost amid misty clouds, "and where the posies in the garden are as bright as the many-colored quilt on the best bed? 'Tis there she lives. Henri said she was to be my wife; and she has checks like this," plucking a maiden-blush rose from its stem and holding it toward his mother, "and eyes like what you shut morning-glory was this morning."

"You are talking nonsense, Andre; and Henri did wrong to put such ideas into your head. Think no more about it, and we will go into the the fields together to pick flowers as soon as I get the the cows milked, and the butter made, to-morrow morning."

It was Andre's chief pleasure to take these quiet walks with his mother, to whom his society was ever a joy, for strange as he was, he had quaint thoughts, oftentimes as quaintly expressed, and the boy was her earthly all. So she said this, hoping to take his mind from the idea which for the first time had now entered it.

Andre was ever docile, so he said no more, although unusual seriousness brooded over his face for the rest of the day, and indeed for many days. Then he took action upon the matter so near to his heart. He went to the house where Geraldine Lemoine lived, and asked to see the master.

Every one in the village knew him by sight, and felt an interest in the "innocent," as he was called. So the servant showed him at once into the room where Pierre Lemoine was making out his accounts.

He was seated before a table covered with papers, and beside him stood Geraldine, looking over his shoulder with an expression of interest upon her pretty face. A canary bird was perched upon her shoulder, and it would occasionally peck at the lump of sugar held toward it by its mistress, but its chief pleasure seemed to consist in catching some of the shiny threads of Geraldine's silken hair, and pulling them between its tiny bill with a petulant motion, which was amusing in such a dot of a creature as this.

Andre pulled the curly forelock which hung down over his forehead.

"I am come to tell you that I love your girl," pointing to Geraldine, "and that the sight of her is better than the sunshine or the flowers. I want her for my wife."

Had Andre been in full possession of his wits, his words would have occasioned anger, and he would surely have been put from the room. But innocents are privileged in all countries. They are considered as especially under the Heavenly Father's protection. So Pierre Lemoine conquered the look of astonishment which had come into his sharp eyes.

"My lad," he said seriously, "he who weds my Geraldine must bring her a dower in coins of gold which would cover this whole table."

Andre looked sorrowfully at Geraldine, who was gazing curiously at him—her cheeks red with blushes called forth by his words.

"Is it true that he who marries you must pay for you, even as a store keeper buys his fine goods?" he asked.

The father interrupted him hastily. A shade of anger was in his voice, though he tried to speak unconcernedly:

"It is not meet to have this talk before you, my girl. Go to your room until my outspoken visitor has gone."

Geraldine obeyed. Then her father said to Andre:

"That is about the truth of it, though we don't usually express it in that way. If you should bring me a bag of gold to-morrow, 'innocent' though you are of more than a modicum of brains, I would give you my girl. A cage is the thing for a bird, added, to be sure, to enough to feed her with, and also to supply her with gay enough plumage. Now go, my poor fellow, and ask the cook as you pass out, for a cake and a cup of milk, so that your errand may not be a bootless one."

But Andre thought not of the wherewithal to satisfy hunger. He went slowly and sadly forth, pondering in bewildered fashion upon what has proved a puzzle to wiser heads ever since the first love story was told in Eden.

He met a neighbor of his mother's—a merry soul who was ever full of quips and jests,

Andre stopped him.

"Tell me Jean," he asked earnestly, "where can I find a bag of gold? I must e'n buy my wife when I get her for my own."

Jean opened his eyes wide in astonishment at first; but when Andre told of his visit to the rich man of the village, he took his pipe from his mouth, and laughed long and loud.

Andre waited patiently until his merriment had subsided, then he repeated his question, and Jean answered jestingly:

"Go to the mountains and ask the gnomes that make their homes there. They will tell you. As for me, it is beyond my knowledge, else why should I be a poor workman instead of keeping my coach-and-four?"

Then he went whistling on toward a group of companions with whom he was wont to pass his idle hours.

Not another thought of Andre entered his mind for hours. Then a rumor came that the boy had disappeared. It was an unusual thing for him to stay away from his home for any length of time, so that when the darkness of midnight had settled down over the drowsy earth and Andre was still away, his poor mother was almost frantic. Morning came without bringing him, and the new day dragged slowly on without his coming. Then the villagers turned out in a body to search for him. Not far distant was a forest which had been kept intact for a royal hunting-ground. Jean had heard of Andre's continued absence, and as he thought of what the boy had said to him, and of the reply he had made, he at once came to the conclusion that he must have taken him in earnest and so had set out for the mountains that raised their purple peaks toward the sky at a distance so far away as to make them dim and indistinct. The road to them lay through that forest, and was a long and dreary one even to those accustomed to traverse its gloomy solitudes.

God help the poor boy if he had become entangled in the thickets!

The party in search of him had pressed on at first cheerfully, then more doubtfully, as one day merged into another and still there came no trace of him they sought. One looked at another, hesitating to propose to return without finding Andre, and still each feeling in his heart that the quest was a fruitless one. At last one spoke out:

"We will go but another league. Then, if we come not across him we will turn back."

"You are right, we will do as you say. If the lad is not found by that time he must have met with harm and search will be useless."

With this undertaking they pressed on until their way was stopped by a dark ravine through whose gloomy depths flowed a rapid stream.

Its sides were percipitous, and were so thickly clothed with verdure that one could scarcely see down to its bottom. One man, more venturesome than the rest, caught hold of a slender young sapling and swung himself forward so as to peer over the dizzy verge. A cry of dismay arose from his mates, and expostulating voices were raised against his rash action.

But he gazed and gazed as though fascinated before he swung himself back again.

"Mates," he said, with a white face and an awed voice, "he is down there! caught on some shrubs that are growing on a kind of rocky shelf that projects out over the water. He is so white and still that I think he is already past help; but if it is only a swoon the least motion would dislodge him, so what can we do?"

Various plans were suggested and discarded as unfeasible. At last a youth who was almost as lithe and flexible of body as a willow sapling proposed to swing himself down by the shrubs and see if life was still in Andre. If so, he would take measures to keep him from slipping from his perilous position until the others could find a safer way to descend.

After a short interval the cheering cry came up to the anxious listener.

"He is alive! make haste!"

Jean was among the first to reach the spot. His dark face worked with emotion at seeing poor Andre white as a snow-drift from exhaustion, with a ghastly cut upon his head which had colored his tangled curls with its tell-tale crimson. But as his eyes wandered from his face to the bush which his hands had evidently clasped in a convulsive grip as he had felt himself falling over the precipice, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Surely the boy has found what he was in quest of," he said, pointing to a yellow gleam among the soil about the roots of the up-torn bush.

It was even so. Andre's quest had been rewarded even at the moment when life seemed slipping forever away from his tired frame. It was one of those occurrences which are ever proving that truth is stranger than fiction. For, although the boy did not own an inch of the valuable soil which hid from view the stray vein of virgin gold, his discovery of it attracted the notice of the king, who was much interested in his romantic story, and made him a valuable present in golden coins, so that he was able to claim the rich man's promise.

But, best of all, either the shock of his fall or the blow upon his head scattered the mists which had clouded his bewildered brain and made him Geraldine's peer in understanding as well as comeliness.

People came from far and near to witness their wedding, and "Andre's Search for the Ghomes" is one of the folk-tales handed down from father to son in the neighborhood where it took place.

The Man Who was Mixed.

"Really, but I hope you will excuse the intrusion," said the shabby-looking man as the insurance agent looked upward.

"You are excusable, sir. What did you wish?"

"Well—you-see—I'm a bit mixed. Was it Napoleon or Washington who crossed the Alps?"

"Napoleon, of course."

"Just so—thanks. I was inclined that way myself, but yet I know that General Washington was always scooting around, and he might have taken it into his head to cross the Alps. Good day, sir."

He paused down the hall 30 feet, and then returned and protested:

"Say, don't think ill of me, but I am still mixed up—dreadfully mixed. Will you answer me one more question?"

"Yes."

"Was it Nero who commanded the sun to stand still?"

"No; it was Joshua."

"I had an idea that it was Joshua, but I didn't dare put up money on it. Nero was always fiddling around, you know, and I had a dim idea that he might have taken a whack at the sun. Very much obliged to you sir."

This time he went half-way down stairs and returned on tip-toe. The agent looked up and saw him in the door, and sharply queried:

"Well?"

"Mixed again!" pleaded the stranger, "Say, I want to ask you just one more question."

"Yes."

"Did you ever lend a man a dollar to help him on his way to Columbus to see his dying wife?"

"Never! You are thinking of old Diogenes. He used to shell out to every dead-beat who came along."

"Mixed again, by thunder!" muttered the man; and as he passed down stairs he took great pains to set his feet down on each step like a man who had bet on three of a kind and found a flush taking his money.

Use of Electricity in Surgical Operations.

Dr. George Buchanan, Professor of Chemical Surgery in the University of Glasgow, describes in the British Medical Journal of this week the application of Faure's secondary or storage battery to the removal of a nævoid tumor from the tongue, to which Sir W. Thomson referred in his recent letter to the Times. He speaks of its surgical application in very high terms, observing that this contrivance, which enables one to carry stores of powerful electricity in a jar no bigger than an ordinary preserving meat tin, will render the use of electricity in surgery much more extended than heretofore. The growth was very ascular and invaded the tongue almost to the middle line. The tumor was removed by a platinum wire heated to incandescence by the use of this electrical jar without the loss of a drop of blood. Professor Buchanan speaks also at the same time of the surgical use of Swan's electric light, of which Sir William Thomson suggested to him the application at the same time, and which he put to practical use on that day in the wards with excellent effect, employing for the purpose a Swan's electric lamp. Even in a ward of the hospital, where the bright sun could not be effectually shut out, the translucency of the stricture which it was desired to test for the purpose of diagnosis was made apparent to every student.—[London Times, June 13th.

DE PROFUNDIS!—A young lady of Springfield tried to escape from a Baptist sociable "unbeknownst" to a young man who was anxious to see her home. The sociable was held in the basement of the church, and she went up to the audience room by a back stairway, so as to gain the outer door unseen; but a mis-step in the darkness sent her splashing in the baptistry, which had been left open since the previous Sunday. She wasn't hurt, but if it isn't refined, it is true, to say that she "was mad clear through," and that she hates the innocent young man twice as bad as she did before.