

LAKE SUPERIOR IRON MOUNTAINS.—Recently a party took the Iron Mountain Railroad at Marquette, and ran up to the wonderful piles of mineral known as the Iron Mountains. The Jackson is fourteen miles inland, the Cleveland sixteen, and the Lake Superior eighteen. The editor of *The Lake Superior Journal* records some interesting facts about them: "Quite a new feature has been discovered in the formation of these mountains within a year or two. Previously they were supposed to be solid masses of iron throughout, whereas, in fact, the metal is found to run in veins, the principal one in each being not far from a hundred feet in width. This detracts nothing from their value. If we suppose these veins to be only a mile in length each, and that there were only a single vein in each mountain, it would make them just as valuable as though they were solid iron, for enough is enough. The depth of these veins will probably never be measured. No metallic vein that we ever read or heard of, has been traced to its terminus in the bowels of the earth. It will be a long, long time before they will be leveled with the surface, and when they are reduced below it, in the revolution of time the business of quarrying can be carried to nearly the same advantage as at present. In the first place, there will be no rock to be removed to get at the ore, and then it is a conceded point, and the deeper they go the better the ore. At the Jackson Mountain the sound of the drill hammer made sad discord with the air. Fifty or sixty men were busily engaged in drilling, blasting and removing the ore to the cars. They are making a formidable charge upon the mountain, carrying its outposts, and fast making their way to the citadel of its strength. The Cleveland Mountain presents a bold front. The rock has been mined away so as to leave a perpendicular wall some forty or fifty feet high, as we should judge. In the centre they have reached the large vein, and when the remaining rock has been cloven off plump to the vein, hundreds of tons may be thrown down at a blast. The Lake Superior mountain is run right into by the railroad at its termination point. Operations upon this mountain have been but a few months commenced, but they make a grand show for the time. The cut into the mountain for the railroad track verges so nearly to a parallel with the course of the principal vein, that it will be very easy to trundle the ore from the latter down to it, and empty the wheelbarrows right into the cars, which will certainly be a great advantage in loading. Thus, at all these mountains the way is fast preparing for greatly extending operations. and other seasons will doubtless witness greater changes than have ever yet been wrought upon them.

TRAPPING A TIGER.—A still more ingenious mode of tiger-killing is that which is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the praus tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and having well besmeared them with a kind of birdlime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it, in order to rid himself of the nuisance, and finding that plan unsuccessful he endeavours to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the ropy birdlime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eye-lids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth in his efforts to get free. By so doing, he only adds fresh birdlime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and birdlime, that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and exhausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in despatching their blind and wearied foe.—*Routledge's Natural History*.

BOTANY AND MEDICINE.—Of all the natural history sciences botany is the most advanced and most pursued. From an early period in man's history the attention of the observing had been directed towards the vegetable kingdom, partly from the facilities for the study of plants assembled as they are in their various kinds abundantly around us—and partly on account of their virtues real or imaginary. In the olden time the herborist and the physician were one: in nations as yet unemerged from their infant or barbarous state they are one still. The objects of the study were at first purely utilitarian. Fanciful resemblances to the forms or symptoms of disease furnish the principles of botanical arrangement. But continued enquiry, even when conducted under false