

AGRICULTURAL.

Spraying Mixtures.

Farmers are already at work on trees and cultivated crops and it is time to begin to fight or destroy them. A recent circular issued by the Agricultural Department with respect to the application of insecticides gives the following as a formula to be used against tree bugs, plant lice and scale insects. Kerosene two gallons, water one gallon, common soap or whale-oil soap one half pound. For the treatment of the apple scab it recommends the following to be applied just as the flowers are opening, then 12 or 14 days later, and then twice more at similar intervals: Dissolve four pounds of copper sulphate in 10 or 12 gallons of water and stir in five pounds of washing or soda; then add three pints of strong ammonia; dilute to 45 gallons. The circular advises that for the curcullio on the plum, cherry, peach, etc., two or three applications be made during the latter part of May for the purpose of destroying the adults before they lay their eggs. Tender-leaved plants, such as melons and cucumbers, are injured by repeated applications of poison; while plants with smoother and firmer leaves, such as the orange, are little affected. Root plants, such as beets, turnips, radishes, etc., are but little injured; whereas foliage plants show what injury there is at once, and honey-bees are liable to be killed by the poison if applied when the plants are in bloom. The poison in all cases should be highly diluted, and following a rain another application should not be made for several days. On the whole, the Department believes from its investigation that insecticides are not severely injurious to vegetable life, and it recommends their use in moderate quantities and with discretion.

They Give Great Satisfaction.

Taking Clydesdales and cart horses to England seems very much like taking coals to Newcastle. The London Graphic, of April 28, contains several illustrations of Canadian carriage horses sold at auction for good prices, and speaks most favorably of their appearance. A consignment of heavy horses was sold at the Barbican repository, judging from the following remarks of the London Sporting Life they gave every satisfaction: "The very large attendance at the Barbican repository yesterday (Friday) was doubtless in a great measure due to the fact that a number of good class cart and van horses were to be offered for sale. A large quantity of contractors' stock was advertised to be sold without reserve, and the horses, carts and harness found new owners at good prices, but undoubtedly the great attraction was the consignment of Shire-bred and Clydesdale horses from Canada, which arrived in London only on Saturday last, and in consequence were liable to what might be termed sale condition, but it was very evident that there were many good judges present who saw promising material in the 45 young cart and van horses which were disposed of without reserve. Under Mr. Syme's hammer there was keen competition for them, and from 68 guineas to 35 they found ready purchasers. The second consignment now on route will be sold on May 13, as will be seen by advertisement in our columns, and as they are spoken of as superior to the horses just sold, they will doubtless be a large attendance at Barbican on the second Friday in May. The large quantity of miscellaneous properties were not all disposed of until past 8 o'clock, and the prices throughout the day must be considered a store for the Canadian horse trade.

About the Silo.

In answer to the inquiry of a young farmer on certain points relative to the silo, John Gould states that if a man can raise an acre of silage corn for \$9, and produce from it 18 tons of feed, he can easily put it in a silo for \$4 more. This would make the total cost 75 cts. a ton. The question of the silo, as has been repeated thousands of times, is only a matter of storing the corn fodder in the most succulent and easily digested condition. Herein lies its great economy. The silo can do nothing. The situation is the same as with the canning of green corn. Our mothers used to cut the corn from the cob and dry it just as we cut up the corn fodder and dry it for the cow. When the process of canning came, preserving all of its natural juices in a fresh succulent state, everybody said it tasted better and was better. The cow gives the same verdant about good ensilage as against dry corn fodder.

There are thousands of dairy farmers who have been halting between two opinions for years, full of doubt whether a silo would really pay. From our observation last winter in a tour of two months among New York and New England dairymen, we judged that there was much less progress in the East on this question than in Wisconsin. It would seem as if the larger expense of cattle foods in the East would make the silo a favorite there more than in the West. The situation shows, however, the great value there is to any community of farmers in agitation. In Wisconsin, through the missionary work of John Gould in the Farm Institute, Prof. Henry at the Experimental Station, and the strenuous efforts of Hoard's Dairyman and the agricultural press, an immense amount of silo information has been projected into the minds of our farmers. It has borne fruit in the way we have indicated. In many townships in this state a majority of the dairy farmers have provided themselves with a silo. They have not yet come to operate the same to the full advantage, for if they did, they would provide for ensilage to feed during the dry pastorage in summer. Serious loss in the shrinkage of milk just as it is just beginning to increase in profit, would be avoided if they would do this. Then again, the majority run out of ensilage too early in the spring. The sharp little object lesson we gave last week, showing the rapid shrinkage of milk in the dairy of Mr. Whiting of this vicinity, when his ensilage gave out, told the story in dollars and cents. The wise dairyman should calculate to provide if possible at least seven tons of ensilage per cow. That will usually give a surplus that can be used in summer. But that surplus, if designed for summer use, should be put in a silo by itself and not opened until it can be steadily fed again. It is easy to calculate the necessary amount per cow by the following rule: Five tons of ensilage will provide sufficient ensilage for 200 days, which is about the length of the foddering season in these northern latitudes. This will require a storage capacity of 200 square feet. Multiply the number of cows to be wintered by 200 and it will give the storage necessary for winter use. Then provide in a separate silo 80 square feet per cow, for soiling during drouth in summer. If it is not required it will be just as good for the coming winter.

The population of the world is nearly 1,500,000,000.

Farmer Tompkins and the Cyclopaedia.

A fellow came out here to-day 'n' showed a book to me; One o' 'n' early oughter have 'twelve parts, 'n' one was free. He said he was sure to tell me all 'n' I'd want'er know. 'N' called the thing a Cyclopaedia or suthin' kinder so. It seemed a purty fine old book—'n' reg'lar sort o' prize— 'On'til I ast him questions, when I seen he'd tole me lies. "Tells ev'rythin'!" says I. "That's good—in fac', sir, that's the best. Kind o' book I ever seed, but think I'd like a test. Before I buy her, Lemme see! What does About the prospects of the comin' year for oats 'n' hay?" I thought he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the feller that. 'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?" he looked ed almighty flat. "It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the p'int!" says I. "What 'n' meanin' you is will the blame thin' prophesy?" 'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me the inside stuff. About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff. But when I ast him if it toid a cure for tater bugs, He said it didn't, but it had a history of rust! 'N' I'll be derned if that there book he said would tell so much. Had I any more on any page I'd ever care to touch? 'N' then—haw! haw!—I chuckled that pert. So quick he had'n' time to take his smile down off his face; 'N' when I ast him I throw his bag 'n' twelve-part Cyclopaedia down. My great-grandfather's almanac's still good enough for me! —[Harper's Magazine.

Fair Hands.

Long time ago—it matters not how long; Love keeps no record of the days or years, Nor cares to ask why youth's exultant song Should move the sun to gladness or to tears— We were together at that dreamy hour, When hearts grew fond and tender, And with a glad surrender We yielded, willing captives to his power. 'Twas then you placed your tiny hand in mine, As soft as downy feather there it lay, I gazed upon it as a thing divine, Which might take sudden wing and fly away. But soft 'n' nestled like a timid dove, In my broad, brawny palm. The while a brooding calm Stilled the tumultuous current of my love. The spell thus wrought in passion's fever heat, Hath held its sway through all these change-ful years. As potent as when kneeling at your feet, Love's awe-struck frenzy melted into tears, I hold your hands, not fair as once they were, But dearer than of old— Each ring a record in love's calendar. The heretofore which to other eyes May seem the random touches time hath made, To me reveal life's deepest mysteries, Illumed with wisdom which can never fade. Romance so vainly sought in printed pages, My spirit here discerns, And truer wisdom learns, Than ever stored the brain of seers or sages. Oh, let those hallowed fingers closer twine, I cannot see through tears the little palm, But while I hold it closely clasped in mine, My spirit feels again that brooding calm, Which woman's love in grief or gladness brings. From the first rapturous hour When first I saw the gleam of her power, She touches manhood in its purest springs. —[New York Home Journal.

Moonrise.

I see a stretch of shining sky Like some fair ocean sunset-lit, Peaceful and wide its space, And purple shores encompass it, A little slender silver boat Upon his bosom is afloat. This craft, unstayed by winds or tides, Slips out across the twilight bar; Through rosy ripples, soft and blue, Led by a single pilot star. Hat he with shadowy sails and fairy crew, She drifts along the summer breeze. She's filled from stem to stern with flowers, And Love, and Hope, and Happiness, Willout of what she brings be ours! Ah me! if we could only guess! She rides along the sky, This little slender silver boat. —[FRANCIS WINNE.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.) Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still ringing. As fresh and as clear as the thrill of the bird; In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing. In paths too sweet for the tenderest words, O have we forgotten the one who first breath about good ensilage as against dry corn fodder. Kathleen Mavourneen! Thy lover still lingers: The long night is waning the stars pale and few. The sad serenader, with tremulous fingers, Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew; The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking. In sighs and in sobs means the yearning refrain, The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking. Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again! —[JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Not Surprised.

A good story is told of an innocent old lady who never before had ridden in a train. She was a passenger on one of the English Midland railways at the time of a recent collision, when a goods train ran into a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, shaking the passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the guard went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma), with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her handbag and bundle had gone unceremoniously out of the window. "Are you hurt?" inquired the guard. "Hurt! Why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a luggage train; and many of the passengers are shaken," said the guard. "La, me! I didn't know, but that was the way you always stopped," was the old lady's remark.

Why is Intoxicating.

Prof. Robertson, Dairy Commissioner, Canada, says that he once saw 70 hogs drunk, made so by the alcoholic fermentation of yeast upon which they were being fed. They acted about the same as the nobler animal might act under the condition, some being funny, some quarrelsome and others stupid. He did not think it a good plan to allow the yeast to ferment, and he cautioned his hearers against the swill barrel, which is made a receptacle of all the house waste, and is never quite cleaned out. By fermentation it becomes dangerous to feed after standing long.

EXPLOSION ON A SHIP.

When Last Seen the Vessel was Sixteen Miles from Land. The steamer Williamette Valley arrived here to-day with the crew of the ship St. Charles, coal laden, for San Francisco from Nanaimo, and which was wrecked off the Oregon coast on May 17, by an explosion. On the morning of the explosion Michael Flynn, the second mate, and a sailor, named Lenberg went to the fore hatch to get some potatoes. They had hardly disappeared through the hatch when the explosion took place. Flynn and Lenberg were thrown some distance in the air, and fell on the deck. Both were badly injured and burned. The ship was generally wrecked by the force of the explosion. The rigging was set on fire and the pumps would not work. Capt Chapman was found in his cabin pinned to the floor under the furniture. His spine was broken. The men hastened to lower the three boats that belonged to the ship, and abandoned her in a short time. When last seen the mainmast was on fire, and the ship was going down gradually. At the time the vessel was 200 miles from land. The crew, nineteen men in all, succeeded in making Cape Flattery in safety. The Captain died. Flynn and Lenberg were taken to Newport, Ore. Flynn is not expected to live.

Expenses of a Society Girl.

Society admits that a girl can live fairly on \$6,000 a year, but to live as most of her friends do she needs at least \$15,000, says the New York Morning Journal. That sum will permit of her entertaining in a small way, of giving an occasional theater or luncheon party, of keeping her brougham or hansom, or of dressing well. That is, if she lives at home; otherwise it cannot be done. Miss Flora Davis spends that sum without taking into consideration her carriage, and Grace Wilson, the pretty sister of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, disposes of a similar sum without any difficulty. Miss Mae Knowlton, the Brooklyn beauty and heiress of \$3,000,000, spends nothing like her income; still few girls are more generous or lavish in their expenditures. The furniture girls are also quite generous of money, Jeanne spending quite a snug competence upon her tailor-made gowns alone. Miss Helen Gould is sparing in her expenses, once remarking not many years ago to the writer, that she was not even allowed to have a seat in church. At that time she attended Dr. Paxton's church, but Mr. Gould had not become tired of his shining lights. Miss Helen Phelps Stokes also manages to get away with what ordinary mortals would be pleased to consider a fair income.

How is it done? As easy as—well, as it is to spend money. First of all, the fair lady must have a maid. A maid more than pays her own wages by her care of her mistress's clothes—the brushing, cleaning, and mending of them. The little rents in the gloves are concealed by her deft fingers, making them answer instead of a new pair, and by "treating" mademoiselle's boots every night they are made to last twice as long. Annette receives \$25 a month—\$300 per year. Mademoiselle's brougham will cost her, including the stabling for three horses, coachman, groom, shoeing, and various expenses, \$2,500 a year. Two saddle horses, her own and one of her groom, call for \$75 a month. A yearly trip to Europe, spending six weeks in London, two in Paris, and two at Aix-les-Bains, or some equally fashionable cure, cannot be taken with her maid for less than \$3,500, for, of course, she must have the best cabin on the most expensive steamer and put up at the most extravagant hotel. A week must be spent at Lake wood or some mild resort during Lent, for which put down \$100, and a fortnight may be spent at Tuxedo during the season for \$150. She must run to Washington several times during the winter to attend some of its sweet functions—an item of \$150. Two hundred dollars for shoes will be the least possible sum she can spend, which would include among other items, six pairs of walking boots at \$14 a pair, four pairs of low shoes at \$6 a pair, and twelve pairs of dancing slippers at \$7, leaving only a margin of \$8 for riding boots and dressing slippers, an insufficient amount. A similar sum should be devoted to her gloves, and \$100 to hairpins, pins, toilet articles, perfumes, etc.

We have touched already the \$8,000 mark, and her gowns have not been mentioned. Three tailor suits, one for autumn, another for winter, and a third for spring, cost \$150 each. One dozen dancing dresses at the same figure (very low, by the way), \$1800. Four better ones for occasions like the Patriarch's ball, or the New Year's Eve party, \$400 each. Four dinner gowns at \$150 each, \$600 more to the sum. The opera cloaks are \$500. Three calling gowns are \$125 each. Three outside garments at \$150 apiece bring the sum up to \$13,175. A thousand dollars is not too much to allow for her lingerie, saute-de-lits, peignoirs, etc. Three hundred dollars is the outside limit for her millinery. One hundred dollars for her trunks, ends, and charity \$25 makes a hole of \$14,700 in her \$15,000 a year, leaving her the trifling sum of \$300 for gifts and entertaining. It is evident that but for mamma's box at the opera and her frequent dinner companies fair Belinda could not, in worldly parlance, "make a decent show" for less than twice \$15,000.

RECAPITULATION.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Brougham (2,500), Dinner gowns (600), Opera cloaks (500), etc., totaling \$15,000.

Willie's Reply.

The teacher, who had just given a lesson on wool, having told the class that wool comes off the sheep, and is made into blankets, clothing, &c., to keep us warm in cold weather, proceeded to question little Willie who had been rather inattentive during the lesson. "Now, Willie," said the teacher, "where does wool come from?" "Off the sheep's back, teacher," replied Willie. "And what then?" inquired the teacher. "Willie could not answer. "What were these made from?" asked the teacher, touching Willie's knickers with the cane. "Uncle John's old uns," Willie smartly replied.

Not Knowing.

I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes; And o'er each step of my onward path And o'er each scene to arise, And every joy he sends me comes As sweet and glad surprise. I see not a step before me, I see not the days of the year, But the past is still in my keeping, The future his mercy shall clear, And what looks dark in the distance May brighten as I draw near. For perhaps the dreaded future Is less bitter than I think; The Lord may sweeten the water Before I stoop to drink; Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink. It may be there is waiting For the coming of my feet Some gift of such rare blessedness, Some joy so strangely sweet, That my lips can only tremble With the thanks I cannot speak. Orestful, blissful ignorance! Thine blessing not to know; It keeps me quiet in these arms Which will not let me go, And o'er each step of my onward path And o'er each scene to arise, So I send the coming tears, With the whispered words, "He knows."

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday— Thou art the Everlasting Word, Thou art the Son; God manifestly seen and heard And heaven's beloved One; Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. In Thee most perfectly express'd The Father's glories shine; Of all full Deity possess'd, Divinely born, and ever Thine, Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. —[Josiah Conder. Tuesday—Penitence is of primary importance in the experience of religion. Repentance is the first principle of our Lord Jesus Christ are first principles of the gospel. Prevent, soliciting, energizing, grace secures the "place" and "power" of both, but the use of opportunity and the exercise of power are our own responsible acts antecedent to the justification and the sanctification of life. Repentance is not faith. They are concurrent but distinct exercises. Repentance is retrospective, introspective, and sad—sees Sinai, self and sin. Faith discerns self, takes up the cross and follows Jesus; Repentance is preparation for Christ, and faith enters the kingdom, receives Christ. Repentance is the ending of the law, and faith is the beginning of the gospel. The former brings us to Christ, the latter brings Christ to us. —[D. M. Tompkins. Wednesday—So a fool is one that hath lost his wisdom and right notion of God and divine things which were communicated to him by creation; one dead in sin, yet one not so much void of rational faculties as of grace in these faculties, not one that wants reason, but abuses his reason. In Scripture the word signifies foolishness. —[Philip Charlock. Thursday— True image of the Infinite, Whose essence is concealed; Brightness of uncreated light; The heart of God revealed; Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. But the high mysteries of Thy name An angel's grasp transcend. The Father only—glorious claim! The Son, O Lamb of God, art Thou, Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. Yet, loving Thee on whom His love Incalculable doth rest, Thy glorious worshippers above, As one with Thee are blest; Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. Throughout the universe of bliss, The center Thou, and Sun, art Thou, The eternal theme of praise is this, To heaven's beloved One; Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, That every knee to Thee should bow. —[Josiah Conder. Friday—Again, be especially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself and gain the praise or notice which his thirty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes to him, and follows, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking into what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man. —[Bishop Wilberforce. Saturday—The ornament of a house is the friend who frequent it. There is no event greater in life than the appearance of new persons about our hearth, except it be the progress of the character which draws them. It has been finely added by Landor to his definition of the great man, "It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him." In the progress of each man's character he will have earned the lesson of life who is skillful in the ethics of friendship. —[R. W. Emerson.

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Christmas Trees in China. The Christmas tree in Europe, which, like the yule log, is a survival from the festival of the revival of the sun after the winter solstice, finds its counterpart in China as elsewhere in the world. Dr. Schlegel has recently pointed out the historical references to this subject. According to the "Antiquities of Tsin," an old principality which lasted until 247 B. C., the tree with a hundred flowers and lamps, was placed, on New Year's day, between the three steps leading to the audience-felicitation hall. The lady Han-Kwih, the celebrated Princess Yang, the all-powerful favorite of Ming-twang, Emperor of the Tang dynasty (A. D. 713-755) caused a "hundred lamp tree," 80 feet high, to be erected upon a high mountain; it was lighted during the New Year's night, and its shine was seen for a hundred miles, totally eclipsing the light of the moon. Dr. Schlegel states that as far as he is aware the Christmas candle-tree is now no longer lighted in China, it being replaced by the enormous quantities of candles which are lighted everywhere.

Advertising in the Sky. The newest horror is not Deening nor the Paris Archists. It is considerably worse than either. An esteemed scientific contemporary says that genuine sky-signs can now be installed for the enterprising advertiser. By a simple arrangement of mirrors, reflecting glasses, and lights, a sort of gigantic magic lantern can be set up, by which images can be thrown upon the clouds. You will be able to advertise your wares, in letters 100 feet long, on the skies, so that they will be visible over a dozen counties. As if this truly awful prospect were not enough, we are told that these sky-signs can be made luminous, so that they will blaze all night! Heine, in one of his rhapsodies, said that he would like to match a burning pine from its Norway mountains and write with it the name of "Agnes" in letters of fire on the skies. But he would probably not have cared to adorn the firmament with a blazing description of somebody's patent trouser stretcher, or a glowing picture of a lady wearing the latest thing in hygiene corsets.

Theatrical Advertising. Advance Agent: "Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol?" Discouraged Dude: "Going to kill my self." Advance Agent: "Well, hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you're in the love of Miss Starr, the beautiful actress. It's a dull season, and every little helps."

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS IN BRIEF.

It is reported that Mr. Sims is engaged in adapting the Sims-Edison electric motor and propeller to life boats, to furnish not only power, but a search light. It is stated that M. Faure has recently invented a process of producing aluminum, by which he hopes to reduce the price of this metal to 16 or 18 cents a pound. A recent catalogue of electrical books in the Boston Public Library gives nearly 1,000 titles of books on electrical subjects, exclusive of the telegraph and telephone. The Road Car Company of London, England, has fitted up a number of its vehicles with electric lamps, fixed to the middle of the roof, an improvement highly appreciated by the passengers.

A prize is offered by the Industrial Association of Berlin of a gold medal, value £150, to the author of the best work upon the magnetism of iron, to be sent in before the 15th of November, 1893. Mr. John Messenger of Cincinnati, O., claims to have found a process by which he is able to electroplate iron, steel and copper with aluminum. The deposit is said to be as hard as nickel, never tarnishes, and does not fuse readily.

A citizen of Cambridge, Mass., protects his ears from cat concerts and his fruit and flowers from juvenile thieves, by means of a strip of zinc running along on the top of his garden fence, and connected with the electric wires in his house. Neither the cats nor the boys are injured thereby, except from their own wild jumps when they touch the zinc. Schuckert, the Nuremberg electrician, showed at the Frankfurt electrical exhibition a six-foot electric search light, having the power of 20,000 candles. It could be plainly seen at Bingen on the Rhine, forty miles away. He is now at work on a larger one for the Columbian Fair, which will measure seven and one-half feet, and be of at least 25,000-c.p. He expects its light to be visible sixty miles.

The railway car known as "Placer Counter on Wheels" (a traveling combination intended primarily to advertise the prolific fruit region of Northern California) is lighted interiorly and exteriorly by sixty-five incandescence lamps, which are operated by a complete lighting plant in a corner of the car. The service is so satisfactory that Mr. Leak, the owner, is now figuring for the equipment of an entire train with similar apparatus.

A French paper reports that the microphone has been successfully used in St. Petersburg in a case of suspended animation, where the patient was given up for dead. As a last resort the physician applied a microphone to the region of the heart, and was enabled by this instrument to hear a faint beating, which proved that life was not extinct. Everything was done to resuscitate the patient, who shortly afterwards recovered consciousness.

The new Winkler storage battery consists of V-shaped troughs of celluloid, having a metallic conductor lying along the bottom, through which is filled with a peroxide paste. It is claimed that the conductor can be made of sufficient carrying capacity to dispense with lead frames altogether. The electrolyte may be liquid, or semi-solid for portable uses. The weight of cell, it is stated, is reduced 40 or 50 per cent. of that of lead plate accumulators.

A new storage battery is being employed on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad for use in connection with electric lighting of its cars. Twenty-four cells are placed under each car, and they supply eight sixteen candle-power lamps on the round trip from Cincinnati to Washington.

The new bridge across the ship canal at Duluth, on Lake Superior, is to be 250 feet in length, and is designed to carry electric cars, and trains of them, as well as horse vehicles and pedestrians. It rests on its foundations seven feet only from the water; to allow ships to pass, it can be elevated 153 feet,—being so nicely balanced between towers 190 feet high that from 20 to 30-h.p. will suffice to lift it and lower it within five minutes. It is to be operated by electricity.

Prof. H. A. Rowland of John Hopkins University, says: "It is a well-known principle that an electrical discharge will dissipate a fog, and no patent could be obtained on the mere application of the principle. A very common laboratory experiment is to make a fog or mist in a glass vessel, and, by sending electricity from a point into the vessel, to dissipate the mist. As soon as the electrical discharge strikes into the fog, the glass instantly clears." He has not seen any attempt to dissipate a thick marine fog, and doubts its practicability. Mr. M. E. Johnson of Pittsburg, however, designs applying for a patent on a process for this purpose, having made several successful experiments.

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Theatrical Advertising. Advance Agent: "Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol?" Discouraged Dude: "Going to kill my self." Advance Agent: "Well, hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you're in the love of Miss Starr, the beautiful actress. It's a dull season, and every little helps."

Trust.

Which ever way the wind doth blow, Some heart is glad to have it so; Then blow it east, or blow it west, The wind that blows, that's best. My little craft sails not alone; A thousand fleets from every zone Art thou upon a thousand seas; And what for me were farrowing breeze Might dash another, with the shock Of doom, upon some hidden rock. And so I do not dare to pray For winds to waft me on my way. But leave it to a higher will To speed me, trusting still That all is well, and sure that he Who launched my bark will sail with me, Through storm and calm, and will not fail. To land me, every peril past, Within his sheltering haven at last. Then, whatsoever wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so; For, blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that's best.

The Proper Way to Sit. A proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; if not, they will have no point of support, and it will be found that they do not need it. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. It allows a proper position of the shoulders, consequently of the chest, consequently of the lungs, stomach and every other organ of the body.

Their work is carried on naturally and comfortably, as is also the circulation of the blood, which in a wrong sitting position is seriously interfered with. With the feet resting squarely upon the floor, the hands resting easily upon the lap, perfect equilibrium, and consequently perfect rest of the body, is secured. There is no strain upon any part of the body; no muscle or organ is required to do more than its legitimate amount of work. The feet should never be folded; for that position not only causes a strain upon the spine, and all the other evils already referred to, but, in addition, places the weight of the arms upon the stomach and the diaphragm, thereby increasing the labor of digestion and respiration. Placing the hands behind the back, if possible, is a good attitude to take occasionally, giving, as it does, the full expansion of the whole upper part of the body.

The Gila Monster. The Gila Monster, Heloderma Horridum is the only species of known poisonous lizard in the world. It is a native of the Gila River in Arizona, and has seldom or never been seen at any great distance from that stream. This strange creature is sluggish, well armored with a tough, defensive skin, and feeds on birds' eggs and insects. It is with difficulty that it can be aroused to the fighting pitch, but when it once takes hold no bulldog could be more tenacious. Average specimens are about 26 inches long, but some writers mention unusual representatives the length of which was less than three feet. The Indians of Arizona believe that the spittle or saliva, and even the breath of the animal to be deadly poisonous. The odor of its exhalations is said to be exactly like that of magnolia buds.

The Minister's Reply. A minister in the North was at a small party one evening. After they had gone through several games, an old dame asked him if he would say yes to every question put to him. "I will," he replied. Then and there the young ladies commenced to try and corner him, but so far they were unsuccessful. At last one of them, more bold than the rest, got down on her knees before him and said, "Will you marry me?" "Oh, yes; but where is the bridegroom?" was the answer.

Perfumes the Horse Likes. There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent. Horse trainers are aware of the fact and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's estheticism that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.

It Puzzles the Jewellers. Imitation gold is a new compound which was recently discovered, and which puzzles the best jewellers to detect. Its weight is that of gold and the acid tests are the same except that the acid boils a trifle when applied to it, although when it is wiped off no spot is left. It is cheap and it is easily worked. Its chief factor is aluminium composite, from 5 to 8 per cent.

The Electric Shock. Bride (throwing her arms about his neck): "You are my prisoner for life." Groom: "It's not imprisonment for life; love; it's capital punishment."

Orders To March. A little fellow was taken into his mother's chamber to see for the first time a baby brother. The three-year-old looked the infant over with a calmly critical regard, and then, turning to the maid who accompanied him, he said, very decidedly: "Jane, you can keep that in the kitchen."

A Regular Dilemma. A.—I am in a hideous pickle. B.—How so? A.—I have not got anything to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn is my false teeth, and I'll pawn them and buy something to eat then I can't eat. I never was in such a hideous fix in all my life.

Female Friendship. "I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Murray Hill. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Uppercrust quietly. "Sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" "They no longer speak to each other."

Catdaddy's Evidence. The Rev. Text: "There were apparently no poor people in the congregation this morning, Deacon Caspary." Deacon Caspary (who is also treasurer): "If you had seen the collection you would have thought just the contrary."

Among English people dark brown hair is more than twice as common as hair of any other shade.