NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.—A very curious accident happened last Wednesday afternoon on the Avenue des Champs-Elysees at the hour when fashionable Paris - or rather what remnant of fashionable Paris is still within the walls of the city—was moving toward the drives in the Bois de Boulogne. A handsome phaeton, drawn by two showy black horses and driven by a lady, was pursuing this direction, when suddenly an enormous mastiff who was going the other way in charge of a man-servant, dashed toward the carriage, scaled it at a single bound, and fell to covering the lady with caresses. In her natural surprise the lady dropped the reins, the alarmed horses dashed madly off, and after a few seconds one of the animals stumbled, overthrowing the carriage, almost breaking the coachman's head and breaking the lady's arm. As to the poor dog, whose violent affection had been the cause of the accident, he was killed on the spot. The lady, on recovering her senses, recognized the dog as having belonged to her formerly, and as having been stolen from her about a year ago. It is needless to say that this curious episode caused some excitement among the promenaders in the Champs-Elysees, and perhaps under the circumstances it is very fortunate that the only victim was the dog.—*Paris American Register.*

THE TRUE WIFE.—Ofttimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel, still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with heart of fire and of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-necked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Bank of England Notes.

Bank of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each individual workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence, consequently there never has been a duplicate bank note except by forgery. The stock of paid notes for seven years is said to amount to 94,000,000, and to fill 10,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would cover over three miles in extent.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—Fourteen years ago a Mr. Sterling, of Monroe, Michigan, planted two gate posts of white oak in front of his residence. When they were set he bored into the top of each with an inch and a half auger a hole three inches deep, filled it with common salt, tightly plugged it, and coppered the posts. Having occasion recently to change the location of the posts, he found them as sound from top to bottom as the day they were planted.

THE HOLY FLOWER.—There is at present, in the conservatory of the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco, an attraction of unusual interest. The *Peristeria Etala*, or Holy Ghost flower, which recently commenced to bud, has within a few days blossomed. In the center of the blossom of this extraordinary plant is, in miniature, the figure of a dove, the color being of snowy whiteness, excepting the wings, which are tinged with brown, in the attitude of drinking from a little white font. The larger petals of the flower bend about the remarkable figure like an oval frame around some piece of delicate waxwork. The plant now in the east wing of the conservatory is a remarkably large specimen, the stock on which are the blossoms being 5½ feet tall, and having fifteen well-defined buds, another stalk, growing from the same bulb, being 5 feet tall, and having twelve buds. This remarkable plant will continue to put forth blossoms for from six weeks to two months, when the parent bulb will die, leaving two small bulbs that will, if properly cared for, put forth stalks and bloom on nearly the same day in August next year as the parent bloss med on this. The bulbs of this extraordinary plant first came to San Francisco from the Isthmus of Panama, where it is very common, the residents calling it "*El Espiritu Santo*," the Holy Spirit.

Dead Stars.

Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven, says Sir John Lubbock, in his opening address at the recent meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvement in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their greater distance, smaller size, or feebler light, indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light or comparatively little. Thus in the cars of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again I may refer to the curious phenomona presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude, and then, in another three and a half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algol.

Thus the floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but studded also with extinct stars once probably as brilliant as our own, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be, some seventeen millions of years hence.

A RAILROAD IN THE TREE-TOPS. — The Petaluma, Cal., Argus says. "It may not be known outside of the neighborhood where it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County we have an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of this county, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart's Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level, and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine mentioned two huge red-wood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support, and they are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground, and cars loaded with heavy sawlogs pass over them with as much security as if it were framed in the most scientific manner."

A Beautiful Science.

The Norristown *Herald* says.—Astronomy is a beautiful science. We are told that if a railway was run from the earth to the nearest fixed star, and the fare was one penny for every hundred miles, and if you were to take a mass of gold to the ticket office equal to the U. S. national debt—or $3,800,000,000—it would not be sufficient to pay for a ticket to the nearest fixed star aforesaid.

If this is the case, it matters very little to us whether such a railway is ever constructed. It would be discouraging to go to the ticket office with a mass of gold equal to $3,800,000,000 and be informed that the fare was $5,678,032,000. If the ticket agent wouldn't trust until we got back we'd be compelled to forego the trip.

Cinchona gets its name from Anna de Osoria, Countess of Chinchon, who in 1640 brought with her to Spain from Peru a supply of Peruvian bark. Hence the genus *cinchona* of Linnæus.