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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

I WONDER.

If I this night, at set of sun,
Should find my race was nearly run,
Would I have earned the glad "Well done?"—
I wonder.

Would I look back at dear ones here?
Would I go onward without fear?
Would there be time for any tear?—
I wonder.

Would it then be so strangely sweet,
Where loved ones wait their own to greet,
That life would pass with winged feet?—
I wonder.

Would all the countless trials sore
Perplex me never, never more?
Would heartaches, failures, all be o'er?—
I wonder.

He says, "Unto the weary rest,"
Unto the friendless home so blest;
And so to him I leave the rest—
No wonder.

—*Boston Transcript.*

TWO DOZEN BUTTONS.

Betty sighed. Now, why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand a brand new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an obstinate pucker. Now what is it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and, with a small jerk no way conciliatory sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I am always troublesome."

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from a tremendous height, in extreme irritation. "It's yourself who is forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really abominable."

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers was not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks, as she tried to draw her little erect figure to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John, in great excitement, drawing nearer the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then, I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel. These two who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life.

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoe—only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we will have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it or help it," said Betty lightly, to hide her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, I'm sure! and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her, tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks, and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying:

"There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in that cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You need not try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!"

"What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and with white lips said slowly:

"Yes, it may be better as you say, better all around. You know best!" and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it! Oh what have I said? Oh, John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she had filled the seed-cup that very morning; how he had laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair he took her in his great arms and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself.

And the "bits" he had said in his tender way, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now!

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rose ears to shut out the bird's chirping.

"If he only knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said: "Betty!" and heavy footfalls proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choking back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstance. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband, had moved into the village a twelve-month previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work such as house-cleaning, dress-making and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of news-gatherer at one and the same time, pretty effectually.

She always called her by the first name, though Betty resented it: and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk.

But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carion after its own prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work; if devastation had not already commenced.

"Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking-chair with an energy that showed that she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully.

"Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but la! I wouldn't mind—I know tain't your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not live happy! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth?

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin'; so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks?" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say says I, why there couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, an—"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extremest height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face rosy with righteous indignation—her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised but could not stop. But she was foreed to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair and blocked up the way, so she slunk bask into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment; and then, when the time did come, why, people should know that it was John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, and impatient and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice, "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all.

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning around to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may go."

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sigh for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom she presently returned, still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to get it out now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after to-morrow is your birthday."

"So 'tis," said John. "Gracious! has it come around so soon?"

"And you, dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eye a pretty, brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing gown; "this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh, I didn't want you to know it!"

John made an answer he thought best. When he spoke again he said, perplexed, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes:

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the gown, "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she couldn't finish. "Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons. They wern't good, but they were the best I could do then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday. Two whole dozen. And you put that $10 bill in my hand, I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I had not waited buying them until to-day."

John caught up the little woman, dressing gown and all. I don't think they have ever quarreled since—at least I have never heard of it.

The "Tree Puzzle."

The "tree puzzle" that follows is one of the most ingenious trifles of the kind now current:

1. What's the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. The dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be?
7. What's the tell-tale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that's the warmest clad?
10. The Languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that never will stand still
16. The unhealthiest tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree,
21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish brown tree,
23. The reddish blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree,
That makes each townsman flee?
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the housewife's tree,
28. And the fisherman's tree;
29. What by cockneys is turned into wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lazy,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people,
40. The traveler's tree,
41. And the sad tree when schoolmasters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the fiery heat,
43. That half-given to doctors when ill?
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet,
45. And the tree we may use as a quill?
46. What's the tree that in death will benigh you,
47. And the tree that your wants will supply?
48. And the tree that to travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

ANSWERS.

1. Pear. Tea.
2. Hop.
3. Beech.
4. Spruce.
5. Tulip. Yew.
6. Bay.
7. Peach.
8. Judas.
9. Fir.
10. Pine.
11. Date.
12. Weeping-willow.
13. Ivy.
14. Spindle-tree.
15. Caper.
16. Sycamore.
17. Locust.
18. Plane.
19. Medlar.
20. India-rubber. Sago palm.
21. Fig. Damson.
22. Chestnut.
23. Lilac.
24. Honeysuckle.
25. Citron.
26. Woodbine.
27. Broom.
28. Basswood.
29. Vine.
30. Rose.
31. Satinwood. Aloe.
32. (H)elm.
33. Arbor-vitæ.
34. Dyewoods.
35. Southernwood
36. Cork.
37. Smoke-tree. Hazel.
38. Elder.
39. Poplar.
40. Wayfaring-tree.
41. Birch.
42. Ash.
43. Coffee.
44. Palm.
45. Aspen.
46. Deadly nightshade.
47. Breadfruit.
48. Orange.
49. Olive.

Great Salt Lake and the Dead Sea.

Great Salt Lake is a shallow body of water, its average depth being a little more than three feet, while in many parts it is much less. The water is transparent, but excessively salt; it contains about twenty-two per cent. of common salt, slightly mixed with other salts, and forming one of the purest and most concentrated brines in the world. Its specific gravity is 1.17. The water is so buoyant that a man may float in it at full length upon his back, having his head and neck, his legs to the knees, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If he assumes a sitting posture, with his arms extended, his shoulders will rise above the water. Swimming, however, is difficult, as the lower limbs tend to rise above the surface, and the brine is so strong that to swallow even a very little of it will cause strangulation. The waters of the Dead Sea, on the other hand, are nearly black, and contain much sulphur and bitumen, as well as salt. It is also very deep, varying from thirteen feet near the south end of the lake to more then 1,300 feet in the northern part. Its buoyancy is quite equal to that of the Great Salt Lake, for travelers say that a man can float prone upon the surface for hours without danger of sinking, and in a sitting position is held breast-high above the water.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The Bone Industry.

The bone industry of the country is an important one. The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neatsfoot oil. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle shin bones are shipped to Europe for the making of knife handles, where they bring $40 per ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth $80 per ton for cutting into tooth brush handles. The foreleg bones are worth $30 per ton, and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry, though sheep's legs are the staple for parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry, and all bones that cannot be used as noted, or for bone black, used in refining the sugar we eat, are turned into fertilizers and made to help enrich the soil. As regards waste, it is the story of the pig. Nothing is lost except the squeal.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Proud to Call Himself a United States Farmer.

Senator Williams, of Kentucky, is proud to call himself a farmer, and he thinks there is no higher, honorable calling. He is a stanch friend of the agriculturists, and during his term has done vigorous battle for every measure that has come before the Senate for their benefit or relief. He says: "After all, give me the country raised boy. The boy who runs barefooted and stubs the nails off his toes and gets stone bruises on his heels grows up in the simple, unaffected ways of life which make him the better man."—*Washington Star.*

REMEDIES FOR INSOMNIA

ADVICE FOR SUFFERERS FROM SLEEPLESSNESS.

Hair Pillows to be Preferred to Feathers.—Various Methods of Cooling the Brain.

When I was a student, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, I suffered much from sleeplessness, and, after trying many remedies, I hit upon this one: I discarded my feather pillow for one of hair. The effect was wonderful. I slept soundly the whole of the first night, and have never since, except when feverish, been so wakeful as I usually was before. Although feathers are excellent for preventing the dispersion of the heat of the body, so much fault has been found with feather beds that they have quite generally gone out of use, and it is strange that feather pillows have not been sent after them. Feathers in pillows are open to the same objections as feathers in beds, and even their chief virtue, that of keeping up a high temperature, is a defect in a pillow; certainly when one half of the head is kept at blood heat by being buried in feathers and the other half is exposed to the air, both halves cannot be at the most favorable temperature. A hair pillow does not get warmed up to an uncomfortable degree, because it rapidly conducts away the heat imparted to it by the head. Since hair pillows are not yet in common use, it might be supposed that a person accustomed to the use of one would either have to take it with him every time he was to be away from home for a few nights, or suffer considerable inconvenience. But fortunately hair bosters are more common, and if the pillow is thrown aside the bolster will raise the head probably as high as is good for the sleeper. If a hair bolster is lacking, the end of the mattress may be raised high enough to make a comfortable head rest by putting the pillow under it.

According to most, but not all, medical writers, wakefulness and mental activity depend on the circulation of a large quantity of blood through the brain, and the flow of blood must be lessened before sleep can come on. I have obtained special benefit from drawing the blood to the muscles by means of a brisk walk or a quarter to half an hour's vigorous performance of light gymnastics just before going to bed. The majority of cases of sleeplessness occur among persons who use their muscles but little, and for very many taking more exercise is the best remedy. Sleep can sometimes be brought on by simply warming the body, especially the feet; the drowsiness caused by sitting in a warm room is an instance. The blood may be drawn to the skin by a cold shower or sponge bath, followed by rubbing with a coarse towel. Getting out of bed for a few minutes when the air is cool will often bring relief. I have lain awake half the night and then, after being up long enough to mix and drink a lemonade, have fallen asleep at once on going back to bed. Perhaps the lemonade should have part of the credit. On hot summer nights a cold bath will reduce the bodily temperature so as to admit of sleep. If the skin is not wiped quite dry, the evaporating moisture will incrsase the cooling effect. A light lunch just before going to bed relieves the brain by drawing the blood to the stomach, and, the inclination to dose after a meal is explainable in this way. Diminishing the cerebral circulation by compression of the carotid arteries is advised by some physicians. Lying on the back with a doubled pillow placed against the back of the neck so as to tip the head forward will effect this, and Dr. J. L. Corning has invented an instrument in the form of a collar for the same purpose.

In view of what has been said about circulation of the blood, coldness of the feet is a natural accompaniment of sleeplessness, and one means of cure may be made to serve both ends. Bathing the feet in hot water is such a means, but after a few hours a reaction is liable to set in, which will send the blood from the feet to the head and cause the sleeper to awake. It is better to take advantage of the reaction which follows a cold foot-bath with vigorous rubbing of the feet, both in the water and with the towel. The stimulus thus given to the circulation in the feet will be more permanent. I have found walking just before bedtime beneficial, and when I do not wish to go outdoors I raise myself sharply on my toes to the full stretch fifty or more times. A paragraph has recently been in circulation to the effect that a continuous low noise favors sleep; the sound of water dropping on a brass pan has been prescribed by a physician with good effect. The explanation seems to be that a simple monotonous impression quiets the brain by occupying it to the exclusion of more varied and interesting, and therefore stimulating, impressions. On the same principle are the devices of counting forward or backward, imagining sheep jumping one by one through a gap, etc.; but they are open to the objection of causing one portion of the brain to be exerted in order to control the rest of it.

If the hygienic measures which have been described fail to induce sleep, probably some form of disease stands in the way, and a physician should be employed to discover and remove it. Soporific drugs should be regarded as a last resort, for, unless skilfully used, they produce a stupor rather than a refreshing sleep. Do not take a narcotic or nostrum at random because somebody says it is good to make you sleep; one narcotic is injurious where another is beneficial, and the chances are that you will choose one which will do you more harm than good.

A Minnesota farmer states that he can "keep one stove going" during six months with the sunflower stalks produced on an acre of land. The seed produced and fed to fowls pays for all the work of cultivation. He burns all the smaller heads with the stalks, which are cut in the fall to the required length.

A smooth sea can never make a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

Electric Light and the Eyes.

Medical journals have recently had something to say concerning the effect of electric lights upon the eyes, and have agreed that the effect is very injurious—much more so, in fact, than people have any idea of, because many persons afflicted with defective vision or an eye trouble attribute it to cold or some other cause, when the blame really rests with the new and popular mode of illumination. A *Tribune* reporter asked Dr. Samuel J. Jones, the well-known oculist, if he thought the electric lights made his business any better, and the reply was: "I'll not say anything about my business, but I will say that I would not work in or occupy a room lighted by electricity."

"Why not?"

"Because I think too much of my eyes and am satisfied that the electric light would play the mischief with them."

"How does the new light act upon the eyes?"

"In the first place, it is too brilliant and dazzling, producing too much of a strain on the optics and causing at times an affliction similar to snow blindness. Then it is too unsteady, the flickering movement keeping the iris constantly agitated. In a light room, for instance, the iris is contracted to keep out a superfluity of light, but going to a dark room it immediately begins to expand to get all the light possible, so that in a short time the room appears to have grown lighter and objects become more distinct. It follows, therefore, that a flickering light must keep the iris agitated and ultimately cause inflammation of the retina."

"Can you find any good points about the electric light?"

"There are several. It is a better illuminator than gas, not having the orange ray; it does not consume oxygen and give out noxious gases, and it does not give out any heat—an important consideration in the summer time or in a close room."

"How about the incandescent light?"

"Well, to that I can find no objection, because it has about all the advantages of the ordinary electric light, is not dazzling, and maintains a steady glow."

"Is there no remedy against the ill effects of the ordinary arc light?"

"Yes—keep away from it."

"But if that means keeping away from a job?"

"Well, colored glass will neutralize the light to a certain extent, but that would be like wearing kid gloves to keep the hands warm when the thermometer is below zero."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Nubia and the Nubians.

The banks of the Nubian Nile vary with every mile, and beautiful are they in diversity of color and combination, though that beauty partakes of a sterner quality than in the landscape of Egypt. Nowhere can be seen the rich fields, which stretched on either shore away to the feet of the Lybian hills. They have disappeared, and in their stead rise from the water's depths tall cliffs in broken precipice and crag, or the river owning free bonds, flows majestically on beneath rival streams of bordering sands, that have the gorges of the desert hills for channels, and the wind, which ever silently drifts them whither it will for current. Poverty is written on the face of this sun-scorched country, and such few strips of fertile land as the Nile reaches in its flood are tilled with zealous care by the scanty population which they support. It is curious to note with what religious care the villages and temples have been placed upon the shelving rock or desert sand, where none but the lizzards could begrudge their presence. Every inch of land that can be cultivated is coaxed to yield its burden of beans or doura, and of spare land whereon to place their villages, good sooth, there is enough. Yet poor though the Nubian is, his wants are few, and his thrifty ways make poverty a light burden to him. Travel where he will for hire or trade, he leaves his heart in his wild home of Nubia, and returns thither when fortune allows. No music has for him so great a charm as the melancholy creation of the water-wheels, the constant plaint of which grease is never permitted to diminish, all that he can get being devoted to the shaggy locks of his unturbaned head. Nature, who refuses him to dream of ought but lean kine when he thinks of doura fields, has given to his land the abundance of date palms, and on fruit he virtually subsists. Little cares an Ibreemee palm for the desert's envy, but spreading its feathery leaves above the sand or rock gives to its planter the much-prized fruit which enables him to eke out the slender harvests of the fields.

Why Bismarck Admired Fleury.

The stories that Bismarck likes best are those of men who have outwitted mobs. During the siege of Paris, while he was at Versailles, a pass was applied for by a relative of M. Cuvillier Fleury, the eminent critic and member of the French academy. The chancellor at once gave the pass, saying: "M. Fleury is an admirable man. I know a capital story about him." The story was this: M Fleury, who had been a tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, was in 1848 private secretary to the Duchess of Orleans. When the revolutions of February broke out, a rabble invaded the Palais Royal, where the princess resided, and began smashing works of art, pictures, statuettes, and nicknacks. All the household was seized with panic except M. Fleury, who, throwing off his coat, smeared his face and hands with coal, caught up a poker and rushed among the mob, shouting: "Here, I'll show you where the best pictures are." So saying he plied his poker upon furniture of no value and, thus winning the confidence of the roughs, was able to lead them out of the royal apartments into the kitchen regions, where they spent their fury upon the contents of the larder and cellar. The sequel of this story is very droll, and Bismarck relates it with great relish. A few days after he had saved the Palais Royal, M. Fleury was recognized in the street as the Duchess of Orleans' secretary and mobbed. He was being somewhat roughly hustled, when a hulking water-carrier elbowed his way through the throng and roared: "Let that man be! He is one of the right sort. He led us to the pillage of the Palais Royal the other day!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Georgia inventor has invented a fireproof cotton bagging, the use of which will very much reduce the insurance rates on cotton. It is called "antiphlogan," and is said to be cheaper than the jute or gunny-bagging now used.

To test the purity of water there has been found no better or simpler way than to fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in the water half a teaspoonful of the purest sugar—loaf or granulated will answer—cork the bottle, and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four to forty eight hours the water becomes cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use.

It has been proved beyond all doubt that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attacks the metal because of the affinity of several of their constituents, the result being generally lead carbonate. Minute quantities of lead introduced into the system must rank among the factors of anæmia and defective nutrition in large towns.

The electric light is being used to light bakers' ovens. A great difficulty has always existed among bakers to get a light into their dark ovens, so that the progress of baking might be observed. Two incandescent lamps, driven by a Victoria-Brush machine, are placed inside an oven where the temperature ranges from 400 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. The oven door contains a sheet of plate glass, through which the whole of the oven is distinctly visible. The baker now never need burn his bread or pastry.

Considering its extent, America is better supplied by the clouds than Europe and Africa. In the tropics of the old world the annual rainfall is about seventy-seven inches, while in tropical South America it is 155 inches. In the eastern United States it is forty to fifty inches; but west of the one hundredth meridian to Sierra Nevada it is mostly twelve to sixteen inches. The annual average of Great Britain is thirty-five inches; that of France twenty to twenty-one inches; but about the Alps it is mostly thirty-five to fifty inches. Farther from the coast, in central Germany and Russia, it is only fifteen to twenty inches. The moistest climate known is in India, at Cherrapongee, where over a small area the yearly fall of rain is more than 610 inches, or about fifty-one feet.

The process of swallowing food in serpents is painfully slow and somewhat peculiar. For how is an animal without limbs or molars to swallow its prey, which is often much larger than its own body? Thus the boa-constrictor seizes the head of its victim with its sharp, recurving teeth, and crushes the body with its overlapping coils, then slightly uncoiling and covering the carcass with a slimy mucus, it thrusts the head into its mouth by main force, the mouth stretching marvelously, the skull being loosely put together. One jaw is then unfixed and the teeth withdrawn, by being pushed forward, when they are again fastened farther back on the animal. The other jaw is then protruded, and then refastened, and thus, by successive movements, the prey is slowly and spirally drawn into the gullet.

Expert Counterfeiting.

United States Detective Baner explained to a Louisville *Post* reporter the process of Martin Ogle, a noted counterfeiter recently convicted at Memphis. Ogle had procured a genuine ten-dollar bill and split this in halves, this being in itself a remarkable operation. The two sheets thus made were so thin that they were transparent. He made a plate of copper and brass, a little larger than the bill, and spread one of the sheets on top of it. With a steel tracing pencil of his own manufacture he engraved through the sheets its exact counterpart on the plate. The other half was engraved on a different plate in a similar manner, and then he was ready for printing his spurious money. This method of workmanship looks very simple, but it is the first time it has been done by a counterfeiter, as it is almost impossible to split the bill.

The method always before used is as follows: The workman took, say a $10 bill, and spread over it a piece of transparent gelatine paper, and traced the figures of the former on the latter. The metal plate was next put in use, and was coated with a solution of shellac. On this the ge atine paper was pasted, and, when torn off, it left on the shellac the outline of its figures. By following these in the solution they were also traced in delicate lines on the plate. The shellac then being washed off the latter they could be cut to the right depth, and the counterfeiter was ready for his work. Ogle's method obviated these three or four methods, and rendered the engraving on the plate far more accurate, as the correctness of the lines was necessarily lost through so many transfers.

This man thus accomplished a piece of work alone and unaided, with tools of his own manufacture, when the national government paid $100,000 for a steam machine to do the same thing. Detective Bauer showed Ogle's tools, which were fitted to rough wooden handles, but possessed points as sharp as steel. He also displayed the genuine bill split in two sheets, and perfectly transparent. He had on a table several packages of bills of Ogle's manufacture, amounting in all to $30,000, in tens and twenties. They were all on the Third National Bank of Cincinnati, but the new plates were intended for the Queen City Bank.

"Ogle," said Detective Bauer, "is the first man who has issued any spurious money during the last six years, and he has shown an almost unexampled skill and astuteness. His brother, who has been returned to the Pennsylvania penitentiary, knew nothing about this workmanship, but was merely a kind of head servant to Martin. The latter did all his work on a flatboat, and scattered the money chiefly at river points. He turned over to me in all $180,000 of about the best counterfeiting I ever saw."

In married life there should be sympathy—companionship. The husband and wife should be true friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of mystery enters the mind.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

My tree of life in springtime promised well.
The buds of faith and hope were full and fair;
The blossoms with rich fragrance filled the air,
Making my pathway sweeter where they fell.

The fruit appeared; I watched its growth with care;
Dark clouds of doubt and fear hung o'er my tree;
"Your fruit's in danger," oft was said to me;
That it might live to ripen was my prayer.

In autumn time, my fruitage gathered in,
Perfect it seemed, and to myself I said;
"How poor the fruit when faith and hope are dead!
Mine has escaped the withering blight of sin."

At length the fruit I tasted, and I found,
Forgetting works, I now must bear the pain;
That I had watched and waited long in vain;
What looked so fair was bitter and unsound

If I could live again my past life o'er,
It should be one of earnest work and love;
And He who plants the tree then from above
Would bless the fruit; I should need nothing more.

—*H. C. Hayden.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The sack is an appropriate coat for a rejected lover.—*Hatchet.*

Until rink floors are padded rinks will not be popular with fat men.

No matter whether bonnets have little birds on them or not, the amount of bill is always the same.

You may find ecstatic joy in the dream of hope, but it takes money to go to market.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Papa's pants will soon fit brother," is the first line of a new song, and yet it is said there is no literary or musical genius in this country.—*Bohemian.*

"Pickled walnuts are introduced at dinner now," says an exchange. Whenever you are introduced to a pickled walnut its not etiquette to shake hands, I believe.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Among the Esquimaux you can buy a seal-skin sack for two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail; but then it takes a seal-skin sack to buy a ten-penny nail and two iron hoops.—*New York News.*

A young man gazed at his mother-in-law's two trunks in the hall, and sadly remarked: "She has brought her clothes to a visit, would that she had brought her visit to a close."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"Use your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?" "Well, mamma, fingers were made before forks." "Yes, they were; but not your fingers, my son."

We believe in giving every man a chance in this world, but a man in the act of sucking an egg which an old hen set on four weeks last summer, should be speedily told of his rashness.—*Three States.*

Some one asks: "Is it dangerous to eat before going to sleep?" We think not. We have heard frequently of persons doing that. But if you are afraid to risk it perhaps you had better eat after you go to sleep.—*Pittsburg Democrat.*

"Are you going to the party this evening, Maud?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrid Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."—*Boston Post.*

Josh Billings was asked: "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation tew get up in the morning I have known to be three-quarters of an hour goin' up two pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

Women have a happy faculty of uttering pleasant things of each other. "Why, dear," said one to a friend, "do you know that young Smith and Laura Jones have quarreled, and now a great gulf separates them?" "Yes," replied the other. "They are in the same position as her ears. A great gulf separates them, too." The worst that it is that Laura's mouth is not so large after all.—*Boston Gazette.*

"A pound of jumps!" and I looked in surprise
At little black Rose with her shining eyes.

"A pound of jumps!—my mother said
A pound of jumps, and she nodded her head.

"But my dear, we've flour, and sugar in lumps,
And peanuts, but never a pound of jumps.

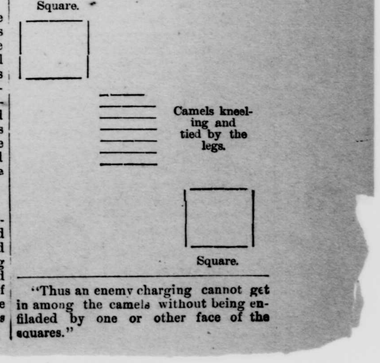
"With walnuts and chestnuts and corn that pops"—
"Oh, oh! I forgot! it's a pound of hops!"

—*Wide Awake.*

Fighting in the Desert.

The manœuvres of the British in the desert preparing for the enemy, are thus described by Cameron:

"Continually does the column halt, dismount and prepare to meet the enemy, and on these occasions there is always a race between the mounted infantry and guard regiments as to who shall be first in square. The formation finally adopted is this:



"Thus an enemy charging cannot get in among the camels without being enfiladed by one or other face of the squares."

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