

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.)

This evening was but another of those Mr. Baumgarten sometimes spent at Avon House feeding the flame of her illstarred passion. His manner to women was naturally tender, and to Grace, with her fascinations unconsciously brought to bear upon him, dangerously warm. That he never for one moment had outstepped the bounds of friendly intercourse Grace attributed entirely to the self-restraint imposed by his inferior position; but she did not doubt he loved her in secret.

While at dinner he told them, jokingly, as he had told Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon remarked, in answer, that he could not do better; parsons and doctors should always be married men.

'Yes, that's very right, very true," he returned in the same jesting tone. "But suppose they have nothing to marry upon?"

But you have something, Mr. Baumgarten. "Yes, I have two hundred a year; and

no residence. "The rectory is rather bad, I believe," "Bad! Well, Lady Avon, you should

it to get into that state," she remarked, and the subject dropped. After dinner Mr. Baumgarten stood on

the lawn with Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon. indoors, was beginning to doze; they knew better than to disturb her; this after-dinner sleep, which sometimes did not last more than ten minutes, was of great moment to her, the doctor said.

Mr. Baumgarten had held out his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy as they began to pace the paths, and she took it. They came to a halt near the entrance gate, both gazing at the beautiful sky. their bands partially shading their eyes from the blaze of sunset, when a little man dressed in black with a white necktie was seen approaching.

"Why, here comes Moore" exclaimed Grace.

He was the clerk at the Great Whitton church. Limping up to the gate, for he was lame with rheumatism, he stood there and looked at Mr. Baumgarten, as if his business lay with him. But Grace withdrawing her arm from her companion, was first at the gate.

"I beg pardon, my lady, I thought it right to come up and inform the countess of the sad news-and I'm glad I did, seeing you here, sir. Mr. Chester is gone, my lady." "Gone!" exclaimed Grace. "Gone

where?"

"He is dead, my lady-he is dead, sir. Departed to that bourne whence no traveler returns," continued the clerk, wishing to be religiously impressive and believing he was quoting from Scripture. "Surely it cannot be!" said Mr. Baum-

garten. "Ay, but it is, sir, more's the pity. And frightfully sudden. After getting home from afternoon service, he said he felt uncommonly tired, he couldn't think why, and that he'd not have his tea till later in the evening. He went up to his room and sat down in the easy cl and dropped asleep. A sweet, tranquil sleep it was, to all appearance, and Mrs. Chester shut the door and left him. But after an hour or two, when she sent up to say he had better wake up for his tea, they found him dead. The poor old lady is quite beside herself with the suddenness, and the maids be running about all sixes and sevens."

"I will go down with you at once, Moore," said Mr. Baumgarten.

"But you will come back and tell usand tell us how Mrs. Chester is?" said Lady Grace, as he was passing through the gate.

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it," he answered, walking away with so fleet a step that the clerk with difficulty kept up with him.

"I fancy it must have been on his mind, sir," said he; "not direct, perhaps, but some inkling like of what was about to happen. This afternoon, when I'd took off his surplice in the vestry I went and put things to rights a bit in the church, and when I got back into the vestry to lock up, I was surprised to see the rector still there, sitting opposite the outer door, which stood open to the churchyard. 'Don't you feel well, sir?' said I. 'Oh, yes. I'm well,' he answered, 'but I'm tired. We must all all get to feel tired when the end of our life is at hand, Moore, and mine has been a long one,' 'Yes, it has, sir, and a happy one, too,' I said, 'thank God.' With that he rose up from his chair, and lifted his hands towards Heaven, looking up at the blue sky. 'Thanks be to my merciful God,' he repeated, solemply, in a hushed sort of tone. 'For that, and all the other blessings of my past life on earth, thanks be unto Him!" With that, he took his hat and stick and walked out to the churchyard," concluded the clerk, "leaving me a bit dazed as "twere, for I had never heard him talk like that before; he was not the sort 'o man to do it."

Within an hour Mr. Baumgarten was back at Avon House. Lady Grace was still lingering in the garden, in the summer twilight. He told her in a hushed voice all he had to tell; of the general state of things at the rectory, of poor Mrs. Chester's sad distress.

"Mamma is expecting you," said Grace. "I broke the news to her but she wants to hear more particulars."

They went into the drawing-room by the open doors of the window. Mr. Baumgarten gave the best account he could to Lady Avon; and then drank a cup of tea. standing. Still asking questions, Grace passed out again with him to the open air, and strolled by his side along the smooth, broad path which led to the entrance gate. When they reached it he held out his hand to bid her good evening. The opal sky was clear and beautiful; a large star shone in it.

'Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested in his; "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the young clergyman's face. To exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had now and then made one of the flighty dreams of his ambitton

-but never really cherished. "Do not mock me with pleasant vis-

lions, Lady Grace. I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon.'

"You can marry then," she said, softly, in reference to the conversation at dinner, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance

"Marry? Yes, I should-I hope-do was his reply. His voice was soft as her own; his speech hesitating; he was thinking of Edith Dane.

But how was Lady Grace to divine She, alas! gave altogether a different interpretation to the words; and her heart beat with a tender throbbing, and her lips parted with love and hope, and she gazed after him until he disappeared in the shadows of the sweet summer night.

CHAPTER III.

The Countess of Avon, persuaded into it by her daughter-badgered a promise from her son that he would bestow the living of Great Whitton upon the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten.

The Earl did not give an immediate consent; in fact, he demurred to give it at all; and sundry letters passed to and fro between Avon House and Paris-for his lordship happened just then to have "Mr. Dane ought not to have allowed taken a run over to the French capital. Great Whitton was too good a thing to be thrown away upon young Baumgarten, who was nobody, he told his mother, and he should like to give it to Elliotsen; but Lady Avon, for peace's sake at home, urged her petition strongly, and the Earl at length granted it and gave the prom-

> The morning the letter arrived containing the promise, and also the information that his lordship was back at his house in London, Lady Avon was feeling unusually ill. Her head was aching violently, and she bade her maid put the letter aside; she would open it later. This she did in the afternoon when she was sitting up in her dressing room and she then told Grace of the arrival of the unexpected promise.

"Oh, let me see it!" exclaimed Grace. in her incautious excitement, holding out

her hand for the letter. She read it hungrily, with flushing cheeks and trembling fingers. Lady Avon could but note this. It somewhat puz-

"Grace," she said, "I cannot think why you should be so eager. What does it signify to you who gets the living-whether

Mr. Baumgarten or another?" "It would be very annoying to us, mamma, if some dolt of a man got itand Henry, as you know, has no discrimination. Mr. Baumgarten is safe. He is suitable in all respects; thoroughly capable, and a gentleman. Besides, you

like him. "Well, I do," assented Lady Avon.

In the evening, when Grace was sauntering listlessly in the rocky walk, wondering whether any one would call that night or not, she saw him. He was coming along the path from the rectory. The old rector had been buried some days "I have been sitting with Mrs. Chester, and thought I would just ask, in passing, how Lady Avon is," he remarked, swinging through the gate, as if he would offer an apology for calling last time I was here she seemed so very poorly,'

"She is not any better, I am sorry to say; to-day she has not come downstairs at all," replied Grace, meeting his offered hand. "What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" she resumed, standing before him in the full blow of her beauty, her hand not yet withdrawn from

He bent his sweet smile upon her, his deep, dark eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. Ryle Baumgarten was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men-despite his love for Edith Dane. She was awaiting an an-

"What may I give?" he said. "Nothing that I could give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that, Mr. Baumgarten?

With a burning blush, for she had spok en unguardedly, Grace laughed merrily, stepped a few steps backward, and drew a letter from her pocket.

"It is one that came to mamma this morning, and it has a secret in it. What will you give me to read you just one little sentence?"

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith and his calling were in the way, would have said a shower of kisses; it is possible that he might in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed him cannot be known. Lady Grace, blushing still, took refuge in the letter. Folding it so that only the signature was visible, she held it out to him. He read the name, 'Henry."

"Is it-from-Lord Avon?" he said, with hesitation.

"It is from Lord Avon. He does not sign himself in any other way to us. 'Your affectionate son, Henry,' it always runs to mamma; and it is no unmeaning phrase; he is very fond of her. But now for the secret. Listen."

Mr. Baumgarten, suspecting nothing, listened with a smile.

"I have been dunned with applications since I got home," read Grace, aloud, from Lord Avon's letter, "some of them from personal friends; but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, mother, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great "Whitton." In reading she had left out the words "and Grace." She closed the letter, and then stole a glance at his face. It had turned pale to seriousness.

"I do not quite understand," he said "No? It means that you are appointed to Great Whitton."

"How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth. "Now, is not the knowing that worth

omething?" laughed she. "Oh, Lady Grace! It is worth far more than anything I have to give in return. But-it is not a jest, is it? Can

it be really true?" "A jest! Is that likely? You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will, of course, hear from my brother. I am not acquainted, myself, with the formal routine of these things. Mamma is ama canal?

rejoicing; she would rather have you here than any one.

"Lady Avon is too kind," he murmured, abstractedly. "And what do you think mamma said?

Shall I tell you? 'Mr. Baumgarten can Those were her words." marry now.' Grace spoke with sweet sauciness, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feeling for him-although she believed in his love for her. His answer sur-

"Yes, I can marry now," he assented, still half lost in his own thoughts. shall do so soon. I have only waited until some preferment should justify lt." "You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten,

prised her.

to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked her?" "No; where was the use, until I could

speak to some purpose? But she has detected my wishes, I am sure of that; and there is no coquetry in Edith.'

"Edith?" almost shricked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon: I shall not fall." "What have you done? You have hurt

They had been walking close to the minlature rocks, and she had seemed to stumble over a projecting corner. "I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp," she moaned.

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you; you are as white as

death." He wound his arms gently round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder; he thought she was going to faint. For one single moment she yielded to the fascination of the beloved resting place. Oh! that it could be hers forever! She shivered, raised her head, and drew away from him.

"Thank you," she said, faintly; "the anguish has passed. I must go indoors

Mr. Baumgarten held out his arm, but she did not take it, walking alone with rapid steps toward the house. At the entrance of the glass door she turned to him.

"I will wish you good evening now." He held out his hand, but she did not appear to see it. She ran in, and he turned away to depart, thinking she must be in great pain.

Lady Grace shut herself in the drawing room. For a few moments she rushed about like one possessed, in her torrent of anger. Then she sat down to her writ ing desk and dashed off a blotted and hasty note to Lord Avon-which would just save the post.

"Give the living to any one you please Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten; bestow it where you will, but not to him. There are reasons why he would be utterly unfit for it. Explanations when we

During this, Mr. Baumgarten was hastening home, the great news surging in his brain. Edith was at the gate, but not looking for him, of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He caught her by the waist and drew her between the trees and be gan to kiss her. She cried out, and gazed at him in wonder.

"Edith, do you think I am mad? I be lieve I am-mad with joy, for the time has come that I may ask you to be my wife!"

"Your wife," she stammered, for in truth that prospect had seemed farther off than heaven.

tude of his emotion. Her heart beat wild- terials. The bulletin on the subject of ly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's not long before.

"You know how must have seen it, though I would not speak; but I could not marry while my income was so small. It would not have and pharmaceutical preparations, vinebeen right, Edith."

"If you think so-no." now. Will you be my wife?"

"But-what has happened?" she asked. "Ah, what! Premotion has come to me, my dear one. I am presented to the living of Great Whitton.

"Of Great Whitton, Ryle?" "It is quite sure. Lord Avon's mother he generously complied. Edith, will you cent strength." reject me, now I have Great Whitten?"

stroking her hair. "I would not have used sources of raw material and with rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

"Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he said minished. in a laughing whisper. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour ago."

A shiver seemed to dart through her heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"Grace said, in a joking kind of way, that her mother had remarked I could (cheap grade) two gallons; water, one told Grace that I should do so-one word bott in water until the soap is disleads to another, you know, Edith, and solved. Remove the soap solution from that I had only waited for preferment the fire and add kerosene, and churn picket fence.-Farm Progress. to marry you, my best love. As I was or spray back until a thorough emulspeaking she managed somehow to twist ber ankle. The pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, seven gallons of water, and use this and I had to hold her to me. But I did for spraying or dipping. This emulnot pay myself for my trouble as I am sion may be applied to any of the farm doing now-with kisses. Edith, my whole animals by means of a sponge, brush love is yours."

lingering in the soft shade of the evening piled it will rid the stock of lice. This twilight, and then they went in together and imparted the great news to Mrs. Dane.

(To be continued.)

Certainly Not.

your feet on the table, John. I'll have spray the roosts and coops, and in this to go and get that book on table eti- way rid them of mites and lice. quette, I guess.

The Husband-No use, dear; I've read that book all through, and it doesn't mention in it a word about feet station bulletin, the cultivation of ginon the table.-Yonkers Statesman,

Necessary Preliminary.

the Rev. Mr. Flatfoot, as the contribu- While the crop is exceptionally valution box was started on its rounds, "re- able, the cultivation of ginseng has membah, dat while it am well t' direct been found to possess disadvantages yo' wireless messages to de throne ob grace, dey am a heap mo' less apt t' miscarry if de charges am liber'ly pre- diseases have broken out in the gin-

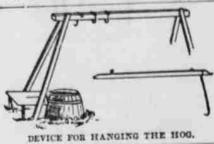
Lost in Obscurity.

make a genuine panama hat. hat? Then, great Scott, how long do recognized and methods for keeping the



Farm Hog-Killing Outfit.

As all farmers who kill their own hogs know, the old way of butchering is very inconvenient and tiresome. The following arrangement, illustrated in the Queenslander, makes the labor comparatively easy. The top piece is 2x5 inches, and 12 feet long. The mortices for the supports to fit in are made five inches from the ends or piece, and are one-half inch deep, 21, inches wide at bottom, by 1% inches at top, thus only one bolt is needed to hold them together at top. The upright supports are 2x21/2, and seven feet long; crosspiece, 11/4 x21/2, and at one end this should be bolted on upright pieces, down low enough so that bench will set over it. The lever is 31/2x2 at staple,



and shaved down to 1% at end. Staples made of five-sixteenths inch rod iron, and long enough to clinch. Clevis where chain is fastened is made of three-eighths inch iron. The end of the lever is iron, 6x21/2 bent, as shown for gambrel stick to rest on, while lifting pig to the pole hooks, which are made large enough to slip back and forth easily on upper piece. Rods one-half inch, bent to hold gambrel stick. A book not shown in cut made of onehalf inch iron, attaches to B and provides a fulcrum for the lever A for dipping hog in the barrel and raising carcass to the gambrel books. Bench, 19x11/2 inches, 20 inches high, 8 feet one-quarter its length. No Profit in Farm Alcohol.

The Department of Agriculture, through Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, has undertaken to educate the farmers regarding the manufacture of denatured alcohol. Two bulletins on the subject have been is-

From Dr. Wiley's discussion of the subject the conclusion is reached that the manufacture of alcohol on a very small scale is not likely to prove profitable, and because of revenue regulations it is evident that the farmer must He drew her to him again in the plenti- be content with producing the raw masources and manufacture says: "The principal uses of industrial al-

cohol are illumination, heating, motive power and the manufacture of lacquers, varnishes, smokeless powder, medicinal gar and ether. When industrial alcohol is made at a price at which it can "But, oh, my dearest, I may speak compete with petroleum and gasoline, it doubtless will be preferred for the purposes above mentioned, because of its greater safety and more pleasant odor. Under the present conditions it is not probable that industrial alcohol can be offered upon the market at much asked him to give it to me, it seems, and less than 40 cents a gallon of 95 per

Dr. Wiley expresses the belief, how-She hid her face. She felt him lovingly ever, that by paying attention to unimproved methods of manufacturing and denaturing this price can be di-

To Rid Animals of Lice.

A bulletin recently issued by the Oklahoma experiment station gives the following formula for making kerosene emulsion to rid farm animals of lice. Hard soap, one-half pound; kerosene or spray pump, without any injury A little more lovemaking, a little more whatever, and when thoroughly apemulsion may also be used to free poultry from lice. Place the emulsion in a vessel of convenient size and dip the fowls, being sure to get all portions of the body wet, and hold them in the The Wife-I don't think that looks dip one minute. After treating the very nice for you to sit there with fowls the emulsion may be used to

Ginseng in Missouri. According to the Missouri experiment

seng for the Chinese market has become an important industry in that State, notwithstanding the fact that it "An' now, bruddern an' sistern," said takes five or six years to mature a crop. the same as most other cultivated crops. It appears that several fungus seng plantations, some of which are Gunner-They say it takes years to areas often being destroyed in a single week. However, the particular orworked out

Onlon Growing.

The period between killing frosts in Montana is placed at 100 to 120 days, wiitle the time required for onlons to mature from seeding is 135 to 150 days, and it onions are not thoroughly ripe their keeping quality is injured. according to a report prepared by R. W. Fisher, of the Montana Station. The experiments are recorded in detail for each year, and yields given by both methods of culture.

Generally speaking, the yields from transplanted onlons were from 50 to 200 per cent larger than from seed sown in the field, where there was but little or no increase in cost of labor. The transplanting insures an even crop, the maturity of the crop and the keeping quality of the onions. Prize Taker gave the largest average yield of the nineteen varieties grown, and was one of the best keepers, though not usually advertised as a winter onion. The seedling bulbs of this variety, however, kept poorly because the growing season was not long ensugh to properly mature them. The use of well-rotted manure increased the yield of both field-sown and transplanted onlons. Suggestions are included for making

Milk Cows. The Hollanders evidently breed and

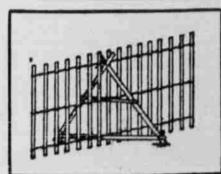
feed for milk first of all. That they succeed is proved by the large milk yields of their cows. That large milk flow, seemingly regardless of butter-fat percentage, pays them is proved by their prosperity. The dairyman here thinks it necessary to pay small prices for dairy cows that annually yield from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds of milk. What the financial result to him is, the wretched records show only too plainly. He is the worst-paid farmer in the land. What could be not do if, instead of breeding, buying, feeding and milking cheap cows, he were to breed, feed and milk cows of the 11,500 to 14,500 pound class? The Frieslanders and other Hollanders, with their gigantle cows, make money on milk produced 1871—Apache Indians studied on soil that costs from \$500 to \$2,000 an acre or rents at from \$50 to \$200.

The Onion Maggot. The onion maggot and cabbage mag-

got can only be distinguished by an expert, as they are very nearly alike. long. Barrel to be set in the ground | The maggot is the larva of a small fly. There is no known "sure" remedy that can be applied. Sprinkling powdered sulphur around the plants is a partial remedy, but it does not always bring relief. Making a small hole near each onion and pouring into each hole half a tenspoonful of bisulphide of carbon, covering the holes with earth, is claimed to be a remedy, but such method is expensive and laborious. Liquid manure applied to the plants is claimed to be a remedy. .The best preventive is to grow the onions on land that has not before produced a crop, but of course such can not be done until next season. This change of location of the onion patch is the only partial solution of the maggot problem.

Sagging Pence Supports.

not rot off or break off, for picket or nine-wire, take two boards 2x6, cross at the top so as to leave a crotch for top wire. Fasten together with 8-penny nails. Put a crossplece in the middle for middle wires to rest on and fasten with staple and a crossplece at bottom for bottom wires to rest on and fasten with staple. Then anchor with a small stake on each side to prevent 1899-U. S. cruiser Charleston and on coast of Luxon, Philippins in



SUPPORTS FOR FENCE.

wind from tipping over, and you have marry, now I had Great Whitton. So I gallon. Cut the soap in shavings and a good post for picket fence. Nail or wire post to the stake. This makes an excellent post for repairing an old

Studying Evaporated Cream.

The Massachusetts board of health has been conducting extended investigations as to the composition of the socalled evaporated creams offered in the local markets, and has discovered that most of these are misnomers. Numerous determinations show these products to be merely unsweetened condensed milk, which, while possessing the consistency and appearance of cream, have neither the taste nor physical characteristics.

Dust Bath Is Important. Do not forget the dust bath; it is a

cheap luxury, and will go far toward keeping the fowls free from lice and mites. Any ordinary box obtainable at the grocer's will answer the purroad dust or garden soil (which must that the board of education may be secured in decrease in the tast be secured in dry weather before freezing), to which should be added from time to time a liberal allowance of sulphur. Some use wood ashes in place of dust.

an inch or more in diameter should be ards of the Department of Comme covered with some waterproof subextremely serious and infectious, large the consistency of cream. The bark stance, like grafting wax or shellac of and outer wood will thus be preserved, Guyer—Years to make a panama ganisms causing the damage have been be covered with new bark. If this precaution be not taken the end of the the South African museum at Cap branch may decay from they expect it to take to make a Pan- diseases under control have now been branch may decay from exposure to wind, rain, heat and cold.



1794 Timothy Pickering at chusetta became Postmente of United States,

1799—Bonaparte declared fre 1814 Gen. Jackson, with 2000 1 see militia, drove the Britis I Pensacola.

1818 Smith Thompson of New York came Secretary of the Nan 1828-Siege of Silistria raiset.

1837-Riot at Alton, Ill.; E. P. Le killed. 1853-President Pierce tuned by of Washington aquedoct.

1859-Treaty of Zurich signed. 1861-Federal naval and mility under Commodore Dupon sal Sherman, captured form a Royal entrance.

1864 Gen. McClellan resigned in mand in the army.

1867—First woman's sufrap formed in England. 1869-Holborn Viaduet, Lories, near Wickenburg, Ariesa killed six passengers, smag-

F. W. Loring, the author. 1873 - Captain and crew of the Vir executed at Santiago de Cala. 1875-Steamer City of Waco burner Galveston bar.

1876-Centennial Exposition Pr phia, closed; total admissions if 1880 Sarah Bernhart made ber h can debut at Booth's thrate,

York. 1880-President proclaimed Mema State of the Union Romm olic centenary in America cid at Baltimore.

1890-British torpedo beat wrecked on Spanish coast; 135 lost Revolt against Pri Brogan in Hondoras suppressi 802-Dynamite explosions and anarchists in Paris.

1893-Thirty persons killed and by by anarchist's bomb in Be theater ... F. H. Weeks of S York, embezzier of \$1,000,000 s to Sing Sing prison. 1805-Miss Consuelo Vanderbit

Duke of Marlborough mariel New York. 1897—Attempted assassination of h dent Morales of Branl States, Russia and Japan a

treaty for protection of min Behring Sea. 1898-Theodore Rossevelt elected 9 ernor of New York ... Turking in Crete forcibly removed by Rus admiral.

to Mrs. Mildred H. Hazer at Wa ington, D. C. 1900-Canadian parliamentary of

carried by a Liberal majority. 1901-Li Hung Chang, Chines of man, died in Pekin United in and Great Britain signed lets canal treaty. 1902-Reciprocity treaty between I ed States and Newfoundland

.... Spanish cabinet resigned 1903-President Roosevelt sest 9 gress his message on Cubs States recognized Panama pa 1905—British squadron, commission Prince Louis of Battenberg in

New York. SCHOOLS COLLEGE

George Westinghouse, the inve received the degree of doctor of neering from the Technical unions The health officer of Clereland Berlin.

has forbidden the use of sizes sponges in the primary grades of the lic schools on the ground that the 'The woman's college of Baltimes appointed Miss Caroline Shawe is veyor for the college, a new offer

duties of which are to have charged scientific and sanitary administrates the entire establishment. Judge Carpenter of Denver has the terpret literally the clause in the use contracts permitting dismissi at a ure. Some good and sufficient resent be given before a teacher is discharged.

A new metric chart, represent graphical measures of the metric system of weights and s has been prepared by the bureau d school in which the system is tagil.

W. L. Schiater has been applied rector of the museum of Colorida lege. For four years he was deperintendent of the Indian ma Calcutta and for ten years He has published a series of raise the fauna of South Africa.