To Send Flowers by Telegraph.

Half a dozen florists met at the Sherman house recently and tackled the task of circling the earth with flowers. That is, they planned a scheme which provides for a chain of correspondents throughout the world to act together as one concern for the purpose of executing orders given in any part of the globe for anything in floral arrangement from a tiny buttonhole bouquet to an elaborate bank of roses. In order to effect this purpose an organization known as the Florists' International Telegraph Delivery association was started in Canada last August.

A majority of the board of directors do business in the United States. The gathering was attended by H. S. Liebrecht, of New York; C. B. Whitnall, of Milwaukee, and Frank Huntsman, of Cincinnati, all three members of the board of directors. G. L. Grant and Joseph Curran represented the Chicago florists. "Our purpose is," said Mr. Liebrecht, "to make it easy for a man in Chicago, New York or Timbuctoo to convey a bouquet to a lady in any part of the world, with lightning speed, without starting it from the point where he himself may be.

"For instance, take a person here in Chicago having a friend arriving or leaving on an ocean steamer in New York. He simply has to walk into the store of our agent here and give his order. The order is at once telegraphed to another agent of the association in the place where the flowers are to be delivered, and there you are. We have come to Chicago to perfect our rules and appoint an agent."—Chicago Herald.

A Hermit with Millions.

The coming novelist who will dissect American character and hold it up to the wonder or admiration of the world will find something worth studying in the life of the hermit of New York and Newport who has just died and left behind him the $10,000,000 he ached to take away with him beyond the grave. For ten years Edmund H. Schermerhorn had lived in a literally palatial mansion at Newport, with his gates locked against all but his physician, surrounded only by servants, and living in parsimony which contrasted strangely with his once spendthrift ways. In my boyhood I had heard of him as the gayest of gay young men about town, and afterward as entertaining the fashionable world at lavish expense in his Twenty-third street residence.

Then, after awhile, he wearied of social pleasures, drew more and more within his cell, became a recluse and scholar, and finally grew utterly unsocial. A bachelor of seventy-five when he died on Thursday, he belonged to one of the oldest of New York families. Why the wild and luxurious bachelor leader of society became transformed into the unsocial recluse is one of the secrets at which his friends can only guess—they allege disappointment in love—and which the novelist can spell out to suit himself.—Philadelphia Record.

The Bursting of a Big Wheel.

The bursting of the great fly wheel—or perhaps more properly the driving wheel—in one of the mills of Manchester, N. H., illustrates the ever present danger hidden in the use of modern machinery. There does not appear to have been carelessness or even an accident which usual caution or foresight could have prevented. The automatic governor regulating the supply of steam to the engine seems to have become clogged, the engine suddenly speeded up and the great wheel was set whirling at a pace that tore it into pieces by the enormous centrifugal force thus generated, scattering the entire building over the country round about and crushing and wounding the work people. This wheel was forty feet in diameter, with a face nine feet wide, weighing fifty-five tons and turning, when run at the usual and safe rate, sixty revolutions per minute.—Boston Commonwealth.

Truck Loads of Money.

Did you ever see more money than you could carry? Comparatively few people have, but such a sight may be often witnessed in the lower end of the city. As an incident to draw a crowd the loading of a truck with silver is very potent. A custom house truck stopped in front of one of the Broadway safe deposit institutions yesterday and men wheeled out handcarts loaded with silver bars which others tossed into the truck. They looked very pretty—the bars, I mean—and crowds of people stopped during the process and passed remarks upon their weight and value.

It wasn't money, of course, but it will be soon after Uncle Sam gets possession of it, and a very snug fortune it will make, too, in silver dollars.—New York Herald.

Tennyson at Aldworth.

Lord Tennyson's stay at Aldworth is now drawing toward a close, but he will not be returning to Farringford for some three or four weeks. He has not for some years been so strong and well as he is at this moment, and there is no doubt (as I heard a friend of his remark) that the regular periodical changes from the mild climate of the Isle of Wight to the bracing air of a country lying 800 feet or more above the sea level have had much to do with his amazing vigor of body and mind. He has as usual been constantly entertaining visitors from his first reaching Aldworth, the latest being Lord Dufferin and Theodore Watts, who have but just left.—London Globe.

Names of Three Children.

An Egyptian family lately arrived in Chicago, the father to work at the World's fair, have a small son whom they have named Abraham Lincoln Levy. The two older children are named Tonah, the Egyptian for Star, and Victor Hugo. The first boy was born in Paris.—Boston Transcript.

The Surest Way.

First Outer—I didn't see you in bathing this season.

Second Outer—No. When I want a bath I go canoeing.—Good News.

An Episode of Nebraska Life.

I met a gentleman at the Union depot the other night who had just returned from Kearney county. He said: "I took up a claim three weeks ago and built my shanty with more care than is usually taken with them. I built a bedstead of boards in the corner and laid in a stock of canned goods and dried meat. The first night after it was completed I crawled into bed and fell into a deep sleep. About midnight I was awakened by a half dozen rude jolts, some one cracked a whip, yelled 'Git up!' and I straightway felt the motion of a heavy wagon. I was but half awake, but I realized that my bed was tipped to an angle of 45 degs. and that everything was moving. I realized that my shanty, supposed to be unoccupied, was being stolen with me in it. I grasped my revolver and emptied it at the walls and in answer heard the sound of scattering feet. I crawled out of the small window and drove back about 100 yards to the site of the house, where I made the horses fast and posted myself under the wagon. The next day I drove two miles to my nearest neighbor and won had his opinion and that of several other farmers. They all said the horses and wagon were mine beyond doubt, as no one would ever claim them."—Kansas City Times.

Going Home to a Wife He Has Never Seen.

Wong Sie Kie came from Hong-Kong to America three years ago. He tarried not at San Francisco or New York, but selected Hartford as his abiding place. Immediately he began washing clothes, and his attention to business and his good natured "Hello" to all visitors brought him many customers. He prospered so well that he thinks he has now made enough to justify his return to China.

Wong will leave Hartford for San Francisco, from which port he will take immediate passage for his beloved Hong-Kong. He has sold out his business to a cousin, who has taken charge. His savings and the money he got for his laundry amount to $2,000, representing his net profit after his living expenses have been deducted from three years of laundrying. Wong says his father and mother are living, and that he has brothers and sisters. Besides, he has a wife in China, to whom he has been married since he came to America. His imperfect English prevented a lucid explanation of how this marriage occurred. —Hartford Courant.

A Successor of Newton.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, who is till he retires senior member for Cambridge university, is one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day. He is an old man in the "seventies," below the medium height, with snow white hair and a very high forehead. Sir George is president of the Royal society, an office which was held by the famous Sir Isaac Newton, who was also member for the University of Cambridge. These two positions, which have never been held by one individual since the time of Newton, are now, after the lapse of upward of two centuries, happily combined in Sir George.

To carry the analogy further, Newton never once spoke in parliament, while Sir George, although an assiduous sitter out of debates, has during his five years of parliamentary life addressed the house on two or three occasions only. It is not generally known that Sir George Stokes is an Irishman. His father, a distinguished graduate of Trinity college, was rector of Screen, about seven miles from the town of Sligo.—London Star.

How Maine Firemen Managed.

The firemen of Caribou, Me., were called upon to perform a feat rather out of the usual line of duty. The bridge across the Aroostook river connecting the two sections of the village burned, and although the adjacent buildings in the main village were saved those on the opposite side of the river, near the end of the bridge, took fire and were threatened with destruction. All of the fire apparatus was in the main village, the bridge was destroyed and there were no boats at hand. Accordingly the best swimmers in the fire company were selected to swim the river with a line of hose. They accomplished the feat and got across just in time to prevent the destruction of $50,000 worth of property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Came Back After Forty-one Years.

A Missouri man left his wife and went to Australia forty-one years ago, where it was reported he died. A few days ago, however, he unexpectedly returned home with a large fortune. There was a joyous meeting between husband and wife so long separated, but once more happily reunited. Strange to say, his wife had lived single all these many years with the dim hope of once more seeing her husband. They are both quite aged now, being upward of seventy years.—Exchange.

Did Two Foolish Things.

An erring brother in Vermont got up in open meeting and made the following confession: "Brethren, my conscience compels me to confess that when boiling down my sap in the spring I put into the kettle two buckets of water and sold the sugar at the same price as that made from pure sap."—Congregationalist.

A Solid Train of Beans.

A solid train load of beans, twelve carloads in all, left Ballcoy, Cal., recently, consigned to Chicago by the Farmers' Alliance of Ventura county. The train run through to its destination as a special train.

A railway is now being built from La Paz, in Bolivia, to the headquarters of the river Madeira, in Brazil, which is the main tributary of the Amazon, thus giving a water outlet for the Bolivian products.

Money to the amount of $28,642 and checks and notes to the value of $1,471,871 were found in the 6,000,000 letters that reached the dead letter office last year.

A Doctor Who Missed a Fortune.

Dr. Gower, of Brighton, carried in his pocket a competency for life when he left the house on Walsingham terrace with the knowledge of Parnell's death, for Parnell died at midnight, and the doctor could have realized a fortune by selling the exclusive news of the event to any of the richer papers in London or New York.

It was so when Gambetta died at 3 in the morning. At midnight he was pronounced convalescent. The death watch of reporters was relaxed. Yet one of them, a Frenchman, member of a small Parisian news agency, came out of a wine shop at early morning and saw a maid servant running across the grass.

"The master is dead," she called to him. He stood there in great perplexity. To whom should he sell the news? He hesitated between the Paris, London and New York papers. He finally cabled thus, "Gambetta died at 3 this morning." The dispatch reached a New York office at ten minutes before 2, there being five hours difference between Paris and New York. Half a page of newspaper matter was given to the compositors, and at twenty minutes past 2 the whole story was on its way to the stereotypers.

The reporter is still living on the proceeds of his "beat," and the sensation of Gambetta's death was nothing to that of Parnell.—New York Truth.

They Eat as Dickens Told Them.

A good story is told at one of the hotels here about some of the English divines who are in the city in attendance upon the Methodist ecumenical council. It was noticed that at the hour set down for dinner on the card posted in each room giving the rules of the house these English preachers would gather about the doors of the dining room and when they were opened would make a wild rush inside, and to seat themselves hastily at the first table they reached and to begin to eat as quickly as possible.

The landlord was puzzled to know the cause of this strange conduct on the part of his foreign guests. Inquiry developed the fact that these reverend gentlemen had before coming over posted themselves on American customs by reading Dickens' "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The scene in the latter descriptive of the effect of the hotel dinner gong causing everybody to quit whatever he was doing and make a rush for the dining room lest he should fail to get any dinner they took as gospel truth and were governing their own conduct accordingly. — Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Parnell's Brother.

According to an Atlanta paper a seedy looking man, not quite fifty and wearing a discouraged and colorless slouch hat, with a suit to match, stood before the bulletin boards in Atlanta the other day to get a glimpse of dispatches about the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. The man was John Parnell, a brother of the Irish leader, who has spent the latter years of his life tending fruit trees on a little farm seventy-five miles from Atlanta. "I cannot believe that he is dead," said he. "The only thing that makes me believe the report is the statement that he died suddenly. There were twelve children in our family, six of whom are dead, and every one of the six died suddenly. Our sister Fanny, who died last, was found dead in bed. Charles, and in fact all of us, are subject to attacks of nervous prostration, and if he is dead this must have caused his death. He loved us all, and but a short time ago he wrote me a most affectionate letter."

Illustrated Reporting.

In connection with the suicide of General Boulanger, a feat has been accomplished by one of the Paris weekly papers which shows to what perfection of dispatch illustrated reporting has now been brought. On Wednesday, on the reception of the news of the general's death, The Illustration sent to Brussels two members of its staff, one a draftsman, the other a photographer. On Thursday morning these artists had photographed the general lying in state, as well as the hotel in the Rue Montoyer, and had even improvised a representation of the scene in the cemetery. They then took the train, and arrived in Paris on the same day with all that was needed for the illustration of that day's issue of the journal. An interesting detail is that the proofs of the photographs were taken and the artist's drawing executed during the railway journey back to Paris.—London News.

Basil's Forge.

From reports it would appear that the site of Basil's forge at Grand Pre is no longer a mystery. Mr. W. C. Archibald, while cutting away a sandy knoll about two miles west of the village of Wolfville, came upon what is supposed to be the remains of the ancient blacksmith shop, under about four feet of soil. Foundation stones, charcoal and slag were discovered in large quantities, so unless the Acadian Grand Pre could boast of more than one smithy, this is in all likelihood the spot where Basil lived and worked. It looks as though Wolfville was the heart of the ancient village of Grand Pre.—Nova Scotia Bulletin.

The late Banker James H. Mead, of Sheboygan, Wis., in his will, besides a bequest of $20,000 for a public library, left $10,000 for the erection of a hall wherein the boys of Sheboygan may indulge in innocent sports and pastimes.

Arnold T. Jahn, who recently died in Chicago, was the son of Frederich Ludwig Jahn, the founder of the now famous Turn Vereins and in his day one of the greatest of German patriots.

The government proposes to build another timber dock in the navy yard at Brooklyn, the accommodations of the other two docks being insufficient. It is to be about 600 feet in length.

Four years ago a strange birthday present was received by charles Kettleberger, of San Francisco. It was a coffin, and the other day he was buried in it.