

A MOUNTAIN SILOAM.

PECULIAR WATERS FOUND IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

A Medicinal Lake Without Visible Inlet or Outlet—The Strange Reptile that Deceived the Naturalists and was Wrongly Named.

There are in the world many lakes and inland seas, each having water peculiar to itself. Most noted of these is the Dead Sea, whose surface is 1,300 feet below that of the ocean and whose depth is another 1,300 feet. The largest is the Caspian Sea, also below sea level, and with an unfathomable bottom. Exploration of the American continent has revealed a number of saline and alkaline lakes, all of which are above sea level. Salt Lake, the largest and perhaps the oldest, has an altitude of 4,200 feet. Lake Como in the new "State of Wonders" is 7,000 feet up in the mountains, while Tulare has less than 300 feet altitude. The waters of the last two are quite brackish, but light compared with Salt Lake, whose contents are 20 per cent. salt, being but little lighter than Dead Sea water.

The waters of Lakes Owen and Mono, on the eastern slope of the Sierra, have not been analyzed, but they are surcharged with sodium compounds. Borax lake, in Southeastern Oregon, is named from the boracic character of its waters. All these inland seas have a visible inlet, a fresh-water supply, that compensates for evaporation, but there is a little alkaline and saline lake in Southern Washington that has no visible inlet or outlet, the supply coming from two hidden springs. It is situated on the great Columbia river plateau, sixteen miles southwest from Spokane and 2,300 feet above the rim of the ocean. From the remedial virtues of the water it had been appropriately called "Medicinal lake." It is in the midst of a great basaltic region through which the granite crops occasionally, as on the western shore. The lake bed, too, is said to be granite. A high basaltic ridge to the westward is shaded by a pine forest.

Medical Lake has a maximum depth of sixty feet, is half a mile wide and twice as long. No plant grows close to or in the water, and the quiet that reigns over the dark pool is impressive. The water has been described as amber-colored. If amber is dark with a greenish tinge, the description is good. Fresh water is to be found only a few feet below the surface not more than twenty feet from the lake shore.

The first date mentioned in connection with the lake is 1807, when, it is said, Antoine Dufour, a prisoner of an Indian band camping on the lake shore, discovered the virtues of the water. In an accidental and unassuming manner he had made him a victim of inflammatory rheumatism, and one night while hobbling about in vain attempt to escape from captivity, he tumbled into the water. He barely missed being drowned, and expected the wetting to make worse his already stiffened joints, but to his surprise and delight next day he was better. After this he frequently bathed in the water, and was soon free from disease and captivities.

For three-score years after this we hear nothing of the healing waters. In 1872 Andrew le Ferre entered a quarter section of land where the town now stands. To this French Canadian the Indians were quite partial, for other white men were not allowed to stay unmolested. But they guarded jealously the "medicinal waters," for they had long known of their virtues, they told the white man they were "bad waters." Some of Mr. le Ferre's sheep, however, led him to think differently. They had "scab" and their instinct led them into the water, which they also drank and were healed. The shepherd soon tried it for his rheumatism, and was cured as if by magic.

The medicinal virtues of the water, of course, depend on the pressure of minerals held in solution. These are the chlorides of sodium and potassium the carbonates of sodium, iron, calcium magnesium and lithium; the silicate and borate of sodium; oxide of aluminum and sulphate of potassium. There are 101 grains of these solids to the gallon, which gives the water a specific gravity of 1.012, and an alkalinity that makes the skin feel, after bathing in it, as if oiled. As in most such bodies of water, the sodium compounds predominate, usually two-thirds here being the carbonate. For bathing the water is much preferable to sea or salt lake water, and others, when rubbed on the head, like fine toilet soap.

Whenever a rough breeze brushes the lake surface the soapiness of the water is said to manifest itself in a latherous foam that sometimes rises a foot high. A valuable toilet soap, obtained by adding a vegetable oil to the concentrated water. By evaporating the water the salt is obtained, and is sold wherever known for use in bathing as a remedial agent.

Animal life in this lake is not so scarce as plant life. There is a bug which sports on the surface, a species of terrapin living more on the bottom, and a curious animal called the "walking fish," which seldom comes to the surface. The last named, the axolotl, is quite remarkable in appearance and one of the most interesting of American reptiles. The name "secretary tadpole" would be as appropriate as "walking fish," for the gills stick out behind the head in a way to remind one of the "secretary bird," and it much resembles a large tadpole, being eight or nine inches long. A finny membrane extends along the back, continuing above the upper and lower sides of the compressed tail. The first feet have four toes, and hind five. The eyes are small and without lids. The mouth, like the head, is large and ugly.

Our natural historians speak of the axolotl as a Mexican reptile, and it has been given a separate genus—sirendon. It is so abundant in Mexican lakes as to be a source of food to the natives. Not until the discovery of Lake Como, Wyoming, was it known that the animal lived in the United States. Professor Marsh took some of them to New Haven from this mountain lake, and the scientific world was surprised to learn that in these new surroundings they passed through another metamorphosis, losing their gills and finny appendage, while their hitherto underdeveloped lungs expanded so that they would live in the open air, and their eyes were protected with lids. In fact it is a true amblystoma, and had been wrongly named, having never in its native habitat reached more mature existence than the larval state.

The existence of the axolotl in Medical Lake, or even the existence of the lake itself is, perhaps, new to most zoologists. It is also said to sport in the fresh water of Lake Washington, Washington.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A statistician in Paris had the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The

works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, and those of Moliere 8,000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000. "Paradise Lost" only contains 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

SAILORES SHUN THEM.

Hard Work to get Crews for the Bennington and Concord.

The real trouble in getting men just now for the cruisers Concord and Bennington is due to the cramped quarters on those vessels. Even the officers are protesting against men being sent to sea in such ships. The space between decks is so cut up and lumbered with all sorts of gear and appliances as to compel hammocks to be swung in untenable positions. The machinists and leading men are compelled to sleep in the work-rooms, and so crowded is the condition below decks that the ventilation is seriously affected.

Seamen, it is declared by naval officers, are human. It is bad enough, they say, to be packed in like sardines, but when this packing is accompanied by a life on a rolling and plunging ship and in an atmosphere poisonous from being breathed over and over again, the situation becomes unbearable.

In the big wooden frigates of former days the seamen enjoyed plenty of room and at least good ventilation. Five hundred men were easily carried aboard vessels of the Brooklyn class. On the Concord and her sisters 160 men take up every available bit of space. It is so crowded on the Concord that officers wishing to go forward at night have to turn men out from the hammocks swinging near the door opening in under the topgallant forecastle before it becomes possible to open this door.

The only remedy, officers say, for the state of affairs aboard the 1,700-ton vessels is to reduce the fittings on these ships, and then follow it up by sending naval constructors to sea, affording them an opportunity to personally observe how men live, and what is needed for their comfort. This latter recommendation has been carried out in the British Navy. Bluejackets assigned to a war ship serve on that vessel for three full years. From the fact that it is known that the Bennington is short in her complement bluejackets who have had experience in the navy refuse to enlist at the receiving ship Vermont. They know that the first draft sent out from the Vermont will be to the Bennington, and rather than serve three years in "that hot hole," as they term her, they are holding aloof together.

All the vessels in the new navy the Chicago is the most popular one with man-of-war's men. Her gun deck and roomy space below give the crew plenty of swinging room. Last year when five crews of war ships petitioned the Secretary of the Navy to withdraw marines from service aboard, these same crews asked that in future designs our war ships be given gun decks.

The value of gun decks is only appreciated by men who have actually gone to sea. Naval constructors who sit comfortably in their office chairs think only, naval officers say, of getting the greatest number of fittings into ships in the space and displacement allowed. There is little or no consideration for the sailor. The fact that men have to spend three years in ships is entirely forgotten, as is also the fact that bodily comfort is a factor of prime importance in developing fighting efficiency.

The condition of affairs has become so bad in existing men at the Brooklyn yard that the commanding officers of the Yantic, Boston, and other ships needing a few men to fill up vacancies in their complements have received permission from the Navy Department to enlist directly for their vessels. In this way seamen in signing the articles of enlistment will be assured that they are not intended for the Concord and Bennington.

When the Concord and Bennington will succeed in obtaining full crews complements is entirely problematical.—[New York Times.]

To Tell Good Mushrooms.

The mushroom that is coming into our markets every day now by thousands of bushels is known to scientific men as Agaricus campestris, but of this there are many varieties. It will grow only on the open pastures, meadows and downs which are exposed to the winds; the whole members of the tribe like the shade and are clammy to the touch. Even persons whose fields abound with this plant cannot always distinguish the wholesome from the unwholesome fungus, but whoever knows the following facts in mind will have no difficulty:

(1.) The table mushroom, or Agaricus campestris, is usually white on the outer surface, and has a skin which readily peels off. This is not true of the unwholesome mushroom.

(2.) The gills or under radiants are of a beautiful salmon pink in the Agaricus campestris, but the gills, as well as the whole plant, turn to a mahogany brown after it has been exposed to sun and air in the open for two or three days.

(3.) But this is the most definite test. The inner ends of the gills are not joined to the stem in the wholesome mushroom, but they are joined in all that are not edible. No one can be deceived by a poisonous plant if he keeps this fact in mind. Moreover, the flesh of the campestris is solid and the perfume sweet and nutty. There is another edible member of this family, known as the horse-mushroom, which grows for five or six times larger than the one described; but it is coarse, stringy, and almost devoid of flavor. The plant, however, above all others to be avoided is the Agaricus fastidius; it looks almost exactly like the edible fungus, but the gills are joined to the stalk, though many of them are of a salmon or coral pink on the under-side.—[Harpur's Weekly.]

Birch Bark in Demand.

Birch bark is in great demand just now. The fad is to make boxes of the bark similar to the jewel cases of beveled glass. They are used for mouchoir cases, glove boxes, bonnet boxes and jewel caskets. Most of these souvenirs are memorabilia of some special occasion, and are all the more prized accordingly. Jack took the bark, and Dorothy's dainty fingers fashion it into two pretty boxes. One is a long, narrow case, lined with silk and perfumed; this is for the dear boy's gloves. Inside the cover are the initials J. D., joined by a true lover's knot. The other box is square; there is no lining and no perfume in this one; it is for candies, and Jack has nobly taken upon himself the duty of seeing that it is kept constantly filled, and out with Huckle's best. Poor, misguided boy! Next summer he will be a wise, but a very much poorer young man.—[New York Advertiser.]

MISS CONNERS' PLUCK.

How She Kept the Stars and Stripes Over Her School.

One of the prettiest stories of the year comes from a little town in Indiana, where lives a plucky young schoolma'am who has recently shown a spirit not unlike the good old Barbara Frietche. Her noble defense of the American stars and stripes has brought her through the press to the notice of the public from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

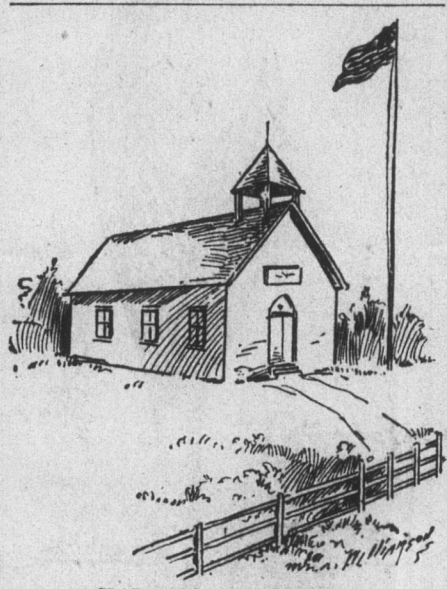
Miss Emma Connors, the heroine of the story, teaches a district school near Crawfordsville, Ind. She is greatly humiliated to think that the little cotton flag upon which she set such store was torn down and destroyed by a crowd of men who had seemingly forgotten that the great



MISS CONNERS.

war epoch ended a quarter of a century ago. That such may not occur again she has made a fort and arsenal of her schoolhouse, and declares that she is now prepared to defend "Old Glory" with her life's blood. That she will do just what she says no one doubts, for Miss Connors came of a fighting stock. An ancestor fell in the war of the revolution; her grandfather's bones bleach on the arid plains of Mexico, while her own father sleeps his last long sleep on a Southern battlefield.

Through her personal efforts a new flag and flagstaff now takes the place of the one that was cut down, and Miss Connors sits inside the little schoolhouse instructing classes and keeping guard over "Old Glory" with a first-class repeating rifle, which stands in a little niche just back of her desk. She rooms just across the road and within easy rifle range of the flagpole, so a night attack is as likely to be attended with disastrous results as one made under the light of the noonday sun. A paper was put in circulation among the patriotic orders and over \$100 raised with which to purchase Miss Connors a silken flag of large proportions. This



CLARK TOWNSHIP SCHOOL.

has just been presented to her in an appropriate manner.

SAILED FOR LIBERIA.

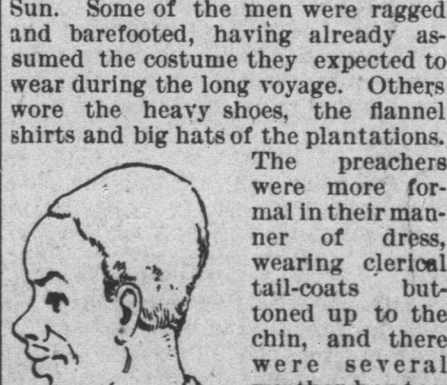
Sixty-eight Colored Americans Emigrate to Africa.

A shipload of colored people from the South, who were tired of America, sailed from New York recently on the little bark Liberia. They were bound for Monrovia, the capital of the negro republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, and if their ship is not wrecked they will live out the balance of their lives on the soil from which their ancestors were dragged in chains. There were sixty-eight of these emigrants, from a dozen different sections in the South, and their departure may mark the beginning of an exodus of colored Americans to the African republic.

In the party were people of all ages, from gray-headed men down to little pickaninnies. About twenty of them were men, and of these fully a dozen were preachers. As the ship lay in a slip in the East River, preparing for the voyage, the emigrants were gathered around the deck in picturesque groups, says the New York Sun. Some of the men were ragged and barefooted, having already assumed the costume they expected to wear during the long voyage. Others wore the heavy shoes, the flannel shirts and big hats of the plantations.

The preachers were more formal in their manner of dress, wearing clerical tail-coats buttoned up to the chin, and there were several weather-beaten silk hats. The oldest and most dignified of the party was Rev. Robert McNeill, of Georgia. He wore an enormous beaver of ancient style, and his dialect was that of the orange groves.

Many of the emigrants had been



FROM FLORIDA.

of Georgia. He wore an enormous beaver of ancient style, and his dialect was that of the orange groves. Many of the emigrants had been

induced to leave their homes in America by the lectures of Bishop Turner, who recently traveled through the South talking about Liberia, and the opportunities which it presents for colored men. The Liberia Colonization Society gives twenty-five acres to every colored man who settles in the republic, and the land is said to be very fertile, producing three crops of coffee each year.

THAT WONDERFUL INFANT.

A Portrait of the Famous Midget—Her Lovely Outfit.

Baby Cleveland is a sweet, sleepy little girl, and a born boss who rules one of the most distinguished houses on Madison avenue, New York. She is quick-tempered, rebellious, and unromantic, full of vital energy and intolerant of neglect. When she wants a thing done or not done she kicks vigorously; if her wishes are not respected she doubles up her little fists, opens her mouth and yells vociferously. Her bright little eyes are gray-blue, and she has quite a shock of long hair, black as jet and fine as corn-tassels. Oddly enough, she is not a dimpled baby; nobody could call her roly-poly, and she hasn't even the suggestion of a magic bracelet or necklace.

Unlike the average babe Miss Cleveland does not tub in a china bowl. She has a little rubber bath in which she flounders and splashes every other day, and after being dried she is hand-polished like a piece of fine old mahogany, powdered until she is as dusty as a jelly-roll, and then band-



MRS. CLEVELAND AND THE BABY.

aged, bundled, pinned, and blanketed in the usual way.

Baby Cleveland's measure was taken for a canopy cradle last week, but for the present she is restricted to a little Moses basket, similar to the one found in the burlesques ages ago, but with slightly more embellishments. The baby's outfit did not come from Paris, as has been stated by several imaginative fashion writers, nor was it bought in Boston. To quote a very high authority, "it wasn't bought anywhere." Mrs. Cleveland preferred to make the little baby garments with her own hands.

All the elaborate things were sent by friends. Among those lately received is a handsome pap spoon from the famous dining organization, the Clover Club, of which the ex-President is an honorary member, and in the way of jewelry this idolized morsel of humanity has enough to warrant a private box in the family safe.

The happy young mother doesn't say much, but it is learned on authority that she is afraid her baby girl will be squeezed and hugged to death.

THE CHINESE RIOTS.

Scenes of Horrible Outrages Perpetrated Against Foreigners.

Considerable interest has been centered in the treaty ports in the interior of China, because of the horrible outrages there committed against foreigners. Christian missionaries especially have been subjected to the most cruel indignities and merchants from European countries residing in the treaty ports have not escaped the wrath of the Chinese fanatics. At Ichang and Wuchang, towns on the



FRANCISCAN MISSION AT ICHANG.

Yang-tse-Kiang River, the mission houses have been burned, the residences of the missionaries plundered and then fired and even the consulate buildings have been attacked. The convent of the Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis was burned and the sisters were carried out and thrown into the river, from which they were rescued by converted natives.

The people of Afghanistan, groaning under the heavy taxes their ruler imposes, are skipping over the border at a lively rate. The last census shows that the population of the Candahar district has decreased 10,000 as compared with the census taken in the time of Sher Ali. Many Afghans have sold their possessions and gone to British India and Belochistan, and the northward pressure of the country the exodus has been still greater, the people emigrating to the Russian possessions. In Tashkurgan, for instance, where, when the present Ameer ascended the throne, there were 16,000 occupied houses, there are now only 6,000 houses with tenants. The Ameer's country used to be called the land of men and stones, but an Indian journal suggests that if the present fight continues it will be only a land of stones.



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ICHANG.

These buildings were attacked by the Chinese, but the authorities saved them.

ers and the United States government have made demands upon the Chinese government to protect their subjects and threaten war if the demand is not acceded to. A reply as to what the government intends doing is anxiously awaited and if it be not speedily forthcoming vigorous steps will be taken by the foreign governments.

RUTH CLEVELAND is a pretty name and an apt one. It has one danger. It will tempt autumn poets into ditties that will make its happy mother and proud father wish it had been named Abolbetmacah; Thelgaphanasa or Oth, which are equally authentic Scripture names and less inviting for jingle.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The surveys of the projected ship canal to connect Puget Sound with the United States at Seattle, have completed the maps and estimates. The scheme, if carried out, will make Seattle one of the finest harbors in the world. The improvement would cost \$3,000,000.

The Astor family have a million sterling invested in English securities. The founder of the family left an injunction in his will that the family should always continue the investments in the English funds and in English securities that he had himself commenced. The sons and grandsons have always respected this command.

A FOURTEEN per cent. tax on profits is a new discourager of enterprise in Italy. The boast of having two of the most powerful ironclads in the world is scarcely worth it to the Italians—terrible poverty among the poor and a struggle for life even among the middle classes, owing to oppressive taxes.

The Fourth International Railroad Congress, which had originally been set down for September of this year, will, it is now announced, be held in June, 1892, at St. Petersburg. The first congress was held at Brussels in 1885; the second at Milan in 1887, and the third at Paris in 1889. Vienna has already been chosen as the place for the fifth congress, to be held in either 1894 or 1895.

It is said that the German public is heartily disgusted with the outcome so far of the expensive colonization schemes that the Government has been operating in Africa. People say that colonization costs too much in blood and treasure and yields too little in return, and frequent use is made of Bismarck's famous declaration, "I am not one of your colonial enthusiasts." On the other hand, it is reported that the Emperor is wedded to his colonial ventures, in which he desires to surpass England, and has several times refused to sell to English officers trade concessions with his African provinces, that have so far paid Germany nothing of value.

The homely and comforting corn-cob pipe, which may not inaptly be termed the representative American pipe, is made in three factories only in the United States, and they are at St. Louis, Greenwood, Neb., and somewhere in Kansas. The cobs, which are obtained from the Collier variety of corn, come from Missouri, and are heavy, hard and "woody." The stems used are of Arkansas swamp cane or reed. The cobs are cut at the right size by a circular saw, and then pass on to the boring-machine, which hollows out the bowl with a lightning movement. A twisted drill makes the hole for the stem, and the bowl is sandpapered and varnished. About 10,000 of the pipes are made every day.

CAPTAIN REBER, commander of the North German Lloyd steamer Neckar, has written to the German Marine Observatory at Bremen, describing a most singular occurrence. When off Sakota, one night, the sea suddenly became milk-white with a glow that seemed to flame up from the depths like the increased luminosity of an electric lamp when the current becomes too strong. When soundings were taken no bottom was found. At ten o'clock the sharp edge between the bright and dark was reached, but twenty-five minutes later the glow again appeared. It slowly disappeared after eleven o'clock. The next night the phenomenon was visible in still greater intensity, but it was not again observed. Captain Reber insists that there was nothing phosphorescent in the character of the display.

HUNAN, the Chinese province which is held chiefly responsible for the recent outrages upon foreigners, is said to be as far behind the rest of China in all modern ideas as China is behind Europe. The inhabitants of it are fanatical, hostile to any kind of change or foreign influence. Only a few weeks ago ten thousand of them assembled on their frontier to oppose the Government workmen who were erecting telegraph wires between Pekin and Tsinquin, and stopped the further progress of the work in spite of the edict of the Emperor. Hunan contains 84,000 square miles, and is exceedingly hilly and mountainous. The towns and villages, therefore, are isolated, and intercommunication is difficult. This is why new ideas circulate so slowly. The Hunanese are reported to be honest, industrious, and brave, and are accounted among the most valuable recruits for the imperial army.

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The absence of the American flag in foreign ports has long been a matter of comment. Any discussion of the causes of it and the remedies for this humiliating state of things, must meet wide attention. Mr. Charles H. Crump, the president of the great Philadelphia company that is building so many of our warships, treats the matter in the Forum, and, after an historical review of the subject, comes to the conclusion that the different attitudes of the British Government and our own toward shipbuilders is largely responsible for the state of our merchant marine. This country, he thinks, will never have a fleet of merchant vessels so long as the United States Government pursues its present policy. Two decades of a liberal treatment of shipbuilders, he thinks, would place us far in advance of England on the seas.

It will surprise many readers to be told that a large and strikingly marked duck, which within fifty years was moderately common upon the Northern Atlantic coast, is believed now to have become extinct. A lad shot one in New York on the Chemung River December 12, 1878, and none have been seen since. The last one known to have been seen before that time was killed at Grand Manan in April, 1871. The one killed in 1878 was eaten before any naturalist heard of its capture—a costly meal, as, according to Doctor Coues, two hundred dollars has been vainly offered for a pair of skins. The head and a portion of the neck were preserved. The history of the duck in question, the Labrador Duck or the Pied Duck, is made the subject of an article by Mr. William Dutcher in a recent number of the Auk. Only thirty-eight specimens are known to be exist-

in all the museums of the world—twenty-seven in America and eleven in Europe. Yet it is only a short time since specimens might have been secured with comparative ease.

No World's Fair scheme is so daring and colossal for the Chicago imagination to entertain. Here is one gravely presented by Mr. L. C. Dillman, one of the new millionaires of the new State of Washington, and as gravely laid before the public for consideration. "In order to promote the study of ichthyology," said Mr. Dillman, "and at the same time add a feature to the Exposition that would be thoroughly unique, a railroad tunnel might be run out a few miles under the lake. At the end of the railroad might be built the finest aquarium the world has ever seen, and this aquarium might be stocked with every species of fresh water fish known to natural history. The idea of standing in an enclosure beneath the waters of the lake and watching thousands of the var-lued inhabitants of the waters swimming around in a great glass room is something that would appeal strongly to the imaginations of many. Then, there is to be a great tower for the Fair, the foundation could be built over the aquarium, and visitors could ascend in elevators from deep beneath the waters to a platform a thousand feet in the air."

BUGS FOR FIG TREES.

Queer Insects that are Imported from Abroad.

Some very valuable bugs were imported to this country for the first time in July last. Upon them rest, so a Star reporter was informed, the hopes of persons who are anxious to make fig raising a success in the United States. The tree which bears this fruit has a very marked peculiarity respecting its blossoms. They are actually inside of the leaves, not on the outside, so that the casual observer would suppose that there were no flowers at all. However, if you will cut open a baby fig you will find inside it the parts of a flower necessary for reproduction curiously packed away. Both stamens and pistils are there—namely, the male and female parts—and it is only required that they shall be mixed together in order that the fruit shall ripen. Unfortunately, in the case of the variety of fig which is preserved and brought here from abroad, this mingling does not usually take place of itself. Thus the trees would be nearly if not quite barren were it not for the efforts of certain insects of the kind above referred to.

For the purpose of eating the pollen these insects crawl in through a little hole in the incipient fig and wander about within until they have incidentally caused a stirring together of the pollen and pistils. Now it happens that the bugs are not plentiful enough on the cultivated trees, and so the growers abroad fetch twigs laden with them from wild fig trees and hang them among the branches. If it were not for this the quantity of the fruit produced in the world would be comparatively small, although the ripening can be effected by poking little splinters of wood into the blossoms and turning them around. It has been found that figs of this sort, which are the kind valuable in commerce, cannot be produced on this side of the water without those insect friends, and so consignments of the latter have been landed in California, where it is expected that they will be successfully propagated. Upon this prospect depends all the expectation at present entertained of fig culture here.

The creation of new varieties of fruits by artificial cross-fertilization has become a science. For example, efforts are being made at present to produce an apple that will grow and ripen in Dakota, Minnesota and other parts of the north-west, where it has hitherto been found impracticable to cultivate this fruit, owing to the inevitable destruction of the trees by excessive winter cold. For this purpose a hardy crabapple has been taken and bred for size with a desirable large variety, the object being to get an apple that will have the sturdiness of one parent with some of the flavor and size of the other. To accomplish this the experimenter takes a crabapple tree before its blossoms are open. He opens each bud gently and cuts off with a pair of scissors every stamen. Having thus removed the male parts of the flower he covers the latter with a paper bag, and goes through the same performance with a number of others. Subsequently, when the flowers have opened of their own accord, he goes to each with pollen from a tree that bears great big, juicy apples. Lifting off each paper bag separately, he touches the pistils of the blossoms with a little brush loaded with the pollen. After the operation he ties the paper bag on again, in this way making sure that no other male germs can come to any flower so treated. He leaves the paper bags attached to the twigs until the blossoms inside of them have developed into ripened fruit. Of this fruit he knows the parentage absolutely, and if it is good, it simply remains for him to establish it as a variety by planting the seeds. Out of 500 seeds 499 will very likely turn out worthless, but the five-hundredth one, perhaps, will grow into a sturdy tree and reproduce the apple obtained from the cross. So a new variety is established.

What Napoleon Cost England.

The steward of Napoleon I.'s household at St. Helena, received \$5,000 a month for living expenses. Every fortnight there landed, for the table of his ex-Majesty, eighty-four bottles of ordinary wine, 266 bottles of strong wine (Constantia, Tenciriff, etc.) and forty-four of port.

In all, the period of his stay on the island is said to have cost England \$10,000,000. Of course, there were no poor wretches starving either in England or in France at the time.—[American Notes and Queries.]

Even Corn Husks are Valuable.

The fates are combining to make things pleasant for the Western farmer, the latest discovery of value to him being that the husks of corn will make excellent paper. Hitherto husks have not had any commercial value and have only been eaten by stock under protest and during hard spells. Now, however, the establishment of paper mills in the West should put a stop to the constant shipping of paper from the East, and also cause a waste article into what manufacturers would call a "residual profit," such as coke in a gas factory. It is not many years since old rags were looked upon as the only possible raw material for the manufacture of paper, and the course from cast-off shoddy to the covering of cornhusks has been both steady and interesting.—[St. Louis Globe.]

Australia has 753 acres devoted to hop culture.

MILLIONS IN BARBED WIRE.

The Funny Way in Which Investor Ellwood Bought His Great Fortune.

The saddest thing I saw in a journey to the West was the old-fashioned rail fence in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Eastern Indiana and Southern Michigan. How cruel of fate not to permit the wire fence to be invented 200 years before it was. Probably enough labor and timber have been wasted in the building of the old "worm" fences in the past to pay off fifty national debts like ours. It makes one almost weep to think of the backs that have been broken, of the hands worn out, the energies sapped, the boys kept from school—in felling trees, splitting logs, driving posts, laying rails for those thousands of miles of rail fence! When our Western farmer wants a fence now he buys a few posts and a lot of barbed wire. Three men can put up half a mile of fence in a day. A rod of fence costs complete—labor, posts and all—25 cents. A mile of fence costs \$80! The farmer had plenty of growing timber of his own he could not hire a man to cut out the posts alone for that money, to say nothing of the rails.

"Did you ever hear how Ellwood, the barbed-wire man, of DeKalb, Ill., made his money?" asked one of my train acquaintances. "Well, you see, twelve or fifteen years ago he was making a little wire in his blacksmith shop, putting the barbs on with a pair of pinchers. One day a couple of young men stopped in his shop to get out of the rain, and as they thought the wire looked like a good thing they asked Ellwood to send them out on the road to sell it. After a week's trip they came in and compared notes. Both had found the wire a great hit; everybody wanted it. But they were pretty shrewd boys, and they fixed it up between them to fool Ellwood. When he asked how business was, they showed him a few orders and shook their heads cautiously. 'Not much in it,' 'Better try again,' said Ellwood. 'Well, if you'll give us a five-year contract on Missouri, Southern Iowa, Arkansas and Texas we'll go out and see what we can do.'"

"Ellwood agreed, and one of the young men started for Texas. In a week he sent an order for a car load of wire. Ellwood was astonished. It would take him a month to make a car load. He carried the letter over to his bank. 'Must be some mistake,' he said. 'No,' said the banker, 'it's plain. He wants a car load.' 'Impossible,' replied Ellwood, 'I'll telegraph him.' The reply came: 'Yes, a car load, but make it three car loads. Ship quick.' Again Ellwood went to his banker. He was puzzled. It seemed like a hoax to him that any one should want three car loads of wire. Preposterous! The banker, finally convinced him the order was genuine. 'Mr. Banker,' said Ellwood, 'I'm a poor man. I'm worth two or three thousand dollars. How much can I draw on this bank for on my reputation and my prospects?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars,' 'Good. Give me \$500 now.' In an hour Ellwood was on his way to Chicago. In two weeks he was making barbed wire by machinery. In ten years he was worth \$14,000,000.—[Augusta Chronicle.]

Danger of Cycling.

Those who believe in the necessity of physical exercise—and we belong to that number—have need also to remember that even so good a thing as this is in excess an evil. The use of the cycle is a form of bodily recreation in itself doubtless wholesome; none the less it is open to the mischievous effects of undue indulgence. Tempted by the ease of movement, combined as a rule with attractive scenery, every one tries it. Every one, too, finds he can do something with it, and considerations of health, constitution, age, and health are apt to be dismissed with summary imprudence.

One fruitful source of injury is competition. In this matter not even the strongest rider can afford to ignore his limit of endurance. The record-breaker, who banks exhausts at his journey's end, has gone a point beyond this. The septuagenarian who tries to rival his juniors by doing and repeating his twenty or thirty miles, perhaps against time, is even less wise. Lady cyclists, too, may bear in mind that their sex is somewhat the weaker. So likewise among men the power of endurance varies greatly, and it is better for some to admit this and be moderate than to labor after the achievements of far more muscular neighbors.

In short, whenever prostration beyond mere transient fatigue follows the exercise, or when digestion suffers and the weight is markedly lessened, and a pastime which ought to exhilarate becomes an anxious labor, we may be sure that it is being overdone. He that would reap its best results must content himself with much less than this; but unless he can observe such moderation he had better abstain from it altogether.—[London Lancet.]

Quite a Difference.