AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

Where the rough road turns, and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom,
And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast.
And for all the grief of the stormy past,
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song.
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A PINK SILK PARASOL.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.



"WHAT are we going to do now?" queried Anne.

"If Pa had only stayed quietly at home!" sighed Margaret.

"But he didn't," said Helen. "And the lecture tour ended in disaster; and he has returned with empty pockets, and a cold which threatens pneumonia!"

"Oh dear! and we were so well off before little Mother married again," Margaret murmured, dolefully.

"Treason!" cried Helen, stoutly; "not one word against Pa Pendergast—the dearest old visionary thing that ever lived!"

"He certainly tries to make a fortune for us," smiled Anne.

"And has only succeeded in reducing us to the verge of—beggary!" supplemented Margaret.

"The expressman is stopping at the gate," said Helen; "but, of course, it's a mistake."

"Yes; nothing comes to us now—but trouble," ended Margaret.

But a moment later and Helen called back, ecstatically, "Oh, girls, it is for us, sure as you live!" Then, less joyfully, "But—there's seventy-five cents to pay!"

At last the necessary amount was made up, the expressman departed, and the girls and their mother, in a state of unusual excitement, gathered around the huge, irregular bundle which, by their united efforts, they had dragged into the middle of the sitting-room.

"Who could have sent it?" wondered Anne.

"What do you suppose it is?" questioned Helen.

"It's—old clothes," Margaret said, gloomily,

"Madge!" in a general chorus of dismay.

But even as Helen cut the strings the lopsided bundle burst asunder and shed its contents of crumbled ball gowns and all kinds of forlorn and draggled finery upon the floor.

Anne bit her lip, Margaret's eyes flamed wrathfully and Helen laughed. But the mother's face worked piteously, and it was all that she could do to keep back the tears.

All her life till now, Mrs. Pendergast had been used to comfort, and even luxury; and she had always shown so much tact and delicacy in sending their own left-off but useful garments to those who were poorer than themselves. And it was a bitter humilintion to her now, when, for the first time, a mass of dingy and inappropriate finery had been literally dumped upon her doorstep, without any accompanying message from the rich, city cousin, from whom it undoubtedly had been sent.

"There isn't a practical thing among them!" laughed Helen, who was adorning herself with whatever came first to hand. And even Margaret could not help smiling at the comical picture her pretty young sister made with a crushed French bonnet perched coquettishly on her fair curls, a faded and altogether too-ample olive redingote enveloping her pretty form, and above her head the bony skeleton of a once splendid parasol—its melancholy ribs uplifted now, as if imploring pity.

Anne laughed hysterically; but just then Pa's querulous voice was heard in the room above, and the mother was glad of an excuse to hasten away.

Night came. The debris had disappeared, and the letter of thanks to Cousin Frances, which Helen had volunteered to write, was finished.

"Listen, girls, while I read it," she said; "but don't interrupt. If you think of anything more to say just wait and I'll add it on at the end.

"My generous rich relative," she began, and, regardless of the rising murmur of dismay, she hastily went on: "It was so thoughtful of you to send us such a lot of old clothes (which we can't possibly make use of), and not to prepay the express (which is uncommonly high in this part of the world). We now understand why it is 'more blessed to give than receive!' But, unfortunately, we don't know any one who would take such stuff as a gift, unless it's the ragman"—

"Helen!"

"You shan't send such a letter!" and Margaret snatched the perfectly proper little note she had written from Helen's hand, while the young girl laughed merrily over the success of her impromptu nonsense. She loved to tease her sober elder sisters, and with her happy disposition she found a way of getting fun out of everything.

But anxious and busy days came after this. Pa Pendergast was seriously ill for a time, and before he was really able to be around again he was planning another of those disastrous lecture tours, with which he was always trying to retrieve their fallen fortunes. At last, however, they had managed to persuade him to put it off until the fall.

There was no family in all the village who had once stood so high, or who were more respected in these days of their misfortunes. "Pa's" failings and good qualities were alike freely discussed, and his wife commiserated for having allowed her visionary spouse the control of her comfortable little fortune, which, under his childlike incapacity for business, had disappeared in an incredibly short number of years.

Anne and Margaret were now the main support of the family, one teaching music and the other having a good position in the village school.

The "little Mother" and Helen were the "household angels;" and it was no light task to keep things nice and comfortable with their extremely limited purse, and to prevent "Pa" from seeing too plainly the ruin he had wrought.

The neighbors were very kind, and often some little delicacy found its way to their scanty table—given with so much friendly good-will that sensitive little Mrs. Pendergast was no more hurt by the attention than the neighbors were when Helen brought them bunches of Mayflowers from the woods in spring.

But of late Helen's fingers had been busier than ever. Upon careful re-examination the "bundle" had shown possibilities which had not been apparent at the first. And the old party dresses, dyed—for Helen had mastered the dyepot's mysteries long ago—were now transformed into four pretty silk petticoats which would "rustle delightfully" under their woolen gowns.

"Just the last things in the world any of us really wanted," Helen admitted; "but the silk wasn't fit for another thing, and as it didn't cost us anything I guess we can afford to be 'swell' for once!"

Then in some magical way her deft fingers had fashioned for herself as dainty a gown from the voluminous old gray opera cloak and the best of the well worn redingote as ever a pretty maiden wore to church on a bright Sunday in spring.

The battered Paris bonnet bloomed anew with apple blossoms, freshened over the kettle's reviving steam. But the crowning feature of the costume was a beautiful pink silk parasol, which Cousin Frances would certainly never have recognized as the "skeleton" of her famous bundle, newly clad in the pink lining of the opera cloak, and adorned with the freshest flounces of the chiffon gown.

"Girls, how do I look?" was Helen's anxious question, as arrayed for the first time in all her glory she was about to start with them for church.

"Just too sweet and lovely!" Margaret said, with enthusiasm; and the mother, who thought her girls were always perfect, echoed Margaret's words.

But Anne was troubled. Such finery seemed hardly in accord with their straightened circumstances, or with the almost Quakerish simplicity of the quiet town; but Helen was so happy that she could not bring herself to speak her doubts which, after all, might prove without foundation.

She was keenly alive, however, to the sensation which Helen's appearance caused, and which, all during the service, divided the attention of the congregation with the good minister's words. And after the service, Anne's straining ears caught more than one fragment of unfriendly criticism, which seemed floating in the air.

"It does beat all," old Mrs. Sharp whispered to her neighbor, "how folks behind-hand in their rent can buy such finery!"

"P'raps Pa Pendergast has somehow made his everlastin' fortune," was the audible answer.

"Did you see how Chan Bassett kept lookin' at her? He can't afford to dress a wife like that. I heard Mis' Bassett tell him so durin' the collection."

"Jest see that pink parasol! Why, 'Many couldn't get one, plain dark blue, for less'n five dollars. An' silk petticoats, too, I know by the rustlin'. They're up an' down extravagant, or else they ain't so poor as they've been makin' out."

"An' the neighbors sendin' 'em in cake an' pie at every bakin'!"

Helen's cheeks were like roses as they went on their homeward way, and Anne wondered if she, too, had overheard the gossips' whisperings, or whether the deeper flush was only the reflection from the pink silk parasol, which she held so bravely overhead. Margaret was less observing, and was evidently quite unconscious of any unusual stir going on around them.

It was the first Sunday in many months that Chauncey Bassett had not walked home with Helen. He had been with his mother on the church steps when they came out, but he had only bowed and then had looked away. It was certainly strange, thought Helen, but—if he didn't want to come, he needn't! And no one, not even Anne, should know she cared!

The weeks rolled around, and summer followed spring. Every Sunday Helen went to church in her brave attire, and walked home afterward with Anne and Margaret; and Chauncey never came.

She never mentioned him; but Anne, watching her darling with jealous eyes, saw how her cheeks grew paler, and how listless she seemed to be as the summer days went on.

One night as Anne lay pondering upon these things, with Margaret asleep beside her, she heard a stifled sob from the cot where Helen lay. That was all; but it [illegible] before Anne had determined what to do. And the next day, as [illegible] from the village, she stopped at Mrs. Bassett's for the first time since the spring Sunday when Chauncey had lingered at his mother's side.

"It's ever so long since I've had a chance to run in," Anne began, with friendly apology. "But I've been so busy, teaching right along. It was fortunate for us that the Masters wanted their children to make up all they lost when they had whooping cough last spring. If it wasn't for that and for two of Margaret's music scholars, who have kept right on, I hardly know what we should have done!"

It was not like Anne to speak so freely of their affairs; but Mrs. Bassett showed no signs of unbending yet.

"You know how it is," Anne continued, with heightened color. "Pa tries to do all he can; but he's always so—unfortunate."

"Then that last lecture tour wasn't a success?" said Mrs. Bassett, falling into Anne's skilfully opened net. "Everyone thought he must 'a' been makin' money, the way Helen came out this spring."

"And didn't she look sweet?" cried Anne. "But people shouldn't judge by appearances! I'm going to tell you, Mrs. Bassett tho' I should hate to have it get around. A cousin of mother's in the city sent us a—a bundle of old clothes. And Helen is just the most ingenious, most economical girl you ever saw! These things weren't suitable for us at all, and I thought they'd be of no use whatever; but Helen turned them and dyed them, and made the old worn out party silks into the prettiest petticoats you ever saw—and one for each of us! Then the poor child needed a new dress badly; she hadn't a thing fit to wear to church, and we couldn't afford to buy anything; so she went to work and somehow made that pretty gray and olive gown out of just nothing! And her bonnet, too—you ought to have seen it when it came! And," hysterically, "all that never cost us a single penny!"

"You don't mean to say!" ejaculated Mrs. Bassett, in amusement. "But—that pink silk parasol?" she queried. "'Mandy Ward priced one in the city, an' they asked—sixteen dollars!"

"She made that, too!" cried Anne. "Oh, you don't half know how clever Helen is! You won't let this go any further, though?" she added, anxiously. "I wouldn't like every one to know, because—well, because it was the first time any one had ever sent old things to us—and poor little Mother—cried."

"I won't tell a livin' soul but Chan,' Mrs. Bassett said, earnestly. "But I must tell him. He'll be home to-night, you know, over Sunday. An'—an' I'm comin' 'round to see your ma, right soon."

Anne went her way with a lighter heart; and she had not far before Chauncey Bassett himself came into view. To her surprise he stopped.

"It's ever so long since I've seen you," he began awkwardly.

"Why haven't you been around?" she asked in her pleasant way, noting curiously his wane and troubled face.

"I'll tell you why," he said, suddenly. "It's because I can't think of any one or anything but—Helen! And I never realized until—until one Sunday morning in the spring" (Anne sighed) "how far above the farmer's son—the poor book-keeper—she was. Then I saw that the best I could ever hope to give her would not be worthy of her—not even as much as she is having now" (Anne smiled); "and I knew that it would be better for me to—to forget her—before she ever dreamed I had begun to care. I thought I could turn my thoughts away; but I can't; and though it is madness to think she could ever care for me, yet I must see her and tell her; and, unless you tell me not to, I am coming this very night.

"Come," said Anne, with a reassuring smile.

Supper was over and the girls were putting the things away. As Margaret disappeared in the china closet with a pile of plates, Anne said cheerily: "Oh, I met Chauncey Bassett as I was coming home, and, do you know, he said he was coming around—to-night."

"Anne! you—you didn't say—anything?"

"You dear little goose! Not a word that the town crier couldn't proclaim with propriety. But I thought he was looking thin and worried, poor fellow. There, I'll wipe the teacups, for you had better go light the lamp in the parlor, and put on your pretty gray gown, directly."

"If he had waited until he had seen his mother, I'd have hated him—almost," thought Anne, an hour later, when, above the murmur of voices in the little parlor she heard Helen's laugh ring gayly, as of old.

And the next day, being Sunday, the village gossips had something new to talk of; for Mrs. Bassett actually waited and kissed Helen on the church porch. And Chauncey walked home with her again, as he used to do; but though his face was radiant, so was Helen's, for carefully and almost reverentially Chauncey was shielding her lovely face with the pink silk parasol.
—Independent.

An Electric Tow [illegible]

Another scheme has been [illegible] for utilising the [illegible] canals. The plan [illegible] narrow-gauge track [illegible] moving the boats [illegible] a small car furnished [illegible] gripping the rail, [illegible] motor from an [illegible]
—Detroit Free [illegible]

Italy exported [illegible] eggs last year.

[illegible]

[illegible] is stronger than oak.

[illegible] yield a superior oil.

There are thirty species of tobacco.

Tobacco grows wild in some parts of Texas.

In Japan editors must be twenty-one years old.

Three out of every 135 English speaking people have red hair.

The mildest day England has seen for fifty-two years was last Christmas.

Divers say that a sheep weighs more lying down than when standing up.

[illegible] Lucinda Perry, of Tipton, Mo., has married a widower with nineteen children.

The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal to that of a robin.

Recruits for the Chinese Army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

It is said that the human hair will turn white during violent emotion if the hand is laid upon it.

Letters are still occasionally received at the Marshfield (Mass.) Post-office addressed to "the Hon. Daniel Webster."

A missionary in New York who visited 4516 families in his district found only one avowed infidel in the whole number.

What is supposed to be a meteorite has been unearthed at Windsor, Conn. It is about 3½ feet by 2½ feet and is eighteen inches thick, with a knob on one end.

The "Excelsior," the largest diamond in the world, is kept in a safe in the Bank of England. It is too big and too valuable for use, and therefore remains locked up.

The most absent-minded man in the world has been found at Geneseo, N. Y. He went to his telephone the other day in one of his abstracted moments and rang himself up.

A root of cassava that measures seven feet in length and a sweet potato twenty inches in circumference are two products from the farm of H. A. Leak, near St. Andrew's Bay, Fla.

Charles B. Carey, of Boston, is the first to utilize aluminum for leggins. He had a pair made of the metal, and to test them tramped through the swamps of Florida, infested with venomous snakes. They were fang proof.

A millionaire of Vienna has left provision in his will for the constant illumination of the vault wherein he now lies. An electric light is to be kept burning for a year, and even the coffin is to be lighted in the interior by electricity.

During the siege of Sebastopol the batteries of the allied army threw into the besieged city over 30,000 tons of shot and shell. The cost of the artillery firing and the value of the guns ruined and condemned is estimated at $12,000,000.

Three years ago, while suffering from a severe attack of the grip, Mrs. J. D. Pyser, of Williamsport, Penn., lost her voice. While attending a revival meeting last week her voice returned and Mrs. Pyser attributes her recovery to Providential aid.

Professor W. S. Lytle, of Hickory Township, Mercer County, is probably the oldest school teacher in actual service in Pennsylvania. He commenced teaching in Venango County in 1839, and has taught ninety terms. He is as alert to-day as most men of forty-five.

The Judge was a Fighter.

A Western judge was listening to an attorney who had a mean habit of interpolating remarks into the proceedings of the court. What he said was scarcely ever heard by any one, as he mumbled rather than spoke, and would never repeat a remark. One day he said something which nobody heard except the judge, who at once [illegible] to the court bailiff, he thundered out: "Adjourn this court!" Then, as soon as the bailiff had done his duty, the judge stepped from the bench, beckoned to the lawyer to follow him, and entered the clerk's office. The lawyer went along. So did two or three other people. As soon as the judge got fairly into the room, he seized a law-book, and turning upon the lawyer, he fairly screamed: "I was on the bench a while ago and you insulted me. I was a judge then. I am a man now, and the man will have an apology for the judge, or he will take it out of your hide. You might make an apology to the judge, but you would not mean it. Now, however, the case is more serious, and unless you give me what I ask, I will smash your head." The lawyer made a most abject apology, which the judge accepted, and then the party went back to the court-room and resumed business.—Argonaut

One Oven for a Community.

The oven is a communal institution in Brittany. In former times the ovens were owned by the barons, and the people who were under their protection paid them for the use of them. Subsequently they were owned by the communes, to which payment was made. They still exist to-day and are in use. The fuel is furnished by those of the community, and at stated times the oven is heated, which has been [illegible] in the immediate neighborhood to the oven so to be [illegible]

KING COTTON'S STORY TOLD

HISTORY OF THE STAPLE'S PRODUCTION IN THIS COUNTRY.

A Hundred Years Ago the Entire Crop Was 20,000 Bales—Now the Annual Product is 9,000,000.

THE Manufacturers' Record publishes a brief history of cotton production in this country, by R. H. Edmonds, the editor. Just 100 years ago, the total crop of the South was 20,000 bales, but by 1820 this had increased to nearly 400,000 bales. Under this rapid gain in production prices gradually declined from forty-four cents a pound in 1801 to thirteen and one-half cents in 1839.

With prices ranging from thirteen to forty-four cents, and averaging for forty years, from 1800 to 1839, a fraction over seventeen cents a pound, cotton cultivation was so profitable that we cannot wonder at the disposition of the people of the South to concentrate their efforts more and more on cotton cultivation to the exclusion of industrial interests. Beginning with 1840 there came a period of extremely low prices and the Cotton States suffered very much from this decline. In that year the average New York prices dropped to nine cents, a decline of four cents from the preceding year, and this was followed by a continuous decline until 1846, when the average was 5.63 cents, the lowest average price ever known to the cotton trade. Even in 1891-92, when an enormous surplus of cotton following the depression that succeeded the Baring failure forced prices to what many claimed was the lowest point on record, the average at New York was 7.50 cents, or nearly two cents higher than in 1846. Moreover, in 1846 the seed was without value, while in 1891-92 the scale of seed added almost a cent a pound to the value of the crop and transportation was very much cheaper than in 1846. In 1847 the crop was short and prices advanced sharply, only to drop back to eight and then to seven and one-fourth cents, making the average for the decade, from 1840 to 1849, the lowest ever known in the cotton trade.

After giving in detail the statistics of production, consumption and prices for each year since 1840, the Manufacturers' Record says:

A study of the foregoing figures will show that seven years of successively increasing crops, as from 1885-86 to 1891-92, was unprecedented in the history of trade. It is doubtful if any leading crop raised can show such an unbroken increase for seven years. Jumping from 5,700,000 bales in 1884-85 to 6,500,000 bales in 1885-86, there was practically no halting, as the variations in two years were too small to be noticeble, to 9,035,000 bales in 1891-92, a gain of 3,300,000 bales, or nearly sixty per cent. advance in seven years. It ought not to have been expected that consumption could keep pace with such an increase. Fortunately there came a break, and we have now had two short crops. This will help to reduce the enormous stocks that have overweighted the market for several years. With surplus stocks worked off a fresh start can be made, and if next year's crop is moderately small the cotton trade of the world will then be on a sound basis for higher prices, because consumption will then have overtaken production.

In eighteen years cotton has brought into the South over $5,700,000,000, a sum so vast that the profits out of it ought to have been enough to greatly enrich the whole section. Unfortunately, the system which the poverty following the war developed, of raising cotton only and buying provisions and grain in the West, left at home but little surplus money out of the cotton crop. The West and North drained that section of several hundred million dollars every year, because it depended upon them for all of its manufactured goods, as well as for the bulk of its food-stuffs. Hence, of the enormous amount received for cotton, very little remained in the South. The increase in diversified farming, the raising of home supplies, the development of trucking and the building of factories are all uniting to keep at home the money which formerly went North and West. Whether the cotton-raiser himself be getting the full benefit of this or not, the South at large is necessarily doing so.

The figures given in the foregoing tables show that the lowest average yield per acre for the seventeen years under review was 145½ pounds in 1881, and the highest 209½ pounds in 1891. Had the yield per acre in 1891 been as low as in 1881 the crop would have been less than 6,700,000 bales, instead of 9,035,000 bales.

From 1840 to 1849 the average price in New York was eight cents per pound, a lower average for nine years than any single year since has shown except 1891-92.

The importance of cotton in our foreign trade relations can be appreciated from the simple statement that since 1875 our exports of this staple have been valued at $5,800,000,000, while the total exports of wheat and flour combined for the same period have been $2,500,000,000, showing a difference of $1,300,000,000, or over fifty per cent. in favor of cotton. Moreover, during the same period we have exported about $200,000,000 of manufactured cotton goods, making the full value really $6,000,000,000. Compared with the exports of wheat, flour and corn combined, the value of which since 1875 has been $3,100,000,000, there is a difference in favor of cotton of $2,900,000,000. Going back to 1850, it is found that the total value of [illegible] wheat exported for the [illegible] years is $1,227,000,000, [illegible] $2,900,000 less than the [illegible] of [illegible] cotton exported during the [illegible] years.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost nearly $700,000.

There are now 7500 miles of electric railroads in this country.

Children, plants and animals grow more rapidly during the night.

The largest coast light in the United States can be seen twenty-eight miles in clear weather.

Slag from blast furnaces is pulverized and used for fertilizing farming lands in Germany.

The tongue of the toad is attached to the front of its jaw and hangs backward instead of forward.

Water alone has been known to sustain life fifty-five days. If only dry food were taken, death would result in a quarter of that time.

The use of furnaces to destroy a city's garbage and refuse is growing in favor. There are now fifty-five municipalities in England where the system is used.

Professor Elihu Thompson says that an umbrella with brass chains hanging from the ends of the ribs makes a complete protection when held over the head during a thunder storm.

Taking the earth as the center of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision, the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000,000 miles.

A new chemical element was discovered during 1893. It was found in some specimens of alum brought from Egypt. It has been called Masrium, from Masr, the Arabic name for Egypt. It resembles beryllium in some of its properties, and zinc in others.

Both eyes are necessary to perfect vision. A man who has lost an eye requires some time to adjust himself to the new conditions. He finds it very difficult, for instance, to form a correct judgment of the distance of an object, as well as its position, and sometimes in attempting to pick up a small article, like a pin, will make a mistake of three or four inches in its situation.

During the year some further advance was made in the production of color photographs by Lapmann, who has discovered that albumenized and gelatinized plates soaked in bichromate of potash can be employed in photographing colors, which appear after immersion in water. The colors are very brilliant, and are produced by the interference of hygroscopic and non-hygroscopic layers with variable refractive indices.

Experiments in magnetizing and concentrating the low grade soft, red ores of some Southern districts are in process, and said to be so far promising of good results. The consulting chemist of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, operating upon 3000 pounds at a time of the crude ore which contained forty per cent. of iron and twenty-nine of silica, has been able to secure fifty-seven per cent. of iron and reduce silica ten per cent.

The Real David Crockett.

Mrs. Ibbie Gordon, of Clarksville, Texas, who was born in 1805, was once introduced to David Crockett. Describing the incident, she says: "It was in the winter of 1834, not long after Crockett had been defeated for Congress in Tennessee. We heard that Crockett had crossed Red River, and fearing that he might not come through Clarksville, but keep on the old Trammell trail, we intended to meet him. Jane Latimer, then a girl of eighteen, rode behind me, and Betsy Latimer followed on a pony. We overtook Crockett and his party at the house of Edward Dean, about four miles from Clarksville. It was early in the morning, and when Mrs. Dean saw us she said: 'Mrs. Clark, what in the name of God brings you here at this time of the day?' 'My horse brought me,' I answered, and then I told her I wanted some breakfast. We went into the house, and a friend, who had known Crockett in Tennessee, introduced us. Crockett was dressed like a gentleman, and not as a backwoodsman. He did not wear a coonskin cap. It has always disgusted me to read these accounts of Crockett that characterize him as an ignorant backwoodsman. Neither in dress, conversation nor bearing could he have created the impression that he was ignorant or uncouth. He was a man of wide practical information and was dignified and entertaining. His language was about as good as any we hear nowadays."—Galveston News.

The Tega Age in China.

When one sees a lad in China with his head shaved one may be sure that, however boylike he may look, he has put aside all the things of youth and become a man. In fact, this event is celebrated in the household with great solemnity, for entrance upon manhood is a grave matter for the boys of the flowery land. Invitations are sent to the friends and relatives to a family gathering and each is expected to bring a present—in money for choice—for the hero of the hour. The boy himself is dressed in fine silk robes and perfumed with spice. When everyone has arrived, the father makes a speech in honor of the occasion, the presents are given and then a Chinese priest shaves the boy's head to prepare the way for the pigtail, which marks the man of the Celestial empire.—Chicago Herald.

Natural Color Blindness.

Color blindness has been found to occur in about four per cent. of civilized Europeans and American males and among 3 per cent. of females. The Japanese and Norwegians seem to be free as they are much [illegible] Zulus go down to 1.63 per cent.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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