FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Suggestions to Cultivators and Tillers of the Soil.

White Pigs—Large, Middle and Small Breeds.

Notwithstanding the superiority of some of the black breeds of pigs, and in spite of the fact that the color, unlike beauty, is not even "skin-deep," the blackest pigs dressing quite as white as the whitest, there is, in this country, in the Northern States at least, a prejudice against black pigs. In the Southern States, in localities where the pigs run at large, and the Paint-root grows, it is black pigs or none at all. White pigs, if they feed upon Paint-root (*Lachnanthes tinctoria*), become completely blind, and their hoofs drop off, while the black pigs can eat the plant without apparent injury. This singular fact accounts for the prevalence of black pigs in many Southern localities. There are counties in England in which there are prejuices against white animals, and others in which only black pigs are tolerated. While in the Western States the prejudice against swine that are black, in whole or in part, is rapidly disappearing, it remains quite strong in many of the older States, where those who keep but few swine, or who raise the "family pig," almost invariably prefer white animals. Notwithstanding that the black pigs present some of the most striking illustrations of skillful breeding, and are the perfection of form, and of swinish beauty, people are prejudiced against them by early associations. Their first knowledge of pigs was gained from white ones, and in their minds, white is the proper color for pigs. The number of so-called breeds of white pigs known in England, was at one time very large; a slight variation, such as we may expect in a strain, was given a distinctive local name, and called a breed. English breeders took a long step in simplifying pig nomenclature when they grouped pigs by their colors and sizes, and gave us large and small breeds of white pigs. In 1852, a well known English breeder exhibited at one of the important fairs, several pigs of extraordinary merit, but too large to be judged among the small white breed, and not large enough for the Large Whites. The animals were so remarkably fine that they could not be disqualified. The judges met the difficulty by making a third class, calling it the Middle White breed. Since then, while only the large and small black breeds have been admitted, the white pigs have three breeds, the Large, Middle and Small White.

How to Get Early Garden Crops.

There are many ways of getting early crops, or of trying to get them, such as starting the plants in the house or hot-bed, and covering them with glass, etc., after they are set out. But when these methods are not adopted, there is still a chance to have early vegetables and a good garden. It is simply to select the warmest and driest soil, and sow or plant early. It is not desirable or wise to sow or plant the main crops before the soil is in good working condition. But for a few early crops on a small scale, we can well afford to run a little risk of losing our seed by to early sowing. One thing however should not be overlooked. Do not depend on this early sowing, but sow or plant again a little later when the soil and weather are more favorable. If the first sowing succeeds, you are so much ahead; if it fails, you have lost only the seed and your labor. You can well afford to run this risk. There are some crops which can be sown the moment the frost is out of the soil, with little or no risk. Among these we mention peas, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, onions, lettuce, celery, beet, carrot, parsnip, etc. It is seldom that these crops are hurt by early frost. Last year a frost in May destroyed many cabbage plants but this is a very unu-ual occurrence. Among the crops which we should resow without waiting to see if the first sowing will escape, are beets, radishes, cabbage, cauliflower, beans and sweet corn.

Farmers' Clubs.

Farmers' clubs are a great want. We have State and County Agricultural Societies, with their annual fairs, which are good as far as they go, but their meetings for discussions are generally but once a year, and these during the fair week, when the attentions is very much absorbed with Fair matters. We have agricultural papers enough, but their circulation in many of the farming towns is very limited. What we want is a farmers' club in every town or buiness center, where farmers come to market, or to get their supplies, that they may have opportunity for a conference, for an hour or two, on some topic previously announced, and occasional exhibitions of fruits and vegetables, during the summer and fall. In this way, the best farmers, with their reading, experiments and methods, would be brought in close contact with those who are in the back-ground, and the business of farming be made far more attractive and profitable. Our census statistics for the last thirty years show a steady driftof our population toward the cities and villages. These gain at the expense of the agricultural towns. The school house and church in many of them are half emptied. There is no remedy for this decadence but in the gospel of husbandry, taught and illustrated by the farmers themselves, who should exalt their own calling. — *American Agriculturist for May.*

Timely Topics

Sunflower seeds are excellent to mix with poultry food. The mammoth Russian sunflower is the best to raise for this purpose.

Every veterinarian in the country takes strong ground against the use of the over check rein. It is both barbarious and useless.

The Germantown *Telegraph* thinks salt would be a valuable application to the squash plants to prevent the ages of the maggot which works the root and below the surface ground.

Dealers in butter in New-o where they have a law sq the hibiting the sale of oleomar other imitation butter, st honest enforcement of the law is having the effect of increasing the demand for genuine dairy butter.

San Jose *Times-Mercury* In answer to a subscriber as to when the codlin moth and phylloxera appear, we have to suggest: They appear whenever they take a notion, and are apt to come any day in the year. Horticulturists must be on the lookout all the time.

Sandy soil is not good for an orchard, though good orchards sometims grow on such soils. Clay soil is well adapted to fruit, especially to plums. On rocky soils the apple tree is at home; Baldwins especially succeed on such lands. Successful fruit cultivation depends upon feeding the trees properly.

Pick your market chickens dry. Note this from the *Farm-Journal*: "We know of no market where dry picked poultry does not command two or three cents more per pound than scalded stock, and yet farmers in some sections continue the practice of scalding, when dry picked is just as easy and expeditious."

The removal of drone comb, says Charles Dadant in the *Bee Journal* is worth many dollars to the bee keeper, for thirty-two drone cells occupy as much space as fifty worker cells, and one whole comb, or 150 square inches, would produce 5,000 drones instead of 7,500 workers. Hence he argues in favor of drone traps.

Putting printers' ink around the trees in the orchard this month will do more to keep the canker-worm moth from ascending them than it will later in the season. Especially is it needed where they were plenty last year, as the ground may be well filled with them. If there are any eggs of the tent caterpillar in the twigs, they will be swollen enough now to be readily seen, and should be cut off and the twigs burned.

A stone smoke house a few feet square and cheaply covered by boards is very convenient around farm houses. Besides its use for smoking meats, it is a convenient receptacle for wood ashes, or when not required as a smoke house may be stored with feed for pigs, to whose pen it will naturally be adjacent. On farms where stone is abundant the cost of such a building, aside from rooling, will be only lime, sand and labor.

Prof. L. B. Arnold says a dairy farm costs ten per cent less to operate than grain growing or mixed agriculture; second, the mean returns average a little more than other branches; third, prices are nearer uniform and more reliable; fourth, dairying exhausts the soil less; fifth, it is more secure against changes in the season, since the dairying does not suffer so much from the wet and frost and varying seasons, and he can, if prudent, provide against drought.

An Indiana farmer writes about the proper time to sow clover seed. He says: "For four successive years I sowed in March, when the ground was freezing and thawing, and failed in getting a stand worth leaving. For three successive years I have waited until my wheat had grown up to about eight to twelve inches high. By that time it was firmly rooted in the ground; then I dragged it with a light sharp tooth harrow or drag; then I sowed my seed while the ground was fresh. Then I sowed about thirty pounds of plaster per acre, and for these successive years I have had a good stand of clover and good crops of wheat."

Orchard grass is a robust grower and very tenacious of life. It masses its roots so as to resist the encroachment of other grasses, covering much of the ground with its large pendant leaves that spring out near the base of the plant to shade, nourish and enrich the soil not occupied by the plant itself. This, perhaps, accounts largely for its ability to endure excessive drought. It will produce two large crops of good hay on rich soil, and submit to more abuse than any other forage plant, except blue grass, which is of little value in a very dry season.

Spring operations will soon commence, and with these a demand for good farm hands. The general rule that is followed in this country is to put off the hiring of men to the last moment, and trust to chance for some one coming along, and then probably some inferior workman has to be taken, or none at all. Men who know their business on a farm will not wait, and are early picked up in the neighborhood in which they may reside. The trusting to men coming along just at the exact moment you are crowded is a bad policy. There should always be profitable employment for a man the early spring months before seed commences, and it will pay any mer to secure good farm hands and pay them good wages.

Bad Results of Over Reading.

Over-reading, as well as o cation is one of the evils of mod vented tion. The evil has been s past, en by educators for many and their but the multiplicity of b the way growing cheapness st Of course of any permanent re reading in it goes without sayi s, but most itself is not only too often read beneficial. But ch to assimilate so much that th us the exercise what they read fun has been is a dead loss of one book," but made of "the the virtue of knowhe possessed roughly—a virtue ing one b deru readers do not which m hool children were possess. less and think more it taught in all around.—*St. Louis would at.*

Globe

Paper Without an Editor.

paper in Madrid, called the *idencia*, is peculiar in its way. the largest circulation of any in the capital, reaching 200,000 ,000 a day. It has no editor, but zen wide-awake reporters, who ur the town for every kind of inrmation. They come to the office nd drop their manuscripts in a bag, and there they stay until the foreman wants copy. Everything is then thrown into the forms without regard to order or anything else, and the paper is read from end to end in spite of the fact.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

OLD BULLION'S BRIDE.

Let me see; where was it that I first met her? Oh yes, it was under the superb arches of High bridge, boating by moonlight. A globe of reddish pear slowly ascended out of the east—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the Hudson river. The sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat coming sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried out a clear, incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? Why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mottimore," he responded joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on Harlem river? Here! Come into my boat; hitch on your old craft behind, and let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy all the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend Charley Dresden.

She was pretty, slight round and rosy, with china-blue eyes and a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long, loose curls. There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconsciously imploring in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face.

We rowed home together—or, at least, as far on our way home as the Harlem river would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads. Charley roared out tenor barcorolles. I even essayed a German student song which I had learned in Heidelberg no one knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterward Dresden and I met face to face on Wall street.

"Hallo, Mottimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women!" I answered, with a perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night! Look here!" opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side, "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "I might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in Europe for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable toward fitting up and furnishing our new home. Because, you know, Mottimore, I'm not rich."

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding-house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-brown re to correspond with Sophy's budd lovliness—dwelt in the coziest of ap ments, furnished in dark blue ly with a turn up bedstead, ingr and disguised as a high-backed s wincanaries and geraniums in dows.

"It's so kind of you to ," said Sophy, with a gentle pre I am so hand when I went awa iends." glad to welcome Charle cheerfully sit

And I felt that I cou of common-through another ev graph albums place chit-chat, and at for such a reward den went away.

Well, Charley ularly leave Sophy and as he didn't arge, I didn't feel Adriance in m esent myself at the called upon house. I supposed, genteel boar , that all was going naturally day I received a note right, unt friend Bullion, the banker, from my who wears a wig and spec- a man counts his income upon the tacles, res. double wrote from Saratoga, where B gone because he didn't know he e to do with himself in the dull wa He asked me to be his grooms- Bullion was going to be mar-

Of course, you'll think it a foolish ing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but ven at sixty a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

I went straight to the genteel boarding-house. It was possible that I might be misled by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"Is Miss Adriance at home?" I asked of the slatternly servant girl who answered the bell.

"Lo', no, sir, Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at Saratoga," she answered, promptly.

That was enough. I went home and inclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address. Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curtly declining to "stand up" with old Bullion.

It was but a few weeks subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly-dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my laundress my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and the damask rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried pitcously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such time as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy, plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Clarence Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!"

"Eh?" gasped I.

"It's mamma," answered Sophy. "She's to be married next week! Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I, "I will tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben Bullion, at that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma after all; and when Charley Dresden came home, I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.—Philadelphia Call.

Hot Water In Dyspepsia.

From The Youth's Companion

The internal use of h water in various ailments, but espe ly in dyspepsia, is exciting a good d of interest, both among the people nd among physicians. We are personally acquainted with cases of signal cure by it, where the individuals had long suffered without help from oth remedies. Most of our medical jo nals, including the London Lancet, have had articles on the subject. Dr. T. W. Sheardown gives, in the New York Medical Record, his own experience with it. We give the substance of what he says.

He had always enjoyed robust health, never having needed medicine except once when he was a boy. In August, 1883, however, he was prostrated to the verge of unconsciousness by sunstroke. With this began trouble with his digestion. There was no pain, no acidity, but an uncomfortable feeling which ended in the ejection of his food from his stomach, and yet without nausea.

This continued for three months. Meanwhile, he faithfully tried nearly all the approved remedies and methods of treatment, and regulated and restricted his diet. He had a ravenous appetite, and invariably rose from the table hungry. He could, by the full exertion of his will power, resist for a while the tendency to vomit, but apparently with no benefit. He lost some fifty pounds in weight, and become very nervous, irresolute, despondent and weak.

Having seen the article in the Lancet on the use of hot water, he resolved to try the treatment. Before rising in the morning he had his servant bring him a pint of boiling water. This, so hot that he could not touch his lips to it, he drank, drawing it through a tube during the space of twelve minutes.

He lay in bed one and a half hours longer, and then took his breakfast and retained it on his stomach with no unpleasant feeling. He did the same one and a half hours before dinner and supper, and a half hour before retiring.

This course he continued until Christmas, using no other fluid whatever. The vomiting was wholly arrested from the very first. For the next nine months he used the hot water less regularly, with occasional return of vomiting. A subsequent change of climate helped to complete his cure and to do without the water. He has since used it in his own practice, with excellent results every time the treatment was persevered in.

Where the Best Lobsters are Taken.

Lewiston Journal's "Rambler."

The best lobsters in the world are taken off Monhegan in the winter. They thrive better in the deep water out to sea than on the shores of the bays where most of the Maine lobstermen set their traps. The Monhegan fishermen are getting splendid prices for their lobsters this winter—$10 to $10.50 per hundred. Think of that you people who think you pay high prices for lobsters! The jobber and the retailer have to make profits on these figures. But you probably do not get a taste of the big Monhegan lobster, but eat shell fish which are caught at Bristol or Boothbay or somewhere along there, for which $7.50 per hundred is paid. The Monhegan lobsters are shipped to New York and Boston. I saw 10,000 of them in a car in Portland harbor the other day. The lobsters are kept alive in these great cars, tied to the docks, from the time they are taken out of the smacks till they can be shipped.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISERS.

A Look at the Cabinet as it Really Appears When in Session.

President Cleveland has changed one of the Cabinet days from Friday to Thursday, and now meets his constitutional advisers on Tuesday and Thursday of each week. This is the only change that has been made. The forms that have been observed for half a century and more on Cabinet days are still undisturbed. The hour of meeting is 12 o'clock noon, and the room is the same that has been used for the meetings since Lincoln's time.

It is a plain room with no striking feature about it. Its two large windows, extending from ceiling to floor, command a lovely view of the sweeping lawns, the monument, and the shining Potomac beyond. The interior is simplicity itself. The walls are painted in a drab tint, the ceiling is frescoed with flowers and cherubs, and a mantel of cinnamon-colored marble surrounds a capacious fireplace, where hickory logs are usually blazing cheerily. A flowered Brussels carpet with a black and red background covers the floor, and gray silk rep curtains hang at the windows.

The table around which the cabinet is seated is an octagonal affair of black and French walnut in the fashion of twenty years ago. It has a profusely carved central leg and legs at the corners. It is covered with billiard cloth. The eight armchairs that surround it are all alike, of walnut with rep upholstering.

Very little formality attends the meetings. Under Mr. Cleveland's Administration, at least, the members are very promptly on time. Mr. Garland is usually the first to arrive. He is always a few minutes ahead of time, and if the president is not engaged he frequently goes into the library to see him. Sometimes Mr. Bayard is first and sometimes Mr. Lamar. The members generally come singly, rarely in pairs. Each always carries under his arm a portfolio such as lawyers use for papers, only the Cabinet portfolios are more antiquated than those affected by lawyers—as old probably as Senator Evart's hat. The Cabinet portfolio is a thing of calfskin, about 24x20 inches. It has a single pocket covered by a flap. It has no lock, but is fastened by two straps and buckles. Some of these portfolios are probably a hundred years old, and the greater number have seen from a quarter to half a century. The newest is exactly like the oldest in pattern, and each is lettered with a stencil to indicate to what department it belongs.

Each member of the cabinet shakes hands with all the others when he arrives. The president usually comes in after nearly all his counsellors have arrived. He shakes hands with them all around and chats with them for a moment, and then takes his seat at the head of the table, his advisers taking their places in the order indicated in the diagram. The session begins at 12 o'clock exactly, whether the members have all arrived or not. The president does not rap the meeting to order, and it is wholly informal throughout. No vote is taken on any question. If the president wants the individual opinion of his advisers on any subject, he asks for it, but he decides the question in his own way, without regard to whether a majority of his advisers is for or against his views. No minutes are kept of cabinet meetings, and as no reporters are present, the proceedings are never given in detail. An ex-cabinet official says the public loses little by the observance of secrecy for the talk is discussive and fragmentary and would not be read if published.

Nevertheless all necessary precautions are taken to prevent the proceedings of Cabinet meetings from being overheard, and a full report of one has not been published since the days when Webster was Secretary of State. An enterprising correspondent of that day in some way contrived to get into an adjoining room, where he could overhear every word. Mr. Webster himself discovered the leak after several meetings had been reported, and ever since the rooms have been carefully watched.

Imagine what eight bank directors or an equal number of asylum trustees on pretty good terms with one another would do if shut up in a back room away from public gaze, and some notion probably can be formed of what a Cabinet meeting is like. All the pictures that are made of Cabinet groups are absurdities. The Secretaries do not stand in tragic attitudes with hands thrust in the breasts of close-buttoned coats, nor do they stand with an elbow resting on the mantle, nor sit with folded arms and knitted brows. They just sit carelessly and easily at a table like other folks, toying with penholders, tearing scraps of paper, or thrumming on their portfolios.

Abraham Lincoln, it is said, walked into the Cabinet meeting that was to consider the emancipation proclamation with a copy of Artemus Ward's book in his hand, and read a passage from it aloud before passing to more serious business. Many a session, too, he enlivened with quaint stories, if reports be true. In fact, some of the best stories repeated in after-dinner circles during every Administration are commonly reported to have been first told at Cabinet meetings.

There is no set form in which the councils begin or continue. The subjects discussed suggest themselves. Today the Oklahoma question may be uppermost, and the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of War naturally are the chief talkers around the table. To-morrow the Central American news is interesting, and Secretary Bayard and Secretary Whitney of course are the most deeply concerned. Opinions are passed all around the board, however, and nearly every member has something to add to the common fund of information. The President has always two or three vexatious questions on hand to submit to his councillors. The encroachments upon the public lands, and the enforcement of the laws providing for vacating them, have been discussed at length at two recent consultations of the Cabinet, and the Central American muddle and the question as to the political disabilities of Gen. Lawton and others have furnished topics for other meetings.

The political history of the past half century is full of quarrels and dissensions in the Cabinets of various Presidents, but these outbreaks, as a rule, have not occurred at stated meetings of the Cabinet. There have been instances where members became so hostile to one another that one or the other would stay away from Cabinet meetings, and many cases where personal relations were so strained that only icy formalities were passed by way of greeting; but as a whole the sessions of the Presidents with their advisers have been pleasant and without remarkable incident.

The members of President Cleveland's Cabinet are just beginning to get acquainted with one another at the semi-weekly talks. Thus far they are brethren pulling together in unity. What effect the political strains that are to come will have on the pleasant circle remains to be found out.

Thought 'Twas Only Preaching.

From the Buffalo Commercial.

An esteemed friend, one of the clergymen of Buffalo, writes as follows:

"In your issue of Saturday last a sweet littles tory is perverted into 'Hard on the Ministers'. The occurrence was not in Rochester at all, but in Brooklyn, and the story is not as related. This is the true rendering: Brother J. Hyatt Smith, then pastor of Lee Avenue Baptist church (formerly pastor of Washington Street Baptist church in this city), preached a very impressive sermon, one Sabbath morning about twelve years ago, on 'The New Birth,' in which he urged that it is an experience not to be understood till actually possessed, and then it is known just as we know any fact of experience. Among many striking illustrations, he related in his own inimitable way an occurrence of his early life. He said: 'When I was a child we were very poor and lived in a little log house. My brother James, two years older than myself, was blind. We had no marbles or playthings, such as other children have; so we got some onions and rolled them upon the floor, while my mother smiled and plied her needle. After a little the spray from the bruised onions began to irritate my blind brother's sensitive eyes, and he instinctively thrust his little fists, all covered with onion juice, into them, and rubbed them vigorously. The juice was fire to his eyes, and in an agony of pain he screamed leaping to his feet, and rushing to his mother with uplifted hands he cried out, not with pain but with joy, 'I see! I see!' The juice had cut the films which had grown over his sight—and they had dropped upon his cheeks with his tears, and his grief and blindness were both changed to joy. So it was with this birth from above.'

"On reaching home his little two-year-old Nanny crept into his arms, and, turning her large dark eyes up to her father's face, inquired, with peculiarly tender tones and deep solicitude: 'Papa, was it a truly story you telled about Uncle James?' 'Why, yes, my darling,' replied Brother Smith. With a look of great relief she responded: 'O, I thought 'twas only preaching,' and quietly slipped from his lap and walked away with an air of supreme composure.'

Facts for Fly Time.

Prof. Bicknadel has been lecturing to the public school teachers of New York on flies and mosquitoes.

How does a fly fly? asked the Professor. While the wing was so comparatively narrow, it made up for it in lateral motion. The wings did not beat back and forth in one plane, but made, as it were, a figur 8. The wings of a fly vibrated 330 times a second, which went to show its muscular power. If caught fast a fly would keep buzzing for a long time before it stopped to rest, with this 8-like movement. The eyes of a fly had considerable motion, and could see some distance around. When magnified, they showed a series of facets, which were the lenses. These facets combined produce sight. A fly of serious importance was the tsetse fly, which was, however, confined to a limited area. To pass through a swarm of them was deadly to horses and oxen, but not to sucking calves. They did not effect mankind. Livingston, the explorer, spoke of one occasion when it was certain that only twenty or thirty of these flies appeared, and yet they caused the death of a large number of cattle. The effect of their bites on the beasts would be, first, loss of appetite and fur, and then death from inanition. The Southern and central portions of Africa would be quite accessible were it not for this pest. It was a question how these insects could be destroyed.

George Eliot's Grave.

A London letter records a quaint experience in searching for George Eliot's grave. Entering the cemetery the searcher came upon a gravedigger hard at work and unmindful of the presence of a stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Gravedigger," said the admirer of George Eliot. Scarcely raising his eyes, he mumbled out "mornin'." "Will you please direct us," we ventured, "to George Eliot's grave." "Never 'eard of 'im oi didn't," he laconically responded. "Why" we hastened to inform him, "we mean George Eliot, the writer." To this he paused and leaned on his shovel, and queried: "Did ee live in 'Ighgate, mum? 'cause there was a printer chap as died at Michaelmas as lived up at 'Ighgate way." "My good man, George Eliot was a woman, not a man; she was a great literary character, and wrote under a man's name. Why, all the world knew her, and she is buried here somewhere about." "Very sorry, mum, oi carn't 'elp yer, but of never 'eard of 'er, and more an that, oi don't think much of a gal atakin' a man's name nohow. Looks like she was shamed of her own; don't look honest like."