

RIVAL PHYSICIANS.

A Story Showing That Physicians of Rival Schools Are Not Likely to Harmonize.

It seems that Dr. Scudberry, of the United States Navy, was married about three years ago to a lovely young Oakland girl, to whom he had been engaged for a long time. Shortly after he was ordered to join the Asiatic squadron, and only returned to his bride a few days ago. During his absence his wife determined to employ her time in the studies of medicine, which she hoped would prove a delightful surprise to her husband on his return. Unfortunately, she entered a homoeopathic college, her former half being of the allopathic persuasion. The doctor was on his way home from the train, upon its arrival, when he saw a crowd around a drug store and was informed that a man had just fallen down in an epileptic fit. Forgetting his eagerness in the call of humanity, the doctor rushed into the store, where he was astounded to behold his wife engaged in consulting the patient's pulse.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the astonished surgeon.

"Why, I have a surprise for you darling," said Mrs. Scudberry. "You see, I am a regular qualified homoeopathic physician."

"Homoeopathic!" sneered the astonished husband.

"You bet," said Mrs. S., sweetly, as she got out her pills: "It's dosing people with bucketsful of slop is getting out of date, precious."

"And so you have been actually roped in by that gang of pellet-peddling ignoramuses, have you?"

"Don't be rude, my dear," said the female practitioner. "You can't expect to keep up with the march of science in Asia. Just stand back and let me save the patient."

"Save fiddlesticks!" snapped the allopath. "Woman, go home and cease trifling with human life—or perhaps you had better mix a mustard plaster while I resuscitate the subject."

"Why don't you quit fighting and go to work?" asked the victim's wife, who had just decided that she wouldn't look well in black.

"When the female person is removed I shall proceed in the regular way," said Dr. S., stiffly.

"I will not be answerable for the consequences unless that old fogey withdraws!" rejoined Doctress S., haughtily.

"You're a quack!" roared the husband.

"You're a butcher!" screamed the wife.

And at this style she went on until somebody announced that the patient had picked himself up and walked off, he being the only person who escaped, as the police arrested the whole crowd for creating a disturbance.

The divorce case of Scudberry vs. Scudberry is set for the fall term.—*San Francisco Post.*

Physical Types in Children.

Some time ago Prof. Virchow brought together the results of an inquiry into the relative proportions of the blonde-haired, dark and mixed types among school children of the German Empire. Since then the inquiry has extended to Belgium, Austria and Switzerland, and embraces nearly eleven million children in its scope. In a lecture at the Berlin Academy of Science Prof. Virchow shows that more than fifty per cent. of the school children of Central Europe belong to the mixed type. The distribution of the purely blonde type, which contributes something over twenty-five per cent., and is associated with unmixed Teutonic blood, is rather curious. It is highest in Hanover, where it forms forty-three per cent. of the population, but it is very near as high in the extreme east Prussian and Pomeranian districts, where history and tradition locate a preponderating Slavic element, and points to the completeness of the gradual industrial conquest of those regions by the Teutonic race.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Financial Manager.

Mrs. Peterby, of Dallas, is a woman with a head for business.

"Just see here. I have bought a beautiful rocking chair at auction worth three dollars and I only paid two dollars for it; so you see I have one dollar clear profit. Don't tell me after this that women have no business sense."

"Do you need the rocking chair?" asked Mr. Peterby.

"No."

"Then what did you buy it for?"

"To save money of course. How could I have saved that dollar if I hadn't bought it, stupid?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Some German bulls are quite as amusing as their more famous Irish rivals. Here are a few collected by a German paper: "After the door was closed a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "The chariot of revolution is rolling onward and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." "Is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students in 1848 in a speech." "The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting at the table enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend once more."

—Rev. Charles F. Thawing says that, whatever influence the requirements of Greek for admission may have in keeping men out of college, he feels assured that another cause, quite remote from the question of the classics has far greater influence. This is found in the expenses usually attending a residence of four years in the ordinary American college. They have not undergone, since the close of the civil war, that decline which nearly all articles, except books, have experienced. College expenses are now fourfold what they were fifty years ago, and double what they were twenty-five years ago.—*Chicago Times.*

—Children grow taller, it is said, during an acute sickness, such as fever, the growth of the bones being stimulated by the febrile condition.

SEEKING THEIR LEVEL.

"Soft Snaps" and Fat Salaries Not Going a-Begging to Any Great Extent.

"Water," says natural philosophy, "will always seek its level." From a fairly extensive acquaintance with this fluid we are inclined to accept the statement as correct, and feel disposed to add that things in general have the same tendency. The boy who comes to a new school and stands aloof from his companions looking wise and straightening out his fancy trousers' legs while the others talk and scuffle may think he travels on an upper plane for a time, but pretty soon another boy will come along and trip him up, sending him head over heels into the mud. The way he acts for the next five minutes will settle the level he is to occupy in that school. If he squares off for a rough-and-tumble fight and displays grit and good nature mixed in proper style, he will be counted a fine lad and the ideal of the school, no matter whether he wins or loses. If on the other hand he whimpers and whines and goes to the teacher with his complaint, no good clothes, nor good looks, nor money, nor jewels can make him solid with those who rule. An addition is made to the clerical force in a big store. He is a prim, modest lad from the country, put in by one of the proprietors who knew his father. For a day or two he stands there behind the counters, dealing out goods as punctual and as solemn as a sexton. Soon his companions begin to work in their little jokes, and the girls blush and look up sideways just to see what kind of a fellow the new man is. He was put there to sell goods and works for so much a week, but under, above and around all these business transactions influences are at work that are recording his place in the world and telling whether he shall continue behind that counter during good behavior or rise to places of more pay and greater trust. All men and all women who live and act in this world are working out their fitness to hold certain positions and seeking their level as surely as the chafing streams that roll to the Atlantic.

When we see dressy young men hanging around the corners and haunting the offices in the city, complaining of fate and ill-luck, and saying they are going West to grow up in a country where talent is appreciated, we pity them and pity the West; for we know that the world has no use for them so long as they hold to such doctrines. Let them strip off their coats and go to work at the first thing they can find to do, and let them work at it until something better offers. Now and here are the place and time for men to show their mettle. Right here in Boston and Massachusetts and New England, and right now in the year of our Lord 1885, are as good opportunities for work and talent as anywhere. Men who occupy high positions to-day do so because they were wide-awake, and gained their proper level by push, and men who want such places must exert themselves to get them. "Soft snaps" and "fat salaries" do not go a-begging to any great extent. They don't this year, at least, and we have no authority for saying they will next. If a thing is worth having, it is worth working for. Work, young man, work.—*Boston Globe.*

SPRING FASHION NOTES.

Information Which Will Please Most Women and Anger Most Men.

Ribbons will be used with a profusion unknown for years, if ever before.

French crapes, richly embroidered, will be among the most appropriate materials for summer wear.

"Jersey" gloves in silk are very fashionable. They have been so improved and are made with such care that they are perfect in color, quality and fit.

Hats come in various fancy colors, indeed, almost any dress fabric could be matched in braids, and they are so perfectly tinted that they are really beautiful.

Oriental laces find especial favor; they are shown in all colors with tinsel threads, floss silk, heavy embroidery, silk, and some cases with wool floss embroidered on net.

The chemisette is to be a special feature of summer dresses. It may be had either in plain linen or crepe lisse, or embroidery of various sorts, or made almost entirely of lace.

A Paris novelty is a lacee glove, laced at the outside of the arm, and at the top is a full ruche of fine lace and tassels and cords or long ends of satin ribbon an inch and a half wide.

One of the special novelties promised is a fancy hose with many colors interwoven, and designed to be worn with satine or fancy colored organdies. They are described as combining the usual delicate tints found in such summer goods.

Among the novelties on exhibition at some of our leading stores is the Spencer waist, Spanish jacket and standing collar, all in jet. They can be worn with any dress, are very rich looking and are particularly becoming to slight figures.

Many of our most sensible women of fashion adopt for warm weather what they call their "summer uniform." This consists of a silk vest and drawers, a satin corset, silk or fine Balbriggan hose, a petticoat of hair cloth and a thin one of cambric.

The latest novelty for commencement dresses will be the scrim of canvas-cloth, similar to that used for curtain draperies. Young lads of taste may make very pretty dresses for themselves by running through the meshes alternate rows of pale-colored embroidery silk.

White will be used this summer for every occasion to which it can be adapted. There are some charming novelties in white goods, such as embroidered mullis and piques, pretty cross-barred muslins and the finest French nainsooks that are covered with dainty flowers.

—Inductive Officer: "How's this, Murphy? The Sergeant complains that you called him names." Private Murphy: "Plaze, surr, I never called him onny names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant' says I, 'some of us ought to be in a messagerie?'"

THE WONDERS OF COAL TAR.

Gorgeous Dyes and Most Useful Products Obtained from a Troublesome Refuse.

"Chemistry is capable of wonderful things," said an expert in chemical science, "but in nothing to which its principles were ever applied have such marvelous results followed as are witnessed in its manipulation of common gas or coal tar. Thirty years ago the problem of how they were to rid themselves of this foul and then utterly useless refuse of the retorts was puzzling manufacturers of gas, and the aid of chemistry was sought in working out the solution. They had no thought beyond the utter annihilation of the offensive tar. In their experiments with the refuse the chemists discovered the so-called burning naphtha, which, however, could be applied with safety to no practical purpose. After the naphtha was extracted the tar was left in the form of a heavy oil, which was still more of a nuisance than the original compound, as it was more difficult to store and handle. The chemist Bellie discovered a channel of utility for this oil in applying it as a pickle for the preservation of railroad ties, bridge timbers, and similarly exposed woods. This used up large quantities of the refuse, but only partially relieved the tar nuisance.

"The only hope that gas men now had was that some discovery might be made in chemical experimenting which would give a commercial value to the refuse. Faraday next awoke interest in coal tar by his discovery of benzine as a product of the tar oil. It was in experimenting with the volatile substances of these oils that the great chemist Mansfield lost his life by an explosion in his laboratory, and it was probably this casualty that directed greater attention to the possibilities of the despised gas tar.

"It was not until 1857, however, that the great value of coal tar as a raw material was demonstrated. In that year Perkins discovered its aniline properties, a discovery which has almost revolutionized the trade in dye stuffs. Perkins took coal tar naphtha, and boiling it in a retort, obtained a chemical action which resulted in benzole and nitro-benzole. Adding water to this, the nitro-benzole was deposited in the form of a thick, oily mass. This he experimented with in various ways, and finally by the addition of acetic acid and iron filings, he produced a colorless fluid which is aniline. This liquid he treated with different chemical salts, and the result was green crystals of a metallic luster. These he found were capable of producing, under different chemical reactions, the most brilliant and gorgeous dyes—the aniline hues of the paint and dye trades of today.

"This discovery made the long-detestable coal tar a desirable product of the gas retorts, but it held still greater surprises. From the light oil of the tar a valuable naphtha solvent for India-rubber was obtained, and then the invaluable discovery of carbolic acid was made. How many people in ordinary life know that this great disinfectant is one of the products of common gas-tar? After these properties were extracted from the tar there were left heavy oils and residuum, for which chemistry was puzzled to find a practical use. It was not until 1869 that any satisfactory result was obtained by experimenting with this refuse, and then the great discovery of alizarine was made. This product was first obtained by the German chemists Graebe and Liebermann, but Prof. Perkins, who had developed the aniline colors from tar, was the first to give a practical application to the German work. The importance of this discovery may be understood when it is known that in the first ten years following the introduction of the artificial alizarine in the dye stuff trade, it exceeded the total amount of natural alzarine, or madder root, that had been handled in the trade previous to its introduction. It was, if anything, superior to madder, and so much cheaper that the saving by its use up to 1880 had amounted to over \$20,000,000.

The discovery of alizarine in coal tar converted 400,000 acres of land that had been used for growing madder root into fertile fields of corn and other cereals. With vegetable madder it required nine weeks to perfect the dyeing of a material Turkey red. The artificial madder accomplished the desired result in as many hours. Three years ago the chemist produced an artificial indigo from the residuum of gas tar, and, in connection with the aniline dyes and alizarine of the same base, it is rapidly taking the place of vegetable indigo. Later, the naphthalene yellows and reds, with which entirely new effects in color were made possible, were derived from coal tar residuum. Chemists are still experimenting with the tar products, and other important developments will no doubt be made.—*N. Y. Sun.*

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

An Arkansan Who Thought the Country was Going to the Dogs.

A man, with torn coat, soiled clothes and tangled hair entered the Arkansas State House and addressing the Secretary of State, said:

"Do you see what an awful condition I am in?"

"Yes, I see."

"Awful, ain't it?"

"Pretty bad."

"Never were so low down, were you?"

"I believe not."

"A man is a brute, isn't he?"

"Sometimes."

"Yes, but if I were to tell you who I am you wouldn't believe it."

"Perhaps not."

"You would be astonished."

"Perhaps so."

"I am—now, it is a fact, as low down as I seem—I am the son of Johnson Peggleton."

"Who is he?"

"What?"

"Who is Johnson Peggleton?"

"Don't you know him?"

"No."

"Then it's time for us all to quit. Why, sir, he has been a deputy constable for three years. Good-bye. Don't know Johnson Peggleton! Won't take my chances where such ignorance predominates."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

PRETTY FEET.

Very Small Extremities to a Large Extent a Female Hallucination.

A woman with a disproportionately large foot is by common consent entitled to pity. But it is not the size of the foot which good taste objects to, but its relation to the rest of the body. A large woman with the tiny foot of a girl would be as disproportionate as the small woman with a large foot. What is known in the market as the No. 1 boot can not by any means be made to go upon the foot of any woman whose physical proportions bear any comparison with those of the Venus de Medici, which is the representation of a large and voluptuous woman. Women who wear the No. 1 boot do not, as a rule, come under the head of voluptuous women. They are petite, vivacious, pert, pretty, anything you like, but they are not the Medician type. Large women, said a well-known artist and expert, must have feet that to be beautiful would be very ugly on a smaller woman.

It is to a much larger extent, perhaps, a female curse, for those women who dare not undergo its miseries grow sooner or later to believe that they do, and fire can not burn out of them the conviction that their shoes are No. 1. Nobody but the woman herself knows what tortures are undergone by the slave with a No. 2 foot who is chained to a No. 1 shoe. Professional women who exhibit their feet are, of course, more subject to this tyranny of the shoe than other women, and it may not be generally known that there are emotional and tragic actresses who, when all other means of simulating agony and awakening pity fail, rush to the No. 1 boot. They put that on, and a sad, far-away look of unutterable despair comes into their eyes, neuralgic shadows play about their mouths, their chins quiver with unexpressed grief, their temples throb with indescribable woe. Then the spectators are moved. The fountains of human sympathy are opened, and the critics call it soul-agony, and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Seen from the front the No. 1 boot on these occasions is apparently sweet and guileless.

No one could possibly suspect it of pains that would make an inquisitor sick. For the wearer does not let the boot take the credit of her tears when they can be imputed to soul and heart and other things than feet. But could we see the same feet as they really are, in all their flat, stale and unprofitable naturalness, we should begin to understand how infamously mistaken that wretch was who said that nature adorned is adorned the most.

And here it is worth while to remark, en passant, that the ballet dancer's foot, contrary to the popular notion, is not and can not be a small one. The development consequent upon continuous physical exercise settles the conventional idea of comeliness. A ballet dancer never wears a tight boot, and when she is dancing she wears shoes which are models of adaptability and freedom. But nevertheless the muscles and tendons of the foot are enlarged, the veins stand out, and there is a general appearance of strength rather than of beauty. All this may be obnoxious to the fastidious taste of the Greek sculptor, but there is really nothing repugnant to good sense in it. By the side of the ordinary society foot, when bared to the light, the ballet dancer's is a thing of beauty. There is not one society belle in ten that dares to bathe at the seaside without hose on. Do you know why? Ask the No. 1 boot.

To find the classic foot in these degenerate days we shall have to look a long way. The peculiarity of the classic foot is the wide gap between the large toe and its neighbor. This in the Greek was undoubtedly caused by the thong of the sandal that came up between the toes and kept them apart. Mr. Sarony, in determining the fine point of a model's foot, is said to have doubled up a ten-dollar bill compactly and inserted it between the toes with the jocosse remark that if it fell out it was the model's. And his experience is that it generally stays there until it is pulled. The American women as a rule have smaller feet than the English women. But this is not altogether a matter of temperature. Habit in a large measure determines the size of the feet, as it will of the arms, and the English women use their feet far more than do the Americans.

The Spanish women are celebrated for their high insteps, which for a long time was held to be a sign of good blood and fine breeding. But that notion has been exploded of late years by the investigations of Darwin and others, who find that the osseous formation of the foot follows certain unknown congenial laws which make it possible for the peasant's daughter to have a Cinderella foot while the princess of the blood may be born with large and ungainly feet.—*N. Y. World.*

Turkish Proverbs About Women.

The references to woman are as un-gallant as they are unjust. She is to be treated as a child, and as such contemptuously pardoned for her shortcomings. "You should lecture neither child nor woman;" it would be waste of time. Her intelligence, too, is underrated. "Her hair is long, her wit short!" It is she who as a mother "makes the house and mars it," and she is classed with good wine as "a sweet poison." But it must be admitted that in this want of gallantry the Turk is far surpassed by the Persian, who says "The dog is faithful, woman never."

The lover is regarded as a lunatic, unfit for the society of his fellows. "If you are in love fly to the mountains," for "Lover and king brook no companion." He is "blind" and distance is nothing to him; for him "Bagdad is not far," and the only cures for his malady are "travel and patience."

A word of advice to those about to marry: "Marry below you, but do not marry your daughter above you;" and "Choose cloth by its edge and a wife by her mother."—*London Spectator.*

—Crawford, Ga., boasts of a negro who can neither read, write nor figure, yet who can correctly multiply any two figures up to one hundred as rapidly as they can be given out to him.

LUCK IN THE LOTTERY.

A Chinese Wins a \$10,000 and a White a \$6000 Prize.

San Francisco seems to be a favorite city with Dame Fortune, at least as far as Louisiana Lottery prizes are concerned, however fickle she may act in other respects. At every drawing, one or more valuable prizes fall to the lot of some lucky San Franciscan. One notable feature connected with these frequent cases of good hap is the fact that the winner is almost invariably a person in humble circumstances, and before, where the price of a meal two days ahead seemed a thing of uncertainty, affluence suddenly steps in and surrounds him with its luxuries. Within the last few months there have been several examples of these sudden leaps from penury to wealth, through the instrumentality of the great game of chance. First a fireman drew the largest prize, and instead of following the risky occupation of putting out fires and watching the sounds of the alarm bell, invested his fortunate gains in a substantial business and a pleasant home. The next case was that of a poor barkeeper, whose nights were spent in tapping the beverage known as terra cotta champagne and concocting mixtures, in which extract of corn formed a prominent part, when suddenly some providential chance induced him to invest a slight part of his earnings in the lottery, with the happy result of drawing the \$15,000 prize. Following this was the case of the poverty-stricken Italian, within whose vision of the future cents formed a more conspicuous part than dollars, when he, too, invested his last pittance in the lottery, and the hope that induced him to put out of his reach his last cent when his appetite was stronged was rewarded by his drawing \$75,000. The home that before was destitute of the meaneest conveniences now became a scene of smiling plenty, and the children that before clamored for bread now enjoy the dainties of the season. Such was the good luck of the poor Italian hotel-keeper. So it will be seen that San Francisco is peculiarly fortunate in appropriating the most valuable prizes of the Louisiana Lottery.

The last drawing only serves to bear out the remarks made. This time the \$10,000 prize and the \$6,000 prize were won by residents of this city, No. 62,001 drawing the first and No. 5,289 winning the second. The money was duly placed to the credit of the lucky winners and was sent on here through Wells, Fargo & Co., and drawn by those who possessed the numbers mentioned. A singular fact connected with the drawing is that the big prize fell to the lot of a Chinese who, tiring of playing with the small chance games of his own countrymen and surfeited with the tricky manipulations of tan, was induced to invest a few dollars in the Louisiana Lottery, with the result of his first investment bringing him a golden shower of dollars. The happy Celestial is so surprised at his good luck that he has betrayed how he obtained his wealth to some of his countrymen, and the agents are now selling many coupons to Chinese who are anxious to take their chances on the turn of the wheel which may bring in its revolutions the wealth that all toil for. The winner of the \$6,000 prize is known to be a poor American, but his surroundings have not yet been determined.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle June 3.*

PRACTICAL.

The Editor Who Didn't Appreciate a Wit-ticism.

A fat old man who should have known better dragged himself up three long flights of stairs and entered an editorial room.

"Whew! Coming up these stairs makes me blow," he said.

"Yes," the editor replied. "What can I do for you?"

The old fellow laughed as he took a small piece of paper from a tin spectacle case. "Here's something that I jotted down," he said. "You needn't put my name—"

laughed heartily—"my name to it."

The editor took the scrap of paper and read the following:

"If a war should occur between England and Russia it would be a 'all Street affair—between the Bull and the Bear."

"Wall Street will have nothing to do with it," said the editor.

"O, don't you see? It is a pun that I made up myself."

"No, I don't see. It appears to read all right, though if it were really anything of it the telegraph would have—"

"Hand it here!" The old fellow snatched his contribution and juggled himself down stairs.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Mr. T. M. Smith, a leading lawyer in Lincoln County, W. Va., has believed himself an orphan until last Saturday he found his father, four sisters and three brothers living in Salem, N. J. They supposed he was dead. An uncle took him to Ohio when a child, educated him and started him in life, but never told him he had other relatives living.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A German went into a restaurant, as he took his seat an Irish waiter came up and bowed politely. "Wie gehts?" said the German, also bowing politely. "Wheat cakes!" shouted the waiter, mistaking the salutation for an order. "Nein, nein!" said the German. "Nine?" said the waiter. "You'll be lucky if you get three."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Father Peter Havermans, of Troy, N. Y., who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is believed to be the oldest priest in the United States. He has been in Troy forty-three years.—*Troy Times.*

The King of Hotel Proprietors.



WILLIAM SHARON.

A lawyer, a bankrupt merchant, a mining speculator, a United States senator and a millionaire, several times over, is, in brief, the career of Mr. Sharon. His life illustrates how rapidly some fortunes were made on the Pacific coast. During the period of the mining excitement from 1870 to 1880, Mr. Sharon's name was frequently mentioned throughout the country, of late it has become associated with a notorious divorce case.

A native of Smithfield, O., Mr. Sharon began life as a lawyer, then kept a store in Carrolton, in Southern Illinois, from which he drifted in 1849 to San Francisco, where he engaged in general trade. During the next fifteen years he had accumulated \$150,000 by real estate transactions, but lost it all by stock speculation in 1865. Bankrupt, he was appointed by the managers of the Bank of California to take charge of a branch of their institution at Virginia City, Nev. Here, back d by funds from his bank, he prospectored the Comstock lode, the result being the discovery of the Bonanza mines which have since made Virginia City famous, and enriched Mr. Sharon to the extent of \$25,000,000, the first year. He soon became the leading director of the bank which but a few years previously had engaged him as an agent.

Aside from his real estate, mining and other properties, it is his hotel ownership which renders him justly famous. The Grand and Comopolitan, of San Francisco, each worth nearly half a million, besides the Palace hotel, which cost in construction between two and three millions, are all in his possession, making him probably the largest hotel owner in the world.

A French Dramatic Star.



MME. THEO.

Mme. Theo whose recent arrival in this country was the subject of much newspaper talk in two continents, is the wife of a Parisian tailor and ten years ago was permitted, through courtesy, to sing at an obscure concert.

THE OYSTER.

How Long the Bivalve Lives and How His Shell is Formed.

At a recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a paper was read asserting that the extreme age of an oyster is twenty years. Now, I had previously, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, demonstrated that an oyster might be in a fair edible condition at the age of thirty years. Here are the shells of one of the oysters on the characters of which the statement was based. This double shell is thirty years old, and the inclosed mollusk was large and in fair condition. In building its shell the oyster starts with the hinge end, at the spot known to conchologists as the umbo. A small plate or single scale now represents each valve, and that is the first season's growth. The next season a new growth or plate shoots out from underneath the first one, just as the shingles do. The oystermen call these laps or plates "shoots," and they claim that the number of shoots indicates the years of the oyster. They certainly do contain a record of the seasons, showing the slow growing and the fast growing seasons. But there is often great difficulty in clearly differentiating these shoots. The record is often obliterated in places by the growth of parasites, which build their shells or tubes upon the oyster. I have likened these shoots to shingles. Now, at the gable of a house these shingles may be seen edgewise. So on the one side of an oyster shell is a series of lines. This is the edgewise view of the shoots or season growths. Another factor is this purple spot, or scar, in the interior of the shell. It is the place of attachment of the adductor muscle. Its first place of attachment was close up to the hinge. Had it staid there until the shell had become adult, how difficult would be the task of pulling the valves together! The leverage to be overcome would be so great that we must bear in mind the fact that at the hinge end the valves are held by this black ligament, which is, in life, elastic, swelling when the shell opens and being compressed when the animal draws the valves together. So with every year's growth or elongation of the shell the mollusk moves the place of attachment of the muscle upward, that is, an advance further from the hinge. As it does so it covers up with white nacre all the scars that are back of the one in actual use as the point of attachment of the muscle. This you can prove by eating off with nitric acid this covering, and thus exposing the whole life series of scars or attachments.—*Prof. Lockwood, in the Journal of the N. P. Microscopical Society.*

"This is a nice time to come home and a nice state you're in," she said. "Nice time! nice state! Thanks, lovely, I thought you were going to scold me."—*Troy Times.*