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THE EMPIRE NEWS CO.,  
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## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

An electric signal apparatus on a French railway causes the blowing of a steam whistle upon a locomotive approaching a danger signal. The engineer is thus warned. This apparatus is found valuable in fogs and snow-storms, when ordinary signals often escape notice.

The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

It is a very general belief that great burial places exert a noxious influence, which must render the localities very unhealthy as places of residence. This idea is shown to be a mistaken one by the results of any inquiry into the sanitary condition of the cemeteries of Paris. The composition of the air in the cemeteries is reported to be indistinguishable from that of arable lands.

Concerning the moon's effect on tides, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland recently stated that, while the day is gradually lengthening through lunar action tides, the earth reacts on the moon and drives it away farther and farther. Looking backward, the moon must have been nearer and nearer the earth, and at one epoch in the remote ages of the past—perhaps about 50,000, 300 of years ago—the two bodies must have been very close together. Then the day was but three hours long instead of twenty-four. At that distant period, the earth rotated once every three hours, and the moon revolved with it in the same time. So near was the moon that, if there had been oceans in those days as now, the tides must have been 216 times as great as at the present time; and, rising to an immense height, would have swept over the whole of England.

ANIMAL life in the Sahara is somewhat peculiar to the region, and, according to M. Vogt, the traveler is struck with the absence of all bright colors in the animals of the desert. As a rule, their hues approach those of the ground, and the adaptation is most remarkable in birds, reptiles, grasshoppers, etc. Black and white exist in some animals—for instance, the male ostrich—which have nothing to fear from enemies; and a single exception to the rule occurs among insects—the Coleoptera are nearly all black. To explain the existence in safety of these insects whose color must make them conspicuous, M. Vogt states that they feign death on the approach of danger and in that state closely resemble the excrements of gazelles, goats, and sheep. This description, with their disagreeable odor, gives them efficient protection. The general color of the ground to the desert is, of course that of sand.

At the Crystal Palace, London, a second international electrical exhibition is to follow closely on the heels of the first at Paris. The objects to be exhibited are chiefly compared in these classes: Apparatus used for the production and transmission of electricity and magnets, natural and artificial, mariners' compasses; lightning conductors, and applications of electricity to telegraphy and the transmission of sounds, to the production of heat, to lighting and the production of light, to the service of light-houses and signals, to apparatus giving warning to mines, railways and navigation, to military art, to fire arts, to electro-chemistry and chemical arts, to the production and transmission of motive power, the mechanical arts, to surgery and medicine, to hortology, to astronomy, to meteorology, to geodesy, to agriculture, to apparatus for registering, and to domestic uses. It is expected that the exhibition will prove much more attractive to Americans than that at Paris.

THE only controversy that women can afford to receive from men, in work, wages, and general conduct, is fair play, equal advantages, and equal wages. No woman will ever ask of men other than what they are always as they treat each other.—Inter O. can.

## Mrs. Barbauld's Childhood.

One can fancy the little assiduous girl, industrious, impulsive, interested in everything—in all life and all nature—drinking in, on every side, learning, eagerly wondering, listening to all around with bright and ready wit. There is a pretty little story told by Mrs. Ellis in her book about Mrs. Barbauld, how one day, when Dr. Aiken and a friend "were conversing on the passions," the doctor observes that joy cannot have place in a state of perfect felicity, since it supposes an accession of happiness. "I think you are mistaken, papa," says a little voice from the opposite side of the table. "Why so, my child?" says the doctor. "Because in the chapter I read to you this morning, in the Testament, it is said that 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.'" Besides her English Testament and her early reading, the little girl was taught by her mother to do as little daughters did in those days—to obey a somewhat austere rule, to drop curtsies in the right place, to make beds, to preserve trunks. The father, after demur, but surely not without some paternal pride in her proficiency, taught the child Latin and French and Italian, and something of Greek, and gave her an acquaintance with English literature. One can imagine little Nancy, with her fair head bending over her lessons, or, when playing-time had come, perhaps a little lonely and listening to the distant voices of the schoolboys at their games. The mother, fearing she might acquire rough and boisterous manners, strictly forbade any communication with the schoolboys. Sometimes in after days, speaking of these early times and of the constraint of many by-gone rules and regulations, Mrs. Barbauld used to attribute to this early, formal training something of the hesitation and shyness which troubled her and never entirely wore off. She does not seem to have been in any great harmony with her mother. One could imagine a fanciful and high-spirited child, timid and dutiful, and yet strong-willed, secretly rebelling against the rigid order of her home, and feeling lonely for want of liberty and companionship. It was true she had birds and beasts and plants for her playfellows, but she was of a gregarious and sociable nature, and perhaps she was unconsciously longing for something more, and feeling a want in her early life which no silent company can supply.—The Cornhill Magazine.

## Simple Tales for Little Children.

1. Here we have an album. It is full of pictures for little children with dirty fingers to look at. Here are two pictures of papa. This is one of him before he was married to mamma. He looks like a two-year-old colt behind a band of music. Here is a picture of papa after he had married mamma. Now he looks like a government mule hauling a load of pig iron. See if you can put your finger on the nose and the eyes and the mouth of each picture. Turn down a leaf when you come to a pretty picture you like. The baby is eating bread and molasses. Let him take the album and look at the pictures, too.

2. This is a lamp. It is full of nice, yellow oil. Can you light the lamp? If there is too much oil pour some of it in the stove. Mamma will not miss the oil if you pour it in the stove, but she may miss you. A little oil on the carpet is not a bad thing for the oil, but it is a bad thing for the carpet and you.

3. Do not make a noise or you will wake the policeman. He is sitting on the doorstep asleep. It is very hard on him to have to sleep out of doors these long nights. There is a bank being dug round the corner and a woman is being killed in the next block. If the policeman wakes up he might find it out and arrest somebody. Some people believe this is what policemen are for, but the policemen do not think so.

4. Who is this creature with long hair and a wild eye? He is a poet. He writes poems on spring and women's eyes and strange, unreal things of that kind. He is always wishing he was dead, but he wouldn't let anybody kill him if he could get away. A mighty good sausage-stuffer was spotted when the man became a poet. He would look well standing under a descending pile-driver.

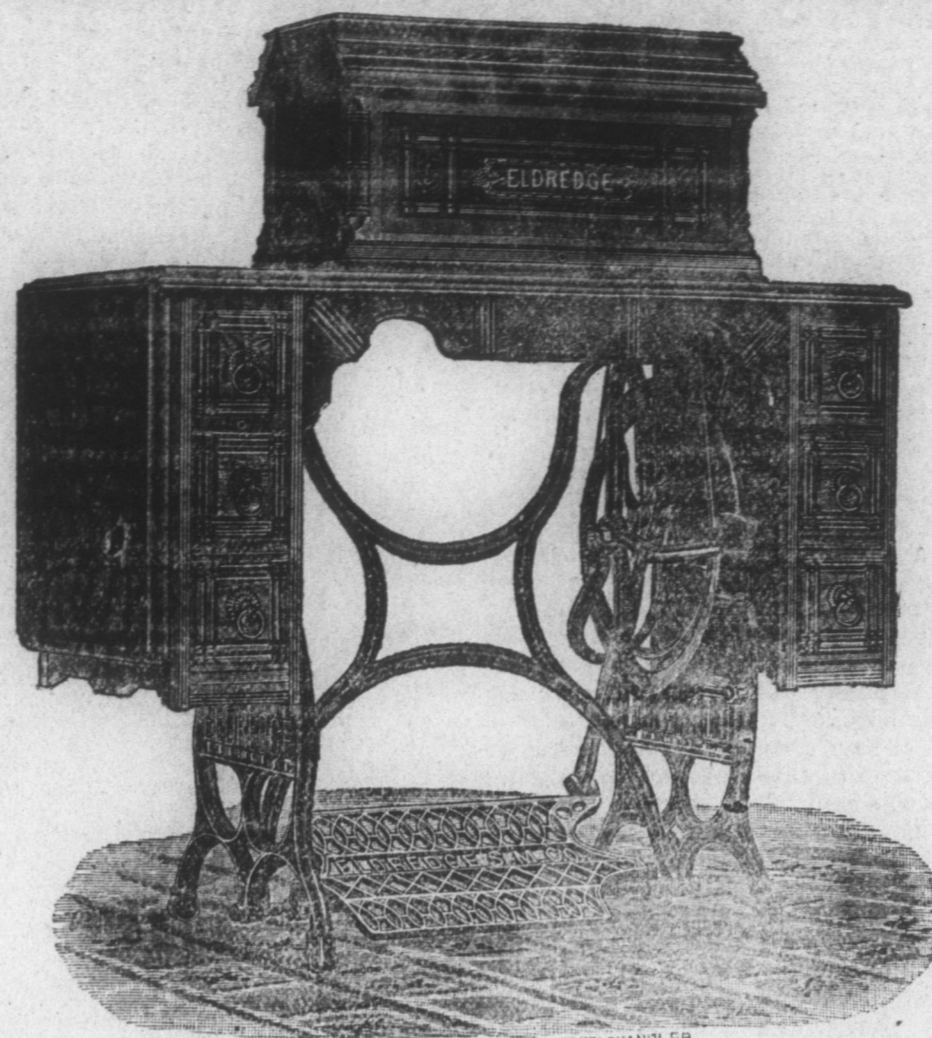
5. The girl is at the gate. A young man is coming down the lane. The girl's papa is sitting on the front porch. He is very old. He has raised a family of eleven children. What is the poor old man thinking about, and why does he gaze so intently at his right boot? Maybe he is thinking about raising the young man who is coming down the lane.—Denver Tribune

## Too Too, Too Too.

Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening behold it is all gone. It is a tale that is told, it vanisheth, and no one knoweth whither it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeketh the somnolent paregoric wherewith to heal the colicky bowels of his offspring. He imiteth the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his posterity. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen and purple, to cover the bosom of his family, yet he himself is seen at the gates of the city with one suspender. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down. There is hope of a tree when it is cut down that the tender roots thereof will sprout again, but man goeth to his home, and what is he then? Yea, he is altogether wretched.

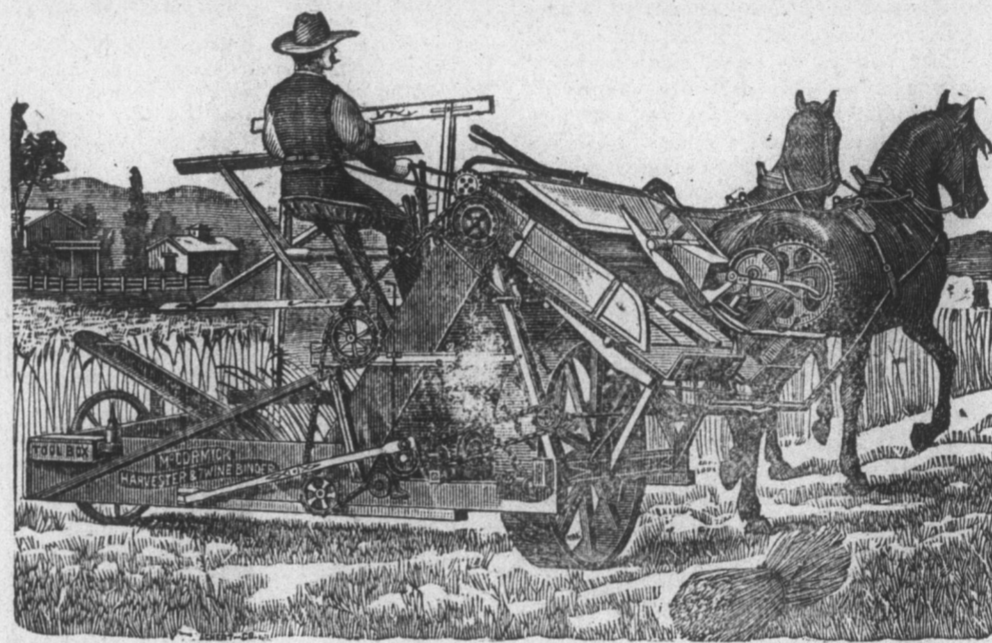
ROAST beef, or fowl, will be much nicer if they are kept covered while roasting; it keeps them moist; uncover just time enough to let them brown.

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Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 4

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\$15 to insure mare with foal \$20 for standing colt.

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