R. R. HAYS. J. R. MARKLEY. W. P. D. JONES.

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ON A PAMETTO.

Through all that year-scarred agony of height,
Unblest of bough or bloom, to where expands
His wandy circlet with his bladed bands
Dividing every wind, or loud or light,
To termless hymns of love and old despite,
Yon tall palmetto in the twilight stands,
Bare Dante of these purgatorial sands
That glimmer marginal to the monstrous night.
Comes him a south wind from the scented vine,
It breathes of Beatrice through all his blades,
North, east or west, Guelph wind or Ghibeline,
'Tis shredded into music down the shades;
All sea breaths, land breaths, systol, diastol,
Sway, minstrels of that grief melodious soul.
—Sidney Lanier in Columbia State.

MY LOVER HORACE.

Horace Travers and I had been engaged a year. During that time I had seen him but once! But when spring came round Horace wrote me that the whole month of May should be mine and his.

My father went into the town on some errand later in the day, my mother with him, and our servant girl went out to evening church, leaving me alone in the house. It grew dusky by and by, so I could not read, and I drew my chair up to the window, where I could look through the door at the stars coming out one by one in the sky, and wondered if Horace could see them too.

It grew quite dark at last, and I lit the lamp on the table and returned to my book. For a time I read on; then the air grew chilly, and intending to close the door I rose from my chair and looked out.

There, in the hall door, as I had seen him a few hours before, on his departure, stood Horace Travers.

I went back into the parlor and sat down. I reasoned, scolded and argued, but I could not rid myself of the icy shivers which ran through my frame, or the leaden weight which fell upon my spirit.

My mother came in at last and sat down, with some trifling remark on the beauty of the evening. When she looked up she crossed over to me in alarm, and taking my hand cried out: "My child, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"I think I have, mother," I said, trying to smile, but bursting into tears, and then I told her all.

"Now, my darling Laura," said she, "go to bed and take a good night's rest, and my word for it you will be troubled with no more alarming glimpses of Horace except in dreams, when his presence is agreeable rather than otherwise."

I took my mother's advice.

The next day I was ready to look at the whole occurrence in the same light.

But when it came near the time when I expected a letter from him I began to be very impatient about him. The letter, of course, would settle my mind effectually. But it did not come. In fact it never came; and that was the last, last sight I ever saw of Horace Travers.

Ah, those years—those weary, weary years! How each day dragged its slow length along! How the weeks and months crept away—how the years tortured me!

Each day I said, "Surely, I shall hear from him at last."

Each night I went to bed saying, "I am one day nearer to the tidings which must come at last!"

But I never heard from him and I waited for the tidings vainly.

But though I thought time moved so slowly, still it moved on and brought me to my twenty-fifth year. Then I began to go back to the friends I had so long neglected. Society recieved me with open arms. I had outgrown old or faded memories; my thoughts of Horace Travers were growing bitter, and I longed for some diversion to take me from them.

My engagement had never been made public; it was my wish that our marriage should be the first announcement of it, so I was spared the questioning of friends.

The life I took up now was a busy one. Our family was so small, there was so little home work to do, and I had grown so tired of solitary reading and music that I took to the change kindly.

At all festivities I noticed the presence of a tall, distinguished looking gentleman who had settled in our town nearly a year before. His name, I knew, was Edward Hatch, and his business was that which Horace Travers had followed. This is what had interested me at first; and afterward, when I came to understand that he noticed me closely, yet persistently avoided an introduction, my curiosity was piqued, and I watched him still more closely. He was past his first youth, was unusually reserved, almost gloomy; but when he threw off the depression of spirits which troubled him he could make himself the life and soul of our company.

The only thing I did not like was the atmosphere of reserve which seemed to close around him now and then. I had outgrown that romantic age when a mystery is charming. I had suffered bitterly enough from one mystery.

It came to pass in the course of a year that I married Edward Hatch.

The gloom and reserve of Edward Hatch's character took a tangible shape at last. Night after night he paced the floor steadily, untiringly. Day after day he went to his business, his food untasted and the darkness of night on his face.

"Edward," said I, one night, "are you angry with me? I cannot bear this coldness and separation. I am your wife for better or worse, and I would try to make you happy if I only knew how."

He came and sat down by me. He took my hand and said: "Laura, dearest, I have no fault to find with you. But I wronged you terribly by marrying you, as you will know some day. Oh, heaven!" he cried wildly. "I wish it were all over! What pangs have I not suffered!"

Then he flung my hand away, and began the old monotonous pacing.

I made no further attempt to break down the barrier between us after that, but drifted slowly into a separate life, with its own pursuits and pleasures.

One day my husband came in with a hurried, determined air. He threw himself into a chair and said: "Business calls me to C—— immediately. I may make a lengthy stay, and as I have a house there, you may as well come with me, Laura."

"A house in C——! You never told me you had lived there."

He looked at me with a strange, burning look in his eye; then bit his lips and said carelessly:

"What do you know of C——? I might have mentioned it had I known the name had any special interest for you."

"It has," I said. "I had a friend there years ago. His business was the same as yours. It was more than eight years ago that he took leave of us, and we never saw or heard from him since. If you could throw light on his fate it would be something of a relief after all these years."

"That I can hardly do. I left C—— nearly ten years ago, and have only been there since on flying business visits like this one. However, if you are going, you had better

His back was toward me now. He was getting out his writing desk from the secretary, and I looked up as I said, "Horace Travers!"

He did not move. He was silent a long time, and when he turned to me his face was no paler than usual. His tone, too, was deliberately careless when he at length said: "Horace Travers? I do not know him?"

That same evening we spent with my father and mother. We had arranged to start the next day. At the last Mr. Hatch tried to persuade me to remain at home, but I told him frankly that I would not forego the opportunity of making inquiries for my missing friend, and that I would go.

I brought the subject up before my father and mother again, and Mr. Hatch showed quite plainly that he was annoyed by it.

"You speak of your friend so often that he must have been a dear one."

In the midst of the dead hush which followed the half angry words I replied: "He was a dear friend. I was to have married him."

Mr. Hatch's face grew livid, but he controlled himself almost instantly and said, with the careless air which was habitual with him in moments of suppressed passion, "So I supposed from your constant recurrence to the subject." And, without waiting a reply, spoke of something else.

The next day our journey began.

C—— was a large town, crowded and busy. I made no inquiries for Horace Travers the first day of our stay. Edward took me directly to his house, a large, handsome building in a retired part of the place. It was elegantly furnished, and I secretly wondered how an unmarried man came to be possessed of so comfortable a dwelling. I fancied he might have been married before, but dismissed the thought as impossible.

A man might conceal the knowledge of a dead love, but a dead wife always takes an honorable place in his memory.

Edward left me alone a great deal. He said he had been trying to sell some property of which he had found it troublesome to take care, and he meant to stay in C—— until he was rid of it.

Naturally, of course, I took to the library in his absence.

There was a curious old secretary in one corner. I rummaged this in search of a sensation, for the days dragged on heavily, and at last I found a sensation I little expected. There was a drawer in it which I had never succeeded in opening, and my curiosity was roused to such a pitch that I broke it open. I doubted if Mr. Hatch would ever know or care what I had done.

There was a folded newspaper in the drawer. It was yellow with age, and when I lifted it I saw under it a small hammer.

The newspaper was printed in a town east of C—— at least a hundred miles. I wondered if I were to make any discoveries. I was trembling all over, and felt that nothing would seem strange now, and, as I took up the paper, I began with the first page and read it carefully. Then I turned to the second, and half way down the first column I read:

"Melancholy Accident—The body of a young man was run over by the night express. The deceased was a stranger in the place, and there was nothing upon his person to identify him except a small Testament, with 'Laura to Horace' on the fly-leaf. The remains will be buried tomorrow, after the inquest, as their dreadfully mangled condition renders early interment necessary."

* * * * * * *

When I became conscious again my mother was with me. When I was well enough to travel she took me home.

I asked for my husband, and they told me at last that he was dead. My mother admitted that he had killed himself; but why I never knew until years after. Then I came across it in a paper.

He had killed Horace Travers. They were partners.

Quite unexpectedly he met Horace at that little wayside station.

Hatch was an adept in crime then, and his confusion and guilt were only too evident to Horace, who comprehended ere long that the friend he had trusted had robbed him of everything, and was on his way to leave the country with his ill gotten gains.

Horace sprang at him, seized him by the collar and called loudly for help, but the engine was blowing and whistling in the station and no one heard the cry. He was repeating it, trying to drag Hatch with him, when the latter, rendered desperate by the attack and his probable arrest, seized a hammer off a pile of lumber and, quick as thought, struck him with the implement on the back of the head.

It killed him instantly.

And that was the way my darling died.
—Courier-Journal.

Mizer's Catamount.

Old John Mizer, one of the early settlers of what is now Bucks township, O., went out one day on Buckhorn creek to secure a wolf scalp. Having fixed the bait, which consisted of a skinned rabbit, he was about to hide near by when his practiced ear detected the tread of an animal behind him.

Mizer supposed it to be a wolf, but as he turned quickly he beheld a catamount following close upon him. The moment the hunter stopped the animal sprang into a tree. Mizer took aim and fired, and with a scream of rage the catamount sprang upon him, landing on his back, and sank its claws deep into the flesh.

With great presence of mind Mizer instantly stepped backward against a tree and pressed the creature hard against it. He then dropped his gun, drew out his hunting knife, and was successful in using it upon the side of the biting, scratching beast.

He continued to press against the tree with all his might, and within a few minutes the catamount ceased to struggle, and when at length the man stepped forward the creature dropped dead at his feet. It weighed more than a hundred pounds and measured three feet in length.—Youth's Companion.

A Valuable Trinket.

"Excelsior" is the name of a new production of Parisian ingenuity. It is a perpetual calendar in the shape of a trinket made of gold or oxidized silver. No larger than an ordinary coin, it enables you, by simply shifting the central disk, to ascertain the day of the week corresponding to any particular date either in the past or in the future, and conversely on what date the first Monday, Tuesday, etc., of any given month and year might happen to fall. The article in question has been greatly admired at the Moscow exhibition.
—La Feuille d'Avis.

Raleigh's Head.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head in a red bag was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed and kept it with her all her life, permitting favored friends, like Bishop Goodman, to see and even to kiss it. His

THE ART OF EMBALMING.

How Bodies of the Dead Are Preserved for Future Generations.

Said a reporter to a prominent undertaker the other day; "I suppose this warm weather will cause you to get out your refrigerators?"

"Well, it would a few years ago, but now, you know, we never use ice for preserving a body except in a few cases where the friends or relatives object to our embalming it."

"That is more expensive, though, is it not?"

"Oh, no; the cost is about the same and the trouble is much less. Now, you see, in using ice we have a big box to carry around, and where we have three or four cases at the same time we would be obliged to have several coolers, but by the new way of preserving here is all we have to carry," and he laid his hand on what looked like a sample case, such as is ordinarily carried by a liquor salesman.

On opening the case it bore a striking resemblance to a surgeon's case, except that on one side there were three quart bottles filled with milky looking fluids. The instruments consisted of a small knife, a lancet such as is used by physicians in "tapping," and a syringe with a great variety of nozzles. "This," said the undertaker, picking up the syringe, "is the principal thing used, and the nozzles are used in just as many ways as there are nozzles. Now we use this nozzle when we do not intend to do a regular job of embalming, but simply to preserve the body a day or two, and it is used for injecting the fluid into the stomach. This is for a hypodermic injection, this for a vein, this for an artery and this is used for what we call inflating. That is, if the person has been sick a long time and is very thin in the face, we insert this in the face under the ear and force a certain fluid into the face to give it a round appearance."

"Then I understand that it is not necessary to fill the veins and arteries in order to preserve a body for a few days?"

"Not by any means. Of course it depends very much on the condition of the body when given into our hands, but ordinarily we inject into the stomach and intestines and into the head through the nose and ears. In a thorough job, where the body has to be kept a number of days in warm weather, we fill the arteries, and in case of the sudden death of a vigorous person we usually have to draw out the blood first. This we are obliged to do while the body is warm, but we do not inject the embalming fluid till the animal warmth has left the body."

"How long will a body retain its natural appearance that has been thoroughly treated?"

"I can hardly say. All the way from one year to ten or even more, and I expect if I embalmed a body just to see how long I could keep it, it would keep till it was destroyed by outside agencies. I have removed bodies that have been buried three or four years that were perfect, only they were covered with mold."
—Rochester Herald.

Monkeys as Track Inspectors.

Near a place called Niddivunda there is a large tope which is well known to be infested with a host of monkeys. Having no other mode of occupying their dull hours, they are bent upon trying to destroy the railroad track on the Tambur line. It would appear that these animals, about fifty or sixty, form themselves into two companies; they range themselves systematically, one-half on one rail and the other half on the other. They begin by first removing the earth from the sides of the rails. Then they arrive at the difficulty of nuts and bolts, which, though they examine them very minutely, they cannot get over. On the approach of the up or down train, they will wait till the engine is within a few yards, when, with the utmost coolness, they simply jump on one side till the train has passed, and then resume their work.

A remarkable instance occurred on one of these occasions. As an engine was approaching, the monkeys made their usual jumps, with the exception of one, who persisted in remaining on the line, the engine by this time being very near. Five or six monkeys, seeing the danger one of their number was in, made a sudden rush and dragged him off, some laying hold of him by the tail, others by the legs; they saved him. They are now styled the Niddivunda gangmen by the guards and drivers.—The Christian at Work.

Counterfeiting Old Cremonas.

To such a great extent is counterfeiting and experting carried on that fully half the so-called Cremonas are spurious, being inferior instruments, doctored and altered. There was one expert in New York who had a number of tickets printed on dingy paper with the names of prominent makers, which he placed in all sorts of instruments and sold with a guarantee.

They say that a violinist can detect a rare instrument by its tone, which can not be imitated. The appearance can be imitated, but not the tone, it has often been declared. There is even a way of deceiving the ear by thinning the wood of the breast underneath the bridge. The purchaser looks only at the thickness of the wood, indicated by the f. f. holes, and the tones being responsive will lead him to believe the violin an old and rare instrument. But it will deteriorate with time.—St. Louis Republican.

Salt as a Medicine.

There is the highest medical authority for the statement that there is nothing better than common salt for any ordinary inflammation of the throat, mouth, or nasal passages. Dissolve a dessert spoonful in a coffee cup, and gargle the solution, or snuff it up the nose until it comes out into the backmouth. Repeat two or three times a day until cured.

Dr. Thackeray, of Philadelphia, has found that salt is effective in the most violent attacks of erysipelas, and, moreover, leaves no unsightly scars behind. He uses a saturated solution—that is as strong as it can be made—and simply keeps the parts covered with a cloth wet it. At the same he cools the system with a dose of Epsom salts, mixed with lemon juice, and orders a light farinaceous diet.
—Youth's Companion.

Corks in the Bricks.

German builders use a mixture of cork, sand, and lime molded into bricks for the

How Tin Plates Are Made.

The following particulars of the Morewood process of tinning plates, now in use in the United States, may be of interest. The plates are rolled in the ordinary manner into black sheets, eight of these sheets being rolled at one time, and after being sheared to size are put in the black pickle bath of sulphuric acid, where all oxidation is removed. They are then placed in an annealing furnace for thirty-six hours, after which they are passed through the cold rolls, receiving a smoothly polished surface. They are annealed again and put into the white pickle, where they are thoroughly cleansed from any oxidation. They are then ready for the tinning process.

The mode of putting on the coating of tin is very simple. The plates are first submerged in a bath of palm oil until all the water disappears, the oil forming a flux for the tin, the first coat of which is received in the tin pot; the plates are next dipped in the "wash pot," and when taken out the tin is spread over the surface with a brush by hand. The final act in the tin coating process consists in passing the plates through rolls running in palm oil, whereby the tin is evenly distributed and a smooth surface obtained.

There are five of these rolls used, three running on top of two, and the plates make two passes through them, in the first place being let down through the first and second of the upper set, and by a cradle arrangement being returned through the second and third. This completes the tinning operation proper, and the polish is obtained by rapid movements of the plates through bran and middlings, respectively, and then polishing with sheepskin. The result obtained is a very excellent article of bright tin plate.—Iron.

What Vertigo Comes From.

One of the principal causes of the more serious forms of vertigo, or dizziness, is a diseased condition of the inmost portion of the ear, the labyrinth. Vertigo of greater or less severity may result from whatever disturbs the blood pressure, either within the labyrinth or in the middle ear. Similar effects are also produced by false impressions received through the eye, or through the sense of touch, and by disease of the spinal cord.

Since the great nerve which goes to the stomach is at its cerebral center intimately associated with the auditory nerve, disturbance of the stomach may cause the vertigo, and on the other hand, a disturbance of the auditory nerve may occasion nausea or vomiting. Vertigo is sometimes brought on by paralysis of a single muscle of the eye, or even by the temporary weakness of an overtaxed ocular muscle.

The form of vertigo now known as "Meniere's disease" is that form which the famous Dean Swift suffered, and under which he often appeared like a staggering drunkard. The patient on rising in the morning feels as if the room were whirling round, or as if he were floating or sinking. Sometimes he falls when attacked, but he never loses consciousness. There are noises—sometimes quite loud—in the ear and more or less deafness. There may be also faintness and vomiting. The attacks incline to be repeated with increasing frequency. In the intervals, however, the patient remains well.—Youth's Companion.

Those New Net Dresses.

"Have you seen the new net dresses? I don't like them, they are two communicative."

"Why, for pity's sake, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, they are too communicative. You buy one, and see what a fix you will be in. I have one, and every time I put it on I wish I never had been born. Everything sticks to it. If you sit on the beach when you get up you are covered with shells, minnows, dirt. If you chat confidentially with a young man and get interested and sit a little near him, the wool from his suit clings to the netting, and every one of your friends knows right away with whom you have been spending your time. Oh, they are horrid things! The merchants are advertising them big, but I wouldn't have another for any money."

The speakers were two women ravaging the Broadway dry goods stores for wardrobes for a season at Newport.—New York Recorder.

Contagious Disease.

Individual resistance to contagion is none the less remarkable. A physician or nurse will be brought into the most intimate contact with a case of contagious disease without contracting it, while the same patient may communicate it to a person passing him in the street, in the early stages of his trouble, before it has developed sufficiently to cause any alarm. We have known of a most malignant attack of diphtheria communicated to a druggist by a person calling at the store before his disease had fully developed itself; and a lady suffering from the mumps succeeded in communicating them to a sympathizing neighbor who stopped for a moment at the door to inquire after her health, while other members of the family residing in the same house remained unaffected.—Popular Science News.

A One Sided Bargain.

The champion horse trade of the vicinity took place recently. A well known Lee jockey secured a showy colt, and hied himself to the Dale to see the boys. When he came back he was driving a fine black horse, leading a good bay, while there followed behind a pair of oxen, a cow, an old sow and eight pigs.
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Beautiful Shell Money.

The most beautiful shell money in the world is made of the abalone of our western coasts. When polished the abalone shows lovely green, purple and

THREE OF A KIND.

Each One Played to Get Big Money.

TWO ARE FUGITIVES, ONE IN JAIL

Styles of Banking That Proved Unpopular at Louisville and Philadelphia. How Mr. Musgrave Tried to Swindle Life Insurance Companies.

Three remarkably complicated cases of fraud have recently excited the reading public. All show how very hard it is to be a rascal nowadays and get away with anything. Major William Tillman was born in New York in 1834, served on the staff of General A. S. Williams, of Michi-

MAJOR WILLIAM TILLMAN.

gan, during the war and then held a lucrative place as paymaster. He married a Miss Pettit, a daughter in one of the wealthiest families in Louisville, located there in 1875 and was soon a favorite of the very best society and in due time became cashier of the Falls City bank.

At length he was made commissioner of the sinking fund, which enabled him to put $600,000 of public money in his bank, and then, as the evidence now indicates, he went wild. When the Democrats nominated another man to succeed him, his friends created a deadlock in the city council and so held him in place. Then he contracted with one William P. Johnson to elect the latter county clerk in 1890, on condition that the bank should run that office, and spent somewhere between $50,000 and $90,000 in the election. No such corruption had ever been known in Kentucky. As much as $150 was paid for one vote. But Johnson was beaten and Major Tillman was ruined. Nevertheless, he kept up a fair outside appearance until the bank made an assignment a few months ago, and as soon as the new bookkeepers got to work figures of grave meaning were revealed.

Major Tillman had systematically falsified all the accounts. Overdrafts were found on firms long gone out of business. One for $5,000 was on L. L. Warren, who

CHARLES LAWRENCE.

had been dead eight years. His own account was overdrawn for an enormous sum. And, worst of all, he had converted to his own personal use some $15,000 out of the fortune of $21,000 left to the widow and daughter of R. B. Alexander, formerly cashier of the bank. Yet his friends succeeded in getting him well on the way to Canada before much of this was known.

The Philadelphia Keystone bank story is similar. Its president, Marsh, is not yet found. "Honest John" Bardsley is in the penitentiary for fourteen years. Charles Lawrence, cashier of the Keystone, is in for seven years and others have suffered according to their degrees of guilt. Soon after receiving his sentence Mr. Lawrence favored Bank Examiner W. H. Drew with a circumstantial account of their methods of deceiving him.

B. R. Musgrave was an enterprising lad of Indiana, Illinois and all around there, who had had some trouble on a charge of forgery but still retained a good standing with his friends. Charles M. Trout was a real estate dealer of Terre Haute. These two paid $125 for a skeleton in St. Louis, and

B. R. MUSGRAVE.

placed it in a loghouse near Terre Haute which was temporarily the home of Mr. Musgrave. One night the cabin was burned, the bones were found and great was the wailing of Mr. Musgrave's mother and sister. It was soon revealed, however, that the "deceased" had $30,000 insurance on his life—a very large sum for an unmarried man—all the policies having been taken within a few weeks.

The companies decided to set the detectives to work, and straightway Mr. Trout was scared almost to death. He wasn't the stuff that successful criminals are made of. He told Frederick F. Markle, brother-in-law of Musgrave, all about it, and the latter went to Chicago and saw

TWO ALTERNATIVES.

A Shrewd Young Man Chooses An Unfair but the Expensive One.

A young man came to this city some time ago with no capital, but with an experienced and expert knack of getting rid of money. He brought letters introducing him to the favorable attention of several rich and influential New York business men. His relatives in the west—persons of good social standing and some means—were very glad to grant such courtesies to him in consideration of his departure from their immediate neighborhood. He had proved an expensive indulgence for them.

One of the gentlemen upon whom the young man called was the president of a flourishing down town bank. This bank president had been the intimate friend of the young man's father, and, without thinking of the consequences, he offered to do anything in his power to advance the interests of the son of his old friend. The young man had "a business scheme" in his head and he wanted credit at the bank until his expected remittances arrived. The bank president told him that he might draw up to $1,000.

The checks came in promptly for large and small amounts until the young man's overdrawn account amounted to $1,150. The hard headed cashier then went to the president and suggested that the bank ought to have some collateral. He frankly admitted that he had no confidence in either the young man's schemes or his intentions. The president saw the force of his cashier's suggestion, but, still chary of offending his old friend's son, he wrote a personal letter to the young man, saying:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—It has been a pleasure for me to accommodate you with a small line of credit at the bank. Sufficient time, however, has elapsed, I think, to enable you to realize on your own resources, and I trust that you are now able to make a settlement. In fact, I am constrained to say that you must either make your account good or cease drawing checks on the bank.

The young man was not thin skinned, and this letter did not offend him. He smiled as he read the closing sentence, and stepping into the office of a friendly broker, he penned the following note:

RESPECTED SIR—Accept my cordial thanks for your kindness. Of the two alternatives that you suggest I am obliged to accept the latter. I shall cease drawing checks on your bank. With kindest regards, etc.

The kind hearted bank president was somewhat nonplussed by this reply, and he showed the note to his cashier. That practical functionary looked over his gold rimmed glasses at his superior and said: "Umph! well, that is pretty slick. But you have got rid of him cheaper than I thought you would."—New York Times.

Why Eels Are Objectionable.

Inasmuch as eels must go to sea in order to propagate their species, they are found not to multiply at all when placed in ponds that are landlocked, although in such places they will grow rapidly and be healthy. It costs so little to purchase young ones by the quantity that this is no obstacle to the usefulness of stocking inland waters with these fish. They have many very important advantages from the economic point of view, inasmuch as they will feed on anything dead or alive, will thrive in water clear or muddy and at any temperature, and require no looking out for.

However, in rivers like the Susquehanna, where gill nets are used, eels are very undesirable. It is not unusual upon hauling the nets in that stream and in others farther south to find that the catch has been entirely eaten up by myriads of the squirming robbers, which have left little besides heads and backbones. It has been found advantageous by the fish commission to plant eels in the upper great lakes and in the Mississippi. They have also been introduced very successfully in California.—New York Sun.

Curved Trunks Get Straight.

Possibly the greatest manifestation of growth power that could be referred to is in the power of many trees to curve their trunks when partly blown over, though they may have had them straight for a quarter of a century. This curious subject is yet in its infancy as a branch of study; but so far the curving has been noticed more in connection with palms and coniferous trees. A trunk may be, say twenty or thirty feet high and a foot thick, and as straight as a gun barrel. Should it, from any cause, become tilted in a few years the whole trunk from the ground to the summit will be found curved like a bow.

It was at one time thought that plants grew toward the light, and we come to believe that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," but it now seems that "grew" is not here an active verb—the mass of foliage—that which was grown as well as that which is growing—is really lifted—lifted by some power in nature so far entirely unknown to vegetable biology.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

New and Harmless Antiseptic.

A new antiseptic agent called microcidine, which is composed of 75 per cent. of naphthol of sodium and 25 per cent. of naphthol and phenyl compounds, has been tried in France. It is a white powder, soluble in three parts of water. The solution, which is cheap, is said to be a very effective antiseptic, without being poisonous or caustic or injurious to instruments or linen. Its antiseptic properties are inferior to those of corrosive sublimate or naphthol, but surpass those of carbolic and boracic acids ten and twenty times respectively. The solution has given excellent results in dressing wounds.—New York Telegram.

A New Hay Rake.

A westerner has invented a hay rake which he thinks will avoid some of the defects of those now in use. It is a combination of the sulky and revolving rakes. There are the wooden teeth of the revolving rake hanging under and revolving round the axle. The proper motion is given by means of a hinged back. The idea is a sulky rake which will not

MR. PRESIDENT, ONLY.

BUT ONE FORM OF ADDRESS FOR THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

He Is Not "Your Excellency," Nor "Your Honor"—Neither Is He to Be Written to as "Dear Sir"—Plain Mr. President Is Sufficient—Why It Was So Decreed.

If you ask a president's private secretary he will tell you, among other things, that not one person out of ten in writing to the president addresses him properly. Each correspondent seems to follow his own sweet fancy. Thus the man who writes and asks for a pension or an office on the ground that he served in the war is apt to begin his letter, "Dear General," and after having told his wants he signs himself, "Yours fraternally."

This is pretty familiar. The president isn't a general, except in that he is commander in chief of the army, and as for all men being brothers, it is true as a theory, but is hardly correct on all occasions as a practice. If the letter from the old army man is answered, as nearly all letters are, the writer is addressed with due formality as "Sir," and not as "Dear Comrade." This ought to be a sufficient hint to him to keep his distance, but it is not, and a week later he bobs up serenely with another long communication to his "Dear General."

There are a number of his correspondents who wish to be very formal and respectful, and they always call him "Excellency." It sounds so big, is such a pleasing mouthful, that many people who ought to know better cannot resist the temptation of using this form. As between such an expression as "Dear General" and "Your Excellency" the former is preferable, for there is no law against it, while there certainly is an unwritten law against the latter.

When the constitution was formed there was a great deal of discussion as to the form of address that should be applied to the president. Some people thought he should be addressed "Excellency," others would be satisfied with "Your Highness," while still others thought he should be called "Majesty." The New Yorkers who bore in mind the days of the Dutch republic wanted the head of this republic called "His High Mightiness."

FREQUENT MISTAKES.

After a great deal of wrangling and considerable exhibition of party feeling over the matter, it was finally decided for all time to come that the chief executive should be addressed simply as "the president of the United States." That settled it and made it an impropriety to call him "Excellency." The governor of a state has more form about him in correspondence than the president, for unless there is a clause in the constitution of the state expressly prescribing some other mode of address, it is correct to call him "Excellency."

The democratic spirit of some states has interfered to prevent this, and it has been prescribed that the governor receive some simpler title, but there are only two or three of these states. As a general thing the rule can be laid down that the governor of a state should be addressed "Your Excellency." To begin a letter to the president in the same way is to establish an equality between the two executives that does not exist.

Another frequent mistake is made by those who begin their letters to the president, "Your Honor." His honor is the presiding judge of a court, or usually the mayor of a city. Some men, from constant associations with courts of justice, come to regard the judge as the highest and mightiest individual on earth, and they can conceive of no greater distinction to be conferred on the president than to call him "Your Honor."

To cut a long matter short, let the correct form for addressing the president be given. It is simply this, "Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States. Mr. President." Then after you have said your say, if you are not proud, you can finish the communication thus, "I have the honor to be, Mr. President, your obedient servant, John Smith."

ADDRESSED BY KINGS.

Don't make the mistake that is sometimes perpetrated of signing yourself thus: "I have the honor to be John Smith." It may reflect honor on you to be who you are, but it is hardly modest of you to say so. What you want to say is that you consider it an honor to be the president's obedient servant.

To the rest of the world Uncle Sam and the president are one, and that is why the latter insists upon ceremony in his dealings with other powers. Probably readers are familiar with the form observed in correspondence between the president and the head of another government. It is part of the law of nations that they are all coequal.

The king of Samoa writes to President Harrison in the same terms of equality as are used by the emperor of Germany, and the president replies in kind. The The head of these little islands receives a munificent salary of less than $300 a year—that is, he receives it if there is money enough in the treasury to pay it.

When Germany had trouble with his majesty and demanded an indemnity for damages of $40,000, a broad smile went around the world, for it was well known that the treasury of Samoa had never had, and in all probability never would have, a sum half so large in its coffers. Yet the king of Samoa is addressed by the president as "Great and good friend," and the president signs himself, "Your good friend," and when Queen Victoria receives a letter from the president he treats her with precisely the same formality and no more.—Washington Star.

Strength of Men and Ants.

An ant three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-sixth of a grain, moves at the rate of one mile in eleven hours. This weight—a small one compared with what they sometimes carry—is eighteen times their own. In carrying this weight they compare with a man 5¼