

Gulf of Mexico appears larger than Hudson Bay. The apparent discrepancy is doubtless due to the different map projections employed. You know, for instance, that areas far removed from the equator are very much exaggerated as they appear on maps of the Mercator projection.

Don't say that the compass points to the true north, for it doesn't except in certain places. The compass points to the magnetic north, which is at present considerably west of the North Pole. When Lieut. Greely was at Lady Franklin Bay the declination of his needle was found to be very great, the needle pointing toward the magnetic pole in a direction nearly south-west.

"Don't make the mistake some people do of thinking the word 'alluvium' to be synonymous with 'soil.' Only those soils which are the result of the deposition of sediment by running water can properly be called alluvial soils.

Don't for mercy's sake say 'The Smithsonian Institute.' The name is the Smithsonian Institution.

When you are writing a novel don't get your geographical facts so badly mixed as to reflect discredit on your early training. In one of the popular novels of the day the Azores are referred to as in a southern latitude. The writer also introduces his hero into the Antarctic regions in January, and speaks of the 'inky blackness' of the nights he experienced there. Of course anybody ought to know that the month of January is the height of the Antarctic summer, and the entire month is one continuous day.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine*.

Influence of Tobacco.

Dr. Gordon Stables of the English navy relates in *The Young Man*, an anecdote, and draws a moral regarding tobacco using that is well for many young men to bear in mind. He says: "Once a man belonging to my ship dislocated his shoulder while boat cruising. I had no chloroform, and muscular though I was, failed to overcome the action of the sailor's muscles, and reduce the dislocation. 'Do you smoke?' I said. Happily he did not, though most sailors do. I had a pipe lit and handed it to him. In three minutes' time the muscles were flaccid enough, and the ball of the humerus went into the socket with little exertion on my part. I pitied my poor pale patient for a time, however. Now, if tobacco has this power over nerve and heart action even in a strong, hardy sailor, does it not prove it must interfere with the nutrition of the body of a half-grown sapling of a boy? Be wise in time, therefore, and do not learn a habit that tends to injure you, simply because you think it is manly."

Agassiz the Teacher.

Agassiz was above all else a teacher. His mission in America was that of a teacher of science—of science in the broadest sense as the orderly arrangement of all human knowledge. He would teach men to know, not simply to remember or to guess. He believed that men in all walks of life would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment. He would have the student trained through contact with real things, not merely exercised in the recollection of the book descriptions of things. "If you study Nature in books," he said, "when you go out of doors you can not find her."

Agassiz was once asked to write a text-book in zoology for the use of schools and colleges. Of this he said: "I told the publishers that I was not the man to do that sort of thing, and I told them, too, that the less of that sort of thing which is done the better. It is not school-books we want, it is students. The book of Nature is always open, and all that I can do or say shall be to lead young people to study that book, and not to pin their faith to any other."

He taught natural history in Harvard College as no other man had taught in America before. He was "the best friend that ever student had," because the most genial and kindly. Cambridge people used to say that one had "less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz's house" than any other in that city.—*From Agassiz at Penikese, by Prof. David Starr Jordan, in The Popular Science Monthly for April*.

The First Cup of Coffee.

A long time ago a poor Arab was travelling over the hot desert. Weak and weary with fatigue he came at last to a grove. He cut down one of the trees to cook his rice, and after he had eaten found that the small dead berries that covered the tree, and were now half burned, had a very pleasant smell. He gathered some of them and crushed them with a stone. As he was doing this some of them fell into a can of water that stood by him. Instantly the stale water, which he had carried a long distance, had the same delicious smell as the berries. He tasted it and found it pleasant; drank some of it and in a little while was much refreshed and able to go on his journey. He brought some of the berries, and carried them to the Mufti, relating the effect they had had upon him. The Mufti tried some and was so pleased with them that he named the tree on which they grew *calnah* or *force*, but our name for it is coffee.—*Selected*.