

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The production of the cocoa plant in South America is so enormous that one-eighth part of it would be sufficient to swamp the market of the outside world. Almost all of it is consumed in South America.

A New York jeweler received the following business card a few days ago: "George D. Parks, farmer, merchant, jeweler, schoolmaster, musician, etc. P. 8.—All questions answered with truthfulness and dispatch."

In unloading bananas at the New York wharves the stevedores frequently encounter scorpions and snakes, which have curled up under the banana heads in search of a long nap, and sleep right through the trip to New York.

The amount of liquor sent into Africa, in five years, from Boston alone, was 8,500,000 gallons. The amount of liquor registered on the vessels which stopped at Madeira, en route to Africa in one week is as follows: 900,000 cases of whisky; 24,000 bottles of rum; 30,000 cases of brandy; 28,000 cases of Irish whisky; 800,000 demijohns of rum; 35,000 barrels of rum; 30,000 cases of old tom; 15,000 barrels of absinthe; 40,000 cases of vermouth.

The tomb supposed to be that of Cleopatra, lately discovered in Egypt, was found at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface in a chamber ten feet long, two and one-half feet wide and lofty in proportion. The sarcophagus was built in the form of a pyramid, and covered with exquisite carvings, among them being five female figures, five crowns of laurels and four figures of children. Some of the latter are entirely nude, while others are draped. In the center of each of the crowns a bunch of grapes is carved.

If the American people were to learn that their army and navy during the past year had lost 5,283 men in engagements with enemies, and that nearly 95,000 of the soldiers and sailors had been wounded, they would be horrified. In fact so great a destruction of life and limb would wipe out our entire army and navy, and those branches of the Government service are now constituted. Yet, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, that is the extent of the havoc which was wrought last year on the railroads of the United States.

A St. Paul merchant gives the following to a Pioneer-Press reporter as the reason why he cut a piece of goods in two and sold one portion at a high and the other at a low price: "Twenty-five years ago I was a sub-clerk in a general store in Kalamazoo, Mich. The head salesman sent me down stairs into the grocery department to do up a pound of tea for a prominent social leader. In forty-five minutes it came back from the house with an order to change it. What does that head salesman do but shake the tea out of the brown paper, do it up in silk tea paper, tie it with a colored cord and send it back to the lady. It stayed that time, and she afterward told me that that was the kind of tea she always wanted to fill her orders. That my boy, was a part of my early education."

SHORT BIRD STORIES.

Feathered Dudes and Linguists.—A Robin in Church.

A very small bird of South Africa in the Mahalf weaver, but it lives in a very large house shaped like an oil flask, which it builds itself.

On the West Spanish Peak, Colorado, R. L. Smith trapped a handsome golden eagle that measured seven feet four inches from tip to tip.

The parrot has not the monopoly of the power of talking among birds. The mynah, a species of starling, is very imitative and says "good morning" very plainly in response to a salutation.

The tailor-bird makes its nest of long leaves which it sews together with the fiber of a plant, first piercing the holes in them with its beak. The bottom of the nest has a heavy layer of cotton.

A dodos bird that lines its nest with the down of certain flowers is the lanceolate honey-eater. The nest is shaped like a hammock suspended from twigs and is very deep. The ground work is of grass and wool.

The sociable weavers will unite together in building a thatched roof prior to nest-building, the structure sometimes being twelve feet square. Under this a dozen or more nests will be built, each pair of birds building its own, and each nest being shut out from every other.

A tame crow belonging to Mrs. Henrietta McPherson, of Herkimer, N. Y., will whip any dog in the neighborhood, and amuses himself jumping upon a chair with a spool of thread, picking the end loose, and unwinding the spool in the face of the cat. As the cat jumps for the running spool the crow will laugh like a child.

A number of sparrows with a nest over the doorway of the Nutt House, Crawfordsville, Ind., sat in judgment over one of the flock and deliberately hanged it. One end of a piece of twine about a foot long was tied securely about the bird's neck and the other fastened to the nest. The sparrow fluttered at the end of the string for at least ten minutes, the others picking and pulling at it continually until it died.

During the Christmas festival in a church in England the children had just finished the first verse of their Christmas carol, when a clear, rich, joyous song from a robin burst forth among the green branches. No one had seen him, but the minister raised his hand for silence, and the bird completed his song. Then the rector, in great solemnity opened the Bible and read:

"Ye, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young. Thine altars, O Lord of hosts!"

"This time," said the minister, "our favorite bird, our little robin red breast, has found a lodging and breakfast in the church, where we come to pray for our daily bread. Snow is all around, covering the ground and bushes; he was cold and hungry, and might have perished in the storm, but the good All-Father, in His pitying love and care, guided the tiny wings hither.

"The little bird praises Him in its joyous song. Shall not we with far greater reason, praise Him gladly?"—Chicago Journal.

The beautiful and fast steamer City of Detroit, with first-class accommodations for 200 passengers, has just been launched, and will ply between the new city of Detroit and Puget sound points.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—London Industries, in its annual report for 1899, says: "It is to Americans that we owe almost all the most recent developments in the steam engine. Novel boilers, valve gears and fittings are all of American origin."

—Northern manufacturers are interested in the statement that the finest brick made in the South are from the refuse of slate quarries. They have a double resisting power and absorb only one-third as much water as ordinary brick.

—A use has been found for sour cannet corn. Hitherto it has been considered worthless. But a demand for it has sprung up in the great German-American centers of Cincinnati and New York, where it is used to mix with sauerkraut, the quality of which, it is said, is improved by it.

—In the new process for spinning and weaving glass into cloth the warp is composed of silk forming the body and groundwork on which the pattern in glass appears. Not less than fifty to sixty of the original glass strands are required to form one thread of the warp, and not more than a yard of the cloth can be produced in twelve hours.

—The resident surgeon of St. Barnas Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn., reports an operation of a very painful kind performed on a boy of seventeen years without the use of other anesthetic than the power of hypnosis. The patient was led to and from the operating table, and even assisted the operator by assuming any position ordered, yet suffered no pain, lay perfectly quiet two hours and then called for food, as the operator had suggested he should do at a certain time.

—A famous Viennese oculist says, for the benefit of the people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen: "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow paper. A sheet or card of the same shade placed on the wall over the desk will assist in giving the eyes rest, and this will facilitate the work." He has made the suggestion to many, and in each case has received the thanks of those who have benefited by it. It is simple and does not require any philosophy to prove it.

—Terra alba, or white earth, is used exclusively for adulterating candles, yet no less than 6,000 tons of this substance were recently imported through New York. Lozenges made entirely of this earth are dipped in sirups flavored with peppermint and other essences and then sold as genuine sugar lozenges. When it is known that terra alba is a mineral insoluble by the gastric juices, the extent of the evil of this adulteration may be understood. It means grave danger of incurable disease to thousands of young children.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—Surgeons are now endorsing a method of treatment in cases where foreign bodies have been accidentally swallowed, which originated not in the medical profession, but through the smartness of deft members of another profession.—The London Pictorial. When surreptitiously acquiring small articles of jewelry, these are often quickly swallowed, and in order that they may pass through without harm to the individual or the jewelry, the gent lives on an exclusive and abundant potato diet, until the coveted article is again recovered. Prof. Hiltroth, of Vienna, says that this plan has proved so successful that operations of opening into the stomach for nails, teeth, etc., are no longer necessary.

—An electrical shoe water indicator has been devised by two Mexican inventors. It consists of a strong cylinder filled with about, so that when hung by a cable from a ship it will remain perfectly upright in the water. Embedded in its center is a glass or vulcanite tube half full of mercury, the two ends being closed by metallic plates, which are in communication, by insulated wires carried by the cable, with an electric battery and bell on the deck of the ship. The action of the apparatus is as follows: When the vessel approaches shallow water the cylinder drags on the ground below, and is consequently no longer upright, but is thrown on its side. This causes the mercury in the tube to touch both the metallic plates attached to the tube, as above explained; the electrical circuit thus becomes complete, and the warning bell on the ship instantly rings.

RATS IN ENGLAND.

The Right Little, Tight Little Island Needs a Field Piper Badly.

The plague of rats, from which more than one of our agricultural districts are at present suffering, threatens to assume serious proportions in East Lothian, though the vermin have been destroyed by the thousands, and all the terriers, steel traps and phosphorus paste in the neighborhood are in requisition, their numbers exhibit no appreciable diminution, while from the Fen district, in Lincolnshire, it is reported that they never were so numerous or destructive. The potato pits are invaded, the turnip fields constitute a browsing ground for the swarm of rodents, and every granary has been compelled to pay an unwilling tribute to the horde which has overspread the country.

Since "Hamelin Town in Brunswick Land" was afflicted in similar fashion such a pest has seldom been heard of. It is true that for the present they have not "fought the dogs and killed the cats, and bit the babies in their cradles, and ate the cheese out of the rats, and licked from the cooks' own ladle," but they are in a fair way to accomplish all these misdemeanors unless their career is brought to a speedy close. Indeed the rats seem to have come to stay. Unlike such vermin generally they are burrowing holes by the roadside, and when we remember the amazing rapidity with which they multiply, it is hard to say whether we should wish the farmers of Lincolnshire and East Lothian a severe winter or an open one.

For though the frost might drive the rats from the fields, it would certainly force them to seek the shelter of the stable and byre, while an absence of frost would favor their increase. Meantime the naturalist who is not an owner or cultivator of the soil can not fail to feel a certain qualified interest in the attempt on the part of nature to assert itself. It is a protest against the persevering efforts of civilization to destroy the balance of life, also this undue increase of rats must be traced to the destruction of the birds of prey, weasels, latest inroads, which is simply one more attempt on the part of nature to assert itself. It is a protest against the persevering efforts of civilization to destroy the balance of life, also this undue increase of rats must be traced to the destruction of the birds of prey, weasels, latest inroads, which is simply one more attempt on the part of nature to assert itself. It is a protest against the persevering efforts of civilization to destroy the balance of life, also this undue increase of rats must be traced to the destruction of the birds of prey, weasels, latest inroads, which is simply one more attempt on the part of nature to assert itself.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

Why He Was Sent to St. Helena by the British Government.

After Waterloo and the dissolution of the grand army Napoleon returned to France. The storm of revolution was already gathering; the tide of opposition to him had arisen and overwhelmed France; his son had been passed over by the Chamber of Representatives; his own services as General had been refused; he had endeavored to escape the vigilance of the British cruisers that guarded the coast, and finally he went on board the Bellerophon and surrendered himself to the commander, Captain Maitland. The great, fallen leader was informed that there were no conditions to be made in regard to the surrender of Napoleon, but that he should be conveyed to England to be received there in such manner as the Prince Regent should deem expedient.

He had written to the Prince Regent from Rochefort that he had terminated his career, and "like Themistocles, I come to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Highness as the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of my enemies." The concurrent testimony of the historians of the times is to the effect that Napoleon's life was in imminent danger in France. Blucher had threatened to execute him, and he gave himself up because there was nothing else to do. No graver questions ever faced a civilized nation than the disposition of Napoleon and Jefferson Davis when their public careers came to an end. In Europe the experiment had been tried of banishment, or rather restraint to Elba, but that had failed. Europe would never be at peace; its awful slaughters on the battlefields, by disease, exposure, in all the ghastly forms of war, would not cease unless the cause were securely, permanently restrained; while to hold him beyond the reach of activity in Europe would be to imprison him. This was the condition, these were the reasons, that led the British Government to decide to send him to St. Helena. For this purpose an act of Parliament was passed "for the better detaining in custody of Napoleon Bonaparte," and another act providing for the proper and special government of the island of St. Helena. He was detained on the Bellerophon until August 4 and then transferred to the Northumberland, and on October 15 arrived in St. Helena, never to leave it alive.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CROWNED AFTER DEATH.

The Only Queen Who Never Knew Her Royal Station.

There is no more remarkable page in all history than the one which tells of the crowning of Inez de Castro's fleshless skull as Queen of Portugal. She had been married clandestinely to young Dom Pedro, and was murdered three years later by assassins instigated by her father-in-law. When the young Dom heard of her death he was beside himself with grief and rage. Two of the assassins fell into his hands and suffered terrible tortures, which only ended by their hearts being torn out while they were yet alive. When Pedro came to the throne a few years later he had the bones of Inez taken from the grave, placed upon a magnificent throne, robed in royal purple, and actually crowned Queen of Portugal! The court was summoned and compelled to do her homage, just as if she were a real living Queen. One fleshless hand held the scepter and the other the orb of royalty. On the second night of this weird ceremony the fleshless Queen was borne before a grand funeral cortege extending several miles, each person holding a torch. Lying in her rich robes, her crown upon her grinning skull, in a chariot drawn by twenty coal-black mules, Queen Inez, the only Queen who never knew her royal station, was driven to the royal Abbey of Alcobaça, where the bones were interred with as much pomp as though she had died but yesterday. The monument erected to the Queen who was never a Queen during life, is still to be seen in the abbey, standing near the one erected to her royal husband, "Pedro, the Just." It is said that the whole cause of this outrageous proceeding was an attempt of Philip II. of Spain to secure the throne on the grounds that the marriage of Inez was illegal. These events occurred during the three years following January 1, 1347, the date of the marriage of Pedro and Inez.

THEY LIVE ON CREDIT.

How Petty Officials in Russia Swindle Trusting Tradesmen.

Full four-fifths of the officials of St. Petersburg receive less than \$5 a month. Most of them have a household of children, and they must all spend part of the year in town, where lodgings and provisions are expensive. I have at last got a clew to the mystery how they manage it. It is all done on credit. The credit of a petty official is practically inexhaustible. He and the majority of his co-workers live—at least in the country—at the expense of credulous tradesmen. Their spouses, especially, are born geniuses in this department of industry.

"From the very beginning," says a well-known publicist, "they established their household on a basis of fraud. In their houses strangers are sure to be taken in. Every man, woman and child who comes in contact with them is plucked like an elder duck." Most of these people pay only half the rent covenanted for, and some manage to get their meals thrown in. The tradesmen, who compete with each other suicidally, wipe out their last year's debts rather than run their heads into new nooses.

The peddlers and bargmen, who are continually strolling about these places with their bags of wares on their backs, are not too small thieves for the spiders' web woven by these "gentlemen." The lady of the house or her worthy spouse holds watch on the balcony, eagerly listening for the cries of the itinerant vendors, who, having no books, give credit, and are paid in promises.

Suddenly the cry: "Children's boots! Children's boots!" is wafted along, with many less pleasant things, upon the balmy breeze.

"Walk in here through the wicket to the right," cries the landlady from her porch. And the victim walks in, shows his wares, bargains, baggies and leaves several pairs of boots.

And so a family of three, four or five persons manage to live in the country, if not exactly on the fat of the land, yet on tid-bits of whatever is in season, and can afford to play cards with neighbors and relations, and go to a concert or private theatricals now and again.—St. Petersburg Letter.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Extracts from a Recent Issue of The Journal of Civilization.

"NOT A MURDER.—The other morning Hank Poole, a veteran old bum and bluffer of this locality, was found dead in Coddish alley, about ten feet from the door of the Red Jacket saloon. He had received about thirty buckshot, and had been dead for some hours when discovered. It was, of course, suspected that he had been killed in a row in the saloon, and the sheriff was waddling around with half a dozen warrants in his hand when we stepped in and threw a light of 250 candle-power on the situation.

"At about midnight on the previous night some one kicked on our office door, and when we called out to know who was there a rock was hurled through one of the windows. We sid out of bed, grabbed our shot-gun, and fired into the street through the same window, supposing 'the boys' wanted some fun with us. We heard some one run away, and have no doubt that Hank Poole was the target of our buck-shot. Hank had been down on us ever since we shot off his left ear a year ago in front of the post-office, and within two days he had been heard to declare that he would have our life.

"The coroner's jury acquitted us of all blame, but stuck us for the burial expenses, which footed up \$6.50. We are not complaining any. Any man is liable to kill one of his fellow-creatures out here any hour in the day, and it is only fair that he should see the body decently laid away. We are sorry that Hank didn't meet us on the street in daylight, and thus have a better show, but as he chose his own way no one is to blame but himself."

"HE WILL, EH?—The other day, when we saw Judge Saunders steering a Boston man around the country, we felt that a conspiracy of some sort was on the carpet, and we arranged for a private interview with the tenderfoot. The result justified our anticipations. The cactus owns twenty-six acres of sand and cactus three miles out of town on a Mormon Trail. He had made that Boston man believe this tract covered a ledge of pure silver, and was worth a million dollars, but owing to various reasons he would sell it for \$25,000. We spoiled the sale in about thirty seconds, and we understand that the Judge has sworn to have our life as an offset.

"Say, Judge, come and see us! If you thirst for our gore come and quench! We are always on deck every day in the week, and if you can get the drop on us, our scalp is yours. We shan't interfere in any thing like a square deal in this neighborhood, but we don't want to see our sand prairie all dug up and tossed about by a lot of tenderfoots who will afterwards seek to kill the town out of spite. Judge Saunders will find a plat of our graveyard hanging up in the post-office. Those lots marked with a blue pencil have already been taken and occupied."

"COME AND SEE IT.—We have just received from a friend in Denver a laundried shirt, valued at seventy-five cents, cut in the latest style and buttoned in the back. It is not only a valued present, but a curiosity, which all should see, and for a few days we will have it on exhibition at the office."

SETTLED OUT OF COLONY.—One of the first libel suits started against this paper was brought by Dr. King, the druggist on Sixth Place. We stated that the doctor was a quack and a fraud; that he was a skipper from the East; that he did not know quinine from arsenic, and that this climate would be sure to effect his health if he stayed a few weeks longer. A shyster lawyer named Davis made the doctor believe that he had been damaged, and he brought suit for a quarter of a million.

"Six months ago Davis spit on our hat as we were coming out of the post-office, and we had to pay \$10 to bury him. Three months ago the judge before whom the case would have been tried was thrown out of a second-story window in a saloon and killed. Four weeks ago the doctor was hung by the boys up at Penny Gulch for giving a sick man strychnine in place of camel, and yesterday we settled the case with his heirs for a sack of flour and two dozen Michigan clothes-pins. We have eleven thousand on hand, aggregating about \$2,000,000. And if any of the plaintiffs want to set the will be open to a trade all this week, though we shall limit them strictly to clothes-pins."—Detroit Free Press.

A JOURNALIST'S LOT.

Neither in City Nor Country Is it a Very Happy One.

You see a man to-day—robust, rosy, bright-eyed and witty. He looks as if he could not be happier if he owned the earth. He is a prosperous reporter on one of the great New York papers, hobnobbing with great men, flattered with the secrets of millionaires, courted by the prettiest women in creation—that is to say, the New York women. Ah, what a happy man! What a happy life!

The scene shifts and you see him again, but totally changed. He is rushing along the street with the pre-occupied air of a man upon whom four bees have alighted at once. He is careworn, pale, and his utterance are petulant. Discharged, you say. Disgraced. Overwhelmed with debt. Oh, no; nothing like that. He has simply reached the ambition of his life; he has started a paper of his own.

My first connection with a newspaper was happy, light-hearted and easy. I washed rollers five days of each week and delivered the papers on Thursdays. It was in Red Bank, N. J., and I carolled through the town like a bird, flinging the papers to the right and left over the fences of the front garden as I went. After I had delivered the papers the subscribers came to the office in groups. They saw the editor and the editor saw me.

"Brown did not get his paper," said he, "and Jones is complaining that he has not had his for two weeks." "Oh, that's all right," I replied; "I sling Brown's paper so hard that it lit on top of his porch. He can easily get it with a ladder. As for Jones' papers, why on earth did he not ask me. Last week's accidentally shot through a hole in the cellar window, and this week's lighted in the rhododendron bush to the right of the house."

I always knew when I sling each paper. I strange that men should come complaining instead of taking the trouble to look for their papers! But newspaper work was fun then. Ah, those were happy days!—Julian Ralph, in N. Y. Journal.

"Dunley"—"You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?" "Stranger—" "Why, no; you can't be such a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance."—Texas Sitings.

ENGLISH FORTUNES.

This Will Show Why the British Are Investing Overseas.

One ceases to wonder at the amount of British capital seeking investment in the United States after looking over a year's record of the money left by will in the United Kingdom. The "personality" of dead Britons or of deceased residents of Great Britain sworn to in 1880 for purposes of probate and of succession duty reached imposing sums. One dry goods jobber in Manchesterford possessed of \$12,500,000 of personal property; a Clyde ship builder comes next with \$5,200,000, and a member of the great banking house of the Barings follows hard upon him with \$4,500,000.

A son of the House of Orleans, Count Greville, died possessed of \$3,200,000, in England; and a Scottish peer, the Earl of Leven and Melville, left for division among his heirs \$2,600,000. What we call millionaires—nobody there with less than \$5,000,000 being so denominated—were numerous, Manchester alone had ten of them ranging from \$2,100,000 of "personality" to \$1,000,000. James Jameson, the great Dublin distiller, left \$2,400,000 of hard cash, or what may be called its portable equivalent, and in England Brewer Dan Thwaites left \$2,300,000.

A Cork brewer, W. H. Crawford, had a sworn "personality" of \$1,600,000, and there were eight other deceased brewers whose estates were liable to succession duty on \$6,000,000. It figures like that impress on the English mind the idea that there is in beer, as there was in Dr. Johnson's day, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice."

Even the railroad magnates left a less impressive aggregate, though one of them—Sir Daniel Gooch, chairman of the Great Western, died possessed of \$3,100,000, and of two more railroad engineers, one was worth \$800,000 and another \$440,000.

The richest representative of the iron industry, who died in 1880, was a manufacturer of plows worth \$1,100,000—a London banker, whose heirs divided the snug little sum of \$1,200,000. But even he does not come up to John Nevill, baker—who ever heard of a millionaire baker on this side of the Atlantic? whose "personality" is sworn at \$1,400,000.

It must be remembered that all this is in personal or movable property, and that real estate does not count in the enumeration, not being liable to succession duty.—Chatter.

OIL TRANSPORTATION.

The Immense Amount of Capital Invested in Pipe Lines.

Very few people understand the extent and value of the great oil-pipe lines that bring the product of the petroleum wells to the great refining and transporting centers. Talking the other day with Newell Cowell, of Cleveland, who is largely interested in the lines, he said:

"You have probably no idea of the extent of the Standard Oil Company's pipeline system. It is prodigious. One line goes as direct as the way will allow from New York, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., to Cleveland, a distance of about three hundred miles. The line stops at Saddle River, N. Y., within easy reach of the metropolis. The Pennsylvania line stretches from Colgrove, McKean County, to Philadelphia, nearly 280 miles. The Baltimore line begins at Midway Station, on the Pennsylvania line, and runs to the city of Baltimore, a distance of seventy miles; that into the great refineries at Cleveland begins at Hilliard's, Pa., and is one hundred miles in length, and to Pittsburgh is sixty miles in length, and finds its beginning in Carbon Center, Butler County, Pa., while that to Buffalo begins at Four Mile, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., and is seventy miles in length. That is a big system in itself, but this isn't all there is of it. A main line has been built from Kane, McKean County, to Bear Creek, a distance of fifty miles, which serves as a feeder, as oil can be pumped through in both ways. It would be impossible to describe the mass of smaller lines that cross the territory drained in every direction, nor would a description made today be of exact value to-morrow, as new wells are constantly opened and old ones closed. You can get some idea of the immensity of this business from the fact that \$6,000,000 does not represent the full value of the lines and tankage made valueless owing to the failure of the districts in which they are situated. The Standard has recently built a pipe line from Lima, in the Ohio oil field, to Chicago, thus adding one more link to the great chain. Its length is a little over two hundred miles. It also bought up in 1883 the Tidewater Pipe Line, from the Bradford oil fields to Williamsport, on the Reading railroad."

The Standard controls the whole business under the name of the National Transit Company.—N. Y. Star.

Learn to Use Both Hands.

Teach the children to use both hands. They will find the knowledge useful in life. Writers' cramps can be cured in no way but by rest. If a man, be he a copyist, clerk or a telegraph operator, sits down and writes for eight, ten or twelve hours a day as fast as he can, he must expect to suffer, unless he is unusually strong. We have muscular hands and nervous connections which are liable to be overstrained and worn out. If a wire used by a telegraph operator gets out of order he sends his messages over another wire; if the owner of a few horses rides one till the animal can do no more work, he gives him a rest for awhile. Just so it is with man; if he is to be a man, he must not be overstrained by the use of his hands. Nature, and nature alone, aided, perhaps, by bathing with cold water, which acts as a tonic, can restore a cramped or tired arm. Why should not people who have a great deal of writing to do learn to write with both hands? Then when one needs a rest the other can be duty.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Study of Languages.

What I urge is that no invidious distinction be made, as sometimes used to be and sometimes is, between the ancient and the modern to the disadvantage of the latter, but that students should be encouraged to take the course in modern languages as being quite as good in point of discipline as any other, and to the same end, and that end, as I have said, should be literature, in which alone language attains to full consciousness of its power and the joyous exercise of it. It is only through literature that we become complete men, and there, and there only, can we learn what man is and what man may be. For it is nothing else than the autobiography of mankind.—From an Address by Prof. Lowell.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Hydraulic power at a pressure of 750 pounds to the square inch is now conveyed about beneath the streets of London as steam is conveyed in this country.

—The annual cost per man in some of the armies of Europe is: \$24 in Great Britain, \$32 in Austro-Hungary, \$46 in Germany, \$22 in Russia. Switzerland comes at the bottom of the list with an annual cost of only \$7 per man.

—At the Newcastle-on-Tyne police court recently two men were arraigned for shipping to Antwerp two cars loaded with horses in a shocking condition. The best of these horses were to be made into "beef" and the second-class into "sausage."

—The Shah of Persia, in addition to the masses of jewels in the royal treasury, has a private fortune stored in vault or elsewhere which is known to consist of at least \$3,000,000. To this he is perpetually adding fresh accumulations.

—The Sultan may not be much of a financier, but his ideas of meeting a monetary crisis are practical and sound. An audit of his finance department disclosed a big deficit, and to meet it His Majesty ordered a reduction in the salaries of his state officials. Another monarch would have raised the public taxes.

—A remarkable verdict was rendered in the Court of Queen's Bench in London a short time since. A man sued for damages for personal injuries, and the jury awarded him £2,500, although he only claimed £500. He stepped upon some cotton seed in front of a mercantile establishment, which caused him to fall and injure his spine and eyesight.

—Autotype machines have just been served out for the first time to some of the copying clerks at the Vatican, and they are only to be used for rough proof work to be done in a hurry. The Pope is not in favor of the innovation, for he fears that it will break up the admirable school of penmanship which has so long flourished at the Vatican.

—The London correspondent of the Prince of Wales has instituted a custom of weighing both the coming and the parting guest at Sandringham palace. At the first opportunity after his arrival the guest is weighed, and his weight recorded in a book kept for the purpose, and he is weighed again on the morning of his departure, and another record made, accompanied by the autograph of the guest. One of the latest signatures in the book is that of Salisburgh, and his weight is put at eighteen stone plump.

—The little King of Spain's first demand, when he began to get well, was that he should be taken "to see the lame beggar," a cripple for whom he has formed a great attachment, and who is allowed to come to the side of the carriage and hold long conversations with the young monarch when he is out for an airing. The King is very self-willed as he grows older, and will only yield to his mother when she tells him she is going to her room to cry. That always wins him over.

—The Duchess d'Uzes on a recent visit to England became so impressed with the physical development of English women that she returned to her native land fired with the ambition to introduce some sort of physical training and systematic exercise among French women, who are more deficient in this regard than the women of any other nation. In accordance with her new purpose, she has founded lawn tennis clubs, supplying the nets and balls at her own expense and paying an English professor to give the necessary instruction. Her own daughters take part in the exercises, and she has also rowing clubs and races for the daughters of her tenantry.

VEGETABLE GROWTH.

A Vast Force Exerted Without Noise or Demonstration of Any Kind.

It has long been known to scientific men that the power of growth in the vegetable kingdom is something marvelous. There is no human engineering which can compare in power with the silent machinery of a forest on a spring day. The force with which the sap rises in the tree, without any apparent cause, any propelling power like the beating heart of man, is marvelous. It has been estimated that the physical energy of the sap in the plant is fourteen times that of the blood in man.

Some years ago President Clark, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, succeeded by means of some interesting experiments in measuring the power of growth possessed by a squash. For this purpose he harnessed it in iron, put it in prison, and gave it a weight to lift. He prepared a bed of rich compost to give the plant every possible opportunity for growth. On one end of this bed he placed a box and in the box the squash, enclosed in an iron basket-work. The squash thus enclosed was placed in the box in such a way that it could only grow by pushing itself upward. Then, on the top of the squash, a long bar of timber was laid, in such a way that the squash, in its upward growth, must push this bar with it. Finally, on the bar were hung weights, at such distances from the squash as enormously to increase their weight power, and consequently, the severity of the test afforded.

The result was that the squash steadily pushed its way upward, carrying the bar and the increasing weight with it. On August 21 it was lifting sixty pounds; on September 13, fourteen hundred pounds; on October 18, three thousand one hundred and twenty pounds; on October 31, five thousand pounds! How much more it would have carried is not known. For at this point the iron harness burst and cut into the rind of the squash, which had obstructed so far the growth of the squash, that in order to extricate the squash it was necessary to cut the iron with a cold chisel, and draw the pieces out endwise.

There is to our imagination something grand in the thought of a force so vast exerted without noise or demonstration of any kind, and apparently far exceeding all the ordinary exigencies of the plant. In every acre of well-cultivated ground a power is silently at work which transcends man's mightiest machines by almost as much as the infinite transcends the finite. Does it not give a suggestion of the quiet power of the Almighty?—Sunshine.

"Gracious," whispered an old maid during a cold snap, "isn't it frightfully cold?" "Indeed it is," replied another maiden, about two years her junior. "I am sure we never have had such weather as this before." "I think you are right; at least that seems to be the general opinion of all the oldest inhabitants," smiled the junior, with frozen significance.—Merchant Traveler.

The Funeral Couldn't Proceed.

There are still some towns in Maine which neither the railroad nor the summer visitor has invaded. In such a town the greatest event is a wedding or a funeral. In a little village on the