

parts, so that, in getting the nectar, the bees must, reach across if the flower is approached in front, whilst the height of the back lip is such that it is impracticable for them to steal the honey from behind.

As the fertilizing dust is carried off for the benefit of the younger blossoms the yield of nectar diminishes and the corolla cup at last drops. There are other blossoms in which male and female parts mature at the same time, but the female are so arranged that an insect visiting them would come in contact with the female part first, thus securing cross fertilization if the bee carries the pollen from another flower, which is extremely probable. We have another set of flowers in which the male and female organs are in one blossom, but in some the anther is most exposed, in others the stigma. In these the blossom is able to fertilize itself, but experiment has shown that, to secure the best results cross fertilization is desirable, and also that pollen, placed on the stigma of the flower from whence it has been derived, would be rendered powerless by subsequently adding pollen from the complementary blossom.

(To be Continued.)

#### Ignoramuses.

Sensible people sometimes make very odd mistakes, which a little reflection would have enabled them to avoid, while people who are not sensible take very startling views of things generally. At the Centennial Exhibition two country girls stood before a copy of the Fleming artist Paul Potter's great masterpiece, and one of them read from her catalogue, "The Young Bull, after Potter."

"Yes," said the other, "there's the bull, but where's Potter?"

"Don't you see him," asked her companion, pointing to the figure of the herdsman. "behind the tree?"

Two others were admiring a statuette of Androma, which was labelled "executed in terra-cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego.

"I'm sure I do not know," was the reply. "but I pity the poor girl wherever it is."

A man, after gazing at a photograph of the Three Graces, exclaimed: "What fools women are! Those girls have not money enough to buy themselves clothes, yet they spend the little they have in having their photograph taken."

Two boatmen on the Ohio river were talking about the cold weather and of a certain severe winter. "It was just awful," said one of them. "At Cincinnati the river was froze tight, and the ther-

mometer went down to twenty degress below Cairo."

"Below which," asked his puzzled companion.

"Below Cairo, you blubber-head! You see, when it freezes at Cairo it must be pretty cold, so they they say so many degress below Cairo."

But a light was breaking in upon the other. "No, they do not!" he exclaimed eagerly. "You've got it all wrong—it's so many degrees below Nero. I do not know what it means, but that's what they say when it's dreadful cold."—Harper's Young People.

#### Exactness in Observation.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student I used my sense of taste," he continued, and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exorcise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor. "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for if you had looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot.—Traveller's Record.

#### Worth Repeating.

IT is not learning, nor eloquence, nor generosity, nor insight, nor the tidal rush of impassioned feeling, which will most effectually turn the dark places in men's hearts to light, but that enkindling and transforming temper which forever sees in humanity, not that which is bad and hateful, but that which is lovable and improvable, which can both discern and effectually speak to that nobler longing of the soul which is the indestructible image of its Maker.

BISHOP POTTER.