OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

A Cure for Laziness.

A late reverend gentleman who resided in Yorkshire and was as well known for his eccentricity as his talents one day sent his son, a lazy lad about 12 years of age, to catch his horse. The lad went sauntering along with a grain of corn in one hand and a bridle in the other, dragging the reins along the ground. "Thomas," said the father, calling after him in a very solemn tone of voice, "come here, Thomas, I want to say a word to you before you go." The lad returned, and the parson proceeded: "You know, Thomas, that I gave you a great deal of counsel. You know that I have taught you, before closing your eyes, to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., besides a good many other things in way of explanation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I may ever have of speaking to you. I couldn't let it pass without giving you my parting charge. Be a good boy and always say that pretty prayer before going to sleep. I fear I shall never see you again." As he said this in a very sad and solemn manner the poor boy began to be frightened, and burst into tears with this exclamation: "You'll never see me again, pa!"

"No, for I will probably die before you get back with the horse." This quickened Thomas' ideas, and gathering up the reins he ran and caught the horse in less time than he had ever done before.—London Queen.

To Nelly.

Now let me sing my Nelly's fame,
For other men have done the same,
And praised their idol's charm and wit;
So if I do, what harm is it?

Large, lustrous eyes, yet full of fire
Teeth small and white as you'd desire,
And hair so thick and soft to press,
Its luxury invites caress.

The compass of her voice, 'tis true,
Might not please critics such as you;
But truth it is I cannot sing,
So that don't count for anything.

Friends will her sometimes catch and hold
With clasp that's warm, and touch that's bold;
No jealous pangs arise thereat,
Because my Nelly is a cat. —Evening Sun.

New to Her.

Mr. Gotham (at the ball game)—Do not Welch's curves, Miss Breezy, remind you of Hogarth's line of beauty?

Miss Breezy (from Chicago)—Well, really, Mr. Gotham, I never saw Hogarth pitch.—New York Sun.

She Recalled Her Reward.

Potts had just returned from an extended trip abroad, and was making his first call upon a young lady friend.

"My gracious, Miss Jennie, how you have changed! Why, you are a mere shadow of your former self. Aren't you well?"

"Well, no, Mr. Potts. You see, shortly after your departure I joined the cooking school, and there we are obliged to sample everything we make. I am now a hopeless dyspeptic."

"How horrible! Really, I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"You are very kind, Mr. Potts, but I feel positive that I shall reap my reward," and here the young lady blushed painfully.

"Reward? Really, I do not comprehend."

Then, with a graceful flutter of clinging drapery, she crossed to his side, gave him a 'tis leap year expression, laid her left ear over his chest protector and gently murmured:

"Willie, dear, I can make biscuit such as your mother used to make."

With a wild cry of joy he took the trembling form in his great strong arms and their happiness was so intense that it could have been cut with a knife."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

No Temptation.

"And so you have brought my beautiful Alphonso home, have you, like an honest man, instead of keeping him yourself, as you might easily have done!" said the delighted lady as she fondled the poodle. "Were you not strongly tempted to keep the darling creature!"

"No, mum," replied the incorruptible man, as he pocketed the $5 reward. "It weren't no temptation. I couldn't have sold his hide for two bits at this season of the year, mum."—Chicago Tribune.

One Way of Protecting.

Lightning rods do protect. Their decrease in number is not alone due to better electrical knowledge. It is due to a decrease of the danger which rods remove. The owner of buildings put rods thereon. His buildings may be struck by lightning, the rods melted, the buildings burned, but the man himself was safe. He was fully protected from lightning rod agents.—Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.

An Athletic Job.

Simperson—Young Smithson has become some quite athlete, I hear.

Bagley—That fellow an athlete? Oh, no. He could not walk around the block without resting.

Simperson—Ah, well, he has been jumping his board bill, and that must be a considerable job.—Boston Post.

The Campaign Poet at Work.

Subscriber (to editor)—What's the matter with the gentleman at the desk near the window? He certainly has a fit.

Editor—He's all right; he is writing some campaign poetry.—The Epoch.

Asking Too Much.

Old Lady (who has bought some groceries)—You are very slow, boy; can't you hurry up!

Boy (reproachfully)—You oughn't to ask a three-dollar-a-week boy to hurry up, ma'am.—New York Sun.

JOHNNY'S COMPLAINT.

Our preacher says—an' of course he's right—
It's very wrong to tell a fib,
(So mother's taught me ever since
She rocked me in my little crib,)
That's why I can't just understand
Why in his sermons he will run
Along like sixty when he's said:
"But one word more and I have done."

When first I heard him say those words
They made me glad, for I, you see,
Was tired, for half-hour sermons seem
Enough for little folks like me:
But gracious! I was quite surprised
To find he'd only just begun.
When pausing for a breath, he said:
"But one word more and I have done."

I wonder what he'd think if I
Should say, when at his home I'd sup:
"Just one plum more and I have done,"
Then eat his wife's preserves all up?
I guess he'd ask me what I meant;
I'd have to say I was in fun
Just like he must be when he says:
"But one word more and I have done."
—*Wade Whipple, in Richmond Dispatch.*

WONDERFUL INSECTS.

Providing Living Meat for Their Young.

Marvelous Instinct Displayed by Some Members of the Wasp Family—The Study of These Little Creatures of Absorbing Interest.

"There is nothing new under the sun," wrote the wise man; but who would have thought that the secret of preserving fresh meat, which we are all now anxiously trying to find out, was known and practiced ages ago by the wasp family, and that in a way much more clever than we can ever hope to attain?

Is it not strange in itself that the solitary wasps, that is, the species in which each one builds its own nest, though they feed entirely on honey themselves, know that the young grubs which will come from their eggs need animal food? For after flying about among the flowers ever since they left their cocoons, these sand-wasps, toward the end of July, begin to burrow in the soft sand, and when they have formed a chamber they lay an egg in it and provide flies, spiders, grasshoppers or beetles for the young larva which is soon to be born.

Some bring the food in piece by piece as their child is ready to feed upon it. The Bembex, or bee-wasp, may be seen doing this in most parts of the world.

When she has scooped out in the sand the chamber in which her young grub is to be born and pass its youth—a smooth, oval cell, at the end of a short passage—she comes out and flies away.

But she soon returns with a little golden-green fly in her grasp, flies straight to the right spot in the sand, enters, and, placing the fly on its back within the oval chamber, she lays upon its flank a tiny, sticky egg.

Then she comes out and again closes the door of the passage, for she knows that in twenty-four hours the grub will be hatched, and, finding its food ready to eat, will devour and devour, till, in about two days, nothing will be left of its victim but the *debris* of skin and legs and wings.

Here we have no preserving of meat. We must go to another group to find the skillful meat-preservers. Here the Sphex will serve us, that curious genus so easily known from common wasps by the thin stalk which joins the abdomen to the rest of its body. There are large and small sphexes, some of which feed their grubs on small grasshoppers, while others attack even a good-sized locust; but one and all they are skillfull practitioners, and know how to paralyze without killing, so as to leave their prey stored up in a fresh state till the grub needs it.

This time we must not go to loose sand-banks, but to a gravelly soil, or to places where tufts of grass bind the sand together and make a shelter over the doorway of the cells. Then, if we listen carefully, we may hear the busy hum of some twelve or twenty Sphex sand-wasps, each digging out her separate home, although they work together for company.

It is harder work than that of the Bembex, for the ground is close and firm, but each one with her powerful jaws digs into the ground, often lifting out even a small stone and placing it aside, while, with her forefeet, she clears in front, throwing out the gravel with her hind-legs, and redoubling her efforts and her humming song, whenever a tougher piece of ground calls for all her strength.

In a few hours she has made a gallery some inches in length and bent like an elbow near the opening to keep out wind and rain, while at the farther end she has made an oval chamber with well-smoothed walls and floor and ceiling.

And now she goes for her prey. This time it is a grasshopper which is needed for the grub, and, as some unwary little chirper is singing his song, he is pounced upon by his small but terrible enemy.

There is a struggle as the two roll over and over, now one now the other on the top, but at last the wasp conquers and the grasshopper lies upon his back.

Then follows a curious operation. Turning her head to the grasshopper's tail the wasp seizes the end of his abdomen with her mandibles and holds it fast, while with her feet she keeps his legs down. Then bending her slim waist so as to bring her sting under her she gives three stabs, one in the neck of her victim, one further back between the first and second pair of legs and the third still nearer to his abdomen.

In a moment it is done and the grasshopper resists no more, though his body still heaves slowly and his legs move vaguely and feebly. The wasp then smoothes her ruffled wings, and prepares to carry him away.

Pressing her body against his she clasps him firmly with her legs, and soaring into the air with a victim far heavier than herself flies straight to her chamber. Here she lays him down outside and runs in to see that no harm has happened in her absence, for she has left her door open. Then she returns, and putting her head out seizes him by the antennæ and drags him in.

Once safe in the chamber she places herself upon him, and lays her sticky egg upon his thorax where the grub may safely begin to eat as soon as he is hatched. Nor is her work yet finished. A second, a third, and sometimes even a fourth time she makes the same journey, bringing each time a grasshopper stabbed with three blows, and placing them all in the cell closes it up safely.

But she does not leave the gallery. Side by side with this cell she now begins another, and only when four chambers are made and supplied each with an egg and food for the grub when hatched, does she come out and close the gallery?

Now what has she done? It will be, at least, three or four days before the first egg will hatch, and ten or twelve days more before the grub has finished eating the three or four grasshoppers.

But long before this, if the grasshoppers were dead they would have become dry and juiceless in a warm place, and rotten and putrid in a damp one, so that the grub could not eat them. But they are not dead.

Fabre, a French entomologist, who spent years in studying these insects, found that after a month and a half these strong grasshoppers are still fresh and their limbs are flexible. Nay! for more than a fortnight their antennæ and legs may often be seen to move.

Paralyzed throughout and thrown into profound unconsciousness, yet the prey is living still, so that the larva from the time when it first comes out of the egg, till its last meal before it spins its cocoon, has fresh and living meat prepared for its table.

Here is indeed a marvel! and by imitating it M. Fabre found out how it is done. By taking a metal pen, with ammonia upon it, making a corrosive liquid, and pricking the grasshopper in the three spots chosen by the Sphex for her sting, he was able to paralyze the insect as she had done.

For this clever little insect stings exactly in the three places where under the grasshopper's body are gathered the centers of nerve matter from which the nerves spring. In this way she completely disables her victim, while her stabs are just of the right strength to paralyze but not to kill. M. Fabre found that if the operation was carelessly performed, the insect died, yet so far as he could discover, no Sphex ever by mistake kills her prey.

One more fact, and our wonder at the skill and instinct of these creatures reaches its height. The *Sphex Languedocien*, which is rather larger than the yellow-winged Sphex of which we have been speaking, kills a good-sized locust for her grub, and stores only one in each cell. Now as this victim is very large compared to herself she can not fly with it, so she catches it first, and afterwards excavates her chamber near. Then she has to drag him into it by his antennæ, and as he is large and strong, his legs and mandibles still moving after he is stung are very dangerous to her.

Yet probably if she stung him moer he might die, for this is not how she gets out of the difficulty. Getting astride him, she presses his neck till the joints open, and then with a firm stroke of her mandibles she presses upon the collar of nerve matter collected round the throat.

In an instant her prey becomes quiet, she has stunned the locust, and produced the same effect as a blow on the brain does to a man, and this lasts for some time. But it does not kill, nor even permanently injure the nerve ganglia, for M. Fabre found that afterward, when in the cell, the locust had recovered from the pressure, and his limbs and mandibles moved as before.

Now we might imagine that all this movement would be dangerous to the young and tender grub, and so it would if the careful mother had not placed the egg upon the locust's thorax exactly where no movement can touch it, and so when the grub is hatched it eats at ease upon the spot most paralyzed until it has gained strength.

Nor is it only the grub which profits by this arrangement. Much as we might admire the cleverness of these sand-wasps in keeping their prey alive, yet it would be very horrible if we could suppose that the grasshopper or the locust were suffering lingering tortures. But, on the contrary, the very parts attacked and paralyzed are the nerves, the parts that feel, and just as a patient under chloroform has his nerve-centers for the time deadened, so that though he may struggle under the hands of the surgeon yet he knows nothing of it, so the grasshopper, feebly moving his legs, can not be supposed to feel the bite of his destroyer, who begins his meal upon that very part most strongly paralyzed and as he feeds destroys still more surely the power of suffering.

Such is the history of the meat-preserving sand-wasps, and yet it is not half told. For the Sphex is only one among a whole group of these insects; some of which feed on caterpillars, some on flies, bees, spiders or beetles, and each and all of these know how best to paralyze their prey.

The beautiful Cerceris, which feeds upon weevils and on some lovely rich-colored metalic beetles called Buprestes, attacks her prey quite differently from the Sphex. For the quiet, passive beetle does not need to be attacked in a rush like the nimble grasshopper; he trusts to his solid armor to protect him. Yet the Cerceris has found out the weak joints.

Coming face to face with him, she seizes him by the snout and pins him down, and as he cramps up his legs with fright she presses his back strongly with her forelegs so as to make the rings gape under his body, and turning her sting under gives one and only one blow between the first and second pair of legs, and from that moment the beetle moves no more.

Why then only one blow? Because in these beetles the nervous centers are all gathered together in this one spot, and as the Sphex has learnt where to plant her three blows, the Cereris knows where to strike her one deadly stab, leaving us in bewildering wonder at instincts which have become so true, so unerring, that not even a drop of poison is wasted in providing "living meat for insect larders."—*Youth's Companion.*

A JEWELER'S CHAT.

Some Illustrations of the Significance of Several Odd Watch-Charms.

A Western Jeweler—"Did you ever notice the peculiar watch charms worn by many people? You have! Well, just ask a few of them what may be the significance of some oddity which dangles from their watch chains and you'll often hear an interesting yarn. I've made it a practice to learn the history of every charm worn by such of my customers as were sufficiently well known to me, and you can almost use me as an encyclopedia on that subject now.

"Among some of the odd things which have come under my notice was a bit of rope strand which hung from the chain of a successful criminal lawyer of this place. It was once part of the rope which hung a client of his, and he carried it as a warning for himself, I suppose. At any rate I never heard of another of his clients who departed this world by the "hemp-route.' Our chief of police here also had an odd charm in the shape of a miniature policeman's staff, richly jeweled, which was made from the first staff ever carried by him when an ordinary policeman, many years ago.

"About the most ridiculous curio I ever saw was a little sealed glass tube mounted in gold, which contained a few shriveled, stringy looking fibers. They were nothing more than a few straws taken from the stables of the Queen of England by an enthusiastic American admirer of royalty who was making a visit to the household. The owner of the straws set a pretty high value on them, too, but I don't think he'd ever have been able to realize over twenty-five cents for his charm.

"A funny story is told of an American who once ascended Vesuvius during an eruption. Approaching too near, the rash tourist found himself suddenly almost surrounded by slowly flowing lava, which settled and sent forth its stench only a few feet from his point of observation. Not at all daunted, our countryman took a nickel from his pocket, pressed it against the surface of a rapidly-cooling lava block and breaking off the piece containing the coin rapidly beat a safe retreat. He subsequently had the impression mounted, and delights in nothing more than to tell of his adventure."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

IDENTIFYING A TRUNK.

A Careless Traveler Finds His Baggage by a Revelation.

A passenger over the Lake Shore who had lost his baggage check was called upon yesterday to pick out his trunk from fifty others in the baggage room. He succeeded in establishing its identity after awhile, but when asked for a list of contents he went to pieces at once.

"Have you any clothes in it?" queried the official.

"I suppose so, of course."

"Any valuables?"

"There is a watch, but I've forgotten how it looks. I guess it's silver, though."

"Any books?"

"I guess so, but I ain't sure."

"Well, what are you sure of?"

"Gimme ten minutes to think."

He took fifteen and walked up and down, and at last a revelation come.

"Say, I've got it!" he chuckled, as he came back.

"Well!"

"Well, if that's my trunk there are six new eucher-decks in a green box right on top."

"Any peculiarity about the cards?"

"You bet! That's where I'm solid. Every pack has a marked back, for I bought 'em to bamboozle the country chaps out of their shekels. I am going out of here with a hog show, and after the show I play poker. Just look for them cards."

The trunk was opened and the cards found as described, and the owner whispered:

"Might I have the audacity to hope you won't gimme away on this? Christopher! but you orter see how the suckers do bite at this season of the year!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cinder in the Eye.

Railroad conductors get a great deal of medical information and the understanding of many helpful little schemes in the course of a long year's run. Many of the conductors, who, among the many other ills and ailings of their passengers, have found that of a particle of dirt or cinder in the eye to be the most frequent and painful, carry with them a supply of horse hair. Their experience makes them experts in doubling the hair and drawing it over the eye while the lid is closed.—Chicago News.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Fashions in Wall Paper—Arranging Heavy Draperies—Practical Suggestions.

Landscape designs used to be commonly employed on wall papers in our grandmothers' times, and now reappear on some of the new papers for halls.

Satin papers with soft grounds of creamy tint, covered with graceful designs of vines and flowers, such as morning glories, in blue, pink and purple, are favorites for chambers. Other grounds seen in the new papers are in imitation of draped crepe cloth.

Drawing room and library papers are exceedingly rich in effect, showing embossed blocks of gold alternating with other designs.

Pumpkin Marmalade.

Pumpkin marmalade may be made as follows: Pare and core, a medium sized ripe pumpkin and cut into small pieces; put six pounds of sugar and one pint of good cider vinegar into a porcelain lined kettle, with one ounce of good ginger root bruised, and a dozen cloves tied up together in a bag; when it gets warm put in the pumpkin, press it down well and cook until it is quite transparent and soft; take the pumpkin out with a strainer and keep near the fire, while the liquid is boiled down to a thin syrup; then put the pumpkin back into the kettle and boil half an hour, stirring it well with a wooden spoon.

Recipe for Potpourri at Any Season.

When one cannot procure rose petals or sweet herbs for making a potpourri, the following mixture will answer nicely in their place, though it is chiefly used for perfuming drawers, chests of linen, etc.: Bruise together four ounces of orris root and sweet flag; add three ounces sandal wood, one ounce cedar, one ounce each of gum benzoin, styrax and nutmeg, powdered; half a dram essence of lemon, one dram millefleurs, twenty drops oil of lavender, ten grains of musk and ten drops attar of roses, and tie up in silk or flannel bags.

A Plant of Merit for House Culture.

Freesias are plants about which we hear rather more just now than for some time past. Though not new they are unknown to the average amateur florist, and they make excellent pot plants. Plants that one wants to bring into blossom at the holidays should be placed in a warm part of the green house at about this time, and toward the middle of December they must be put where they will have a temperature of 70 degs. in the daytime and not less than 60 degs. at night. When in growth they require liberal watering.

Preserved Quinces.

Pare, core and quarter nice ripe quinces, removing all the hard part around the core, cover with water and let them come to a boil, skimming them well. Take as much sugar by weight as you had of quinces after paring, etc., and when the quinces begin to be soft add about one-fourth of it, but do not stir, and when the liquid comes to a boil again add more sugar, and so on till all of it is in. Let the preserves then boil slowly till the color is as deep as is desired.

Beautiful Brown Stain.

A well recommended stain for producing a beautiful, uniform and durable brown or walnut in light woods and furniture consists of equal parts of manganate of soda and crystallized epsom salts in twenty to thirty times the amount of water at about 144 degs. Fahr. The wood is brushed with the solution. It may be afterward smoothed with oil and polished. By lessening or increasing the amount of water the stain is made darker or lighter.

Delicious Corn Bread.

A housewife says that the following makes delicious corn bread: A pint and a half of white corn meal, a tablespoonful of sifted flour, a scant teaspoonful of salt and three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed thoroughly together while dry. Add one tablespoonful of fresh butter and a scant pint of sweet milk or cream to make a soft dough; bake at once in a buttered pan.

How Snails Are Cooked.

A southerner tells that snails are very largely consumed as food in New Orleans. They are killed by throwing into hot water. Then the snails are washed in weak lye and the shells in stronger lye. The meats are boiled and then roasted in the shells, with a dressing of bread or parsley.

The Marks of Good Mutton.

Good mutton and good lamb may be known by its fine grain, good color and white fat. The breast is the best part for stews; it is also the cheapest. A breast weighing three pounds will make the principal dish for a dinner for four people, and costs from four to five cents per pound.

Unique Arrangement of a Heavy Drapery.

A unique design for the arrangement of a heavy drapery for a portiere, which can also be applied to window draperies, is described by Demorest as follows:

FIG. 1—UNIQUE PORTIERE.

The curtain shown in the cut is heavy old red silk chenille, with a broad band of old blue, and the tassel is of multi colored silk in Persian effects, with old blue silk netting and cord.

FIG. 2—HOW THE DRAPERY IS FOLDED.

The second cut shows the manner in which the drapery is folded, attached to the rings and drawn over the curtain pole, which is set in the door frame. The advantage of this arrangement over other methods of hanging a drapery over instead of on the pole is that in drawing the curtain aside the correct position of the folds is maintained by the rings

IN A LION'S DEN.

A Welsh Professional Boxer Mingles with Savage Beasts.

An announcement made by the crier the other evening that a man named William Samuels, a local innkeeper and the champion boxer of Wales, would enter alone a den of lions at a menagerie, located at Swansea, caused considerable excitement in the town, and drew a great crowd to the show. At nine o'clock the band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then Samuels, accompanied by Mr. Bostock, the manager of the show, walked up to a den containing a lion and about a dozen lionesses. A great crowd at once assembled round the cage. Mr. Bostock mounted a platform and informed the public that his old friend Samuels had volunteered to perform a deed of daring such as had never been done in the menagerie since its establishment in 1805. Mr. Whitehead, he said, recently at Cardiff, entered the cage accompanied by Mme. Salva, the lion-tamer, and had by his action caused a great sensation in South Wales. But Samuels was going to surpass this feat, for though urged to let Mme. Salva accompany him, he declined to enter the den at all unless allowed to do so alone. This he was now about to do.

The announcement was received with great cheering, though it was evident that, on the part of many present, there was a feeling of considerable anxiety and alarm. Samuels, however, seemed to share none of these feelings of uneasiness. Attired as a prize-fighter and with a blue rosette on his breast, he appears at the entrance of the cage, and, cudgel in hand, boldly entered it. The lions appeared in no way to relish this intrusion, and it looked as though Samuels would have had a warmer welcome than he bargained for. Possessed apparently with nerves of steel, the man walked undaunted up to the end of the cage where the animals were huddled together, awaiting only the slightest encouragement to spring on the intruder, and held his cudgel threateningly before the nose of the fiercest. Growls of rage greeted this act; but Samuels, in no way discomposed, walked among the animals, and made them fly right and left before him. This he did several times, and on one occasion acted so rashly that grave fears were entertained for his safety by those in charge of the exhibition. These—who as a precaution were armed with red hot irons—were ready to act promptly, when Samuels again obtained the mastery over his savage companions, and showed his fearlessness of them by firing a loaded pistol in their faces. Then, his courage maintained to the last, he went to the gate of the den and waited in a dangerous position while Mr. Bostock presented him, amid the cheers of those present, with a unique chain composed of spade and crown, and with a certificate recording the fact that he had accomplished his purpose. Immediately afterward the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and Samuels was borne in triumph out of the menagerie and through the streets.—*South Wales Daily News.*

TRAINED SENSES.

Some Instances of Extreme Skill With Eye and Hand.

We hear a great deal about the wonderful precision and accuracy of machinery in these days, and of course it is wonderful; but the degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful.

Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned "end for end" in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this, make calipers of their finger and thumb and by passing them along from one to the other, detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply separate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at random and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

Where large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market there is a process known as "candleing" eggs which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time) and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the practiced eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need to use the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs, which are decidedly bad, but those which are just beginning to lose their freshness.

Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training; First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude; second, in weight, and lastly, in texture or character of surface handled.—*American Machinist.*

—The largest johnny-cake known to have been made was thirteen feet long and in twenty-six parts, each representing a State. It was made by ladies during the former Harrison campaign.