

LA SENSITIVA.

[Elvira Sudnor Miller in Courier-Journal.] I saw her on a golden day. The Spanish bells of Monterey...

She passed serenely thro' the throng A perfect poem set to song. While 'e'en her hair had been taught...

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

See here, my farmer friend, let me give you a few facts. The average farmer shortens the services of his lumber wagon...

Well, I am going to shock you. I'd have the hay cut, the wagons washed once a week. I'd have a lawn about the house...

Brave Sam Houston in Alabama.

The fire of the enemy's deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time. Houston's major, L. P. Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works...

Accidental Fruit of the Vine.

"There's a set," said one Brooklynite to another in the bridge-carriage the other morning. "You sit down," was the reply to the invitation.

A Rapid Traveler.

"My son," said an economical father, "an express train attains great speed. Lightning is proverbial for its rapidity, comets are supposed to hurt themselves through space at the rate of millions of miles a day...

Kissing in Pittsburg.

[Philadelphia Call.] The thing has got to stop. You have been allowing young Nicelliflow to kiss you. "But, pa, why do you think—"

European Passenger Traffic.

On all European lines there are first, second and third class fares for passenger traffic; the third class fares yield the largest margin of profit. During the last ten years the rates have been generally reduced...

ONE HEART.

[Ella Wheeler in Midland Monthly.] To rise early, work late, hurry through his three meals like some hungry animal, and plunge into bed with the first slumber of night, was John Chester's idea of existence.

"To sit and talk awhile, to read an hour, to speak a tender word or bestow a tender caress, were follies and nonsense in his eyes. Yet they would have made Gertrude's life at least content, if not happy."

"Poor thing, I don't believe she has ever had any one tell her she ought not to work so hard," mused Breese. "Well, I'll do what I can to brighten her dull life."

"Are you fond of books?" he asked her that evening, as she sat mending. "Very," she answered. "I have never had very many, though, since I came to Iowa."

"Would you like to have me read a little while every evening, while you sew?" "O, if you would only read to me!" Gertrude answered, her cheeks flaming with her own scorn.

"I will," he answered, and after that he read almost every evening for an hour, while the steady, sonorous snore from the next room testified to the undisturbed slumber of John Chester.

"I have done no wrong," she said to her own soul. "I have not by look or word or act brought this upon myself. It has come to me, and it would not have come if it had not been best for me."

Breese Berton became indispensable in the Chester household. He often lent a strong arm at the ax, and in the hay field. "It develops muscle," he would say, and as he paid his board regularly, John Chester made no objection to his presence.

She held a strong rein upon herself. She was never betrayed to the slightest look or act which told her secret. Her manner toward Breese Berton was that of a blithe, frank sister or comrade, whether in presence of others or alone with him, and this love grew, and filled her whole being like a great light.

Sometimes she thought of the time when he must go away. The thought brought a quick, sharp pain with it, yet only for a moment. "This love is mine, whether he goes or stays—nothing can take that from me," she reasoned, and the spirit within her looked out through her lovely eyes, until it saw who was the true lover, the young and beautiful Gertrude Chester was growing.

Breese Berton finally grew grave, moody and absent-minded. He was ill or in trouble, he answered that his business matters annoyed him, nothing more. Yet, as the weeks went by Gertrude knew that there was something wrong, and she felt that she covered her secret, and was angry or displeased. She drew more within herself, and treated him almost with coldness.

A week later he announced that he was going away. "I was quite alone—John Chester sleeping heavily in his room. "For long?" she questioned, as she bent over her sewing.

"For good," he replied; "I have thought long, and I have decided to go. My land agency affairs—and I am going back to Philadelphia to enter into business there."

"Indeed," she answered very calmly; "when did you decide upon this?" "Something must have occurred."

"Yes, something has occurred," he replied. "May I ask what? or would you rather not tell me?" Her heart was beating wildly, a sickening fear that he referred to her love for him made her feel faint and dizzy. But he was not looking at her.

"I would rather not—I must not tell you," he responded. "It would pain and anger you."

"She knew now that he did refer to her love for him. That he had discovered it, and was driven away by it. A blaze of angry pride brought the blood back to her cheeks. She would convince him that he was mistaken, if the effort killed her."

"If it concerns myself, or my husband," she said, "I insist upon knowing. I think it is my right to know."

"It concerns you both vitally," he answered, "yet, unless you insist, I would rather go away without telling you."

not be profaned. Go, and I will stay. But the love is ours, and will help and strengthen and glorify our lives always."

"Yes, and some time—some time, Gertrude, God will give you to me. I feel it. I know it. I can wait. Good night."

The next day he said good-by to her in the presence of her husband; a white circle about his mouth and his verted eyes all he spoke his agony.

"He was suffering intensely—it was a young man's first passion. He had never loved any woman save his mother and sister until now. All his heart and soul had gone out to this mature and beautiful and refined woman who was six years his senior."

He never liked to think of the weeks which followed, they were so full of keenest torture and misery. There was no savor in life—the city sights and sounds maddened him, the faces of old friends were hateful to him. He dreamed only of the glory of one woman's eyes.

He wrote occasionally to the Chesters, letters which all the world might see. They were life and light and food to Gertrude. She read between the lines. Her days were not so full of misery and pain as his. Her love was an exalted sort of ecstasy, which sustained her in his absence as well as in his presence.

"He is mine, here, there in life or in death," she reasoned. "It is a spiritual union which does not depend upon physical presence. Nothing can divide us—now, or ever."

She believed in this fully, and was happy, but she wrote nothing her husband could not see, and she felt sure Breese would understand all that she left unsaid.

Two years had passed, when John Chester went on a protracted land hunt to Lakota. Gertrude had mentioned the fact in a recent letter. By return mail came one from Breese. A few brief, passionate lines, begging her to allow him to see her. She, too, was filled with a wild longing to see him, but she wrote him a calm refusal.

"It is not right, or wise, or best," she said. "Come when he returns, but not during his absence."

Breese Berton's jealous hatred of the man who called her wife, prevented him from accepting the conditional invitation.

"He wrote less frequently after that, but he sent her papers and books. She always felt herself remembered, even when six months passed with no letter. And so two more years passed away, and then John Chester's robust frame became the prey of pneumonia. At the end of another year he died.

All that tender nursing and constant care could do, Gertrude gave. She slept only by snatches for months before he died. She sat in torturing positions and held his hand upon her breast for hours, that he might rest easier. She lost flesh and color, and dark circles came about her eyes.

Yet her spirit never faltered, some strange power sustained her. After he was dead, and all was over, she was ill for a time.

Two months after John died she wrote her first letter to Breese. It was but a few lines, announcing his death, and her own subsequent illness.

It brought a letter of conventional sympathy in return. She had not expected more, yet in her heart was a new feeling. She could not curb her love, she now felt it was not wrong, yet she waited for him to be the first to suggest a meeting.

Eight months went by, and no line from him. The silence grew unbearable. She wrote again—a formal enough letter, and yet she felt that it would breathe the fire of her soul in every line. He replied after a month or two, with a letter of some length, but made no reference to any meeting.

"I fancy you will soon be besieged by fortune hunters," he said. "You have my sympathy."

"He smiled over that. Ah! that was it! he feared to be accused of seeking her fortune. That was why he kept away from her. Well, she could go to him."

She had sent no intimation to Breese of her visit, but she dispatched a messenger with a note, telling him of her arrival in the city, and asking him to call that afternoon. She found it difficult to await the return of her messenger. She paced her room, saying over and over:

"It is like a dream—a dream! But O, he predicted it, he foresaw it! He said God would yet give me to him. And great tears rolled over her cheeks. The messenger brought back word that Mr. Berton was just going to the matinee with a lady; that he read the note, and begged the messenger to say he would call in the evening; that he was already late, or would write his reply."

Her heart fell. Could she wait until evening? And how could he ask it of her? How could he bear the interval, and she so near?

Ah, but he was acting as escort for a lady. She called back the messenger. "Do you know to what theater he was going?" she asked.

"Why, with the crowd, to hear Gertrude, I suppose," he answered. "Everybody goes there to-day."

not thought of it before, but she had grown old. O, very old, since they parted. The physical aspect of their love had never entered very largely into her views. She had dwelt in a state of spiritual exaltation, and had forgotten the years that were stretched between them.

"In that old time neither of them considered her six years of seniority. Now, they both thought of it, for as she looked in the mirror, it was painfully evident."

"Yes, I am fatigued," she said. "The journey tired me, and then attended the matinee, and the air was close."

"Yes, it was close. I did not see you there."

"I saw you," she answered, "and your companion. She was a lovely girl."

"A slow flush crept over his face. "Yes, she is a beautiful girl. A guest of my mother's—and a great favorite at the house."

"And liable to hold a nearer place in my heart," he suggested, her eyes voice sounding strange in her ears. There was a moment's silence, and then he lifted his eyes and met hers bravely.

"Yes," was all he said. Soon afterward he rose to go. They exchanged a few commonplace, and then he turned and took her hand.

"We are to be friends always, I hope?" he queried.

"Certainly, why not?" she responded, with a glad smile.

"Well, I hope so much. But it's sometimes hard, after an experience like ours, to establish a friendship. It cannot be done unless the passion is your part, four years ago when you refused my last appeal to see you. I think your feeling was more pity and sympathy for a mad boy than anything else, but mine was a genuine love."

"The goodnight and good-by," he said. "Write me at your leisure, and when you return, come and visit—us. I think we shall be settled by that time."

She closed the door behind him, sending a little good-bye after him down the hall.

Then she turned the key and was alone, with her castle crumbled at her feet, and the happiness of six years lying dead.

"My life is all in ruins—all in ruins—God help me," she moaned. Then, after a little, she said slowly: "It is not so much that he has gone—but that it was he; the love which was so beautiful and terrible, so strong with life and passion. And to think it could be destroyed—and leave nothing, nothing!"

Then she arose from her crouch and looked at the broken and empty room, without injury to the original is very different and requires great skill. Indeed, very few of the formations—as men who follow this industry are called—have the ability, are permitted to make copies of the valuable works contained in the public and private galleries of Europe. The reason for this—the danger attendant on the work—is explained to you presently.

"Reproductions are made by what is called a piece mold, which is so arranged that the various pieces can be readily removed and readjusted."

"Thus, in molding a sphere, or say an irregular form, the dividing line of the mold might be made of only two pieces, as both would draw from the object without difficulty. A pair of irregular shape might require three or four pieces. And when you consider the intricate forms in a figure or group you will not be surprised when I tell you that several hundred or even a thousand pieces are sometimes necessary. These pieces are held together or keyed by a plaster cover of two or more parts, called a case, which serves the same purpose as the hoops around the staves of a tub or barrel, or a printer's chase for type."

"When the mold is completed the case is first removed, the parts being laid near the work, and into them the various pieces of the mold are adjusted as they are removed from the figure. The parts of the case are then fastened together, and we have a plaster form similar to a waste mold; the case taking the place of the heavy coating, the pieces of the mold representing the danger coat. When a plaster cast has been made in this the mold may be removed, as I have just related, and is ready for another copy. When many copies are to be made from it it is dried, oiled, etc., details unnecessary to describe. Gelatine molds are now frequently used, the gelatine being held in position, like the piece mold, by a case."

"A great danger in making plaster molds on marble lies in the fact that plaster expands slightly in setting. While this quality adds to the perfection of the impression, it may, unless great discretion is used, crack or break forms in high relief, such as ornaments or even limbs or delicate masses of drapery."

"When They Will Realize." The Boston Globe thinks that when the 112 young fellows who have graduated from Princeton as "journalists" have worked twenty-three hours out of twenty-four for a few weeks, they will begin to realize what Longfellow meant when he wrote: "Life is real, life is earnest."

Dr. Talmage: Genius is worse than stupidity if it moves in the wrong direction.

Thriving Industry. A company in Connecticut manufactures nearly all the iceboxes used in this country. It manufactures of antique, confectionery and medicine, take about 1,500,000 pounds, and the remainder goes into tobacco.

One of the most thriving industries of Germany is the manufacture of antique armor, which modern wealthy families buy to exhibit as heirlooms.

MAKING CASTS IN PLASTER.

The Model—The Danger-Coat—Re-producing Marbles. [Chicago Tribune.]

"Casting in plaster is apparently a simple process, but in the art centers of Europe it is really a profession, and one in which years of practice are required in order to obtain proficiency."

"The specimens of celebrated works of sculpture in America are good, bad, and indifferent. Too often they are the copies of copies—that is to say, they are not made in the molds taken directly from the original. The infinitesimal variations in the first copy—differences so slight as not to be detected by eye—measurements—are serious if continued."

"Did you ever notice that when a carpenter is sawing several lengths of board he always uses the same piece for a measure? The reason is, that whatever the process of hardening, the wood, in a single measurement cannot be continued or increased if the original measure is adhered to."

"But you wish to know how plaster casts are made; well, then, I must first discuss the perfect contact with the surface of the model, and the sculpture consists of three distinct processes. First, the clay or wax mold; second, the plaster copy; and, third, the finished work in marble, bronze, or whatever material is desired. Now, a tinted preparation of plaster of Paris mixed with water, of the consistency of rich cream, is thrown in a thin layer upon the soft, moist clay model. This is called the danger-coat, and is followed by a thicker coating of coarse plaster, sometimes supplemented by iron rods or sticks imbedded in it to give proper strength to the mold. In a few moments the plaster by a chemical arrangement sets and becomes a hard, rigid covering, the inner surface of which is a perfect copy of the original model. The eyes of the model following the very minutest detail of form and texture. This covering or mold is divided or separated into such portions as the character of the form may render necessary by plaster of Paris, and is then removed by means of a chisel and mallet, leaving the plaster cast covered by a thin coat of tinted plaster. This danger coat is then carefully removed by the same means, the previous application of the iron rods, and the original separation, while the difference in tint between the cast and the danger-coat serves as a valuable guide in the delicate operation."

"I have already explained to you the way in which a copy of a clay model is made. Both model and mold are destroyed or wasted in the operation. The method employed to reproduce the cast, or a marble, is by the use of a piece mold, without injury to the original is very different and requires great skill. Indeed, very few of the formations—as men who follow this industry are called—have the ability, are permitted to make copies of the valuable works contained in the public and private galleries of Europe. The reason for this—the danger attendant on the work—is explained to you presently."

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The Ancient and Modern Needle.

[Hardware.] The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is a pointed instrument having an eye, and is used for carrying a thread through some kind of fabric or other material. It is probable, however, that the needles of those people who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for this purpose, were found in caves that were inhabited by the ancient people of France; and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are described as being bronze, do not appear to have been made with eyes. Some writers are of the opinion that in place of the eye a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1760, and while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1548 or 1549. It is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was introduced into England by one Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Crendon, Redditch, near in England, 1850, and these were soon followed by other London needle makers.

Redditch is still the center of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" before they were finally introduced in 1836. Two years later the burrowing machine, in which the eyes of the needles were polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire, which is caused to revolve rapidly and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye.

The process of hardening needles was for many years accomplished by casting them, while red-hot, into cold water. By this means a large proportion became crooked, and the services of a large number of workmen were required to straighten the needles. In 1836 an addition of oil for water took place, and as this caused a large number of the workmen to be thrown out of employment, a riot took place at Redditch, and the introduction of the oil process was driven out of town. The eyes of the needles now made are now brought to such a state of perfection, that from the coil of steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their vigorous operations in a manner that may be said to be almost automatic.

A Battle of the Birds. [Long Branch Co. New York Sun.] In front of Maggie Mitchell's cottage in Park avenue, near Elberon, a robin, plump and large, was enjoying a solitary feast recently in the middle of the road. The robin, a specimen of the species, alighted alongside of him. The sparrow chattered and flapped his wings as if to invite the robin to leave. The robin evincing no disposition to retire, the sparrow forthwith proceeded to perch upon the robin's spine, and the contest was brief and bloodless. The robin came to the conclusion that there was no place for him.

Hardly had the victorious sparrow turned to taste the sweets of his triumph when there was a sharp whirr, and a thrush darted through the air, swooped down upon the sparrow like an avenging angel, and the feathers began to fly. The sparrow chattered as if calling for assistance, but the thrush made no noise. For a minute the fight was maintained with great obstinacy and with doubtful results. The sparrow, in point of size, was overmatched, but in agility he was the superior.

The birds rolled in the dust, picking and clawing at each other. The sparrow at last gave indications of weariness, but when two others of his species clustered upon him, his courage revived. But now the thrush resorted to strategy. He darted away, thus separating his antagonists. He then spread his wings, and like a flash of lightning, dashed into the nearest sparrow, stretching him out in the dust. The other assistant sparrow displayed no longer any enthusiasm to continue the contest. The sparrow that first got into the fight, seeing one of his comrades prostrate and himself deserted, flew up into a tree and gave vent to his feelings in chattering. The thrush, finding himself the sole survivor of the fight, helped himself to the repast discovered by poor robin, and looked unconcerned at his stunned and prostrate foe, gathered himself together and flew away. While the thrush was in the road not a sparrow interfered with him, although there were ten or twenty of them in the vicinity, watching his movements.

What a Queen Has Written. [Exchange.] Queen Elizabeth, of Romania, is one of the most literary ladies of European courts. She has written much about women, and some of her thoughts are worthy of transcription: "If a woman is bad," writes the queen, "man is generally the cause of it. "Do not trust a man who does not believe in thy happiness in thy home."

"Among the savages the wife is an animal of burden, among the Turks a luxury, among the Europeans she is both. "The woman of the world is seldom the wife of her husband."

"An unhappy wife is like a flower exposed to the blast; she remains a bud for a long time, and when she develops a blossom she quickly withers and fades."

"The virtue of a wife must often be very great, for not unfrequently she must have sufficient for both herself and her husband."

"If one forgives one's loves no longer, for true love knows nothing of forgiveness."

"The jealousy of those who love us is the grandest flattery."

"Man and wife should never cease to do a little courting, no matter how old they may be."

Cleaning and Disinfecting. [Cincinnati Enquirer.] There are some simple methods of cleaning and disinfecting that ought to be made known generally, and if even one-half of the people would adopt them there would be a vast improvement.

A good sign remedy for cholera is one-half of the people would adopt them there would be a vast improvement. Next to the broom and its partner in the holy work of cleaning is water. If used at the right time. But for cleaning gutters and other fifth spots it ought to be used early in the morning, before the dew sets, turns the water into a vapor that carries off with it the noxious fumes, and so does more damage than good.

Of chemical disinfectants one of the cheapest is copperas—just the cheap green vitriol. Two cents a pound is enough for any body to charge for it, and the grocery-keepers, who trade with more housekeepers than any other class, sell it for less than a cent a pound, and a barrel of it could do a very effective work in a large neighborhood.

Then there is lime—the ordinary unslaked lime—that can be sprinkled about in gutters and pools, and ought to be used much more extensively than it now is in the shape of whitewash.

The most powerful and easily used of the cheap disinfectants is chloride of lime. Two pounds, at 10 cents a pound—that is enough for any white-minded man to charge for it at retail—is as good an investment of 20 cents as you can make, if you want to keep a place clean. It won't clean a dirty gutter, or take the piles of rotten refuse out of your cellar, but after you have cleaned the spots once and want to disinfect them the chloride of lime is your friend. Some buy a bushel of lime and mix with it a pound or two of chloride, which is very sensible and effective plan.

How Savages Use Hot Springs. [London Science Month.] The geysers of New Zealand are found on the North Island, scattered through the area which extends from Tongariro (a semi-active volcano cone), in about the center of the island to the Bay of Plenty. They have long been known to the natives, who have no traditions as to their age, but from time immemorial have used the quiet hot springs to warm their hands and to cook their food. Every hut has its boiler close to the door; bread is baked on large slabs of stone, placed over the hottest portions of the ground, and on others, not so hot, the lazy recline, wrapped in blankets, enjoying Vulcan's heat. In these respects the Maoris have the advantage over our North American Indians, who have always avoided the hot spots, and chokion on account of their superstitious fears.

The springs of Savu-Savu on Vanua Levu, in the Feejee Islands, are pseudo geysers. The latter were owned by an old woman who was captured by a chief in 1863, and cooked in her own springs. Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, referring to this, says: "She was past her prime, but as in her younger days she had been a regular Joan of Arc, leading her tribe to battle, and herself fighting hand to hand with the enemy, she was not so terrified to eat her. So he had her cooked with the sixteen men, and made a great feast, and then to spite the people, before she was eaten, she attempted to choke up all the springs, in which amiable effort he partially succeeded. These springs were also a favorite place for depositing all superfluous babies, especially girls who never got much of a welcome. They were popped in alive, like so many lobsters, and treated with quite as little ceremony."

A Good and Generous Spirit. [Chicago Tribune "Man About Town."] I was forced to smile the other day when Mrs. Scoville, now known as Mrs. Howe, the sister of the late Charles Guttae, called on me to examine the MS. of a book which she had prepared for publication, and in the course of her conversation stated that her former husband was about to marry again, and that she had a lot of wedding stationery that she had not used, and which she proposed to send him, in a good and generous spirit, to facilitate matters on the occasion.

English Pen Pictorial. We learn from one of the London society papers, The Lady's Pictorial, that the brilliant novelist, the "Joy of her existence," that Bret Harte acquits; that Mark Twain stammers; that Howells has an iron-gray mustache and a careless hair; that Henry James is like the prince of Wales; and that Mr. George William Curtis wears a glass eye.

An Honest Failure. [Philadelphia Call.] Kate Field's co-operative dress association brought only \$71 at sheriff's sale, but Kate did not run off with the funds. It was an honest failure, which is more than can be said of a good many collapsed enterprises started by horrid men.

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