

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Stain on cups and saucers may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

If nutmegs are good when pricked with a pin, oil will instantly ooze out.

To remove mildew, soak in butter-milk and spread on the grass in the sun.

Boiled starch can be much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the scum from rising.

If matting, counterpanes or bed-spreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one ounce of sugar.

To keep insects out of bird cages tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in the cage. Red ants will never be found in closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in these places.

When a cold snap comes suddenly you can best protect the plants in the windows by putting some newspapers between the glass and the inside shutters, or by covering up the sash with newspapers, so as to pad all the cracks.

Rugs are pictures now a days, and are valued accordingly. Handsome ones are as often hung up against a blank wall or a dead white door as they are put to use under foot. Lounges and square arm chairs are frequently upholstered with some rich, soft rug instead of other material.

Apple Custard—Make a custard of four beaten eggs, three pints of milk, one cup of sugar and a little salt. Into this stir one pint of stewed, sweetened and seasoned apples, and bake half an hour in a quick oven. Or use five eggs keeping out the white of two with which to forest the top, and brown in the oven. No sauce required.

A delicious prune pudding is made by stewing a pound of prunes till they are soft, remove the stones, add sugar to your taste, and whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Make a puff paste for bottom of pudding dish. After beating the eggs and prunes together till they are thoroughly mixed, spread them on the crust. Bake for half an hour, or until you are sure the crust is done.

Ravigote sauce is made by chopping fine two-thirds of a tablespoonful each of tarragon, peppercorn and chervil and half a teaspoonful of celery and of burnet. Put all in a saucepan with a little salt and pepper; cover with broth; set it on the fire and let it boil for twenty minutes; then strain. Mix two ounces of butter with enough flour to make a paste; put it on the fire with the sauce, adding a tablespoonful of vinegar. Simmer until the flour is cooked, and serve.

Potato Soup—Wash and peel one dozen medium sized potatoes, put them into a saucepan with two onions; add three quarts of corned beef water; boil one hour and a half, until the potatoes fall to pieces; pour the soup through a sieve and rub the potato through it to a fine pulp; put the whole in the saucepan again; when very hot add a pint of hot, rich cream; salt and pepper, if necessary; whisk thoroughly; pour in to a tureen; add croutons and serve.—The Cook.

To Preserve Pears—Cook them in water until they are soft, having previously weighed them, after paring and coring. Set them aside to drain. Take three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit, the juice and thin pared rind of a lemon to each four pounds. Take of the water in which the pears were boiled a gill for every pound of sugar. Cook this with the flavoring until it has boiled for fully five minutes, and is well skimmed. Then add the fruit and cook for fifteen minutes.

How Humorists are Paid.

The remains of the late Henry G. Shaw are daily expected from California, and the question has been raised whether his epitaph should not be in that phonetic spelling in which his utterances appear. Both Artemus Ward and Josh Billings are illustrations of a style of humor in which few succeed, although they had many imitators; and they also show how profitable such a gift can be made. Artemus Ward died early, and yet he had received enough to have made him rich had it been properly cared for. Josh Billings, who was too much of a Yankee to let money slip through his fingers, leaves \$100,000, and perhaps more. These men also were profitable to their publisher (Carleton), who no doubt cleared nearly as much as the authors. Humor has paid better in America than in Great Britain, where, indeed, jokes seldom turn into money. The three funny men of the present day—Artemus Ward, Josh Billings and Mark Twain—received a golden tribute from the public such as would have astonished Tom Hood and other wits of London, whose poverty and other misfortunes have so often awakened sympathy.—New York Letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Suspicious Symptom.

A young man recently called on Dr. Perkins Snover, of Austin. "Doctor I am not feeling right. I believe a change of climate would do me good."

"Are you the cashier of a bank?" asked the doctor, who is of a suspicious disposition.—Texas Siftings.

New York police magistrates get the same pay as cabinet officers, besides which there are perquisites unknown to the latter.

WOMEN WHO SPECULATE.

Their Successes and Failures—Actresses Who Dabble in Stocks.

New York Mail and Express.

"That women speculate and do not stop at ordinary ventures I know to be a fact," said a prominent banker, when approached on the subject; "but they usually employ men to do their work. You see, they cannot operate in person because of the prejudice of their own sex, but they can study and scheme and direct—and this is what they do. The cases in this city where brokers carry heavy lines of stock under their own names which really belong to their clients are not a few, I can tell you. These women, however, do not all live in New York. Bless your heart, they represent every county in the State and, for all I know, every city and town. They are usually women who have inherited property, wards of indulgent guardians or women who have seen the world. By this I mean women who have traveled and learned of the wonderful achievements in the stock line of some noted foreigners; titled or untitled, and desire to outshine them."

"And are they successful?"

"As a rule, yes. 'Women have a very keen appreciation of the 'perchance.' Then, again, they are content with a small margin of profit. And, finally, they seldom play, like a man, for a four-time winner, as it were, to press the limit. If the purchase of to-day shows a gain they are content to pocket that gain, rather than wait for another advance to-morrow, which advance is not always sure to come."

"But if they lose?"

"They lose as little as possible by getting clear of their stock as soon as they see it is going contrary to the way they want it to go. They are very philosophical and cautious, are these same women. But all the women who are represented on the street and in the exchanges are not moneyed parties by long odds."

"No?"

"Far from it. Many a woman sends her last \$10 to put up her margin when the day shall begin."

"Should not think a broker would bother with a business so small."

"The brokers in those cases are usually the woman's brother, sweetheart or cousin. She wheedles a few bank notes out of papa and gives them to her agent, who in turn gives them to some small broker, and very often the miserly little sum of the morning is quite a respectable bank account by night. I remember an instance when a young woman came to New York to attend lectures at the Woman's Medical College. She found living tuition and other expenses so very much more than she had expected that she was not willing to commence her work until she had realized sufficient money to see her through her studies. Listening to the advice of a male cousin, she sent \$50 by him to put up as margin on oil. That \$50 in a week's time brought her back nearly \$1,000."

"All women, however, are not so successful."

"I should say not. There are thousands of dollars swallowed up in margins every day that represent many a young woman's pin-money for a month. Women are natural-born gamblers. They take to gift enterprises, lotteries, speculation and betting as a duck does to water. If you want a good proof of it go any day to these large tea stores where the proprietor gives away a piece of crockery or a silver-plated spoon with every pound of tea. You will find women coming there to buy from districts miles away. They really spend more in car fare and time than the gift is worth, besides getting an inferior grade in their purchase. The proprietor, however, knows their weakness and profits accordingly."

"Are there any female brokers in business in New York?"

"None that I know of. Men brokers, however, have their female aides—women like Vic Woodhull and Jennie Claflin—and these women are powerful allies, I can tell you."

"What is their method of operating?"

"It depends upon circumstances. As a rule, they seek the confidence of some recently bereaved widow—one, bear in mind, who has not been left moneyless. Then they proceed to advise her against trusting the wicked men in matters of business, invariably winding up by recommending their banker or broker as the man above all others to look after her affairs. The same plan is followed with young girls who succeed to legacies or young women from the country who come to the city looking for safe investments for their savings."

"As a class, what women do you think have the greatest use for a broker?"

"Actresses. There is hardly an actress in America to-day that is one of any note, that does not dabble more or less in stocks. The reason for this is, I suppose, that no class of men become more intimate with ladies in the theatrical profession than the banker and broker. Confidence, of course, begets confidence, and in a short time the actress has made the plunge into the financial maelstrom. There is an up-town firm of brokers whose business is almost entirely made up of orders from prominent actresses. Mrs. Langtry, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Rose Coglian, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport, and others of equal fame all have a nice little bundle of good-paying stocks, and, as a rule, are ready to buy more."

Arnoux, a young homing pigeon, was given wing on Pensacola, Fla., on Aug. 3, and on the 26 inst. was found cooing in his cot at Newark, N. J. The flight up the coast was for the distance of 1,010 miles. This exploit places Arnoux fourth in the list. The smoky-blue hen Alabama stands first, that bird having flown from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River, Mass., 1,040 miles, from Aug. 21 to Sept. 12.

Progress of Half a Century.

A short time ago Colonel R. M. Hoe, the senior member of the famous Hoe press manufacturing firm of New York, went to Baltimore and paid a visit to his old friend, Mr. A. S. Abell, of the Sun, at the latter's country seat, Guilford, in Baltimore county.

Both having borne an active part for a half century in the work of a period remarkable for its progress in every field of endeavor, and, while retaining fully their interest and individuality in current movements, having exceeded the threescore and ten years that commonly mark the limit of vigorous old age, their meeting possesses a more than personal interest. The fifty years of their friendship and business activity embrace changes, industrial, political, and social, that constitute a veritable revolution in the conditions of existence as they first knew them. The world of their early manhood is hardly recognized to-day. They have seen the beginning, and have, step by step, traced the development of most of the great powers that science has utilized at man's disposal—powers, the placement of which so sharply distinguished modern times from the sluggish ages that preceded them. Few persons, perhaps, realize the number of new agencies placed at our disposal in the last fifty years, or the vast expansion given in that time to inventions and discoveries previously known. It was within this period that the Baltimore & Ohio crossed the Alleghenies, and by its advance to the Mississippi Valley began the great era of extended and cheapened transportation facilities that has so profoundly modified the industries of the Eastern States of the Union and of Europe. Within that period also falls the establishment of the first line of trans-Atlantic steamships and the shortening of the time of transit from Europe to America from fifteen to less than seven days. The iron and later the steel ship has to a very large extent displaced the wooden vessel. In the building of which Baltimore once excelled. The wooden man-of-war, with its many decks and numerous guns, has given place to a steel fighting machine clad with metallic armor of immense thickness and armed with a few 100-ton breech-loaders, not to mention Nordenfledts, and other weapons unknown even by name to our tars a generation ago. The steam engine, which built fifty years ago accomplished wonders, has since been so improved, both ashore and afloat, that it now consumes but one-fourth of the fuel that it then employed, and has more than quadrupled its efficiency. The Morse telegraph has revolutionized business methods, and by traversing land and sea with its network of lines has co-operated with the railroad to alter most of the conditions under which the arts of peace and war are to be successfully prosecuted. The telephone is a thing of yesterday, but in its narrower sphere has already done much to modify business and social habits. The electric light is a still more recent application to practical purposes of a property of electricity long familiar to scientists. Other great inventions of the last half-century are the daguerrotype and its sequel, the photograph; the sewing machine; the McCormick reaper; the use of iron for purposes of construction in houses and bridges; the Hoe type revolving cylinder press; the Bessemer and other quick processes of making steel; the making of aniline dyes, and various artificial vegetable coloring principles from coal tar, and the introduction of the papier mache matrix as a resource of the stereotypist. Omitting many other things that deserve mention, it may be observed generally that there has been a vast improvement in all the mechanical processes, so that articles formerly in the reach of only the wealthy are to-day to be had at moderate prices. This has been accomplished by a systematic division of labor, which in its turn has been made possible by the phenomenally large amount of capital now at the command of the manufacturer. Social changes have been no less marked than those of an industrial character. The sphere of woman has been greatly enlarged, and new theories of the relation of the citizen to the state have come in vogue the world over, producing unrest and at times disastrous wars. Literature has been substituted for romanticism, and in philosophy Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Maudsley have for many minds taken the place of philosophers of the school of Sir William Hamilton. In a word, in all the walks of science and learning changes extraordinary for their extent and character have taken place within the past fifty years, and it is worthy of note that these two old friends, pioneers in their respective callings, have kept steadily at the front in the march of progress. They are the only survivors of the original board of directors of the old Magnetic Telegraph Company, the precursor of the present vastly extended telegraph system. The original Hoe rotary printing press found immediate appreciation from Mr. Abell, and, keeping pace with all subsequent improvements, the Sun now has in use Colonel Hoe's latest improved perfecting press. Colonel Hoe left for New York, whence he sails for Europe on the *Jurania* with his wife and daughter, but before going felt constrained to come over and shake hands and have a talk with his old friend about the happenings of the long period during which their intimacy has continued.—Baltimore Sun Editorial.

The Philadelphia Record concludes, from data furnished by the house-to-house inspectors, that 35,000 to 40,000 residences in that city are centres of pollution more or less dangerous to health. This momentous fact shows that the public are heedless of sanitary precautions or incapable of suggesting and carrying out measures of relief.

Knocking a Hole in a River's Bed.

About fifteen miles north of Kingwood, West Va., along the Cheat river, can be seen some of the most rugged and inspiring scenery to be found anywhere in West Virginia, if not anywhere in North America, east of the Rocky mountains. On either side of the river, for probably half a mile, there is a perpendicular wall of solid limestone about 350 feet in height. From the top of these walls, or cliffs, on the east side of the river, the craggy and timbered mountain, with a slope of about 60 deg. looms up more than 2,000 feet. Near the top of this mountain has stood for unknown ages a great rock, measuring twenty feet from the top to bottom, and averaging about eighteen feet in thickness. It contained about 9,480 cubic feet of hard, flint-like limestone, and allowing 100 pounds to each cubic foot, the weight of the monster was 948,000 pounds or 324 tons. It was determined by the people in the neighborhood to give this rock a start down the mountain. A tree was cut down that stood against the stone, and the earth dug away. A correspondent says: I was up the mountain probably twenty yards from the rock to get a good view of its course from the river, and was watching closely for the start.

"Now she goes!" came to my ears, and I could see the top of the great rock going out from the mountain—now slow, now faster, now a crash, and then crashes upon crashes. The scene presented by that rock tearing and thundering down the mountain can be imagined, but it cannot be described. It had a tendency to confound the sense and bewilder the reason. Great trees were torn from the earth and hurled into the air like twigs in a whirlwind, and the trunks of mammoth oaks were torn and splintered in quick succession. On and on it went, making a clean cut road from the start. The mountain trembled, and the spectators stood spellbound. The rock gained in speed as it neared the river, which was in view at the lower end of the great limestone walls. It now struck the last precipice, and, after going outward and downward more than 200 feet it fell into the river with a roaring sound.

After the dust and leaves and flying pieces of limbs had settled we could see a peculiar action of the water, but we were too far off to discover the cause. A walk of more than a mile around, as it was next to impossible to go straight down the mountain from where we were, brought us to the river, but instead of seeing the rock we saw the water rushing from every direction down into a huge hole probably thirty feet square. During the half hour we were there not less than ten saw logs were drawn into the whirl and disappeared.

It is supposed that the cave extends under the river, and that the weight of the immense rock coming down with such force and rapidity caused the roof to give way. Whether or not the water will soon fill the hole up and thence flow on as before will depend upon the extent of the cavern and the existence of an outlet to carry the water from the cavern to some other stream, or to some other part of the country.

When I left that district the water was still rushing down the hole, carrying saw logs and every other floating substance.

Changes in Western Climate.

"When I came here in 1872," said President David B. Perry of Deane college, Crete, Neb., to a correspondent recently, "many people were incredulous of the growth of this state. The atmosphere was excessively dry and it was doubtful whether corn or tame grass or fruit trees would grow. The soil was tough and stubborn, and shed the little rain that fell quickly. We had interminable wind storms. It would blow, blow, blow, day after day, till the tin was unbearable. I have seen people fairly worn out with the incessant, strenuous, wearisome blasts that so relentlessly kept a whirl and racket about them. And there used to come, in summer, occasional hot blasts from the south that would wilt our grain, especially our corn. But there has come a most remarkable change. The atmosphere is not nearly so dry. Ladies have to guard within doors, against mildew occasioned by dampness much as they do at the east. We have much more rain, and it is much more evenly distributed over the year than it used to be. We have fewer and fewer wind storms, and the heated winds that did such mischief do not trouble us at all. See for yourself the crops we raise! Look at that corn-field. There are 200 solid acres as fine as any in the world."

"Well, but what has induced so great a change? Are you sure it is permanent?" "I am sure it is permanent because I know what has caused it. Hundred of thousands of acres, year after year, were plowed up and the soil rendered porous. You know we are the great soldier state. There was a vast army of men at the close of the war, who went home to find their old places occupied and their occupation gone. They came out here. They put in their homestead and timber claims for government land and went vigorously to work at farming. The people at Beatrice have a Grand Army reunion shortly and they count on 60,000 of 'em boys being there. Such wide spread tillage of wholly new land has prepared the surface soil to receive and retain moisture. The corn itself, by its shade, prevents rapid evaporation. So do our countless groves. Arbor day is a great institution out here, as you can anywhere and everywhere see."

"And you think the moisture in the earth increases the rainfall?" "Most certainly. The influence of the clouds and soil becomes reciprocal."

"But what should effect the winds so remarkably?" "This same circumstance of a more moist atmosphere. The air is heavier, less volatile. Besides the groves are very important in their influence in breaking the force of the wind. It cannot now sweep across

the state as if it were a sheet of water. The groves constantly interrupt and break its force."

"It seems almost incredible that so radical a change should have occurred so soon." "Yes, I would not believe it if I had not seen it and felt it. You can judge for yourself whether we are troubled to raise crops. We have had five successive years of them. Last year the railroads themselves were dismayed at the corn to be moved. Away out, 150 miles to the west of here, in Phelps county and Gasper, and Lincoln, the cultivation is going on—so it is north of the Platte, and also south of us in Kansas."

The Most Beautiful Woman in the World.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

They were sitting a number of kindred spirits, spinning yarns in the law office of Cox & Grider the other afternoon. The conversation had turned upon the subject of beautiful women and where the handsomest women were to be found. There was a great diversity of opinion expressed, the majority stoutly maintaining, of course, that the girl par excellence was not to be seen outside that glorious sovereignty of old Kentucky.

"Gentlemen," remarked the old Colonel who had been appealed to for his views of the situation, "the most perfect figure and prettiest face I ever saw were in the wilds of Arkansas. A party of us were out hunting, over in the swamps between the White and Arkansas Rivers. Toward sunset we came to a deep and muddy bayou, which we knew at a glance it would be impossible to ford. On the opposite side a canoe of the 'dug-out' pattern, indigenous to the country, was moored. Away behind the trees a blue wreath of smoke curled quietly heavenward, marking the place where some settler had built his cabin in the lonely waste. After a series of yells from our guide that would have reflected credit on a Comanche brave about to take the war-path, a woman glided down to the bank on the other side, gracefully seated herself in the canoe and commenced paddling towards us with strong, swift strokes. As she neared the place where we were standing we all saw she was young—not more than 19—and with a face of surpassing loveliness. Her complexion was that of perfect brunette type only to be found in those whose ancestors for many generations have lived beneath sunny skies; her cheeks had that unspeakable tint so often seen on the sun-kissed side of a ripe peach; her mouth was exquisite, with pouting lips like twin cherries; her hair floated down her back in silken, shining waves nearly to the ground; and her eyes! ah, gentlemen, how shall I describe the midnight splendor or the transcendent glories to be seen in the liquid depths of those dark orbs?"

"As she stepped lightly out on the bank and stood holding the 'dug-out' for us to get into," continued the old gentleman, "she displayed the most ravishingly perfect figure I ever beheld. She was dressed in the single cotton garment, fashioned out of coarse 'factory,' which is worn by the females of her class in these distant wilds. It had evidently been made a year or two before, for she had outgrown it to such an extent that it imperfectly performed the duties for which it had been constructed. It revealed a bust, with which in artistic outlines the famous Venus de Medici could not for a moment compare. The short skirt permitted a glimpse of her ankles that were absolutely faultless, and—"

"I have a book here, gentlemen, which I should like to show you, if you will permit me, said a dapper little fellow, stepping briskly into the room.

"He was met with a howl of dissent from the major and the judge and the captain and the old squire, so wild and fierce that he never stopped running until he was down the stairs.

"Go on, colonel; oh, go on!" was the unanimous demand of his listeners. The old judge stepped quietly over, closed the door and locked it, remarking, his American heart would be daubed if he proposed that story would be interrupted any more if the court knew herself, or words to that effect.

"I don't know that I have any more to tell," was the reply.

"Colonel," solemnly said the venerable Major, "if you leave that peerless girl standing there holding a canoe on the bank of that muddy bayou, I'll hold you personally responsible—I will, as sure as there is a God in heaven."

"We didn't leave her there," responded the Colonel. "She paddled us across the stream, and when we asked what she charged, she said, 'Oh, nuthin', I reckon; pop went a bar huntin', this mawnin' an' took all the ter-backer with him of one o' you fellers! I give me a chaw I'll call it square.' We gave her a chaw and went on about our business. I never saw her again."

"I believe you're a liar," vociferated the Judge, "as he unlocked the door; 'an infernal old bald-headed liar.'"

"So do I," chimed in each of the listeners as they passed out and followed the irate leader down the stairs the streets below.

The question of which State produces the most beautiful women is still before the house.

A well-informed correspondent, who is said to be officially connected with the German general staff, has during the last two months contributed to the Berliner Tageblatt a series of articles on the armed strength of Europe. In the event of war, the disciplined soldiers that could within three months be sent into the field by these countries may be numbered as follows: Roumania, 102,000; Serbia, 73,000; Bulgaria, 72,000; Greece, 61,000; Eastern Roumelia, 25,000; Montenegro, 24,000; Turkey, 284,000. The same authority estimates that the maximum available strength of the great powers for warfare operations in European Turkey within three months of the outbreak of hostilities would be: Russia, 810,000; Germany, 430,000; France, 320,000; Austria-Hungary, 320,000; Italy, 207,000; and Great Britain, 80,000.

A Signal for War.

"Hey, Rubel!" called out a ground and lofty tumbler from the stoop of a Union square dramatic agency, says the New York Herald, and at the cry some half-dozen gentlemen who had graduated from the sawdust turned around, clenched their fists, and tried to look savage.

The tumbler laughed.

"You don't understand that hail, do you?" he asked a reporter who was with him.

"No; what is it?"

"That's circus lingo," said he. "Hey, Rubel" is a sort of grand hailing sign of distress among the profesh on the road. How it came into use I don't know. I suppose it was started in some old-fashioned row under the canvas, and has lasted up to this. Anyway, I've heard it in my life pretty often, and every time there was blood on the face of the moon."

"What does it mean?"

"Well, it signifies to a circus company, from the star rider down to the caravan driver, that he must hustle around, get a bale stick or something, and then use it for all he's worth. It is not easy for a person in New York to understand the trouble circus men meet with in country districts. Sometimes they bring it on themselves, I admit, by cutting up too much with the country folks, and causing bad blood that way. But, as a general thing, you'll find that the hay-seed roughs and the game birds of the factory towns will try to pick a quarrel with the circus hands, and then there is no end of rows between them. One would think in the old days that a circus company was made up of your later-day pugilists, and was going around for the express purpose of fighting the best men at every stand they had. It those times it was customary for the country fellows to get together and beat the admission, carry the entrance with a crush, and do what they felt like inside. Well, sometimes they succeeded and got in all right. Then a new responsibility fell on the ringmaster or whoever was master of ceremonies. He had to put all the hands on their guard and prepare them for action. A little coolness and some deception were necessary. He never stopped the performance. That would have given the intruders a cue for raising mischief. The exercises kept right on, but when the ring master was ready he just went out in the sawdust, where he could be heard, and shouted, as though he wanted one of the boys: 'Hey, Rubel! Every one knew what that meant, and in a twinkling every soul who could bear arms, so to speak, was equipped and ready for the fray. Then, if there was occasion for it, a 'bouncing act' was performed that knocked your metropolitan shows of that kind into the shade. Sometimes they were downright pitched battles fought in the tent. But generally the circus people came off all right. The cry of 'Hey, Rubel!' put them on the alert, and were never caught napping. That's why all the old timers on the road are stirred up when they hear that cry."

What Oysters Eat to Make Them so Palatable.

The only condition requisite in any organic body to fit it for food for the oyster seems, says J. A. Ryder, to be that it shall be small enough to be passed through the wide but vertically-constructed mouth and throat. The great bulk of its food, however, probably consists of the minute larvae of marine animals, of infusoria and of the microscopic one-celled plants known as diatoms. The vegetable, living part of these diatoms is enclosed in a siliceous case, and the empty cases are found in great numbers among the matters contained in the intestine and stomach of the animal.

The extent of the reproductive organs of an oyster at the spawning season is quite large, but they diminish greatly in bulk or disappear altogether after the season is over. The mature ova of the American and Portuguese species measure about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, and a large American female oyster may contain more than 100,000,000 ova. They begin spawning at one year old. The generative tissue is distributed over the surface of the body mass in this spawning season of a thick, creamy, white, superficial layer, consisting of a number of little sacs embedded in the connective tissue. These sacs pour their contents into tubes, which finally empty into an oviduct opening into the water space above the gills, so that the ova escape by way of the cloaca.

John Chatham's Last Dram.

Says a dispatch from Williamsport, Pa.: John Chatham, of Pine Station, has been known as a heavy drinker, and has been held up to youths as an example of what degradation will follow the use of intoxicating liquors. It was made known Monday morning that John died Sunday after drinking a pint of whiskey. Chatham had been on a protracted spree. All his money was gone. He was thirsting for a drink and he walked to the hotel bar and asked for a glass of liquor. The bartender said: "If you drink a pint of whiskey you can have it for nothing." This liberality astonished Chatham. Recovering himself, he said in an excited manner: "Give me a pint and I'll drink it." The bartender poured out a pint of whiskey in a large glass. Chatham grasped the glass, raised it to his lips and never lowered it until the last drop gurgled down his throat. Smacking his lips he laid the glass on the bar rubbing his hands in ecstasy. He exclaimed as he tottered toward the door, "That has made a new man of me." He fell to the floor unconscious. The bartender picked him up. Chatham was dead.

The greatest number of persons carried on any one day last year by the New York elevated railroads was 400,076.