This king has his thousands of cattle, None better the world ever knew. And he makes the coin jingle and rattle, And piles up a billion or two. When to market he goes, At the first winter snows.

With the herds that on his farm grew. King Corn feeds all of the nations, The richest and poorest and all: He sends them each year such rich rations. When harvest comes on in the fall, That he makes them rejoice, To receive each the choice Of this king's richest gifts at their call.

When potatoes are short in the island, The Emerald Isle of the sea, When the drought brings distress to the rye-

And Russia sends out a sad plea, His ships, heavy laden, O'er the billows do hasten With food for the starving, you see.

You may talk of King Cotton's dominion, And boast of his empire so great; But here is our bonest opinion. Which we are not modest to state, That Cotton is vassal. And lives in a castle, Just within old King Corn's palace gate. -E. A. Whitwam, in Farmer's Voice.

EPISODE IN COLORADO.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.



evening in early around our rudand reveled in Mexican, but had served in the frontier friend, Amasa young geolo- story book tales of them."

profession.

The rough miners sat and smoked their | devils off." short cutty pipes in stolid, speechless content; their wild unkempt beards and great arms, from which the red of grotesque giant in the flickering fire-

Those of us who formed a little group by ourselves, with the superintendent of the mine for our center, laughed and talked gavly to while away the long, tedious, evening hours. Each one considered it his duty, from time to time, to add his mite to the general merrynaking, and would relate some amusing or thrilling anecdote. All except one; for my companion, Amasa Weatherlee, sat gloomily and silently with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the fire. Now, Amasa was usually the gayest of the gay, and there was not a man at Silver Lock camp who could tell a better story than he. He was a any longer if I were you." some fellow, of noble physique and of a healthy, sunny aspect in general. The curly hair, that had grown long in the wilderness and lay loosely on his flannel shirt collar, was golden in hue, and his cheeks dimpled like a girl's when he smiled.

We had rallied Amasa several times on his unusual silence, when finally he raised his head and spoke:

"Well, friends, I suppose I must contribute my share to the evening's entertainment. So I am going to tell you a curious story:

"Years ago, when I was a little child, I had a strange dream. I seemed to stand alone on a great, flat waste desert which stretched away in infinite dreariness and monotony to the banks of a river, shining like silver in the distance. As I stood in the midst of the desert and gazed away toward this river, I saw something, so small that it looked like a mere, tiny speck, leap out of the water and begin runming across the desolate moor in my



TO FOLLOW AMASA'S RETREATING FORM. direction. On approaching, this rapidly-moving speck took the shape to my eyes of an exclamation point which ever grew larger and larger till it was the size of a man. I seemed rooted to the spot, and, spellbound, watched the curious phantom's swift advance. When it reached me, it uttered a peculiar, mocking, blood-curdling 'Ha! Ha!" and then leaped upon me and throttled me.

"I cannot describe to you the horror of that dream-to be murdered by an exclamation point! It sounds too ab-

"Gentlemen," continued Amasa, solemnly, "doubtless you are wondering why and how I recollect so clearly this nightmare of my childish years. The reason is simple enough. I never have been permitted to forget it. For since then I have had that same dream, with the very same details in every case and the same conclusion again and again, as I have grown to manhood. It has haunted my life. Last night I dreamed it again and to-day, as I was riding to D- I heard with my waking senses that same horrible mocking 'Ha! Ha!' of the dream."

Amasa's voice sank away to a mournful whisper. The weight of a terrible apprehension seemed to be pressing him down. And yet it was nothing but clouding his bright spirit.

Intangible and fantastic as my old pruning.

friend's trouble seemed to me, yet it pained me to see that horror-stricken look in his honest eyes. I turned away from the great camp-fire that I might not see that look, and in doing so I faced the long irregular line of the "barracks" or miners' quarters, with the small cabins of the superintendent and his assistants nestling near. There was a light in the superintendent's cabin. Just as Amasa finished speaking a woman's face appeared at the open window of this cabin. Her features were silhouetted against the outside blackness of the night for an instant. With a start, I realized that she was gazing at Amasa's dejected figure with the most baneful expression of fiendish and savage revenge. Appearing as she did, at the end of that strange narrative of his, this woman seemed to me in a flash to be the evil spirit of fate brooding over his destiny.

It was Mahala, the superintendent's beautiful young Mexican wife. Once I had seen her offer Amasa & crimson rose which she plucked from her black hair, but Amasa, who was in no mind to set evil tongues to wagging,

had said, curtly: "Madame, no one but your husband is worthy of such gifts from your fair

hand." Mahala dropped her eyes, and when she raised them to follow Amasa's retreating form the amorous look in them had changed to one of bitter, scorching hate. It made me shudder to behold the counterpart of that look on the night of Amasa's story. It was said that Mahala had Indian blood in T was a chilly ber veins, and I believed it.

"Mr. Weatherlee, have you ever fall. We all sat heard an Indian war whoop?" It was the superintendent, Col. dy camp fire Altruz, who spoke. He was a Spanish

its warmth. My warfare of the states. "No," said Amasa; "I am a New Weatherlee, Englander, born and bred, and know and I were very little about Indians outside of

gists, who were "Well," resumed the colonel, "the spending some cry of the dream you describe resemweeks at a min- bles exactly an Indian war whoop. I ing camp in am inclined to think there must be Colorado, in the pursuit of our chosen | Apaches in our neighborhood. I shall send a search party out in the morning How well I remember that night! and we shall probably frighten the red

> The superintendent laid his hand kindly on Amasa's shoulder:

'Come, Mr. Weatherlee, cheer up; flannel shirt sleeves had been rolled it's a coincidence, of course. But back, making them look like a species dreams are queer things, and often find strange fulfillments in real life. I



GALLOPED INTO THE CAMP RIDERLESS. wouldn't dwell upon that one of yours

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, And our little life is rounded with a sleep." quoted some one lightly, and the group broke up for the night.

At daybreak the next morning, the search party went out to discover the whereabouts of the Indians in our vicinity, but the men came back and reported that they found no trace of the savages.

At noon, Amasa, evidently anxious to show that he had overcome his weakness of the night before, rode out of camp and shouted back that he was going to D- for the mail. The superintendent stood at his cabin door. "Are you armed, Mr. Weatherlee?"

he asked as Amasa went by. The latter shook his head: "My revolver is out of order. But I have never had any use for a weapon here in the

desert' The superintendent handed over his

pistol. "Better take that Wait a bit." He went into the cabin but presently reappeared. "I can't find my cartridges, and my wife is out, or she could tell me where she has laid them. But there is a ball or two already there. It won't be any harm to have it along."

Amasa thanked him and rode away. That evening his horse galloped into the camp riderless. We found Amasa five miles away in the desert. He lay on his back. He had been shot through the chest and then strangled to death. "The dream! the dream!" whispered the awe-stricken men.

But I looked into Mahala's impassive face, so pale for all its swarthy beauty, and I knew how the dream had found its fulfillment.

THE OLD LADY GOT THE SEAT. How a Selfish Girl's Attempt to Steal a March on a Man Falled.

The seats of the car were filled and a number of passengers were standing up as the driver encouraged his tired horses to push their uneven way along Van Buren street. A well-dressed man of middle age with a weary look upon his striking face cast bis eyes about, and when they fell upon an elderly woman carrying a large bundle he arose slowly and stretched his arm forward to touch her shoulder. A spruce appearing damsel scarcely out of her teens, one of the sort who looks out for No. 1 under all conditions, had an observant eye for the man's movements and quickly stole forward with the full mental purpose of stealing a march on the old lady. But the middle-aged man had not passed through life without some study of youthful feminine manners on street cars, and when she brought up in a sitting posture it was plump upon his knees. The shock was so great that she was projected so far forward before her recovery that the old lady was comfortably resting in the designated place, while the middle-aged man said, audibly: "These seats were not intended to carry

double."-Chicago Tribune. -The Chinese cultivate dwarf oaks and pines, perfect trees in every parhigh. The result is attained by root | self that it was only sixty."

A MALAGASY ANT'S NEST. The Votry Peculiar to the Great Forest of

Madagascar. All who have journeyed through the great forest must have frequently noticed large black or dark-brown balls attached to the higher branches of trees, which are called "votry." They are generally a little larger than a football, but occasionally attain the dimensions of a beehive. These are ants' nests. If you take one down and examine it (a rather ticklish business), you will find that it consists of a tough substance exactly resembling dry cowdung. This, however, is not to be found in the depths of the forest, and is, therefore, not the material of which it is made; it is composed of earth mixed with vegetable fiber, but so manipulated as to yield a stiff parchmentlike substance. On the outer surface are numerous entrances into

Now, if you can find it in your heart to be so ruthless and cruel, take a knife and cut a vertical section through the nest; you will discover that it is made up of more or less irregular concentric galleries, the floors of which are about as thick as a shilling and about a quarter of an inch apart. years. Each of these floors, or layers, is supported by a number of pillars rising from the one immediately below it. Near the surface of the nest a number of ants may be seen, but in the center there is a perfect swarm of them, all mond's "Essays, Speculative and Sugdoubtless wondering what can have caused such a terrible catastrophe. But they waste not a moment of time in idle speculation. See! they are all as bustling and as busy as they can be, and their first thought is to save their helpless young and their guests. For

guests, indeed, they have. If you carefully examine the ants you will see one here and there with a dently intent, even at the risk of its own life, on securing the safety of its little guest. This insect, placed under a magnifying lens, turns out to be a beetle. What purpose it serves in the economy of the nest I have never been able to make out. Attached to the branch or twigs that pass right through the nest there are little leathery caps, which contain eggs and small grubs. Of what are these the larvæ? I know not. If someone gifted with more than ordinary patience could study these "votry" and the life of their inmates, the result would, I am sure, prove of interest.-Cornhill Magazine.

COLOR SENSATIONS.

Curious Effects Secured by the Solar Spectrum.

The three primary color sensations are considered to be red, green and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green produce a blue; red and green also give a yellow. But it is important to observe that these are primary color sensations, and not primary colors, though the expression "lights of primary colors" is admissble. For it is commonly imagined that the blue and vellow mixed in certain proportions produce various kinds of green. If yellow and blue pigment be mixed together with water, the green color produced is not a mixture of blue and vellow colors. It is the one color which is not freely absorbed either by the yellow or by the blue pigment. The yellow pigment removes the greater part of the blue, indigo and violet rays; the blue pigment removes the greater part of the red, orange, and yellow. Thus the light that finally escapes is mainly green.

It is curious to notice, too, that the sunlight passing through glass of one color is not only of that color. What is called the ordinary solar spectrum is produced by allowing a ray of sunlight to enter a narrow slit and pass through one or more prisms. If a bit of red glass be held over the slit the whole length of the spectrum is not reddened; there is no color in the spectrum of the glass when that color does not exist in the ordinary (rainbow) spec- zette. trum. If the red glass be pretty pure, only red and a little orange are visible in the spectrum; all the rest is cut away. Wonderful is it also that the colors seen in natural objects are chiefly residuals left after internal ab-

sorption. A tulip with green leaves can only be seen in pure light or in the corresponding colors of the spectrum. If it is placed in the red band of the spectrum the flower shines brilliantly red, while the leaves shine dull red, not green. If moved to any other band of the spectrum the red petals become black and the green alters much.-Longman's Magazine.

Relics of Early Philadelphia.

James T. Evidge, of the Quaker city, has been an indefatigable collector of relies of Philadelphia's early history, and his cabinets contain one of the most curious personal collections to be seen. He has a chip from the first millstone in the United States, used on Kitchen street, Wissahickon: a funny Star. old lamp made in Germantown one hundred years ago, resembling a combined tea kittle and coal scuttle; a piece of Franklin's first lightning-rod; shilling scrip, printed in 1760 by Franklin and Hall on Rittenhouse paper; a portion of the old fence still standing on the battlefield of Germantown, riddled with bullets; part of the Elm tree that stood on the Chew estate: rusty cannon balls and bullets picked up there, and a host of similar interesting mementoes of the colonial and revolutionary days. - Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Remote. Papa--What are George's prospects.

Mabel-His uncle thinks he is proposing to a rich widow. - Puck.

-. Why is Jack such a favorite among the ladies? He is neither rich nor handsome." "Oh, but he never attempts to guess their ages."-Philadelphia Record.

-"Do you believe that story that Baitjug caught only half a dozen fish?" the shadow of a dream that was ticular, but from six inches to a foot | Mrs. Baitjug-"Yes; he told me him-

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Miss Edna Dean Proctor, poetess, wants to be known as the apostle of maize as the national flower. She considers Indian corn as being the most distinctively American product.

-The oldest mathematical book in the world is called the "Papyrus Rhind." It is in manuscript, of course, and was written by one Ahmes, an Egyptian, who lived in the year 2000 B. C. The book is now in the British

-Samuel Minturn Peck, the "poet laureate" of Alabama, lives in a quaint home on the outskirts of Tuscaloosa. He is handsome, genial and brilliant, a medical graduate, though he does not practice, a good pianist, a fine singer, and an entertaining conversationalist.

-Judge A. B. Norton, the old gentleman with unshorn hair and beard, carrying a cane given him by Henry Clay, who has been seen at all republican national conventions, died at Dallas, Tex., recently. He made a vow, in 1844, not to have his thair cut till Clay was elected president, and paid no toll to barbers for the last odd fifty

-Here is another evidence of the regard in which the lady who figures under another name in "Dodo" has been held by her countrymen. The dedication of the late John Addington Sygestive," runs as follows: "To Miss Margot Tennant, in memory of long, dark winter nights at Davos, made luminous by witty conversation."

-The late Chief-Justice Stone of Alabama was held in high esteem as a man, as well as in great repute as a jurist. He served on the bench for more than fifty years, in that time deciding more than two thousand four very minute red insect on its back, evi- hundred cases. Gov. Jones, in announcing his death, said: "No greater or purer man ever lived or died in Alabama, and none whose death was a greater calamity."

-May Brooklyn's squandered savings were a contributary cause to three suicides, those of the young woman herself, of F. A. Lovecraft and of a young Hebrew who was their partner in a luckless business enterprise. The young Hebrew had the business knowledge needed for the undertaking, and he was reputed homest and industrious, but when he saw the venture must be a failure he threw himself beneath the wheels of a train

-Mrs. Lydea Hoyt Farmer, author of "A Knight of Faith," "A Short History of the French Revolution," "The Life of La Fayette," etc., and editor of "What America Owes to Women," has been the recipient of a note of thanks from Queen Victoria, to whom Mrs. Farmer recently presented a copy of the beautiful white and gold exposition edition of the well-known work: "The National Exposition Souvenir: What America Owes to Women."

-Pietro Sbarbaro, once a member of parliament and one of the most remarkable men in Italy, died a few days ago in the top story of a Roman tenement house. The king paid his funeral exenses. Before he was twenty years old he was famous as an authority on political and economic subjects. In 1866 he fought for the freedom of Lombardy. In 1870 he became professor of political science and the philosophy of law at Modena. His star began to descend soon afterward on account of the grave and uncalled-for attacks which he made on public men. He got the idea that it was his duty to tell the world everything unworthy which he could learn of men in public life. He spent many years in prison on this account, lost the places which he had filled with honor, and died "the 'besthated' man in Italy."

HUMOROUS.

-Naturally when a girl goes to work out she hates to stay in.-Elmira Ga- burst. -Mabel-"With what verses are you

the most familiar?" Poet-"Reverses." -N V World. -Haverly-"They say old Soak has

water on the brain." Austen-"Then he must have a hole on the top of his head."-Life. -Bare as the naked branches of dead tress,

Whose chilly fingers grope to leaden skies; So have of worthy deeds the life that sees Distress, and will not sympathize. -Author (whose new play is being hissed by the whole audience)-

"Heavens! I shall have to hiss too or they will find out that I am the author."-Fliegende Blatter. -Berliner-"This scenery is really

grand." Native—"But you have grander views near Berlin." "No, indeed!" "I am afraid you are not a Berliner."-Fliegende Blatter.

"Cholly has such a habit of telling all he knows," said one girl. "Yes," replied the other, "but it wouldn't be so bad if he would only make a point | too weak to reach up so far. of knowing all he tells "-Washington

-Young Mother-"Baby is somewhat cross to-day. He is teething." Bachelor (in great awe of the mite of humanity)-"And when do you expect him to commence-er-hairing?"

-May-"Does Charlie always come at eight and go at eleven?" Helen-"Yes, he has for months. How strange! I don't see how you have time to say a fainted. word besides good night."-Inter-

-Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)-"Sav, mister, have yer got eny suggestions ter make ter a feller w'at ain't able ter raise er dime ter git shaved with?" Grumple (passing on)-"Yes: raise whiskers."-Buffalo Courier.

-"Bangs' son has a wonderful influence over him. Bangs goes to church regularly now." "How did he persuade his father?" "Well, you see he's only three months old, and it was either go to church or take care of the baby.'

-A man, reduced to desperation through his debts, flung himself into a river. A kind-hearted individual rescued him, and said: "You owe me your life." The would-be suicide, heaving a sigh-"Here's a nice how-d'ye-do -another debtl"-La Tribuna

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LITTUE KITE.

"I never can do it," the little kite said, As he looked at the others high over his head; "I know I should fall if I tried to fly." "Try," said the big kite; "only try!

Or I fear you never will learn at all." But the little kite said: "I'm afraid I'll fan." The big kite nodded: "Ab, well, good-by; I'm off," and he rose toward the tranquil sky. Then the little kite's paper stirred at the

sight, And trembling he shook himself free for

First whirling and frightened, then oraver grown. Up, up he rose through the air alone,

Till the big kite, looking down, could see The little one rising steadily. Then how the little one thrilled with pride, As he sailed with the big kite, side by side! While far below he could see the ground, And the boys like small spots moving round. They rested high in the quiet air,

And only the birds and clouds were there. "On! how happy I am!" the little kite cried; · And all because I was brave, and tried.' -Katharine Pyle, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE QUICKSAND. How a Boy's Life Was Saved Through

His Pony's Devotion. At ten years of age the human being cannot depend on himself to obey or

ders, or to get himself out of a scrape;

at least Fred Mackleroy could not. But an animal, a pony, say, at three years of age has all his wits about him; at least Fred Mackleroy's pony

A favorite canter with Fred was the five-mile road leading to Beaver Dams lake; the road was wide, hard, smooth and well shaded, and the lake was a fairy sheet of water full of green islands. There was one restriction on this ride; Fred was never to take the short cut, the bridle path through the

But one day, out of very perversity and idleness, he reined Star into the path and rode in under the birches and pines, and in two minutes he was lost to sight.

As he rode on he spoke aloud often, contemptuously: "I can see no reason why I should not ride this bridle path!"

After riding a mile perhaps, all the in his father's wheat field, he dismounted and threw himself down un- ket-and put the cover on. Then der a cool pine for a rest. Bidding ments he strolled away down into a sunny glade-a piece of low ground with bright green sod, through the middle of which ran a sluggish stream with lilies growing in it.

He ran forward to gather the flowers, and in a moment found himself kicking about in a bog, and in a minute more felt himself sinking, and at the same instant remembered he had been told there was a quagmire in those woods. The spot was a bit of marsh and quicksand and concealed by the rich growth of grass. Many an- how Don lolled and kept lying down, imals have been mired there, and it and trying to make me go back by was said that more than one hunter starting off towards home alone, but had lost his life in the bog.

Fred stopped short, and shouted. Stopped short? Yes, he did, for his legs were now firmly grasped by the sucking quicksands. There was a hor-



FRED TRIED TO CATCH THE BRIDLE. rible feeling all over his body of being drawn downward. His eyes stood out of their sockets. His veins were fit to

He threw himself over on his back as far as he could and tried to raise one of his legs. His instinct was to fight for his legs, to hold them by main grandma, slowly.-N. Y. World. force against going in further. But who ever fought a quicksand with any

He wept and struggled and shouted, but all in vain. There was nothing to do but die, though so near home he could hear the steam thresher and now and then the voices of the men! Oh! it was maddening.

Suddenly he heard Star's familiar neigh. There stood the dear little fellow at the edge of the morass, looking at his master and whinnying pitifully. "Oh, Star! Star!" Fred called, "can't you get somebody to come?"

With a snort and a neigh the little pony came toward him, picking his way and finding footholds where the

boy had missed them. When he had come near enough Fred tried to catch his bridle, but he was

Then the wise creature took matters under his own direction. He whirled around so that his long tail swept right over the boy's head. With a cry of joy the poor fellow caught hold of his strong support, and then with a sudden quick and powerful jerk Star drew him out.

The boy had just strength enough left to cling tight until he was dragged to safe ground. Then he let go and In the course of the forenoon the

pony's persistent neighings were heard by some one in the wheat field, and Fred was found and taken home. However the boy may feel about the quagmire, there is no rein or bit strong enough to turn the pony aside into that bridle path .- E. A. Mathews, in St. Louis Republic.

An Experienced Traveler. Husband (at railway station)-Goodby. Now, are you sure you have everything?

Wife-Y-e-s; I believe so. Mercy! I forgot the molasses candy. Run and get some for the baby, quick. 'Won't he keep quiet without mo-

lasses candy?" "Of course; but I want to make sure of having a sest to myself."-Good GRANDMA'S STORY.

She Tells Little Ada About Her First At-

tendance at School. "Grandma," said little Ada, "mamma says I must go to school next week. and I don't want to go. Do you think such a little girl as I am ought to go to school? Did you go, grandma, when

you were so little?" Grandma thought a minute, then she smiled and said: "I was not as old as you are the first day I went to school, I was not four. I remember it very

"Dear grandma," said Ada, "please tell me all about it." "Well," said grandma, "I lived in the country, and the school-house was half a mile away. I had passed it often



when I was out riding, and knew the way very well. One day in summer I said to my mamma: 'May I go to school to-day?" She said 'yes,' thinking I was playing go-to-school. So I began to get ready. As I knew my sister took her luncheon in a basket, I searched for a basket to take mine in. I found quite a large one, and then I went to the pantry to find something to put in it. I could not reach anything but a big platter of boiled corned beef and potatoes that were left there to get cold so that they could be made into hash. time in hearing of the steam thresher | The beef did not suit my taste, but I put all the potatoes into my bas-I put on an old straw hat that had Star to stand there, after a few mo- been my brother's. Little girls wore sun-bonnets in those days, but I liked this hat very much, and had trimmed it myself by tying a pink ribbon around the crown. I wonder that no one saw me making my preparations," said grandma thoughtfully. "I should not have been allowed to go if anyone had seen me.

"Then I set out. Don, my big Newfoundland dog-who always went with me everywhere out of doors-went with me. I remember how warm we were, for the basket was heavy, and when I would not go with him he always followed me.

"When we came to the schoolhouse I pushed the door wide open (it was open a little way) and went in. There were ever so many boys and girls sitting on benches, and the teacher and was ten or twelve years old) thought some one had brought me to the door and sent me in with the basket with something nice for her luncheon. Soshe was quite pleased and proud, and took the cover off the basket in such a way as to show as plain as she could to the gazing boys and girls what I had brought. I remember well how surprised and ashamed she looked when she saw the potatoes, and the boys and girls all laughed.

"The teacher hughed, too, and asked me who came with me. I said 'Don.' Then she said my sister might take me home at noon. Don ran home when I went into the schoolhouse.

"I sat on a bench beside my sister. and the boys and girls looked at me aslong as I was there. When I was going home the teacher kissed me and said: 'Good-by, little Runaway.'

"That was a long time ago," said

That Altered the Case.

Of the late French Senator Renaud, the Kolnische Zeitung tells the following anecdote: When Renaud first came as senator to Paris from his home in the Pyrenees he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent-one hundred and fifty francsin advance. The proprietor asked him if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary," replied Renaud. "God has witnessed the payment." "Do you believe in God?" sneered the

host. "Most assuredly," replied Renaud, "don't you?" "Not I, monsieur. " "Ah." said the senator, "in that

case please make me out a receipt!" Hardly Worth Mentioning. A Yankee with some gift for brag-

ging, as well as getting out of a corner, was talking to an Englishman. 'We can lick you right smart," he said. "We've allus done it, an' we can do it again. At Lexington, Concord, Saratoga, Bunker Hill, an' lots of those places we jest gave you fits." "Yes," said the Englishman, "I do-

remember those places. But there was the little battle of White Plains. We rather beat you there."

"Well, you did," admitted the Yankee. "I forgot all about that. I shouldn't have thought of it if you hadn't a-spoke of it. But then, you see, at that battle the Americans somehow didn't seem to take any interest in the fight!"

Easiest Thing in the World.

There are explanations that don't explain, as many people have discovered. A gentleman, talking with a young lady, admitted that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age. "For instance," said he, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now so extensively used, is procured." "Oh, it is very simple." said the lady, with the air of one who knows it all "You just turn . button over the lamp and the lights

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appear at oncel"