The Oregon Scout

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UNION, OREGON.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new invention of English origin is an incandescent lamp in which the filament is coated with a layer of silicon. It is claimed that the degree of vacuum required inside the bulb will be thus lessened.

An odd conception, manufactured at the suggestion of a New York lady, is an enameled orange which opens and discloses a watch in one-half, and a purse in the other. The exterior of this unique article is exceedingly realistic.

London is giving her electric traction service a boom. Before very long a line of omnibuses run by electricity is to be started. They will be driven by storage batteries, and each bus is to have a seating capacity of twenty-six passengers.

Spain's population has grown incredibly during the last decade. There has been an increase of about one million people during thirteen years, This astonishing growth is attributed in a great measure to the success that has attended the changes in the hygienic condition of the large cities and towns.

The Duke of Northumberland is no doubt the greatest landowner in England. He owns more than 200,000 acres and has a rent roll of $875,000 a year. He is 81 years of age and all his life has been a great reader.

Of 2,759 duels fought in Italy during eleven years, 1,141 terminated by insignificant wounds, 1,400 by wounds speedily healed, and 50 only by wounds subsequently producing death. It is shown that nearly all the duels take place in the hot months and in the very early morning hours.

Perhaps Jenner did not discover vaccination. In a graveyard of Worth, Dorsetshire, there is a tomb with this inscription: "Benjamin Jestey, of Downshay, died April 18, 1816, aged 79. He was born at Yetminster, in this county, and was an upright, honest man, particularly noted for having been the first person known that introduced the cow pox by inoculation, and who, for his great strength of mind, made the experiment from the cow on his wife and two sons in the year 1774."

Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere is one of the most beautiful spots in that lovely district. It deserves to be saved, and Stopford Brooke and his brother, with Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's, and others, are making an appeal that it should be secured with the orchard and garden for the modest sum of £650. The promotors aim to raise that sum by small subscriptions, so that every lover of the poet may contribute and thus make the monument a national memorial to Wordsworth.

The efficacy of hot water in shaving is more fully appreciated by the people of that remarkably advanced country, Japan, than in the younger civilizations of the west. Japanese barbers shave nearly all of the exposed surfaces of a man's head. They shave the ears, the outside and inside of the nose, the eyebrows and a portion of the scalp. No lather is used, but a keen edge is kept constantly on the razor by dipping it into hot water.

A remarkable occurrence is reported by a native Japanese newspaper. Scientists assign its cause to vacuum due to atmospheric changes, while the villagers think it to be the work of devils. The circumstances are as follows; A man suddenly falls down while walking in the open air or in a house, when a slit in the flesh from one inch to one inch and a half in length and about an inch in depth is found, the place principally attacked being the legs. At the time not much pain is felt, but half an hour afterward the pain increases as the blood begins to flow. The wounds are said to very difficult to cure.

A New Violet Discovered.

"It is the sweetest flower I ever knew," said Miss Browing, the well known Baltimore florist, displaying a new violet just discovered by Mr. A. P. Gordon Cumming, on his place, near Sykesville, Md. The foliage leaves on this violet are longer than the ordinary wild or cultivated violet. The flower leaves of the new violet are a soft white, striped or mottled with light and dark purple. Unlike the other cultivated violets, the new one is a single violet. All the cultivated violets have hitherto, without exception, been double. Single violets, until this discovery of Mr. Cumming's, have been without perfume, but the Sykesville cultivated single violet has a wealth of rich perfume which cannot be surpassed. Those wonderfully sweet plants, Daphne, Odora and Oleo Fragrans, do not give off more delightful odors than this new violet.—Baltimore Sun.

Baby Still in the Ring.

While a Buffalo family was moving the mother suddenly missed the baby. The infant could be heard crying, and the mother finally conjectured that she was inside of a roll of carpet. It was true. The baby had been left in the middle of the sitting room floor, and the men who took up the carpet tossed a breadth over her without noticing her, rolled her up in it, and stood the carpet up in the hall. The child when rescued was punctured here and there with rusty tacks, and its mouth was partly stuffed with carpet dust, but otherwise it was quite hearty.—Detroit Free Press.

HER BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

The roses are sweet and the lilies are fair,
As they bend 'neath the dews from above;
They are splendid and fair—but they cannot compare
With the beautiful hands of my love.
No jewels adorn them—no glittering bands—
They are just as God made them, these sweet, sweet hands!

And not for the world with its splendor and gold,
Nor the pearls from the depths of the sea;
Nor the queens of the land, with their beautiful hands,
Should these dear hands be taken from me!
What exquisite blisses await their commands!
They were made for my kisses—these dear, sweet hands!

Aye, made for my kisses! And when, some day,
My life shall be robbed of its trust,
And the lips that are colder shall kiss them away,
And hide them in daisies and dust,
I will kneel in the dark where the angel stands,
And my kiss shall be last on these dear, sweet hands!

—Smithville News.

ABRAHAM'S COURTSHIP.

During my residence on a north Georgia plantation one of my chief pleasures was to listen to the characteristic stories related by the uneducated ruralists.

One day during the summer while a dozen or more negro and white laborers were resting at noon, after having eaten their dinners from their tin buckets in the shade of the trees which bordered a vast wheat field, Abraham Jennings, a tall, slender man of about 45 years, was induced to recount the story of his courtship—a theme to which he had not unfrequently alluded as being of somewhat more than passing interest.

His innuendoes had excited the interest of his hearers, and the entire group sat open eared during the recital.

"Gi' me the water jug, Jake, you black rascal, ef you're left anything in it," he called out to a giant negro who had just lowered the article in question from his lips to the grass.

After ministering to his thirst with the neck of the jug between his lips, he began, with the air of one who very much enjoys telling an experience:

"I saw my ole 'oman fur the fust time," he said, stroking his full, iron gray beard with his sunburned hand, whilst a tender expression stole into his face, "over thar on the Preston farm.

"Her pap, Jim House, had jist come over the mountain from Fannin', and was one o' the Preston renters. I went thar fur the purpose o' buyin' a poke o' seed corn of a special variety which had been the talk considerable fur its bearin' qualities, an' which he had fetched from Fannin'.

"I fust went to his shack, a pore enough cabin it was, too, fur sich agreeable folks to live in, but it was the best they could git as it was late in year when they moved, an' good, comfortable houses was as sca'ce as hen's teeth them times.

"His wife was busy a-cookin' dinner at the chimbley, was a-pattin' a batch o' meal dough in a oven as I come up. She had a neat look, an' while she was a-directin' me whar to find Jim, I cast my eyes a bit on the inside.

"I'd seed as many cabins as the next un, but that was the most home like un I'd seed in many a day.

"The flat rocks o' the hearth was as clean as new straw, not even a speck o' ashes. An' the shelves, agin the logs, was kivered 'ith papers cut notchity on aige. Everything was as bright as a pin.

"I found Jim an' his daughter Mary down in a ten acre field in the creek bottom. He was a layin' off corn rows with a bay nag in first rate order; she was a drappin' the seed, an her brother, a young strip of a boy, was kiverin' it 'ith a hoe.

"She come up, ketched up 'ith the plow, while me an' her pa was talkin'. I thought on my soul I had never seed another sich. Her face, which I seed when she shoved back her bonnet, was the purttiest I'd ever put eyes on. I didn't hear half what House had to say recommendin' o' the seed, which he was powerful partial to, kase I had my mind on her.

"He tol' Mary to go back 'ith me to the house an' fill my poke with the corn; an' when I axed 'im how much the damage was he shuck his head an' said: 'Never mind about that—that he b'lieved in bein' neighborly.'

"No words passed 'twixt me an' her on the way. She was so powerful shy. I's afeard almost to draw my breath, much less to strike up a conversation. Her motions couldn't a-been beat on earth.

"When we riched the crib, nothin' 'cept a pen o' pine poles, she riched in an' filled the poke. I tol' her I was very much obleeged fur the 'commodation.

"'Not at all,' she said, 'thout lookin' up, an' left me thar.

"I stopped behind a clump o' bushes in the big road an' watched her on the way back to the field. I never was much of a han' to take on over women; in fact, no end o' people was of the opinion 'at I'd live an' die a ole batch', but just thar I firmly believe I tuck a turn—leastwise I knowed I hadn't seed the last o' that gal.

"The fust step I tuck atter that was to find out whar they went to meetin'. The meetin' house was two mile furder'n the one I'd been goin' to, but that didn't mek no odds. It was all I could do to wait till Sunday, I was so sot on seein' her agin.

"'You are agoin' to j'ine our side,' ole Beasley said, agrinnin' knowin' like, when I overtuck 'im on the meetin' house road. 'You may have my ole hat ef 'tain't Jim House's gal 'at's a fetchin' so many o' you fellers from t'other side the river. You got up an' fed 'fore day, I'll bound you. The parson'll have to have the meetin' house made bigger to 'commodate the congregation. Thar's a powerful sight o' intrust abein' tuck lately in the word o' the Lord.'

"I never said nothin'; it wasn't no use. I jest whipped my mule to make 'im keep up 'ith his hoss, an' we went on to the meetin' house.

"I hitched an' went in.

"Thar they sot, Mary an' her mother side by side on the women's side, and House an' his son on t'other.

"I didn't pay overly much attention to what the parson had to say, fur I couldn't keep my mind off'n Mary. Howsomever, when it was ended an' he began to exhort mourners to come up to the mourners' bench, an' Mary riz, so dignified, an' went for'ard, I tuck a trifle int'rust myself an' went up with a passle o' men fellers to be prayed fur.

"Atter meetin' I j'ined House outside; I felt just as back'ard 'bout goin' nigh his daughter as before. As I expected, he axed me to dinner an' I went 'long. There were three or four fellers, mostly from our settlement, the last one of 'em a-hankerin' arter Mary, jist lack so many bees a-buzzin' around a fresh flower.

"I said nothin' to her nor them nother. I was a layin' low—some'n' tol' me that when it come to a stretch I wouldn't be no furder behind 'an any the rest. The other fellers went on ahead 'ith the two women an' I shuffled my deck o' cyards with the ole man—you fellers 'll see how the game was played out.

"Purtty soon Mrs. House she dropped back with us, said she couldn't stan' the'r foolish chatterin'. Then I proceeded to git better acquainted with her. I talked to her about the preachin' an' sich matters as women o' her age most generally keer fur.

"When we got to the cabin we all went in an' tuck seats. I don't think I ever sot down to a better dinner, unless it was at camp meetin' whar people them times usu'lly tried their se'ves.

"Well, after that I went thar toler'ble often; mighty nigh ever' time meetin' some other fellers a hangin' 'round.

"When they was present I made a pint to have mighty leetle to say to them. I ginerilly put in my time a conversin' with her father or mother, an' I did the right thing sartin, fur they was most al'ays a-praisin' of me in one way or a nother.

"An' moreover, a blin' man could a seed that Mary wasn't satisfied with that sort o' arrangement. As soon as I tuck notice o' her oneasiness I got wuss at it. Every blessed time the other fellers ud swarm aroun' I'd deliberately move my cheer across to the old folks, or ef they wasn't convenient I'd git squar up an' light out.

"But on the other han', when me and her'd be alone the best of 'em couldn't a-head me off.

"Well, things rocked on in that way for a month, they'd progressed fur enough, I 'lowed, so I considered I'd fetch 'm to a focus.

"One night in August—I think it was about the third Monday, if I recollect right—I came by to take her to a big party at Ford's. It was a leetle furder'n two miles; we was a-goin' to take it afoot. It was a cle'r, moonshiny night—jest fitten fur what I had in mind.

"I never seed 'er look as fine sence I'd been a-knowin' of her. We went down the big road, her on one side an' me on tother—about the length of a wagon axle betwixt us; she wasn't willin' fur me to get nigher. In fact, she seemed to be more techous 'an I'd ever seed her before.

"Boys, I want to remark jest here that thar is a mighty big difference in the way town people and country people do their courtin'. I've seed both sorts. Town folks always have plenty to say, an' are easy enough about it, but when a country gal on' a feller git ready to pop the question they are more tongue tied 'n new born babies.

"Lord, I'd thought up the most natcherl kind of a speech to say, but I couldn't do it to save me.

"Fust thing I knowed we'd done passed the forks, not far from Ford's, and I hadn't opened my mouth; moreover, the road seemed to be a-passin' under our feet same as ef we's behind a trottin' hoss. I knowed that wouldn't do, but I didn't know how to better it.

"I'd crossed over on to her side o' the road, but that was as fur as I advanced. I felt powerful inclined to drap back a step behind 'er, fur it was mighty ticklish to be a-walkin' so nigh her, an' her nor me nother a-talkin, when I knowed she was sartin o' what I wanted to say.

"I seed the light at Ford's on the rise ahead, an' she stopped at the branch that run across the road to put on her shoes an' stockin's that she'd been a-totin', wrapped up in a towel. In them days it was mighty common fur gals to presarve their shoes by not wearin' 'em when they tuk a long walk.

"I drapped back a rod or so, out of perliteness, pertendin' ter be inspectin' Ford's chance of a corn crap t'other side the fence. When she riz from the log she was a-settin' on I j'ined 'er agin.

"Thar was jist one leetle more shady stretch betwixt us an' the house; so I knowed ef t'was ever done on earth it had to be then. Suddenly a thought struck me. I made up my mind 'at I'd grab her an' kiss 'er smack dab in the mouth; she'd understan' my meanin' an' thar wouldn't be no partic'lar use in 'nother one o' us a-talkin' over it.

"I changed sides with 'er an' got a trifle nigher. An', jist before we re'ched the end o' the shade, I flung my left arm aroun' her an' drawed her squar agin me; an', 'fore she knowed what was up, I'd slapped it to her right in the mouth.

"She turned on me an' clawed wuss'n a wildcat, an jerked out'n my holt. I couldn't a helt her no more'n a baby could a eel in water. Then she went on ahead o' me like a tornado, 'thout lookin' back, an' went into the front door o' Ford's with a passle o' others.

"I never was as tuck back. It was a genuine surprise. I was convinced 'at she'd go right in an' tell the others.

"I followed her in—that is, as fur as the door. The house was packed with women; most o' the men was a standin' around the front. I tuck a place with them. I paid no attention to what the fellers said to me; I was busy a-watchin' Mary's movements.

"She went right up to Jennie Ford an' said some'n' to her; then she turned an' looked at me mighty curi's. She fust got red as blood in the face, then turned as white as a sheet. She come right through the crowd to me a-lookin' powerful flustered.

"'I want to see you a minute, Mr. Jennings,' she said a-tremblin' so much when she touched me on the arm 'at I forgot my own skeer.

"I followed her outside; she led the way down behind a clump o' grapevines. I wondered what on earth was a-comin' next.

"Atter we got thar, out o' sight o' the house, she stood perfectly still 'thout so much as openin' 'er mouth.

"Terectly she said, kinder flustered, fumblin' amongst the grapevines like she was atter a bunch o' grapes:

"'Have you got a handkercher about you?'

"'What?' I axed, so much astonished I could hardly speak.

"Have you got a handkercher?" she said again, "'kase ef you have, you'd better bresh off your coat, its liter'ly kivered 'ith face powder. You don't want folks to be a-makin' light o' us, do you?"

"I breshed it off in a hurry, I reckon, about the gladest man on earth jist then, fur I knowed we'd come to a' understandin'. 'Fore we went back in she'd promised to marry me. We didn't go in right off, fur we had a good deal to say, atter we once got started, and besides, we had to stop several times to bresh off my coat, fur gals in them days jest stuck their heads in the flour barrel when they begun to primp.

"We're been man an' wife nigh twenty year, an' in that time I hain't seed a single day o' discontent. We're got as likely a set o' chil'ren as the gineral run, an' we are thankful for what the Lord has allowed us.

"She wasn't the sort that's ketched easy. Till my dyin' day I'll al'ays feel sartin it was peert management, an' onderstandin' of the female ginera tion, that fetched her."—Will N. Harben in Atlanta Constitution.

A Story of the Great Duke.

It may be of interest to some of your readers to hear a characteristic story of the great duke, which was told me by a gentleman principally concerned in the affair.

The Duke of Wellington at one period of his life was rather fond of telling a certain pig sticking story, and persons who knew of this weakness used to lead the conversation so that the great man might have an opportunity of relating his favorite anecdote. But at length he became suspicious, and any allusion to the subject made him extremely angry. About this time—nearly sixty years ago—the duke was staying at Belvoir. One of the visitors at the castle had never heard anything about the pig sticking adventure, and was easily persuaded that the duke would be pleased if he were asked to tell his famous story. Accordingly one morning after breakfast in the long gallery, when seated not far from the duke, the gentleman ventured to tell his grace how much he should like to hear some of his experiences of Indian sport. At first the duke was inclined to be seriously offended, but looking round and discovering from the faces of the company that the inquirer had been prompted, and that the request was made in perfect good faith, he quietly got up and, drawing his arm through the gentleman's, said: "I shall be delighted to tell you all you want to know, but let us come to the end of the gallery, where we can talk quietly." A pleasant half hour's conversation ensued, and it was not till some hours later that the intended victim learned what a triumph he had achieved over the practical jokers, and what a quiet rebuke had been administered to them. —The Athæneum.

An Ingenious Letter Box.

The box is of cast iron, and similar in general appearance to the one now in use. It is divided into two compartments, an upper one for newspapers and another for letters. The mail is removed by turning a key, which causes the bottom of the box to drop, depositing all the contents in the carrier's bag hung on a hook underneath. The carrier does not handle the mail at any time. When the box is unlocked a bell rings that can be heard a block, and an ingenious arrangement of indicators designates the time of the next collection.

The box is a sort of mute detective. If the 3 o'clock indicator appears on the box at 3:30 it is at once evident that the carrier is not attending to business. If that gentleman finds a 3:30 indicator when he visits the box at 3, it is evident somebody has been attending to it for him. The box, once opened in any way by a thief, must be opened and shut seventy-four times, which would not allow him to escape detection.

As each box is numbered, any irregularity can be promptly reported. The letter slots on the sides are arranged with a metal lip on the inside that precludes all tampering with the contents by fingers or wires. There are several other novel features, and the box is altogether an ingenious and practical contrivance.—Chicago Tribune.

Disease Germs Must Go.

Recent developments in bacteriology, according to Dr. Austin Flint, give increasing promise of results of the greatest importance to the whole human race. A revolution in the science and practice of medicine is being slowly but surely wrought, and a better acquaintance with bacteria must in time make preventable or easily curable a large class of now formidable ailments. Among the diseases in which the presence of bacteria has already been surely traced, and their influence lessened or destroyed, to the relief or cure of the patient, are consumption, diphtheria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, relapsing fever, the malarial fevers, certain catarrhs, tetanus and nearly all contagious and skin diseases.—New York Telegram.

The spread of leprosy in India has convinced the natives that the disease is contagious. India has about 135,000 of the sufferers, and the list is swelling at a tremendous rate.

The body of a boy drowned in a pond was found by submerging an incandescent light secured to the end of a pole.

A Dose of Her Own Medicine.

"Talk about a woman's inconsistency! Well, I had an example of it tonight that fairly took my breath away," and the speaker took a puff at his cigar. "I was at the theatre, and of course my seat was directly behind one which contained a woman with a big hat. The hat was not only high, but it was topped off with waving plumes, and it soon started in to spoil the evening for me. The woman bobbed her head from side to side in a way that played the deuce with my nerves, because I was kept jumping from side to side in my efforts to catch glimpses of the actors. At first I didn't know what was the cause of her activity, but finally I discovered that the woman in front of her had on even a bigger hat than she wore herself. Well, I gave up trying to see the stage the rest of the first act and devoted myself to enjoying the plight of my tormentor, as she dodged on this side and then on that to avoid the big hat in front of her.

"At the end of the act I got another seat, where I could see both the stage and the woman who had sat before me. She wasn't young or pretty (women who wear big hats at the theatre seldom are), and I confess I took great glee in seeing her go through the contortions through which she had recently put me. She became furious, and dropped remarks to her husband which I was sure were by no means complimentary to the woman in front.

"After the play I managed to get alongside the woman and walk out of the theatre at her elbow. If she wasn't muttering all the spiteful things imaginable to her husband about the poor creature whose hat had put her in such a temper, and bless you, it probably never occurred to her that she had been doing the same thing herself which she thought so mean in her guilty sister. I hope that her experience taught her to look for the beam in her own eye first, but I've no idea it did."—New York Tribune.

Scallop Shells.

In olden times when pilgrims came from the Holy Land they wore as an emblem of their vows a pretty brown and white shell, called St. James' shell, now better known as a scallop shell. Large shells of this kind were early utilized as baking dishes, and have given their name to a great number of excellent scalloped or "escalloped" preparations of fish and meat. Of late years luxurious taste has demanded something more costly, and silver shells in the shape of the old sea shell, at $50 a dozen, have taken the place of scallop shells at sixty cents a dozen. The smaller scallop shells are exceedingly pretty for many decorative purposes. Their wavy shape and delicate hues of brown and cream are so beautiful that they have been used for fancy work by many people who would have been shocked if they had known the shell was as common as an oyster, and was thrown away from our market stalls by the bulk.

The natural scallop shell is covered with a rough coating, which is easily removed by soaking it in a weak solution of chlorate of lime and water, in proportion of half a pound of lime to a gallon of water. The shells must each be pierced four times on each side of the base and once higher up on each side if they are to be sown on velvet or silk to border a cushion or form a wreath around the base of a pretty circular work bag. This is done with a single drop of caustic. Only a tiny drop must be used, and a hole must be instantly drilled through with a strong needle. As soon as a hole is pierced the shell must be dropped in cold water to stop the action of the acid, which might otherwise spread. As soon as the shells are pierced varnish them with the finest white varnish used by artists. It will hardly show, but will bring out the colors as holding a shell in water does.—New York Tribune.

The Futile Scheme of a Tramp.

An attempt was made to wreck the Tacoma bound Northern Pacific train at Linton, seven miles north of Portland, Ore. The train was suddenly flagged by a tramp named F. S. Taylor, who told a strange story of an encounter with train wreckers. He said that while walking on the road to Portland he saw three men piling old ties and fallen trees high on the track. When they saw him they put a pistol to his head and made him take a seat on a log and keep quiet while they proceeded with their work. Their work so engrossed them that he managed to slip away unnoticed just in time to prevent a wreck.

Taylor was taken aboard the train and treated like a prince. He was sent back from Centralia, and Sheriff Kelly took charge of him to get a description of the wreckers. Taylor claimed that he knew nothing about the country, but he was so minute in his details in describing the obstructions piled on the track that the sheriff suspected something. Finally, he turned to Taylor, saying: "You did this." Taylor wilted, and confessed and told all. He said he piled the stuff on the track and prevented a wreck for the purpose of being richly rewarded by the company. He was arrested and is now in jail. There were 200 passengers on the train. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Just Like Other Men.

Stanley set out on a very expensive expedition to rescue Emin Pasha. He rescued him. Emin discovered that the rescued always play second fiddle to the rescuers, and he turns about and walks back with never a "thank you" to Stanley. After this he will rescue himself and reap all the credit.—Detroit Free Press.

Proof That the Earth Turns.

It has puzzled the heads of a good many youngsters to know how the earth turns round. A German educational journal, published in Frankfort, gives the following directions for proving that the earth "does move:" "Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then upon the surface of this coating make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length.

"Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which proves that everything else has moved the other way."—Court Journal.

A Creature of the Mist.

An interesting optical illusion may be experienced almost any night when there is a slight mist on the Third Avenue Elevated railway between Houston and Grand street stations. About fifty yards from either of these platforms a shadow quite as black as the smoke from an engine of the fire department when it is hard at work seems to arise directly from the streets through the tracks. So dense is this shadow that the lights north of the Houston street station cannot be distinguished from Grand street. A train going north or south seems about to plunge into the thickest sort of smoke when it reaches the point in question, but the headlight may be seen, nevertheless, shining along the track through the apparently impenetrable mist, even with more luminousness than along other parts of the road.

The solution of this mystery was given by a gateman at Grand street: "I have lots of persons come up to me almost every night, and, asking me what's on fire, point up toward Houston street. I ask them where the fire is and they almost invariably point to the shadow, for such it is after all. The blocks along the Bowery where that shadow extends are perhaps the most brilliantly lighted along the thoroughfare. The brilliancy of the electric lights falling upon the superstructure of the tracks casts a shadow against the mist that is inky in blackness. Sometimes, when the fog is very heavy, the lights cast long rays through the spaces between the ties and the mist reflects them, making that part of the road look as though an aurora borealis had dropped down to see the town."—New York Times.

Camel's Hair and Where It Comes From.

Camel's hair has been employed in eastern countries during many centuries for the production of durable, though somewhat coarse, tissues; but its introduction into European manufactures is of comparatively recent date. The color of the hair varies considerably, according to the climate of the country and the breed of the animal, and ranges from a dark brown to pure white, the latter, however, being very scarce and fetching comparatively high prices. The hair is not obtained by clipping, but is combed off the camel when it is changing its coat, and presents anything but an attractive appearance in its natural state. It is brought from the interior on the backs of camels in small bales to the Arabian and Syrian ports and to Egypt, whence it is mostly forwarded to Bradford, which is the most important market in Europe for this article. Camel's hair affords two kinds of material—namely, the hair properly so called, which is often used in its natural state in the list of cloth, and the short down or noils employed in the north of England, France and other countries for manufacturing nouveautes and fancy materials for ladies' dresses. Great difficulty was experienced in utilizing camel's hair as long as the fashions favored felted and fine materials, but since cheviot goods have become the vogue it has been employed successfully in several countries.—North British Mail.

Goethe's Digestive Capacity.

According to the bills of fare preserved in the city archives at Jena, Goethe was in the habit of dining exceedingly well. He also liked company at dinner, for during the period covered by the bills when he had not one guest with him, he had three. He always had four courses, and sometimes more, the dishes of his choice being such as roast beef and roast pork on the same day; soups with dumplings, and a sirloin with anchovy sauce, with roasted pigeons and roast mutton to follow, the dinner rather of a glutton than of a poet. For a week and more he dined in this fashion, the bill only coming to a little more than £3. It is satisfactory to know that this really great man could dine well, and was not a dyspeptic wreck, though it is not so pleasant to know that the poet squabbled with the landlord over the items, and even went to law with him on the subject.—London Life.

In Sumatra fig bearing trees have branches producing figs either entirely or partially under ground.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil.