

IF LOVE ABIDE. What if the sunshine kisses no more the mountain's peak, Nor in the vale no more the purple shadows seek...

A Journey to the Land of the Sky.

It was the last day of February. The portion of the world visible from the platform of a Southern depot was white and cold. The air was a soft blur of falling snow.

At the end of the car a woman sat gazing out of the window. To his request she gave assent in a tone as cold as the snow outside, then glancing around and up into the eyes, bent upon her ungraciousness, she moved nearer the window and swept the book and magazine lying on the seat into her lap.

Her coolness angered him. He was not accustomed to being thus disposed of. Who was she, this Lady Disdain? He watched her furtively. How serene and self-possessed she was. How dark the lashes that almost touched her smooth, round cheek.

An utterly absurd childish rhyme rang in his ears. "If it be I, he will gladly wear his tail; if it be not I, he will loudly bark and wail." He gave himself a little angry shake, and yet—if it was she, He stretched his hand to the magazine. On one of his strong, white fingers he wore a quaint, old-fashioned ring. She would remember it.

"May I?" he said, then as she turned her startled eyes upon him. "May I, Miss Margaret?" "Robert, Robert Elliott!" the words came in astonished, fluttering gasps, but she quickly recovered herself, and held out her hand, welcoming him home in a pretty, friendly fashion.

The afternoon wore away. The passengers across the aisle regarded their sudden friendship with curious and somewhat suspicious eyes. The engine was climbing the mountain now, panting and snorting, but plowing through the snow in an angry, determined way.

"Do you remember one day on the mountain—it was the summer I met you, and I was not quite 16? How long ago it seems. Did he remember that day? That golden day of youth's enchantment, when they, with eager steps, had climbed together the steep ascent, and looked down upon the others far below. He breathed again the fragrance of the pines and mosses. Above them the most ethereal blue of the vaulted arch; below a carpet more elastic, more beautiful than ever the looms of Brussels or Antwerp wove.

Afterward I climbed the tall pine just below and carved your name and mine. I never knew a boy who did not carve his sweetheart's name on a tall tree," he added boldly. "Oh, those dear old unconventional days," she laughed. Her laughter was low, and it rippled. It thrilled him. It was good to hear it again.

"You rode behind me down the mountain. I wonder if I really thought you were so tired," she continued. "Yes, and at the foot I begged our chaperone to let me drive you home. Then the storm came on. Do you remember? Such a storm! The flood-gates were opened just over our heads; the trees creaked and groaned, the wind swooped downward through the pines and in the east where the darkest clouds rolled, the lightning played in long glittering threads. At the first I was just your parasol—our only protection—tucked a somewhat, then I remembered the gray blanket under the seat, and wrapped it about you and myself. Wasn't it a picture?" merrily, "and I begged for a kiss. I was so near, so near—but I was awfully afraid of you," he leaned toward her, "you promised to give it some day," he added tenderly.

"It is out of date," coldly, "I don't believe I ever did all those dreadful, improper things," she flashed indignantly. She turned from him to her contemplation of the window. He leaned back in the seat with a little laugh born of content. The lamps were lighted some time ago. The engine gave one long shriek and a spot on in the darkness. The passengers aroused themselves and began to get into their coats. He fastened her wrap about her with unsteady fingers. Her brother would meet her. Could he wait until tomorrow? He had waited so long.

"The man across the aisle was struggling with a refractory sleeve. It was the most opportune moment. "Margaret," he whispered, "you know why I have come." She had the advantage, and woman-like used it. "You have fastened it all wrong—you are nervous. Are you sick?" This more kindly, for the light, the countenance had gone from his eyes. "Yes," he said, desperately. "Sick of the long waiting for you. Of weary nights, of restless days—Margaret, end it all. Say yes, dear."

It is sweet to be wooed, but oh, what must she do? Encouraged by her silence, he shook her hand. "The man across the way had gotten into his coat, and grinned sympathetically. "The man," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, please let my hand go." "Yes—say yes, then."

"He is laughing," desperately. "Rob, dear Rob, please don't." His tender, triumphant eyes were upon her. A deep rose glow dyed her face and neck. "The man," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, please let my hand go." "Yes—say yes, then."

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Desperate Gold-Seekers. "I have just returned from Seattle," said John H. Lannahan of Charlotte, N. C., "and have learned all that I want to know about the trip to Klondike. The gold-crazed people who are just now making their way to the western seacoast cities with the hope of being able to catch a vessel bound for Alaska, have no idea of what awaits them. In Seattle there are hundreds of persons waiting for a steamer. Many who have been there some weeks and have been unable to secure a passage, and returning to the homes they left only a short while ago amid feverish excitement and impatience. They come back from the west a sad and sorry lot; but when the true story of this winter's suffering in the gold region becomes known they will be thankful that they were unable to take the trip. Tales of harrowing experiences are being brought back from Alaska by every vessel that returns from that region to Seattle. The latest news, and probably the worst, is that the winter season has already set in at Dawson, and that intense cold is prevailing throughout the Klondike territory. Word has come to the anxious gold-seekers that several of the largest stores in Dawson have closed their doors, for the simple reason that they have nothing more to sell. Their stock has been exhausted at fabulous prices, and they are unable to obtain any more goods. In spite of the warning, and with starvation staring them in the face, the prospective gold miners are still willing to rush in and trust to luck. It is appalling to think of how many poor devils will perish in the Klondike before the bright sun of next spring brings relief to the half-frozen persons who have managed to live the winter through."—New York Tribune.

Thrift, Thrift. In Shoreditch, England, an electrical lighting system which not only illuminates the town but disposes of municipal rubbish, has been invented. The steam for the engines to drive the dynamo is being generated by the burning, in specially constructed furnaces, of the dust and refuse of the parish which formerly cost the local authorities a considerable sum to get rid of.

Nobles Prefer the Sword. According to official statistics just issued at Berlin, the population of that city includes a little over eight thousand noblemen, of whom forty-seven hundred belong to the army, six hundred form part of the civil service of the government, two hundred are in trade, and one, hundred and fifty are employed as day laborers.

Little Sister's Pretty War Map. A war map of the Dominion of Canada is in process of preparation. It will show all the roads, bridges, towns, villages, blacksmith shops and stores.

France produces more raw silk than any other country, Italy ranking second.

IVY ON CHURCHES.

The Luxuriant Growth on a Noted Edifice in New York. Grace church, New York city, is famous for the luxuriant ivy which clings not only to the front of the church building itself, but to the Grace house and rectory. The growth is especially close and luxuriant on the latter. Its pinnacles seem like solid masses of ivy—not a glimpse of the stonework can be had. The ivy is here beautifully level in appearance—there are no spare spots or places of uneven growth. The leaves seem to overlap each other tile-fashion, giving the rain ample opportunity to glide down from leaf to leaf to the roots below.

This charming ivy to be seen on the rectory is the old English variety, which lends so much of romance to Keilworth and Warwick and the Rhine castles. The leaves are about the size of those of the silver maple, slightly glossy, firm, and heavily veined. The stem is thick and strong. The ivy gives an impression of strength and hardness. Little trouble is had with the dropping of the leaves in the summer. In fall there is not a steady dropping, continuing for several weeks; two weeks is, as a rule, all the time required for the dropping. The English ivy is somewhat slow in growth; the plants at Grace church were set out, many of them, a quarter of a century and longer ago.

"The old English ivy is always fresh and beautiful," said he. "Though it can never have too much water, it thrives in the driest seasons. We rarely water it. Of all the ivys we have experimented with, or are growing here now, it has required the least attention and given the best results. It is a slow grower, but it most emphatically pays in the end. We are never annoyed by sparrows nesting in the ivy, either that growing over the rectory or house, where it is thickest, or on the church itself. Once a year we clean the gutters and trim the ivy slightly. And sometimes we clip the ends which have forced themselves between the stained glass windows and the fine network which covers them."

The English ivy grows on an average of fifteen feet in four years, though this is hardly a fair estimate, as everything depends on the richness of the soil and its access to a good water supply. The plants should be set out the last of April, a little over a foot from the stonework of the church, and from three to five feet apart. It is well to give the ivy a healthful impetus by giving it in water for a short time previous to the setting out. Little or no care need be exercised in training the ivy. With a little guidance for first fortnight, the ivy will mount higher and higher, slowly, surely, and regularly. Buttresses, pinnacles, projections are firmly entwined by the little plant—and it will take a storm indeed to dislodge it. It may be bought of any reputable florist at \$1.50 per dozen.

The most popular ivy in America, owing to its rich autumn tints and quick-growing qualities, is the Apollonia vitiola, Japan, or Boston Ivy. Seedsmen pronounce it to be the most practicable to grow to hand. With very few exceptions, New York churches have chosen this variety for their purposes. Grace church, in its main structure; the Marble Collegiate (Dutch reformed), the "Little Church Around the Corner" (Church of the Transfiguration), all are made most tasteful in appearance by the growth of this ivy. Its leaves are small and delicate, with deep indentations. The autumn color is a vivid scarlet.—Church Economist.

The Minister Who Was an Elk. "An Episcopal clergyman of Grand Rapids, Mich., who belongs to the order of the Elks," says a member of that order, "attended a meeting the other evening. The chairman noticing his presence, said: 'I see our Rev. Brother—among us this evening. As this is such an unusual occurrence, I think he will have to be assessed \$5. The rector put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and marching up to the desk, put down his little V, and made a nice little speech in which he told how glad he was to be with his brother Elks, and ended by inviting them to come and hear him preach the next Sunday evening. Some one moved that the Elks accept the invitation and go in a body to their brother's church, which was unanimously carried. The next Sunday evening the front pews of the church were filled with Elks, and when Rev. Mr. — ascended his pulpit, he said: 'I am delighted to see so many of my brother Elks here this evening, but it is such an unusual occurrence with the most of them, I think they should each be assessed \$1. Let your light so shine, etc.' The way the silver dollars rattled on that plate was a caution. The contribution was much heavier than usual, and the Elks voted their reverend brother all right.'"—New York Tribune.

Electric Cotton Mill. In Baar, Switzerland, there is a 10,000-spindle cotton mill run by electric power from the Rhone, which is only 550 feet away. There are three motors kept in a separate room to protect them from the dust, and of these one drives the openers, cards, combing machines, drawing and flyer frames, and supplies 260 lamps; another drives the mules, and the third the ventilating fan and workshop.

Dear Druggist. Dobbins—These druggists are robbers. I just had a prescription filled, and they charged me \$2 for it. Dobbins—Oh! that is easy! Why, I had a doctor's prescription filled the other day and it cost me \$75. Dobbins—Heavens! Dobbins—Yes; the doctor prescribed a bicycle for my wife, and I had to get it for her.—Puck.

A Pat Answer. The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: "Now, boys, how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of them, sir," replied a boy in the front.



Woman's World.

A Tremendously Effective Wash. A wash of greenish chloform, full width and tucked at the ends, with a large bow at the waist, is very dainty, but apt to prove perishable. Such a wash is tremendously effective worn with a blue flowered foulard. The corsage renders a blouse effect. The back is formed in two plaits, extending from the shoulder seams to the belt; the fronts make two even plaits, closing in the middle; they are trimmed with large revers, opening over an embroidered waistcoat. The round belt as well as the plaits in front are trimmed with oval jets. The sleeves are in eye piece, finished with lace ruffle, which falls over the hand.

Woman and Her Purse. "I will agree to give you \$10 for every day that some woman does not lose a pocketbook," remarked one of the officers on duty at the Union station, in speaking of the large number of cases of this character which fall under his observation. Continuing, he said that something ought to be said about the matter in the newspapers to warn women of the great danger they are running while traveling and absorbed in the scenes of their journey to such an extent that they forget all about their pocketbooks until some person has been tempted to become a thief and made off with the book.

He cited the case of a woman who had just come in on a train and reported that her pocketbook was gone. She could remember that a man had shoved with his foot what she then thought was a piece of carpet, but which she was now certain must have been her pocketbook. She could call to mind the circumstances, but could give no description of the man. The man on the train was searched, but no pocketbook was found. The worst of the trouble is that the losers cannot tell where they laid their books, for all they know is that they are minus their money.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

A Woman Piano Tuner. Miss Nellie Jay Hatch, of Seneca, Kan., travels around through the country and tunes pianos. Next she departed from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Miss Hatch received a diploma in piano tuning, and the course she took in order to secure it was both thorough and comprehensive. She had to study harmony, theory and vocal and instrumental music, besides familiarizing herself with the construction of the action of a piano. She was trained so carefully in this latter department that she is fully competent to regulate, adjust and even to make any of the various parts. In the rudimentary work which prepared her for tuning she had to devote almost half a year to the study of pitch in order to learn to discern the right and wrong tones. Next she devoted her time to the distribution of intervals—learning the difference in pitch between two tones. It is claimed that the only way to tune accurately is to give a certain number of beats to each interval, the only pure intervals being the octaves and unisons.

After Miss Hatch looked into repairing, regulating and restringing. She was graduated in 1889 and since then she has traveled throughout the State of Kansas, actively engaged in her chosen profession. She is described as an exceedingly handsome, attractive young woman, and her mother speaks of her, as "our traveling man!"—New York Tribune.

Hair a Source of Worry. A fashionable hairdresser, to whom a customer was bewailing her fate the other day, said that half the wrinkles on fair faces are caused by worry about hair. "A woman came to me one day not long ago and asked me to arrange her hair in what, according to my judgment, would be the most becoming style for her to wear. She was a little dark woman with a slight, oval face, and her hair was black and straight. She had a worried, harassed expression, and lines about her eyes and mouth that needed softening. The philosophical hairdresser smiled at the recollection and continued: "I twisted her black hair into a low, soft knot, a sort of a 'bun,' only softer and more becoming. I parted it in the middle in front, and waved it, leaving the waves ripple down across the forehead, and drew them back over her ears, making the ridges puff out. No curls were on the forehead; no frizzes or flyaway locks. It was simple and soft without being untidy, and I confess I was proud of my handiwork when it was finished."

"The little woman looked at herself in the mirror for a few seconds before she spoke. She smiled like a pleased child and the lines faded out of her face like magic. She appeared about ten years younger. It wasn't the softness. It was simply because she was so pleased. Then she poured her woes into my ear. 'It seems that her husband had a special and particular fondness for pretty hair. She had tortured her locks into every fashion she could think of to please him, but her most earnest efforts met with either silence or derision. She came to me—about the tenth hairdresser she had been to I imagine—because she took a fancy to a wax head in the window. She admitted that to every coiffeuse who had dressed her hair she had given instructions to dress it elaborately. Dark hair should not be dressed elaborately. Curls and frizzes, without reason or limit, belong to the fair haired woman. And a thin, serious face should be softened by fullness and puffiness around cheeks and temples, but the fullness should look as little like art and as much like nature as possible.'"

Finest Pearls in Europe. On the occasion of the grand dinner to the Emperor and Empress of Germany...

many at Venice by the King and Queen of Italy, the Queen wore her wonderful pearl necklace, which has no equal in the world. When she was first engaged to King Humbert, who was then Prince of Naples, he presented her with a single string of these precious stones, each as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg, and of the most perfect form and color imaginable. Margarita being the Greek for pearl, the offering had a special significance. At every birthday since the King has presented his beloved consort with another string each one being a little larger than the last, so that the latter ones now reach far below Her Majesty's waist. While on the subject of pearls, a few other ornaments composed of these exquisite jewels are worth mentioning.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has a very fine collar necklace composed of thirty enormous pearls of exquisite shape and color, and it is said she wears them both day and night, as the lustre of these almost living treasures is immensely enhanced by contact with the human form. Our own Queen possess what is supposed to be the "pinkest" of all pearl necklaces, and it is reported to have been a part of the dowry of Queen Catherine of Arragon. The marvelous black pearl necklace of the Empress of Austria is well known, and she has worn it incessantly ever since the death of the Archduke Rudolph; attached to it is a curious black diamond having a square effect, quite unique. Lady Ilchester has a very fine string of the same black pearls, which is often seen in London drawing-rooms. Of single pearls of immense size the present Pope Leo XIII. is the possessor of the most famous, a superb jewel, given by one of the Doges of Venice to a former holder of the papal throne; it is arranged as a reliquary, and has a spike of the crown of thorns placed beside it in a gold case.—Jewelers' Review.

Fashion Notes. The old fashion of having all parts of a costume to match in shade is being revived. Washing silk for skirt wrists is an economical material, as it can be worn late into the fall. Chiffon is by far the prettiest material for dressy occasions; it is folded, draped, puffed and tucked. Corsets of fancy style are not yet discarded, and their total abandonment is not desired by those of economical bent. A novelty costume has a skirt made of alternate bands of crepe and silk. The crepe is closely tucked, while the silk is shirred.

Many of the fashionable parasols are more suggestive of over-trimmed lamp shades than of any article belonging to the toilet. Bending three inches wide may be obtained in the various seasonable colors. It is used for gingham and batistes, and makes a pleasing finish. In thin goods many of the corsages are shaped at the waist by five or six rows of shirring. Sometimes wide heading run with ribbon is substituted. The conservative woman clings to the plain untrimmed sunshade, but the material is of the very best and the workmanship must be faultless if these plain models are to be approved. Gray is one of the fashionable colors, and is used in every tint and tone as well as every imaginable fabric. It is almost always possible to make it up with some color that renders it becoming to those who could not wear it alone. Among the popular materials for house dresses are India silks and foulard. These fabrics will be worn until late in the autumn, and a goodly number have been ordered with an eye to indoor wear throughout the season. Brocade tafeta in colors is a favorite for evening gowns, and takes on a quaint air in its flower-besprinkled surface. They are made more plainly than a plain material, and their crisp freshness makes them a durable and effective investment. A stylish hat is made of basket braid. The edge is trimmed with a very closely-shirred edging of lace or silk muslin. Above this is a row of fancy braid. Around the crown is a scarf of soft silk, and wired bows are set up at one side of the back. A novelty bonnet has lace frame, and is covered with net. The trimming is of wild roses and foliage. At the back of the crown there is a roll of velvet, and from this a band passes down under the chin and is fastened at one side with a small bow of ribbon and a couple of fancy pins. Taffeta silks are very smart for evening gowns, and those of black are made into all sorts of fancifully trimmed skirts, to be worn with vests of the same tone or different coloring. This skirt, with a low-cut bodice of black chiffon, or any color one may choose, makes an ideal dress for evening functions. Thin materials are made up with the skirts in very narrow tucks from the waist line down about twelve to eighteen inches. A dress of chine crepe has the top of the skirt made of silk in fine plaits and the lower portion of the crepe, which is put on plainly with a band of lace insertion just below where the tucks end. The bolero with curved sides, the square Eton, and the double-flapped Figaro are seen on gowns of silk, wool and transparent material; on the plain goods they are trimmed with an elaborate pattern in braiding, embroidery or appliques of coarse lace. The pouched front is an almost inevitable accompaniment of these jaunty little affairs.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Write injury on water and kindness on marble. The most appalling poverty is to have nothing but money. Happiness is everywhere, and its spring is in our own hearts. Many spend their labor gathering life's waste and throw away life's jewel. We are amused through the intellect, but it is the heart that saves us from ennui. The greatest men are quickest to acknowledge their debt to that providence which fools call luck. Money elevates many who, on account of mediocrity, would if not affluent remain in obscurity. Ingratitude defiles and poisons every spring, mars every pleasure, and takes the value out of every gift. The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends. An optimist will bore one to death talking of his successes, and a pessimist will give one the blues talking of his failures. Sympathy is more than kindness; it is kindness that is able to enter into another's feelings, so as in some measure to feel with him. Roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what preserve the heart and secure comfort.

TELEPHONES FOR FARMERS. Their Great Advantage and Influence in the Country. In this age of cheap application of electrical science to human needs one is not surprised at the rapid extension of telephonic communication in the smaller towns and even villages of the country. Nor can we really affect surprise when we learn that the boom of cheap telephone exchanges is in a fair way of being extended in the purely rural districts. We are already informed that in central Kansas there are a number of ranches connected by telephone with one another, enabling the owners and their families to enjoy intimate communication for both social and business purposes. The Kansas plan is to utilize the little railroad station in the vicinity of a farming district as the "central" office and to connect the various farms by cheap wiring, in many cases the earth wire being used for this purpose. There is no insulation, the only care taken being to see that there are no broken fences and to carry the wires across the roads by means of high poles, connecting again on the other side to the fence wires. The only real expense is the telephone instrument in each house, the cost of which is said to average \$6. A plan somewhat similar to the one described has been experimented with on some of the larger Nebraska ranches, and we are informed that wherever tried the success is so marked as to guarantee a rapid extension of the system through the rural districts. There is no mention as yet of any action by the large telephone trusts in regard to patent infringements by the farmers, and probably such action, if taken, may be successfully resisted by one or more of the independent companies. Why should the average farmer or his family be cut off from intercourse with neighbors or adjoining municipalities? It is probably a question of time when the farmers will have the benefit of free postal delivery, at least in the older settled neighborhoods, and it is but a step along the line of progress to telephonic communication at very slight expense to each rural subscriber. The saving of time and horse-flesh, to say nothing of the increased facilities for business transactions resulting from the introduction of farm telephones, renders it extremely probable that when once proved successful they will be extended as paying investments. For the female members of the average rural household no words are too strong to picture the altered conditions of life that will ensue from the introduction of the telephone. Isolation is pronounced by all sociologists the greatest bane of farming life, and is probably responsible for more dwarfed womanhood than any other single cause. The telephone, for social reasons alone, will prove itself a benefactor to rural communities by exchanging for monotony and isolation the benefits which are already considered indispensable to urban dwellers.—Chicago Chronicle.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Forestry commissioners and other interested people have taken up the subject and prizes are offered for the propagation and distribution of insect-eating spiders in forests. Professor Palazzi has made experiments which show that smoke kills the microbes of various diseases in one to four hours, and he therefore recommends it as a disinfectant superior to gases. Vandervyver, a Belgian, states that the length of exposure for radiographs through limbs of different dimensions varies as the cubes of their thickness. M. Boudard states that Rontgen rays can diagnose pleurisy and similar complaints. Scientists measure by the contraction of petroleum ether temperatures several hundred degrees below zero Fahrenheit. At 310 degrees below zero, the temperature at which liquid air boils, petroleum ether remains in a semi-liquid condition and contracts with the decrease of temperature. Condensation is the result of chilling the air. The ascent of the lower strata of the atmosphere into the higher regions and the consequent expansion and loss of heat is the most probable cause of rain, and it is not impossible that the air near the ground, being made to rise by being artificially heated, might tend to produce the desired downpour. Sudden and great fluctuations in the level of water in wells in stormy weather, closely corresponding to the fluctuations in wind velocity recorded by Professor Langley, have been observed by Dr. Romei Martini. This explains the popular tradition that bad weather may be predicted from the sudden rise and fall of wells. Curiously, however, small and rapid changes of barometer are more certain to affect wells than large changes. The applications of the X-rays to the study of phenomena invisible without their aid continually increase in number. Some of the results are rather curious than useful, but substantial additions to knowledge are being made in this way. One of the latest scientific uses found for the rays is in revealing the inner structure of flowers and fruit buds. In some respects this is a better method than dissecting for the study of certain parts of plants. M. Janssen, the eminent astronomer, has left Paris to inspect his Mont Blanc Observatory. The scientific caravan will start from Chamounix soon to take meteorological readings at an altitude of 14,000 feet, the highest station in the world. M. Perrotin, director of the Nice Observatory, is expected to join the party in order to study the morning elongation of Venus and to ascertain the period of the planet's rotation, now a debated question among astronomers.

The Strangest Laboratory. The strangest laboratory ever seen is that which has just been inaugurated in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Instead of rising from the ground, it is buried deep under the earth, and spreads its galleries under the feet of visitors to the Jardin des Plantes. It avoids the light with as much care as others seek it. This laboratory has been created with the special object of studying the evolution of animals, and of ascertaining experimentally how different species of animals are modified and changed from one to another. This is nothing less than the doctrine of evolution proved by experiment. We intend to deal with representatives of all the animals. Already we have insects, crustaceans, fish, batrachians and mammals. Already the latter—garden pigs in natural cases—have reproduced on a large scale. One generation which has never perceived and will never perceive the light of day. We employ a very feeble red lantern when attending to them in order to reduce to a minimum the light used. We do not forget that many of the experiments which we are undertaking will require considerable time, centuries it may be, while others will probably be completed in a few months.

It is useless to add that this laboratory is absolutely closed to the public, but will be wide open to men of science and investigators who wish to work there. In addition to the experiments in zoological physiology which we undertake, there are a number of others which could be tried with success. One of these would be to welcome all genuine investigators who wish to carry on work in our subterranean passage.—New York Journal.

How to Drink Water. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions, with a short interval between, certain definite effects follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation—a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence the oxygen contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this we also find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid.—American Cultivator.

Sweet Singer as a Life-Saver. Patti had the role of life-saver thrust upon her by an old blind woman who lives in the neighborhood of Craig-y-Nos, Wales. When the latter lay very ill she insisted that her health would be restored if only the famous songstress would sing to her. Her friends, anxious to please her, persuaded a sweet-voiced young girl from a distance to come over to the cottage to sing one song, and led the blind woman to believe that Miss Patti had consented to grant her request. But the first verse was enough. "No, no, it's not herself," cried the invalid. The deception had failed. But 'Till I live now till I do hear her again," she cried angrily. "I won't be done out of what I'd made up my mind to."

John Bull's Ocean. "Did you know," said the scientist to the English statesman, "that the ocean holds in vast quantities of gold in solution." "Never mind about that now," was the reply. "We'll get around to the ocean as soon as we are through with the rest of the earth."—San Francisco Examiner.

And she did live until long after her wish was gratified.