

PITH AND POINT.

Habit is the dress of character. —*Whitehall Times.*

In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.

Truth is beautiful, but society as yet has not offered a premium for its steady use. —*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

An Omaha editor has discovered that there is no such thing as a bald-headed idiot. —*Atchison Globe.*

Train up a child in the way he should go, and keep a little ahead of him in the same way during the training, to be sure he goes. —*Picayune.*

A Western editor asks, "How shall we get our girls to read articles on scientific subjects?" Why, mix them up with the fashion notes, of course.

Young women ought never to get into a way of thinking that it is better to marry imprudently than remain single and exposed to absurd comment thereby. —*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time. —*Texas Siftings.*

A printer up in Canada is said to be one hundred and three years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die. —*Somerville Journal.*

Small boy (at church picnic) — "I say, Johnny, where's them nice ham sandwiches your ma put up for you? These ain't no good." Johnny (bitterly) — "The superintendent and the teachers is a-catin' of 'em." —*N. Y. Sun.*

While a man was nailing up a gate in Jonesboro, Ga., lightning struck the hammer and killed him. How many shiftless men will make this an excuse for never nailing up the gate. —*Texas Siftings.*

The lover who writes the sweetest valentine poetry before marriage doesn't always make the sort of a husband who will bring up the coal and soothe the wailing twins five years after the wedding day.

If a man and wife are one flesh, no wonder it is such a painful operation for them to get divorced. And, by the way, that reminds us that divorces should only be granted on Tuesdays. —*Charleston Enterprise.*

If there is nothing lovelier in the world than a well-behaved and good-tempered child, there are few creatures more odious than one who is lawless and quarrelsome. Half a dozen such would render a large hotel uncomfortable. —*N. Y. Ledger.*

The difference —
 Oh! the girl's beautiful,
 Loving and dutiful,
 When we are hopeful to win her,
 Let her our suit deny,
 Then she is but a ruy,
 Shunned as the vilest sinner.
 —*Boston Budget.*

Old Chocolate's Philosophy.

Dar's many a lie on a tomb-stun.

If de cat's asleep de bacon am safe.

Tears dat flow behin' de do' am de fulles' ob sorrer.

Dar's no use lookin' at de sun of hit spiles yo' eye.

De wicked offen wondah how oddahs kin be good.

De dog dat doan' baak gits de bigges' mouful ob breeches.

Doan' weep fo' faded blossoms. Dar er seeds on de same bush.

De bird on de wavin' branch a'n't hit ez easy ez de bird on de stump.

If de doctah kin cu' yo' lumbago, w'y can't he cu' 'is own runnytz?

De lightnin'-rod man doan' baak a quick job wid de faamah w'ose been was struck.

Ef a straight face war ev'dence ob honesty, nobody ud evah catch de man dat stole dat coonskin. —*Judge.*

The Case Was Dismissed.

"Did you strike this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What did you do it for?"

"Well, yer Honor, it was this way. I was out in my yard fixin' up an apple tree that had been broken by the wind. I had a little method of my own, that I thought would make the tree grow together. This man came along and says to me:

"What yer doin'?"

"Then I went through the whole thing and when I'd finished I says: "Don't you think it's a big undertaking?"

"Tree-mend-ous," says he, and as for the rest of the facts, the police officer knows 'em." —*Merchant Traveller.*

A Square Man.

No sort of elaborate eulogy can so completely define character to the appreciation of the many as the declaration of a man that he is "square." This is an abbreviation of "square-toed," which, in its time, was a contraction of "He squarely toes the line." An upright, honest man comes "square-toed" to the line of duty, and is accordingly a square man. The term is simple, and it is sufficient. A voter asks to know no more who learns that a candidate is a "square man." The word "square," to denote honesty and integrity of character, is common in business and political phraseology, and the man who has the reputation of being "square" in all things, is pretty apt to be trusted implicitly by his fellow-beings. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

DUNDER IN THE...

An Incident Which Made the Old Gentleman Weary and Sick.

"Sergeant, maybe you know some body who likes to buy me out?" said Mr. Dunder as he entered the Central Station yesterday with a down-trodden appearance.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" queried Sergeant Bendall as he looked up. "Got into some fresh trouble, I suppose?"

"Sergeant, I vhas, broke all oop. If I can sell out I doan shtay here two weeks."

"What's the occasion?"

"Vhell, it makes me feel better if I tell you. You know I keep a telephone in my place; I keep him to speak mit my brewer und to some Aldermans. Yesterday a man who vhas as shlick ash gresser comes in und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, der wires vhas crossed und your telephone doan' work. Sorry if you vhas troubled, but I fees him right off. Vhell, he goes mit dot phone und taps on der box, und takes down der trumpet und says:

"Hello! Central! Hello! hello! hello! y-e-s! I vhas at Carl Dunder's. Can you hear me now? Why, of course if he likes to treat me dot vhas all right. Nice old mans, und doan' you forget him! Vhell—all right, goot-pye!"

"Now, Sergeant, I haf to ask him to take a glass of beer, doan' I? If I doan' I vhas no shentleman, eh?"

"Go on."

"Vhell, about two hours later a second man came in. He vhas shlick, too. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, dot induction vhas so strong we vhas in a peck of troubles. Let me see how your telephone vhas. Und he goes oop und knocks on der box und softly says:

"Hello! Bill, vhas dot you? No. Yes. Perhaps. Vhy, I vhas down to Carl Dunder's place. I second der motion. I can get two hoorned votes for him for Alderman. Hasn't treated me yet, but he probably will. Vhell, so long."

"Now, Sergeant, I haf to set oop der beer, doan' I? I fees tickled, you know, und I like to be a shentleman."

"I understand. What else?"

"Vhell, some more fellers come, und I doan' suspect nopody until Shaks comes home. Den he says it vhas an old shestnut, und dot I vhas soft in der head. Dot makes me madt all oafar. Pooty queek somebody comes in. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Say, Mr. Dunder, when you ring on der telephone your number doan' drop in der office. Please allow me. Und he goes oop und rings und calls out:

"Vhas dot you, Nellie. Ah! dere, Nell? Does dot number drop down when I ring? Say, vhas you going oop to der Flats next Sunday? Guess where I vas? Not soohud! You vhas vhay off. I vhas down to Carl—"

"Vhell, Sergeant, dot vhas all I could shtand. I shum up dot feller und gif him six weeks sickness."

"Goo! I honor your pluck!"

"Sergeant, keep quiet. He doan' go avhay oafar half an hour when my telephone rings. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Dis vhas Supt. Shackson, of der telephone. Mr. Dunder, you haf almost killed one of our regular repairers, und I like to say to you dot it cost you more ash four hoorned dollars!"

"No!"

"Dot vhas so. I doan' shleep two weeks last night, und my wife says it vhas all come outt dot I vhas McGarigle."

"It was a bad mistake."

"Vhell, what can I do? Shust like I tells you, nopody vhas two times alike. I vhas all der time shakin' mit my boots, und Shake vhas going into consumption. Sergeant, if somebody arrests me let him be very soft und quiet. I vhas so broke oop dot I can't stand some more grief. If you see Mister Shackson tell him how it vhas. Tell him dot I vhas all turned around in dis country, und eafery time I kick at some dead-beat he proves to be a shentleman. Goo-pye, Sergeant! Maybe I take some Roush on some Rats und put an end to all dis grief." —*Detroit Free Press.*

Nautical Conversation.

"Have you seen my beautiful yacht?"

"Have I seen your beautiful whacht?"

"Beautiful yacht."

"Beautiful whacht?"

"Yacht! yacht! yacht!"

"Oh! No, I have naecht."

"If it's naecht too yacht let's tracht down to the spacht where I keep my yacht."

"I wacht that you have naecht gacht a yacht. Great Seacht! I know your yacht. You ought to be shaftt. I'll naecht stir one yacht. Your yacht is nothing but an old tuchb." —*N. Y. Sun.*

The following endorsement was made by a colored preacher on the back of a marriage license returned to the office of the county register: "I, _____, did united those parties that was licens, on 27 day of June, 1887, together in matrimony, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Gost, 1887, at the house of _____, in Wilmington, N. C., according to laws of New Hanover Co. Together in the name of the Son and of the Holy Gost." —*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

Great Traveler—"Yes, they have some curious customs in Cuba. For instance, Cuban girls won't let their lovers kiss them until after marriage." Omaha Girl—"Very short engagements, I suppose." "No; sometimes the engagements last several years." "And during all that time they won't be kissed?" "Not once." "I don't believe it." —*Omaha World.*

ALFALFA OR LUCERN.

The Plain Truth About the Much Talked-of Forage Plant.

There is considerable interest just now existing in regard to the forage plant commonly known as alfalfa. This is the Spanish name of lucern, a plant of the leguminous tribe closely resembling clover, and commonly cultivated in Europe for green fodder. It differs from clover, however, in having more woody stalks, slenderer leaves, a purplish flower, and a legume or pod, which is coiled spirally and contains several seeds. It is a native of Spain, and thrives best in hot, somewhat dry climates, and produces enormously when irrigated. In the northern Italian provinces it is commonly grown in this way, and is cut several times in a season, producing in the aggregate sixty to eighty inches of herbage in the growing season. It is perennial, and when kept free from weeds and manured occasionally it continues to yield abundantly for twenty years, never being permitted to seed, however.

It is not a good hay plant unless it is cut quite young and cured with little exposure to the sun, but as a green-fodder plant it is unexcelled. As compared with clover it is sixteen per cent. richer in albuminoids, thirty-three per cent. richer in fat, and eight or nine per cent. poorer in carbohydrates, and has twenty per cent. more woody fibre, to which it owes its inferiority as a hay plant. It is an excellent food when cut green for all farm animals, for which use it is extensively cultivated in California, and might be made very valuable in the Southern States.

As it has been made a subject for much discussion recently in the leading agricultural journals, and has been frequently written of with more favor, we think that it deserves, it is perhaps desirable to mention its disadvantages as compared with the only crop with which it comes into competition, as well as to notice all its valuable characteristics. This we do from personal experience with it, having grown it more than twenty years ago as a forage crop and abandoned its culture as less profitable and convenient than that of red clover for ordinary farm purposes.

It has never been extensively grown where clover flourishes, and in such localities has been sown more as an experiment than for use, and when sown has always fallen into neglect and disuse. It is of no use as a temporary crop grown in rotation, because of its cost and the slowness with which it comes to maturity. It requires a special culture, must be sown alone and upon rich soil in the cleanest condition, for it is quite unable to resist weeds, and when in its first weak, slow growth is quickly smothered and stunted, consequently it is necessary to manure the soil well and to sow the seed in drills twelve or sixteen inches apart and to cultivate crop frequently until it covers the ground. The seed is costly, twenty pounds per acre is required, and the price is twenty-five cents per pound. It can not be grazed as clover may be nor is it more prolific than clover.

These are its disadvantages, and it is easily perceived that as a competitor with clover it can not be profitably substituted for it in ordinary farm culture where clover does its best. And when clover is plowed under after it has served its purpose so well for two or three years it furnishes to the soil a much larger quantity of valuable plant food than is contributed by alfalfa.

Alfalfa flourishes most luxuriantly upon the rich river bottoms of the California valleys, known as tule lands, and upon the rich dry lands of Colorado and other localities of the far West, where the climate is dry and irrigation is practiced. There it is at its best, but the conditions under which it luxuriates being so different from those prevailing elsewhere show plainly that it is not a suitable plan for ordinary farming where clover is at its best. Nevertheless, there are some localities in the eastern part of the continent where it may be found very useful. In Florida and most of the Southern States, for instance, it will find a congenial home and may be used most advantageously for summer feeding as green fodder; but its exacting character in regard to culture should not be lost sight of, for it will refuse to grow under the same conditions in which clover would yield a fair crop and would utterly fail under the common system of culture which prevails in the South.

The manner of preparing the soil for alfalfa is much the same as that for any other spring crop. The land should be deeply plowed, and if not rich enough to bring seventy-five bushels of clover or three tons of timothy and corn per acre it must be made so by liberal manuring. The land must also be cleared of weeds by previous summer plowing, and this clean culture is indispensable. The soil is brought to a fine tilth by repeated harrowing, and the seed is then drilled in rows twelve to sixteen inches apart some time in May. The ground is repeatedly cultivated during the summer, and if the growth is good a crop of fodder may be mowed in the fall, but it is best to leave it uncut as a protection to the young roots the first winter. Pasturing by pigs is destructive of the crop. —*N. Y. Times.*

Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, or serious blood poison may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator. —*The Farmer and Manufacturer.*

BOILED ICE-CREAM.

Some of the Chinese Summer Delicacies Coveted by the Gotham Heathens.

One of the attractions of Mott street on a summer Sunday are the several Chinese watermelon stands. If one wishes to enjoy a genuine Oriental market sight, with stands and booths of nearly every description, crowded with Chinese patrons, he should pass through Mott street on a Sunday afternoon, say about five o'clock. The way the heathens get away with Christian watermelon is significant. Without exaggeration on a single Sunday afternoon between the hours of four and eight p. m., at least two tons, or four thousand pounds, of watermelons are devoured by the throat-parched opium smokers. There are seven Chinamen who keep watermelon stands and each takes in from twenty to fifty dollars per Sunday. They retail their melons at five cents a slice to their fellow countrymen. As many as forty Chinamen are often seen surrounding one stand munching at huge chunks of well ripened "Western pumpkins," as the Chinese call them.

Then there are the Chinese peanut stands, that also do a big business at any time of the year. This is because the Chinese cook their peanuts in salt water. They are boiled until they become mellow. Even the Chinese roasted peanuts are much superior to those produced by the sons of sunny Italy, because the nuts are soaked in salt for thirty-six hours before they are put through the roaster. The watermelon seeds are similarly treated, and they serve among the Mongolians of Gotham as a very dainty dish at their great dinners, as instead of smoking cigars, the Chinese guests sit down and crack watermelon seeds.

The sugar-cane stands also do a rushing business, as do the Chinese "Leon fun" or ice-cream stands. The Chinese ice-cream is somewhat different from any other kind of ice-cream. In the first place it has no ice in it, and in the second place there is no cream; but it is called Leon fun or "cold" cream or jelly, and it is really the only thing that answers to ice-cream among the four hundred million of heathens in China. The Chinese are so fond of it that even the real article here has failed to supersede it. This "Leon fun" is made of a species of light stuff, very much like American blanc mange. It is boiled very thin with brown sugar and set in cold water until it congeals and then cut up in dice-shaped small squares. A few spoonfuls of this is put into a bowl, a kind of thin, cool sweetened sauce is poured over it, and the whole of this peculiar mixture is sold for a Christian nickel. The Mott street fan players call it boiled ice-cream. —*Wong Chin Foo, in N. Y. World.*

SMUGGLING AT NIAGARA.

How American Goods Are Carried Across the Canadian Line.

Quite a thriving smuggling business is done by boatmen on the river, and at least three Fort Erie boatmen make their living this way, while there are dozens of others who carry contraband goods occasionally. Two Fort Erie fishermen, who were drowned last winter, had their boat loaded with five hundred pounds of coal, which caused the craft to capsize on the ice-floe when a break-up occurred on the lake.

The penalty for smuggling into Canada is heavy, and there are some queer wrinkles in the law. For instance, the informant gets a large percentage of the proceeds of a seizure. Then, if a person should smuggle a small amount of goods while entering the larger part, the whole is subject to seizure. When Root & Keating's confidential clerk, Erp, embezzled several thousand dollars, he built a fine house over the river in Fort Erie and furnished it in excellent style. He entered his household goods on the free list as having been used several months, but afterward smuggled over several lace window curtains. A Fort Erie woman, who got into Mrs. Erp's confidence, informed the officers, and every thing in the house was seized. The informant got a large part of the furniture, and has some of it now in her house in the village. The seizure so broke up Erp that he returned to Buffalo and gave up all he had left on condition that he would not be criminally prosecuted.

A veteran boatman said to-day: "Smuggling is going on all the time along the Niagara river front. It is mostly from this side into Canada. Small boats are used, and every evening dozens of parcels are carried over. Fort Erie people get seven-eighths of their supplies from Buffalo, and seven-eighths of this pays no duty. They bring the goods down to the water front and leave them with some boat-house keeper or friend and give some boatman over the river a tip to ferry them across. They'll do it for twenty-five cents and deliver the goods after dark. The Canadian officers are honest enough, but they have got too much to watch and can not cover every point."

"I ferried over four young fellows one night who each had a new suit of clothes. People save fifty per cent. on some things and then they can't get what they want over in Canada. Poor coffee costs forty cents a pound, when just as good can be got in Buffalo for twenty-five cents. Tea is the same way. You can not get a decent pair of shoes in Fort Erie. Housekeepers go to the city, order ten or twelve dollars worth of goods to be delivered at a certain place along the river, and during the night the goods are transferred across." —*Buffalo Cor., Chicago News.*

Fremont County, Wyo., sheared sixty-five thousand sheep this season, yielding five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of wool.

GENUINE HEROISM.

The Direction in Which to Look for Practical Instances of It.

Curts rode into the dreadful and dark abyss for the salvation of Rome. It was a deed for all time to applaud and for all men to exult over—a splendid exhibition of personal daring and of patriotic sacrifice. A good deal nearer to us in point of fact and time was the heroic front of Nathan Hale, the gallant young martyr of the American revolution, whose last regret was that he had only one life to give to his country. Very properly we admire and celebrate these and all heroic deeds; but there are other kinds of heroism of which little note is made, but which ought to move us to admiration as fervid as that which the world has agreed to lay upon the altars whereon patriotism has immolated itself in the splendid moments of the world's history. Where, for example, shall we find loftier courage than that of the woman who goes into her own kitchen day after day and week after week during the long continued and wearing heat of the summer, that those who are dependent on her ministrations may eat and drink and be satisfied? And that she does it with sweet cheerfulness, and that she comes from her kitchen to her dinner table flushed and overheated, thinking only how she can enhance the family comfort, with never a complaint for self, and you may have a truly heroic figure. Sublime patience is the only weapon with which we can do hopeful battle against extreme heat. How many of us are possessed of sufficient moral music to handle that weapon valiantly? The lamentable fact is, most of us are too ready to lay down the good sword point of patience and fight only with dull complaint and querulous objurgation. The general impulse is to run away at the first onslaught of summer, in cowardly and selfish heedlessness of the mother martyr in her kitchen. She is not an inspiration for the poets (who are not, as a rule, helpful or reassuring persons to live with), but, as this world goes, she is the motor and the fly wheel of the family machine. Without her what could we do? And where should we find a substitute? It is only the favored few who can say to the hired servant: "Go thou, and do and suffer in our service that we may eat of the palatable whortleberry pie and the juicy roast beef, and drink of the iced tea that rattles merrily in the capacious goblet." Appreciation of the humble woman's patience and courage and fortitude in the face of her kitchen sufferings would seem to be the smallest compensation that we can give her. No doubt we would gladly pay her much more than appreciation if only some thoughtful friend would remind us of our debt. The trouble with us is that we accept her uncomplaining service as part of our inherent right. Why may not we make an occasional little speech or perform an occasional little act of thanks? —*Detroit Free Press.*

CHARACTER IN SHOES.

The Significant Stories Told by Old or Partly-Worn Foot-Gears.

"Do you know how much character there is to be read in a partly worn pair of boots or shoes?" said the cobbler to the reporter, as he hammered a last nail in among a double row of them on the outer border of the heel of a boot. "There might be a collection formed of shoes taken from the feet of a dozen wearers and the dulllest comprehension would see some trait exhibited in looking them over. There is the cow-hide variety, coarse, made for work and not for ornament; its sole will be found evenly worn, denoting a phlegmatic, steady character, whose shoes bear him steadily and without nervousness to and from labor, which, not being his own, needs no rush or hurry. Then you may take the better grade of men's shoes; there's one with each heel worn away at the back, which denotes the brisk, energetic business man, and the pair near by, similar, but with the left heel worn at the back while the right one has kept its original shape. Why, if you work for that man and some day he looks up to the sky and says: 'There goes a white crow,' you say it is very white, or you will look for a new place, because he is a man of emphatic ideas, which he emphasizes at every step as he pegs down that left heel.

"Look out for that pair of shoes all run down at the side, and have him for your good-natured, jolly, fun-loving friend, but not to look out for your interests, because he never did it for his own, and consequently will not for another. Then there is one pair with the toes 'stubbled out.' These are owned by a visionary man, whose thoughts and eyes are away up in the clouds, so far above earthly things as to make him an impractical man in all business matters. There are women's boots, too, but about the only difference lies in the radical changes that the last few years have brought about, for where once the woman of fashion wore only the narrow-toed, French-heel boot, and the lower class the sensible shoe, she of the haut ton now wears only the common sense style, and to the servant girl on her afternoon out, and to the lower class, the once favorite French shoe is relegated. What on earth holds more cause for pathos and anguish in inanimate form than the tiny, half-worn shoes of the little one whose footsteps were so few until they started back on their journey to the angels they left a little while ago? Many a broken-hearted mother will part with all her dead child's wardrobe for charity's sake, but the little shoes she will tenderly wrap up and keep through the years that pass between their parting and meeting." —*Providence Journal.*

BOLD RAILWAY THIEVES.

How Travelers in Italy Are Robbed of the Contents of Their Trunks.

English travelers in Italy have now and then had occasion to perceive that their luggage was not safe from depredations which could only be charged to the railway employes, but complaints have always been fruitless even to diminish the number of thefts except for a short period, some years since, when a lady of the diplomatic world had her jewels taken neatly out of her trunk, which caused official action and detection of the dishonest officials, when for a time the thefts were less common. The effect of the investigation which then took place, however, passed away, and now we have another Princess robbed and another inquisition, for railway robberies, like collisions, require victims in high positions to secure the attention of the authorities.

In the last ten years I have had my luggage rifled five times before I learned the way to treat it, which is, first, to put nothing in the luggage which can be of value to the thieves; and, secondly, to see that the locks are such as can not be tampered with without showing it when the luggage is delivered. Some cautious people carry leaden seals and pins with cipher, and seal all the luggage as if it were going from Rome to Florence. This is effective.

The thieves have access to the luggage vans, and work while the train is in motion. They generally drive out the pin of the hasp of the lock or those of the hinges, go carefully through the contents, put them back as carefully, after having taken what they want, and put the pins of lock or hinges back in their place. The thieves are generally limited to luggage going through Italy or that which evidently belongs to foreigners. If a box has luggage tickets on it showing that it goes back and forth continually in Italy the thieves let it alone. The owner of the luggage thus does not discover the theft till too far from the thief to complain. Complaint is, however, of no use. In one personal experience, in which my wife's trunk had been delicately overlooked and £20 extracted from an envelope in a writing-case at the bottom, where it was put at Turin, every thing else having been carefully replaced, I made complaint to the station-master at Venice, as soon as we found that the money was missing, and the magnanimous official laughed at me, saying: "If you fear for your effects take them into the carriage with you," at which the whole staff haw-hawed uproariously; it was so good a joke to propose to take a lady's trunk into the passenger carriage. In another case I found a portmanteau forced open, so that I was aware of the robbery before I took my luggage from the station, and at once called the attention of the officials to it, when they replied that as the luggage had passed over several roads it was impossible to say where it was done. —*Rome Cor. London Times.*

BENEFITS OF SUNLIGHT.

FACTS for Housekeepers Who Have the Welfare of Their Families at Heart.

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses lest it fade carpets and curtains, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease, dampness, mold, mephrims. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the doors, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their apartments. It is pleasant, and not unwholesome during the glare of the noontide to subdue the heat, but in the evening we may freely indulge in the sun-bath, and let it flood all our rooms and if at its very fiercest and brightest, it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms so much the better for us. Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters; and enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any of the annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city, they will prevail in houses which are exposed the least to sunshine, while those most exposed to it, will not be at all, or very slightly, affected. Even in the same house, persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemic influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters. —*Baptist Weekly.*

General John Bidwell, who recently gave eight acres of his great ranch at Chico, Cal., as a site for the new Normal School of Northern California, went to that State long before the discovery of gold. He bought his ranch of \$0,000 acres for \$3,000, and now it is worth \$2,000,000, and yields an income of \$100,000. General Bidwell used to be a great wine producer, but his second wife has induced him to root out all his wine grapes and replace them with raisin grapes.

A turtle was found in 1854 south of York, Pa., by several parties, who marked it "L. K." In 1877 it was found again, and a few days ago the same old turtle was found on the farm of Mr. J. F. Rohrback, south of York. When found and marked in 1854 the turtle was as large as it is now.