THE OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, - Publishers

UNION, OREGON.

EAST AFRICAN MISSIONS.

The Comprehensive Work Carried On by the Protestant and Catholic Churches.

Missionary interests have become very extensive in East Africa. The Church Missionary Society and the Universities Mission, of the Church of England; the Established and the Free Church, of Scotland; the London Missionary Society, the United Methodist Free Churches and the Church of Rome, all have missions on the coast or in the interior.

The Church Missionary Society has two distinct lines of missions—one with its basis at Mombasa, in the English Sphere of Influence, with eight stations, some of which are on or near the coast and some in the interior. One is in the neighborhood of Mount Kilimanjaro. The second line of stations is that which stretches from Zanzibar to Uganda. There are nine stations in this line, beginning with Mamboia and Mpwapwa, nearly due west from Zanzibar, and including Usambiro, Msalala and Nasa, south of the Victoria Nyanza, and Rubaga, in Uganda, at the north of the great lake.

The Universities Mission has twelve stations—one at Zanzibar, four in the Usambara country north of Zanzibar, four on or near the River Rovuma, and three on the east shore of Lake Nyassa.

The two Scottish churches have—the Free Church five stations on Lake Nyassa, the Established Church one on Lake Shirwa, at the south of Lake Nyassa. The route to this region is by the Zambesi and Shire rivers.

The London Society goes further west than any of the other societies, and plants two stations on Lake Tanganyika and one at Urambo in the Unyamwezi country, south of the Victoria Nyanza, and near the stations of the Church Missionary Society. The route was formerly from Zanzibar through Mpwapwa to Ujiji; now there is another route by the Zambesi and Shire, Lake Nyassa and a road thence to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika.

The United Methodist Free Churches have two missions in the Mombasa region and one in Gallaland.

Three German Protestant societies have five stations—three in Gallaland, one in Zanzibar and one in Dar-es-Salam, where one of the massacres took place. It is the Berlin Society which maintains the last two stations.

These are all the Protestant missions between Wito and the Rovuma river; but there are German and French Roman Catholic stations. There are three French stations on or near Lake Victoria, the most important of which is the one in Urganda, under the control of Pere Lourdel; two on Lake Tanganyika; one at Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar, and one or two others. The Jesuits have also a few stations, and the German Catholics have one at Dar-es-Salam.

In all, there are thirteen missions—six British, four German and three French. One society, the Church Missionary, alone has spent five hundred thousand dollars in the last thirty years in East Africa.—N. Y. Independent.

HOW SPIDERS GROW.

Curious Facts About the Lives of the Interesting Little Creatures.

The spider has never been at school a day in his life, he has never learned a trade or read a book, yet he can make the straightest lines, most perfect circles, beautiful little bridges, and many of his family can spin and weave, some of them can hunt, and swim, and dive, and do mason work almost as well as if they had a trowel and mortar. There is a spider in my garden that makes so many lines and circles you'd think it had been all through geometry. It makes circles, every one a little larger than the other, about twelve of them, and then from the smallest circle begins and makes about twenty-eight straight lines going to the outside circle, like the whalebones in an umbrella. It makes this web so perfect and regular that it is called the geometric spider. You'll see late in the summer clusters of its eggs on bushes and hedges. When hatched the spiders will keep together in a little ball. You touch this ball and the little spiders will scatter in all directions, but as soon as they can they'll get together again as before. I left my silk dress last night hanging over a chair near the wall, and this morning I found that Mrs. Spider had been there in the night and made a beautiful little bridge of spider silk between my dress and the wall. The spider that made this bridge for me had eight eyes. It can not move any of these eyes; each eye has but one lens and can only see what is directly in front of it. It had a pair of sharp claws on the fore part of its head; with these little pincers it catches other smaller spiders. When the spider is at rest it folds these little claws one over the other, like the parts of scissors. This spider has eight feet; most insects, you know, have six. At the end of each foot is a movable hook. It has five little spinners, or spinnerets, with which to make its web. Each of these spinners has an opening which it can make large or small, as it likes. There is a tube like a little hall communicating into each of these openings. In this tube are four little reservoirs, which hold the "gluey substance of which the thread is spun." As soon as this liquid comes to the air it becomes a tough and strong thread. I suppose the air acts upon it in some way.—Growing Age.

MIGHTY HARD LUCK.

Why a Young Journalist Has Discarded His Best Clothes.

A good story is going the rounds of the hotels and cafes uptown about a young journalist's experience with Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. It is said to be true and has not been printed. The journalist was in a financial condition bordering on bankruptcy. His assets when duly inventoried, amounted to one dime. Only one man in the city owed him money, and his ambition was to make the ten cents pay the car fare until the debtor was reached. It was a desperate case, and seven chances out of ten the debtor would have some excuse and not pay. The debtor was a queer kind of a man, and always seemed to be more generous toward the prosperous than the poverty-stricken looking individual. For this reason the journalist clad himself in his finest suit of clothes, wore a beaver hat, kid gloves, patent leather shoes and carried a silver-headed cane. He got on the Sixth avenue elevated down-town, paying half of all his financial possession for the fare. In the car he sat opposite George W. Childs, the well-known philanthropist. Just before reaching the Twenty-third street station Mr. Childs took out a roll of bank bills, put several large bills in an envelope and placed it back in his coat pocket. The train stopped. Mr. Childs arose with the bank bills in his right hand, walked out on the platform and then shoved the bills, as he thought, into his inside coat pocket. They missed the pocket and fell to the floor. The journalist with five cents in his pocket picked up the money, overtook Mr. Childs and gave it to him. The philanthropist took the roll of greenbacks, counted out three bills of large denominations, and started to hand them to the lucky and honest finder. Before it reached the hand of the latter Mr. Childs drew back, took a careful survey of the elegantly-attired gentleman before him, blushed, put the money back with the other bills, pulled off his hat and in that polite tone of voice that means to say can-you-forgive-me-for-my-mistake, said: "Sir, I really beg your pardon; I thank you very much."

The journalist went home and changd his elegant suit of clothes for an ordinary ten dollar Bowery-looking suit. He thinks now with Emerson, that it never pays to seem what you are not.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

ELEPHANTS AT LARGE.

How a Couple of Colossal Pachyderms Enjoyed a Two Hours' Liberty.

The circus elephants had a lively tramp around the environs of Toulon the other night. The colossal pachyderms were literally "out on the loose," for they had managed to burst their bonds of captivity after the circus was over, and, while their keepers were soundly asleep, they wobbled out on the main road of La Seyne. Finding themselves free, they began to flourish their trunks about vigorously and to skirmish for provender. They first made an incursion into a number of market gardens, where they battered down walls and palings with the greatest alacrity, and proceeded promptly to root up and to stow away down their capacious mouths various specimens of vegetable produce. They next wandered along by a trim villa, the grounds of which they entered and demolished a conservatory therein. After this they sniffed around a baker's shop at the entrance to the suburb of La Seyne, being thereunto attracted by the pleasant odor of new bread. The head baker of the establishment was at his door and saw the dim colossal forms approaching him in the darkness. He thought the end of the world was at hand, and retired inside with trepidation, having well barred the door. The pachyderms came on and halted before the doors, which they began to batter with their trunks and to crush with their bodies. Luckily for the baker his door was a good stout one, so he was able to await a possible catastrophe with comparative calmness. Finding the doors too strong for them, the elephants broke a few windows in the bakery and took to the road again. Spying a gypsy encampment on their way, they reconnoitered it; knocked down a few of their huts, and caused a terrible uproar in the nomadic settlement. The women and children shrieked, and the men turned out with pitchforks to do battle with the strange foes. By this time, however, the pachyderms were missed by their keepers, and the hue-and-cry had been raised. Before the gypsy encampment was completely demolished the circus people and the police came to the rescue; the elephants were secured, and were duly marched back to their enclosure.—St. James' Gazette.

Compulsory Education in England.

In a school district in London there were many parents who reported no children in their families. In order to find just how many children were thus being kept from school, the school authorities got two monkeys dressed them gayly, put them in a wagon in which was a brass band, and started through the district. At once crowds of children appeared and followed the wagon, which drove to a neighboring park, when the school officers went among the children distributing candies and getting their names and addresses. They thus found that over sixty parents kept their children from school; and as a result of the monkeys, the brass band and the candy, about two hundred little boys and girls have been set at study.—Journal of Education.

—In China people in easy circumstances buy their coffins long before they need them, and exhibit them as ornamental pieces of furniture.

CHINESE STREETS.

Queer Sights to Be Seen in the Thoroughfares of a Celestial City.

The streets in Chinese cities are from six to twelve feet wide, and are filled from morning to night with a ceaseless throng. Every man is black-haired, the fore-part of his head is shaven, while behind him hangs the queue imposed by the Machu conquerors. Here comes the coolies, in blue jackets and blue knickerbockers, bare-footed, or straw-sandalled, with a bamboo across the shoulders, carrying heavy weights and singing, "Eh ho, ah ho, ay ho-li!" like all the brethren of their craft east of the Mediterranean. This man with long flowing robe, wide sleeves, huge horn-rimmed spectacles, slow swaggering gait, languid-fluttering fan, evidently a very important person indeed, is, in fact, a Confucionist scholar. Here totters along a woman on her tiny three-inch feet, clad in gay embroidered jacket, and delicate silk skirt, perhaps a small silver-mounted tobacco-pipe in her hand, her head adorned with strange hirsute structures like a carving knife, a trencher, a flying swallow, or what not, a touch of rouge to cheeks and lips, while powder gives mistiness to full-fleshed facial charms. Here is a small boy, if it be winter, gaily dressed in brilliant colors, a perfect ball of many wrappings—if it be summer, equally gaily dressed in the not unbecoming garb of his yellow skin alone. For vehicles look at yon sedan chair, borne by two or three men. In it sits a gentleman, elegantly clad in white or flowered silk or in costly furs, according to the season. If there be four or even eight bearers you will have timely warning, for this is a mandarin; before him runs a motley crowd of retainers beating gongs, carrying tablets inscribed "Be silent," "Make way." Villainous-looking fellows with steepled-crowned Guy Fawkes hats, armed with whips, mouthing out uncouth cries, are the lictors of the great man. Others carry the great silk umbrella, the badge of office, meant for the official, should he ever wish to move his heavy well-fed body, with its impressive self content, from his chair. This is an event which rarely occurs; in fact it is an awful thought to an Englishman that sitting in a chair and scolding are the most violent forms of exercise in which a mandarin ever indulges. On the breast of his handsome silk robe he bears embroidered some strange bird or beast which marks his rank; on his hat a button, blue, red, crystal or gold, according to his dignity, and, if he be distinguished, a one-eyed or even two-eyed peacock's feather. Occasionally some distuber of the peace, spied flagrante delicto from the chair, is promptly thrown into the street stripped and beaten. Here comes clattering and jingling along a small pony, which bears a military official; none but one accustomed to the rough life of camps would use so fatiguing a mode of locomotion. This miserable, unkempt being, howling a dismal ditty, and rattling together two bamboo slips, is a beggar. It is as well to give him the microscopic dole he claims, for he will stay there, inert but vocal, till he gains his point. Such a one has been known to commit suicide in a determinately parsimonious shop in order to bring its owner into trouble with the authorities.—North China Herald.

NORTH SEA TRAWLERS.

The Dangers They Brave to Keep Soul and Body Together.

Every condition of squalor, cold, excessive toil and danger is known to them, and during the greater part of the year they do not know a single pleasure, even of the low sort. Why should they endure such a fate? It is because they know of no other. Many of them leave the parish schools and become apprentices; from that day until their bleak and barren life's end they are cut off from the world of men. People think that a voyage to the Cape is rather a long and tedious affair, but the fisherman stays out at sea for eight weeks at a stretch, and during that time he must be content with alternations of furious labor and mere dullness, unless some influence from outside can be made to touch him. For eight weeks the men only have their reeking cabin as a refuge from the deck; and the very name of pleasure would sound strange to them. No one who is inexperienced can conceive the extent of the fisherman's ignorance even now, and I think that only that same ignorance keeps them from feeling discontented. At their own craft they are consummately skillful; they know the cunning and mysterious ways of fishes; they can read the meaning of every change of wind, or sky, or sea; and they are so heedless of danger that it is sometimes frightful to see them. Then, barring the worst of the weeds from the slum, they are men of superb physique, and their powers of bearing labor and privations are quite without parallel in my experience. This noble set of toilers must be reckoned as only equal to the merest children in knowledge. When they are bad, their badness is brutal; when they are good, their goodness is marked by infantile simplicity. The sailor goes from port to port; the smacksman travels from the desolate banks of the Dogger or Ameland to the quayside of his native town, and then he goes back again—year in, year out. Often on weary afternoons, when the gray sky stooped low and the dim water was lashed by the sleet, I have thought "What a life!" Mr. Carlyle boldly asserted that a man is nearer the eternal verities, or something of that kind, when he is at sea; now I should say that the fisher, with his dog's housing and his dog's life, is a good deal kept away from the verities, eternal and otherwise.—Contemporary Review.

BOLD ADVENTURERS.

One Type Is Soft and Polished, the Other Rough and Careless.

Adventurers are of two types—the polished and well-bred, and the bluff and rather brutal. The one glides softly from the pavement to the drawing room, treading on no one's corns, and corkscrewing his way through all such openings as he may discern. The other shoulders his way, and effects by simple push and force what else is done by craft and tenacity. The adventurer of the softer type has been a croupier, a courier or a gentleman's gentleman; whereby he has picked up the current shibboleth, and been able to assume the outside varnish of the upper ten. The adventurer of the rougher type has been among miners and cowboys, and has probably served in some half piratical army, where the object was less self-defense than plunder, and the discipline meant only readiness to fight on all occasions, which experience, if properly managed, gives a certain wild fruit flavor to his talk, a certain heroic seeming to his bearing, which sweeps the heart out of women cursed with imagination and bored to extinction by realities. For the adventurer knows he can do nothing without the women. Brought to the door of the house by the master, he must be helped over the threshold by the mistress, as the evil spirits of old were helped across by a baptized hand, else could they not have entered a Christian home. The woman must be the adventurer's unconscious but willing accomplice if he would succeed in his designs. Whatever it may be that he has set himself to win, she must be the goddess Fortune to take him by the hand; and if she does not his plans will all be shipwrecked. Hence, he has learned the art of making love, as one must learn the alphabet before mastering the literature; and of all the skilled and skillful adventurers discovered to us by justice there has not been one who was not beloved by woman. We have just seen a most striking instance of this with the man Prado, who, apparently without a single physical qualification, was the master of women as the hawk is the master of the chickens. When of the softer type, he makes love sentimentally and flatters his adored ones by artful comparisons. He has known divine Duchesses and Countesses that were like dreams of beauty, but this special charm, this particular delightfulness, has he never known, and his whole being pays homage as he never paid it before. But if he is of the rough and more brutal type he rouses her enthusiasm by a narrative of his various feats of daring, and probably poses as a man whom love has passed coldly by—until now. In any case, he knows his ground and the best method of tillage. And he seldom fails or makes a mistake. For he has the magic of temperament as well as the halo of romance; and, together, these are as golden chains which lead women captive whithersoever the man will. And the adventurer wills to lead them very far down indeed. The first necessity with him is to induce some one of good family and position to compromise herself with him; when, with this irresistible pull on her, all the rest is easy. Fear, shame, perhaps remorse, come in when the glamour of the first infatuation is over; the woman who has been a devoted lover, friend and helper, becomes by force, though the loathing victim, both slave and accomplice. The world has never known the screw that has been put on certain women by the men whose fortunes they have made. It will never know the truth in some cases, where the secret, well kept in life, is now rendered undiscoverable by death. But strange romances have been woven between the weakness that gave and the strength that held—between the love that trusted and the dishonor that utilized.—St. James' Budget.

AN ADMIRABLE WOMAN.

The Confession of the Ugly and Unattractive Duchess of Orleans.

Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent D'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners:

"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate every thing that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before a mirror—everybody else did. I answered, because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness. I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover any thing like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The King often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."—N. Y. Ledger.

FACTS ABOUT GULLS.

According to Reliable Authority They Are Birds of Great Character.

The gull may be said to be omnivorous; nothing, indeed, apparently comes amiss. It will devour small fish, and for this reason is very fond of following shrimpers and other small trawling vessels for the feast to be obtained when the fishermen are shaking out their nets—mollusks and crustaceans which it finds left by the tide, and, one of its greatest feasts perhaps, the scraps and offal thrown overboard from the cook's galley of a passing ship. So fond, indeed, are the gulls of the meal provided them by the refuse thrown overboard from ships that they will, in a harbor where a guardship is moored, apparently observing times and seasons, attend daily with the greatest regularity for the food they know will be supplied to them. In addition they will, as we have said, wander far inland in search of worms and grubs, and when so engaged will not even disdain on occasion to help themselves to the farmer's grain, though this can not be said in any way to be their natural food. That a gull, however, can live entirely on corn is proved by the fact that the stomach of one so kept by John Hunter is now preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons. Gulls make excellent pets, and are most useful in gardens, having an illimitable appetite for slugs and a general aptitude for devouring obnoxious insects. And, strange though it may appear, considering their natural wariness and wildness, it is not necessary to obtain them young, as an adult bird, pinioned by a good or lucky shot as the case may be, will, often before its wound has thoroughly healed, have become so tame that it will come with great regularity to be fed, if it does not, as certainly will eventually be the case, know and follow the person who is in the habit of feeding it. Gulls in captivity, or rather wandering at large in a garden, though deprived of their power of flight, are by no means the miserable birds that many would imagine. On the contrary, they are most masterful, and evidently consider themselves of very great importance. They will generally condescend to notice all the members of the household to which they belong, though naturally they have their favorites, giving their preference as a rule to those who feed them, and will possibly admit certain well-known visitors to a limited intimacy; but they usually resent the intrusion of strangers, even to the extent of pecking their heels—a far from pleasant operation for the victim, especially if performed by a specimen of one of the larger gulls. They are, in fact, birds of great character, each individual having ways of its own.—The Saturday Review.

FUNERAL REFORMS.

Some Sensible Suggestions Offered by a St. Louis Clergyman.

The custom of inviting the audience at private and public (or church) funerals to view the remains is too firmly seated to be easily displaced, but is nevertheless objectionable on several grounds. It causes great delay, which, on short winter afternoons, is a matter of consequence to those who wish to follow the remains to a distant cemetery. It is also productive, especially when the services are conducted in the house of deceased, of an amount of confusion and jostling which must disagreeably affect all persons who love to see things done decently and in order. It is, moreover, a fresh torture to the bereaved ones, who are expected to lead off in the sad procession, to look on the white face and pulseless form. Some, not satisfied with a view of the face through the glass of the casket, must see the uncovered features. Then frequently ensues a spectacle which must send a shudder through every intelligent person. I mean the passionate kissing of the lips of a corpse by those too young or too ignorant to know that they are perhaps absorbing disease or death. Funerals ought to be conducted with solemn brevity. A tender hymn or two, a prayer by the officiating clergyman, and a brief talk pertinent to the life and example of the deceased, if a person of approved Christian experience, are sufficient. Of course, extracts from the Scriptures, if not too lengthy, are always in good taste. The burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church can not, in my judgment be improved, unless it be in the slight shortening of the long quotation from First Corinthians, fifteenth chapter. The popular desire for short religious services is making itself felt in the funeral exercises more wisely than in the unreasonable clamor for hurrying up things on Sunday. In the latter case, especially in the forenoon service, selfishness is usually the prompter. Nothing is so piggishly unreasonable as a hungry human being. But in the mortuary services the motive is a good one—to take the bereaved as rapidly as possible off the tenter-hooks of affliction. No person of refined sensibilities wishes to make a spectacle of his unspeakable agonies.—Rev. J. H. Fox, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—There is a discussion among physicians in England as to whether or not ill health is a necessary accompaniment of genius. It is supposed by some that the type of humanity which bestows the rare boon of genius or superlative intellectual power is usually associated with feebleness of physical development. Others maintain that the mode of life usually adopted by great geniuses is the cause of their ill health. No one ever hears anything about the ill health of Shakespeare; so it is reasonable to suppose that both his constitution and his mode of life were good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A reputable author says that the skull of John Theach, known as "Blackbeard," the Virginia pirate of 1718, is in the possession of a Virginia family in the form of a silver-trimmed drinking-cup.

—A suit against a popular music hall artist gives information about the prices paid for songs. The highest price was £200 for "We Don't Want to Fight." "Two Lovely Black Eyes" brought £21.

—Sam Wah Kee, a Boston Chinaman of wealth and influence and husband of one of the two Chinese women at the Hub, lately celebrated the birth of his son and heir by giving a banquet to 700 of his countrymen. He entertained his guests at his house and store with tea and Celestial delicacies, which a Chinese caterer furnished to the tune of $3 a plate. The youthful Kee has been named Ames Hart, after the Governor of the State and the newly elected mayor of the city.

—An instance of presence of mind approaching to the horrible occurred recently in the Grand Theater, Glasgow. Miss Rose Lee, while singing a love song, saw a "flyman" fall head foremost from the flies to the stage, a distance of twenty-two feet. She not only continued her song, but moved forward to the front of the stage in order that the calcium light which was directed upon her might not reveal the form of the dead man to the audience.

—Most of you know that aqua pura is often an expensive item in the prescription which the druggist obligingly fills. A doctor of my acquaintance has a way of saving his patients' money in this matter, which strikes me as very original. When he wrote out a prescription for me the other day I remarked to him that medicine was a very expensive luxury. He astonished me by asking in return: "Have you paid your water tax?" "Yes," said I. "Have you plenty of water?" "Yes." "Then I will give you the prescription dry and it will cost you three cents instead of seventy-five cents." And I found the doctor was right.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

TRAINING WILD BIRDS.

How It Can Be Done Without Caging the Feathered Beauties.

Some years ago I lived with my family in a suburb, a home where birds of many species abounded. The house was surrounded with forest trees, and the birds built nests and reared their young unmolested. My daughter, who was then a girl of ten years, took special enjoyment in feeding the birds by casting out crumbs from the table. She never frightened them, but always moved slowly, and manifested great gentleness and kindness toward them. By the walk from the front door to the street was an evergreen bush. In this a pair of robins built their nest about four feet from the ground. By this nest I daily passed and repassed, taking care not to disturb the bird which was hatching out her young. Many times a day my daughter approached the nest, but cautiously avoided disturbing the bird. So familiar had her presence become that the robin would sit on her nest till almost touched by my daughter's hand. When the young were hatched, then her delight was unbounded, and she began to feed them crumbs from the table and worms which she searched for in the yard and garden. Between the care of the parent birds and that of my daughter, the nestlings fattened and grew with rapidity. Soon the little ones recognized my daughter's presence, and opened wide their voracious mouths for the dainty bits she had provided for them. When they were full-fledged and ready to leave the nest they submitted to being handled and caressed without resistance, and would follow her around the yard as chickens follow the mother hen. If the pair, there were two of them, were up in the trees, she would call, "Robie! Robie! Robie!" and they would fly to her as readily as chickens. Not only would they follow my daughter, but they soon became attached to me, and would often come at my call and perch on my hand or knees, and swallow the earthworms which I had dug for them. They continued with us on terms of perfect friendship for about six weeks. Cold weather came on, and they left for a warmer clime and we saw them no more.—William D. Butler, in the Swiss Cross.

The Mosquito's Poison Glands.

The bloodthirsty mosquito is not malevolent as he is commonly described, if we may accept the investigations of Prof. George MacLoskie. He has been able by staining and dissection, to show that the poison gland is one of three minute glands (the others being ordinary salivary glands) on each side of the head, and connected with a minute duct which traverses the length of the long pointed piercer which forms an important portion of the mouth parts of the mosquito. The writer maintains that this fluid is intended mainly to prevent the coagulation of the proteids of plants which the animal sucks from the tissues, and that its poisonous effect upon other animals is only secondary. If so, it would perhaps follow that it is not introduced into the human flesh as a poison. It is difficult to see what purpose the irritating effect of the bite upon other animals can serve the mosquito, since it must make the chance of its getting nourishment from the blood of other animals many times less than it otherwise would be. It may be worthy of inquiry whether the irritating effect is not incidental and perhaps only occasional, and due to other causes than the fluid which seems, by analogy, to have another distinct purpose.—St. Louis Republic.