

The Royal Society, of Dublin, lately offered a number of prizes for securing potatoes, hoping, by the introduction of new varieties, to overcome the effects of the destructive potato disease. A great many new sorts were shown, all of which will be given a thorough test.

The great river Euphrates is in danger of disappearing altogether. Of late years the banks below Babylon have been giving away so that the stream spreads out into a marsh, until steamers could not pass, and only a narrow channel remained for native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated, and there is danger that the famous river will be swallowed up by the desert.

English journals record the late voyage of a large steamer, owned in London, which has been fitted to burn petroleum. Good time was made, and general satisfaction is expressed with the experiment. The consumption of oil on the voyage was a little over eight gallons per hour, costing about £1 per day, while the cost of coal for that period is calculated to be £7. Beside the saving in coal, a great saving will be effected in labor.

By a recent law in Indiana, any person who knowingly permits Canada thistles to grow and mature upon his land, or land under his charge, is liable to a fine of not less than \$5, or more than \$20, and double the amount for a second offence. Subject to the same fines are supervisors of the highways of the State who allow these thistles to grow on any road in their districts; or roadmasters of railway lines, through whose negligence these thistles grow about stations or along the right of way under their supervision.

One-quarter of the live stock of the country is owned and fed in the South. The South has \$800,000,000 invested in milch cows, oxen, other cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and mules. The South owns one-third of the milch cows, oxen, other cattle and hogs of the country, or fully her proportion according to population. One-quarter of the sheep of the country are kept in the South, when ten years ago the proportion was only one-seventh. The negroes own very little live stock, unless dogs are included under this head.

"I am interested," says Wyatt Gill, a traveler of the time, "in the discussion going on at home about fish as food for the brain. For years past there have been annually residents in the training institution at Rarotonga from fifty to seventy natives of various islands of the South Pacific. The most quick-witted students come from low coral islands and have grown to manhood on a diet of fish and cocoanuts. In muscular strength, however, and in the power of endurance, they are decidedly inferior to the inhabitants of volcanic islands who used a mixed diet."

The following, which appears in "Our Country," by B. J. Lossing, Volume 1, page 295, is interesting in view of the recent prohibitory election in Atlanta, Ga.: "Rum appears to have been freely used at first in Georgia. In the minutes of the trustees, under date of August 11, 1793, is the following report: 'Read a letter from William Oglethorpe with an account of the death of several persons in Georgia, which he imputed to the drinking of rum. Resolved, That the drinking of rum in Georgia be absolutely prohibited, and that all which he brought there be staved.' This was a short but pretty effectual prohibitory law."

The farm of Hon. David M. Clough, of Canterbury, the well-known "corn king," comprises 500 acres, and follows the fertile bank of the Merrimack river for one mile. Among the productions of this season are: Corn in the ear, 3,000 bushels; oats, 1,000; potatoes, 500, and hay, 150 tons. The farm has 100 head of neat stock and eight horses. For sixty years no intoxicating liquors of any kind, or cider, have been allowed as a beverage. Distinguished agriculturists call this the best farm in the Merrimack valley. In addition to the homestead, Colonel Clough owns 500 acres of land in Canterbury, Boscawon and Northfield, and large tracts in Wilmet and London, in all about 1,500 acres.

An African explorer, H. H. Johnson, in an account of a journey to Killimajoro, describes the natives as clever smiths, who forge all sorts of tools, arms, and decorative articles from pig iron, which is brought from the country of Usanga, near Lake Jipa. The forge consists simply of a pair of goatskin bellows with a stone nozzle, which is thrust into the furnace of charcoal. The bellows is kept steady by several pegs thrust into the ground, and a huge stone is often placed on the pipe to keep it firm. After the iron has been heated white hot by the iron placers and beaten on a stone anvil. The Chaga smiths not only make spear blades and knives, but fabricate the finest and most delicate chains.

There have been notable changes in the fashions of footwear within a generation, said a noted New York dealer, who has been in business for over half a century. In earlier days males wore long top boots the year round almost exclusively, only varying in thickness. With the incoming of woman's gaiter boots men began to grow more partial in shoes, and gradually discarded the long-leg appendage. The prevalence of hoopskirts among women rendered a species of protective footwear necessary, while on the other hand the style of tight-fitting trousers with men made the legs of boots an encumbrance. Rubber shoes, meanwhile, have become cheap and popular, so that both sexes are on a place of equality in the matter of covering for their feet.

The use of natural gas as fuel is one of the possibilities of the near future. This is true, not only in regard to Pittsburgh and other places where gas wells exist, but also in towns situated at distances remote from the supply. How to force the gas beyond the limit to which its natural pressure, as it escapes from the well, will send it, is a problem which seems likely to soon be solved. It is proposed to place at the limit of the natural flow a pumping station, so that the gas-fluid may be forced to indefinite distances. This fluid is likely to be sought after, as it is cheap, cleanly and possessed of labor-saving qualities. Manufacturers especially are interested in obtaining a supply, as it is said to be cheaper than any other fuel, and capable of improving the quality of many articles produced by iron workers.

The Chicago Times asserts that "the popular impressions concerning the bee must be revised. It has long been praised for its industry and sobriety, but it has recently been learned that in these respects the bee is a fraud. As a matter of downright cold fact, 'the little busy bee' works but about three hours a day, and is a most thorough going loafer the rest of the time. Its reputation for sobriety is as little deserved. Its propensity for the bowl, indeed, has become a sort of grievance for beekeepers. Wherever hives are kept in the neighborhood of a cider mill the bees always neglect work, go off and get full, stay out nights, and get boisterous and disorderly. So addicted are they to cider that in some parts of the East beekeepers are said to have asked cider makers to fence in their mills with fine wire netting."

The extent of the islands attached to Alaska, and commonly known as the Aleutian archipelago, is so great that the extreme western limit of United States territory is situated in east longitude, while the extreme western point of the continent of Asia, East Cape, in Behring's Strait, is in west longitude. The incredulity of the average citizen will be taxed when told that the extensive domain embraced within the Aleutian Islands is inhabited by a Christian, civilized and industrious people, who are, by the provisions of our treaty with Russia, entitled to the protection of the government of the United States, having become citizens thereof without the ceremony of naturalization, and who live in a climate as genial as that of Italy or the south of France. Their claim to Christian civilization is based on the fact that they are members of the Greek church, and that their customs and habits are identical with common civilization. Their dress is in conformity, they live in similar houses, they give and take in marriage, they send their children to school, they eat with knives and forks, they get drunk and whip their wives, like other civilized people.

A flood of light is let in on the singular spread of socialism in the German capital by statistics showing that in Berlin no less than 91,000 families, comprising 400,000 individuals, have to live, sleep and often work in "suites" of a single room. In 3,000 of these rooms there is neither stove nor fireplace. One-fourth of their tenants are poor lodgers. Twenty-five thousand families live in cellars under sanitary conditions that are characterized as absolutely shocking. Speaking about this matter the New York Tribune says: "Such meagre accommodations as our New York tenements afford, with their two or three rooms to each family, are at a premium, and would be accounted a great boon by thousands. Only of the poorest and the best classes of dwellings—those renting at 10,000 reichmarks a year or over—is there abundance, not a Berlin builder is a speculator, not a philanthropist. The poor have not even the chance of going to church of a Sunday to meditate on better things to come, were they so minded, for all the Protestant churches and chapels in Berlin have together hardly seats for 50,000, while the servant girls alone would number over 60,000."

**A Pugilist's Daily Life.**  
A writer in the Detroit Free Press says: I had an interview last week with a pugilist, a man of splendid physique, whose business it is to keep himself in good condition. He lives somewhat differently from a "literary feller" whose hard knocks are given with pen and ink from the wrist rather than from the shoulder. My pugilistic friend neither drinks nor smokes, and in that sets a good example to the men of the pen, which is, I fear, rarely followed. He rises at 5:30 and takes a couple of raw eggs. After that a walk, and breakfast consisting of a pound of beef, "blood rare," as he says, with bread and tea. After breakfast a rest. Then he hits a bag for a while, and afterward takes a run with "sweaters" on. After the run comes a bath, and then he lies around till dinner. At dinner he gets away with another pound of beefsteak with bread and roast apples. This at 12. A rest for an hour and after that a ten-mile walk, with club and dumb-bell exercise to follow. Supper at 5:30 on a mutton chop, crackers and tea. After supper he takes a walk of a mile or two and goes to bed before 9. All this, of course, when he is training for a fight, and after a week or two of such living he feels that he can "knock out" any five-meal-a-day man on the first round.

**The Story of the Rain.**  
You can accurately tell the man who's married. If you'll notice how he acts on rainy days, and observe how over his lady friend is carried. The umbrella that should keep the rain away. If you find the lady hissing arm gripping, and is walking very closely by his side, while the water is upon his shoulder dripping. You may know she is a maiden or a bride. If the drippings fall, however, on her bonnet, and he walks about a foot or so ahead, then she's nothing but his wife, depend upon it. And they've been for half a score of winters wed.  
—Columbus Dispatch.

**PROVIDENCE.**  
As God doth kindly stay  
His rough wind in the day  
His east wind keenly blows;  
So in the time of need  
When hearts are sore and bleed  
His dearest love He shows:  
For all the storms He guides;  
On all the winds He rides,  
What we can bear He knows.  
—Henry A. Lavelly, in the Current.

### "A CHANCE SEED."

How the bells rang that New Year's day, which happened to come on Sunday, and how the sun shone and the folks of Denmark smiled as they wished each other a happy New Year. Denmark was a small country town, and one of the churches was a little way in the woods, with pleasant woodland paths leading to it. That Sunday, in the great public road which ran in front of the church, there was a large traveling wagon, which had stopped under a tree. The mules had been taken out and were grazing in the woods, and a ragged little urchin sat astride the tongue of the wagon, gazing curiously at the passers-by with wide open eyes. "What do those folks mean, dad?" he asked of a tall, sickly-looking man, who was leaning against the wagon. "What is it sayin' 'Happy New Year' to each other fur? 'Wot is it all about?" The man laughed a hard and bitter laugh. "Well, it means, Nathan, that if you have got fine clothes and a fine house, and heaps of good friends, and don't have any use for anybody, folks will wish you all kinds of grand things. It don't mean nothin' much, this 'Happy New Year.' It's just like sayin' 'how d'ye any other day.'"

"It sounds fine, anyhow," Nathan said, meditatively. "Reckon any of them is goin' to wish us 'Happy New Year'?" It might please me, you know. "No, you fool!" the man cried, angrily. "Ain't we poor and ragged, and what do you think them fine folks care for us? Do you think your poor sick maw no whether they speak to her or not? If you or I went on the premises for a bucket of water, more likely they'd take us up as tramps instead of sayin' 'Happy New Year.'"

He scrambled into the wagon and made his way to the rear, where a woman lay on a mattress tossing and groaning. At times, she seemed to sink into a profound stupor, and then to rouse up with incoherent mutterings. "It's swamp fever, not a doubt of that," he muttered; "and no chance of gettin' on for ever so long. No money to pay a doctor, and I reckon they'd see me in Jericho before they'd come to her for nothin'." I don't like that blue, pinched look round her nose. It looks like poor little Clem and Hannah before they died. "Allan!" the sick woman said, suddenly, opening her eyes. "What day is this?" "It's the first of January, Dorcas; New Year's Day."

"We've been a long time gettin' to it, somehow. We've been comin', haven't we? and it's such a long road." "If you mean we've been a long time on the road since we started," Allan answered, soothingly, for her eyes were very wild, "it's been just two weeks, and you've had the fever for seven days. But you feel better, old woman, don't you? You'll start to gettin' well this New Year's Day?" She sank back again and the dimness began to gather in her eyes. But his words seemed to have made some impression on her brain. "A new year! a new year!" she muttered. "A new year to begin all over again, Allan. You'll throw away the liquor and you'll be a new man, and I'll—I'll be fine and glad again."

She fell into a profound sleep with the words on her lips, at least into what might have seemed to be sleep, but for spasmodic twitchings of her parched lips. In the meantime Nathan, from his perch on the wagon tongue, swung his legs and watched the people going by. A little girl came tripping along, a child about 8 years old, the prettiest little creature, Nathan thought, he had ever seen. He had lived all his twelve years on a vast Texas prairie, seeing only the roughest of men and women, and children who, in their small way, were as rough as their parents. This dainty little creature, with her soft crimson cloak and red hood, reminded him of a beautiful red bird. She looked at him, smiled, and called out, "Happy New Year, little boy!" Nathan did not answer. He did not know what to say to this unexpected salutation, but he colored to the very roots of his curly flaxen hair, and kicked more vigorously than ever against the tongue of the wagon.

The child paused and looked at him with surprise in her bright eyes. "Hain't you got any tongue to talk, little boy," she asked. "Why don't you go to church?" Nathan stuck out his tongue a little way, indignant at the suspicion that he was deficient in that useful member. "Why don't you go to church?" she repeated. He glanced from his dirty, ragged clothes to her pretty costume. It was the first time in his life that social distinctions had dawned upon him. The little girl saw the look, and with a quickness beyond her age understood it, and a look of pity came into her face. "You're awful poor, little boy, I guess," she said, "but then, you know, you might wash your hands and your face. If you was clean, Mr. Crane—he's the sexton, you know—would give you a seat in church."

Nathan watched her tripping away with a vague pain at his heart. It was a very quick boy, and he had noticed and felt the look of disgust when her eyes fell on his hands. He held them out and gazed at them critically. They were black, sure enough; filthier than he had ever seen them before, for his poor, overworked mother had always kept them clean. A strange feeling of shame came over him as he ran to the back of the wagon. "Dad," he whispered, seeing that his mother seemed asleep, "is that a piece of soap handy you kin give me? I want to wash my face and hands, they're so awful dirty."

"Here's some," handing it out to him. "What be'st stung you, that first time in your life you want to be clean?" "Well, a little girl told me her par, Dr. Mayberry, what lives in that big brick house, is a fust-rate doctor, and he kin cure ma if I goes for him. Maybe he wouldn't come if I went that dirty." "Maybe he won't come whether you went there clean or dirty," Allan Ross said, with the impatience of great trouble. "Them big-bugs don't go no whar they can't get 'em."

"I'll try," Nathan said, resolutely. "She told me I was to say 'Lily sent me, and he'd come quick as winks.'"

When the grime was washed from his face, you saw what a clear-skinned, bright-eyed little fellow Nathan Ross was. He had a frank, winning face, white teeth and a smile which made him actually handsome. He started off at a run, which he kept up until he stood in front of the house where a horse and buggy were hitched. A gentleman was just coming out of the gate. "Well, little fellow, what do you want?" he asked. "I don't know your name; you must be a stranger hereabouts."

"We've just come outer Texas. Our wagon is back there a piece. My maw she's awful sick, and a little gal told me you was a good doctor, and you'd come and see her when I told you Lily said you was to come." The gentleman laughed. "The saucy little mink! She's forever picking up patients in the highways and byways. Very well, my little man. I must obey Lily, of course; and after I've seen a very sick patient, I'll ride out to your camp. In half an hour I'll be there."

He drove off, and Nathan sauntered back, believing firmly that now he had a doctor, his mother would recover instantly. He had walked about half the distance when he saw in the middle of the road an immense black bull, pawing the ground, his shaggy head lowered, and uttering every now and then a deep, stifled roar which shook the ground. "Pears like that fellow's awful mad," he muttered. "I reckon I'd better give him a clear track, fur I don't feel like skimpin' up a tree this mornin'."

He started on a circuitous route, but had not gone far when he heard the merry voices of children coming down the road. He knew they could not see the bull until they came right upon him, as the road took a short turn just at the point of danger. He pressed through the bushes, and saw at some little distance three or four girls, and among them the red cloak of his little friend of the morning. "Oh, my Masters!" he cried aloud, "the bull will make arter that red thing sure as shootin'. Halloo, you, thar! turn back! turn back!" The children heard him, and at that moment one of the number, looking down the road, caught a glimpse of the furious monster. He had turned, and his red eyes were glaring at them. Uttering a scream after scream, the children fled, all but Lily, who, panic-stricken, felt her feet glued to the ground. She could not even utter a cry. With bounds like a deer, Nathan seized her as the bull made his charge. The boy's Texas training stood him in good stead at the moment. He tore the red cloak from the child's shoulders, and as the bull dashed upon them, threw it over his head. The infuriated beast completely blinded dashed around madly. "Run, Lily, run!" Nathan cried, and half-dragging, half-carrying the almost insensible child, he ran toward the wagon. When they gained it, he stopped to breathe. "Don't be scared," he said reassuringly, "he can't git at us here, nobow. We can jump in the wagon, and dad's got a rifle that don't miss. Look at him tearin' down the road the other way. He's arter the fellow wot threw the red thing over his head. I'm feared it's clean spilled now," apologetically, "but if I hadn't done that, he'd have hooked you, I don't care."

and I was to give up liquor. It's killed her, sir, I know, the hard work, and heartbreak, and me a sot, and a brute half my time. I'm sober now, and I want you to hear me swear on this poor dead hand that worked fur me to the last, that pison shall pass my lips sooner than liquor. She's keepin' her New Year in a better place, but she kin hear me, I know."

"A good resolution, my poor fellow," Dr. Mayberry said kindly, "but I have something to say to you, and I want you to come home with me. Here come two kind neighbors, excellent women, who will perform the last offices for your wife. Come now."

The business must have been of some importance, for it was an hour before they came from the doctor's study. "I will do a good part by the boy," Dr. Mayberry said. "My wife and I owe him a debt of gratitude for saving my only child's life. Beside, I have been struck by his self command and thoughtfulness to-day. There is a great deal in him."

So Nathan stayed behind when his father started for Mississippi the next day. He stayed reluctantly, and hid in the wood shed, after parting with his mother. To that warm, faithful little heart, the poverty shared with the parent he loved was better than all the luxury of his new home. But he came back to the house that evening, very pale and grave, but neither sullen nor fearful. I have no space to follow up his life after that New Year's day. His father kept the pledge taken on his dead wife's hand, and was blessed with a full measure of prosperity. Nathan Ross is a very successful lawyer, a grave, thoughtful man, with all the marked characteristics of his boyhood. But he has what people call a "crank." Every New Year's day he goes among the poor and sorrowful with gifts, and he raises his hat and cries out, "Happy New Year," to the filthiest beggar he meets.—Toult's Companion.

**Rev. Sam Jones' Style.**  
The following is an extract from a sermon by Rev. Sam Jones, the Southern revivalist: "The saddest attitude of the soul is that of the man who is on the brink of perdition is the attitude of slumber. A man sleeping over his immortal interest! Can you imagine a man like that? In our State we have a man like that. Mr. William A. Rogers, President of the Marietta Female college. One morning his wife was indisposed and he sent his servant to the drug store for quinine. In a few moments the servant came back. Mrs. Rogers took the powder and put it on her tongue. She rinsed it down with water, but as soon as she had swallowed it she walked to the front porch, and to her husband, who was in the flower yard, she said: 'Husband, that was not quinine I took just now. I sent for quinine, but I am satisfied that was not quinine.' Mr. Rogers ran down with all his might to the drug store, and said: 'What was that you sent your wife for?' The druggist threw up his hands and said: 'Sir, I have sent enough morphine to your house to kill a dozen persons.' Mr. Rogers ran over to the doctor's office and carried two physicians home with him. They administered emetics and strong coffee and various remedies, and directly a death like stupor began to crawl over her frame. The agonized husband turned to the doctors and said: 'Is there any chance to save my poor wife?' 'Yes,' they replied, 'if we can keep her awake for four hours we can save her life.' The minutes seemed like hours as they walked her up and down the floor, and then cold water in her face and whipped her person with cruel switches, and every means was used. Directly that death like stupor became so oppressive that she turned to her husband and said: 'Husband, please sir, let me go to sleep,' and he said, 'Oh, wife, if you go to sleep you will never wake up again in this world.' 'I know that,' she said, 'but please, sir, let me go to sleep.' At that moment she her up and down the floor, and directly, when the stupor overwhelmed her, she being the turned to her husband, and said: 'Husband, please, sir, let me sleep for just five minutes.' And he said: 'Wife, if you go to sleep for five minutes, you will never wake up. Arise! Arise!' And thus they waited until the fourth hour had passed, and the doctors pronounced her safe."

And I have seen the soul of man just in that condition. I have worked with him and wrestled with him day after day, and week after week, and the devil would administer opiates to his soul and he would say: 'Just let me sleep until this service is over—this last hour's service of the meeting. Just let me sleep through this.' And I have aroused him and we have sung, 'Come humble sinner,' and on and on, and then he said: 'Just let me sleep through this last service.'

But if I die, that mercy sought that the King have shed. It's then to die—delightful thought—As sinners never died. And he sang the verse through, and he closed his eyes and slept and slept and slept, until in hell he opened his eyes, wide awake forever! Oh, brother, can you sleep that way? Oh, brother! Oh, how men sleep over their immortal interest! How men sleep over the interest of their souls!

**FOR FEMALE READERS.**  
Love's Birth.  
A glance—a touch of hands! and Love is born  
A hopeful, untried child, with vague desires  
Showing through limpid eyes like unknown fires  
That shine through pure pale stars at early morn.  
—Marah Ellis Ryan, in the Current.

**Women as Business Managers.**  
"Any number of ladies keep their check-books," said Cashier Osborne, of the Chicago Merchant's Loan and Trust company, "and check against their bank deposits for household and personal expenses. Just as their husbands do in the business. It is very convenient for ladies to do this, as they can go shopping and make extensive purchases without bothering the stores or their husbands with bills, and without carrying currency around with them. Some ladies are given a regular allowance by their husbands, in some cases I know of running as high as \$20,000 a year. The wife of one of our richest merchants takes entire charge of the household, the grounds, the stable, everything. She watches the domestic end of their affairs as closely as the husband does the business end. She issues her checks to pay the servants, the stableman, the harness repairer, the carriage-maker, the grocer, the butcher, and everybody. She even takes charge of the home improvements, and pays the painter, the boss stonemason, the decorator, the carpenter, and so on." Such a woman is a great help to a man who has many irons in the fire and a great business on his hands. Many men who are not wealthy make deposits to their wives' credit, and we handle their checks. In fact there has been a sort of craze among Chicago ladies for bank accounts and check books. It is a good thing, too."

**A New York Girl's Funny Invention.**  
The girl in this case is innocent in exterior, but her smooth skin is stuffed full of wiles, says a New York letter. She motioned me to a chair in her parlor when I called, and to a seat in it. The piece of furniture was handsome, but in no way curious. Simultaneously she settled into another chair which, though its upholstered bottom seemed to be on a level with the one I was on, let her down about a foot nearer the floor. Seeing that I regarded the difference as phenomenal, she said: "Ah, I don't mind telling you all about it. I call these my trick chairs, but I didn't care to work 'em on you. When put to use for which I planned them, I assign the visitor to the one I am now in, and take for myself the principle that a cool, composed person always has a tremendous advantage over a flustered, awkward one, especially if the former be a woman and the latter a man. Now, please stand up a minute. Now, let us change seats. Down you drop ten or twelve inches below the point that you would expect to if you had not already observed the deep massiveness of the upholstery. Were you an impressionable, bashful, rather sentimental visitor, startled and surprised by the depression that threatened to bump you on the carpet itself, you would be utterly deprived of equanimity, don't you see? At the same time, I would be posed calmly and demurely on this more solid chair, clear above your insignificant par, with my supremacy fully established, for the one interview, anyhow. Oh, I have found the invention exceedingly effective and valuable."

**A Croatian Wedding.**  
When once whispered about in Croatian social circles that a young man and maiden have looked kindly upon each other, the affair is immediately laid before two godparents, venerable patriarchs, men of wide understanding, holding in charge all matters pertaining to financial and social interests connected with the well-being of the community. These sage counselors determine the value of the young girl to be paid in cattle; this point settled is regarded as an official pledge. Oddly enough, never by word or sign, until the contracting parties meet or sign, when a "fair" is held, must they seem even to know each other. At this public gathering, relatives and friends being present, rings are exchanged, marking a public betrothal. After this the bridegroom may purchase all the wedding finery she fancies at the expense of her future father-in-law. After the "fair" the godparent-in-chief, in the name of the happy suitor, sends to the maiden an apple filled with gold and silver coins; this is "dower." In addition to the cattle which the groom must give for his affianced, he must also present to each member of her family a gift, and lucky is the youth if his purse be not emptied thereby. The groom leads the wedding procession; he must ride the most ungraciously beast to be found; he must be clad in a grotesque blending of male and female attire; on his hat must be the wing of a goose, and he must be the readiest of the uproarious crowd, with the wildest of jokes and wittol of speeches, with a bright word and a saucy jest for all whom he meets. The bride follows the clown, having by her side a faithful companion of her own sex. The groom follows on horseback, bearing a handsome bouquet; over his shoulders is worn a cloak, thrown about him as he left the home of the bride. Reaching the church, the betrothed stand under a canopy, and two silver-gilt bronze crowns are held above their heads. Prayer is offered by a priest, after which, holding a crown over the groom's head, he says: "I crown thee, servant of God, to this maiden." Lifting the second crown above the head of the bride, he repeats: "I crown thee, servant of God, for this man." A sumptuous feast, held at the bridegroom's house, follows, continuing three days and nights. The morning after the ceremony the bride serves water to the guests, receiving from each a gift.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Slippers must be worn unadorned. Capes with sleeves are seen among short wraps. Even Russian blouses are made of jersey webbing. The graceful draped skirt dies slowly, but it is certainly doomed. Undraped, plaited, or gathered skirts grow more and more in favor. Lacing is as much in style as buttoning, either for boots or dresses. The lace mitts which meet the short sleeves are fashionable and becoming as well. Turquoise blue and deep sapphire make the two extremes of the blues shown this season. "Nikado" styles are still the rage, and much ingenuity is shown in many original costumes. Dr. George L. Fitch, in charge of the hospitals of Honolulu, says leprosy is hereditary, and cannot be communicated by one person to another under any combination of circumstances.

newest trimming. Olive wood is also used in the same manner. Elephant color is very stylish for street costumes, and is generally very becoming to any complexion. Lamb's wool wadding is much more healthful and light for lining any winter garment than cotton batting. Medics ruffs are both fashionable and becoming, but they should not be too stiffly wired in order to set well. Tubular braid finishes some of the most stylish jackets, and is sure not to wear out while the garment lasts. The new all-over undergarments are in great favor, and are indispensable in this climate to insure good health. The hair must be worn high on the head in easy loops and knots, and the pins for dressing are in endless variety. Valenciennes net is used for the sleeves and yokes of young girls' party dresses where the garniture is of the same pretty lace. Black silk dresses never go out of fashion. The limitations of their uses for certain occasions are only more defined. The huge buttons so fashionable on outer garments this season are sewn on to the garment by heavy silk cord or Hercules twine. The old, old-fashioned pumpkin hood is to be revived, but it is in no wise the staid old affair as formerly. It is much decked out and embellished. The unglazed suede glove holds its favor in public estimation, but is worn less soiled, thanks to decency, than last season, and is seen in more shades. A fine gauze lisle thread white stocking should always be worn under a black or colored stocking, no matter whether of silk, lisle thread or cashmere wool. There are some black dress stuffs for evening wear, which are very sumptuous and beautiful. These are broades with figures outlined in jet or cut steel beads.

While the present style of draperies lasts, the Pinis Irish poplin cannot be in full favor; Queen Victoria is a patron of them, and while that continues the mill will not close. Bonnets of felt, cut in narrow strips and braided to the manner of coarse straw, are novelties. They are cottage shawls, faced with velvet and trimmed with velvet, silk or satin ribbons, feathers or birds. The latest styles in hose show every color and shade shown to the dyer, and many combinations of color are made with elaborate instep pattern which may have boucle effects or flat designs in Roman colors. Diamonds must be laid aside for a short season, except on State or full-dress occasions. Jewels are in great favor, and rubies and their imitations are much used in the elaborate dress panels now in vogue. The buttons and buckles used on fashionable dresses to-day give the silversmith opportunities for the display of beautiful workmanship. Sometimes these buttons and buckles are of bronze or old silver, cut in classic shapes in high square relief; again they are of chased gold in rich deep shades, and jet; again they are of carved bog oak with silver trimmings. One of the most novel bonnets of the season was an artificial bird's nest made of wood-colored chenille and real birch bark, with the natural moss growing thereon. A half-dozen or so of tiny birdlings, with mouths open for the succulent worm, gave an additional lifelike effect to the new bonnet and formed the decoration of this very original piece of millinery. Dark green velvet strings completed the idea.

**Two Hundred Millions.**  
Mr. Vanderbilt was worth \$200,000,000. If we say that he was worth \$500,000,000, or \$1,000,000,000 do we get a perceptibly different impression about the bulk of his fortune? Most people do not. To the average mind the conception of enormous wealth is much the same whether it be reckoned in hundreds of millions or in vigintillions. The human mind cannot grasp these great sums or clearly appreciate the difference, between one hundred millions and two hundred millions. Let us try and describe Mr. Vanderbilt's great fortune in terms of linear, square, and cubic measurement and of weight. Everybody understands these terms, and they make a definite impression on men's minds. If this sum of \$200,000,000 were in standard silver dollars it would present such features, dollar after dollar, it would stretch a distance of 4,672 miles, making a silver streak from New York across the ocean to Liverpool. Piled up, dollar on dollar, it would reach a height of 355 miles. Laid flat on the ground, the dollars would cover a space of nearly sixty acres. The weight of this mass of silver would be 7,160 tons. To transport it would require 358 cars, carrying twenty tons each (this is the capacity of the strongest freight cars) and making a train just about two miles and a half long. On ordinary grades it would require twelve locomotives to haul this train. On roads of steep grades and sharp curves, fifteen or twenty locomotives would be needed. In one-dollar bills this two-hundred-million-dollar fortune would assume such a shape as this: The bills stretched lengthwise would extend 93,674 miles, or nearly the circumference of the earth at the equator. Piled up on one another, close as leaves in a new book, they would reach a height of twelve miles. Spread out on the ground they would cover 746 acres, or nearly the whole surface of Central Park, including ponds and reservoirs. A safe deposit vault to contain these bills would require to be twenty-three feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and twenty feet high.—New York Times.

**Inventor of the Lightning Rod.**  
One of our German contemporaries devoted recently some precious Divisch, and details a number of interesting devices produced by him. Among them the lightning rod occupies a prominent position, and Divisch's biography claims for him the priority of invention in this field, on the strength of the fact that he erected such a contrivance in his garden in 1751. So far as dates are concerned Divisch can by no means be counted as the original Jacob in the lightning rod business, before by several others, and the idea of drawing sparks from the clouds had been suggested by Franklin in 1749. Indeed, records show that before Divisch's date two houses in Philadelphia were struck by lightning during a thunder storm, and the one protected by lightning rods was not injured, while the other was severely damaged.—Electric World.