

WITTED FOR THE AMERICAN.

FATHER FITZGERALD'S SCHEME.

BY PRUDENCE WILDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

CLEARING DR. WENTWORTH'S HOME. Dr. Wentworth makes his visit very shortly after noon. "Ah, Judge, been for a drive?" is his salutory remark.

"Yes, and it has given me new life. Now I suppose we may drive often so long as I notice good results."

"That is my idea. Long drives even to tire you some will do—say six or seven miles. Dr. Brown wrote me quite a lengthy letter, advising that you almost live out of doors now that we are convinced it is safe. Your nervous system is a masterpiece—never saw a letter one. Perhaps like the old lady, you were born before nerves came in fashion."

"That may be, but I do not account for my recovery in my own constitution. The medical profession now-a-days do wonderful things. Allow me right now, doctor, to express my appreciation of your services by something more substantial than words. Sam has had unbounded confidence in you always, and more, he takes much interest in your prosperity as do we all. During my illness he found that a mortgage was hanging upon your home, and after talking the matter over we concluded to raise it, leaving your property free from incumbrance, if you will accept such payment for your valuable services as our family physician."

"Why, Judge, the amount of that mortgage is \$3,000."

"And if it were more I would gladly make you the same offer. Will you take this money and receipt my bill?"

"You embarrass me, Judge. I can scarcely credit the sincerity of such a liberal offer."

"Now, Doctor, I am very much in earnest, so much so that I have the money already drawn to hand over to you right now. Here it is," and Judge Rogers takes from under his pillow an old-fashioned wallet and counts out the exact amount. "Take it, my old friend, and may all deserving invalids have as good treatment as I have received from your hands."

"You are indeed a friend in need. And now let me say that this mortgage has annoyed me for ten years. Some way I could not pay it. It is impossible for me to express my feelings, so please try and guess them, and remember I am at your service day and night. I must now be going as I have several very sick patients. Good bye and God bless you."

"He's a noble old fellow" muses the judge, as the physician passes his bedroom door.

After dinner Madge and her father sit out on the lawn with Dandy, several pet rabbits and pigeons playing about. They are very fond of their pets. In fact every animal and bird they own is a pet. The judge's most valuable horse is as gentle as a kitten and follows his master around the yard as would Boso or Dandy.

Mrs. Morse joins the home-like group and they remain out on the lawn playing with the pets until supper time.

"After supper, Papa, we must have James drive us out," says Madge, while they go to the dining-room.

James always drives a fast team so it takes but a short time for them to reach Winter's mill. Here they give the horses a cool drink, get some fresh butter-milk for themselves and return home before dark.

Mrs. Morse runs to the house like a girl of sixteen.

"That ride is worth a whole case of snappers. The judge will improve wonderfully now that he can get out," says the housekeeper to Sarah.

Just before retiring the family sit talking of Sam and the detective, when James brings in a telegram for Madge which reads: "We'll be at home sometime Friday." Now they all wonder and conjecture until a late hour.

Mrs. Morse, as usual, suggests that it is bed time, and goes with Madge to her room, while James remains to attend to the judge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOSE ADMINISTERS JUSTICE.

Detective Case and Sam stop off long enough in Chicago on their way to Maiden Rock to have an interview with Mrs. Foley. The telegram only advised going to this little out-of-the-way town and the detective knew that it would be greatly to their advantage to learn why he was wired to that effect. They find Mrs. Foley in the quiet boarding house he pastor had recommended, studying a new play. She has no information to offer except a short letter which she took from Dennis Foley's lock-box by identifying herself as his wife. Detective Case read the letter aloud:

MAIDEN ROCK, Wis., June 23, 1890.—MY DEAR DEN: I shall watch for you every night until you come. Mrs. DeMont returns early, so there will be no interference. It seems an age since we left Chicago, and I can only endure this separation by knowing that soon we can be always together. Mamie and I are just ready to go across the lake so I must close.

Hoping to see you very soon, I am as ever your devoted ANNETTE.

"We'll away to this place, and, Mrs. Foley, we shall need your evidence in court very soon if we are fortunate

enough to find your husband," says the detective.

"Certainly, I wish to be of service in this case, as I assured you in my previous talk. If you have any further instructions give them carefully, and so far as in me lies, they shall be followed to the letter. I no longer, since you and the pastor gave me a friendly hand, feel like a galley-slave or an imprisoned creature, but my old vim has returned, and it seems to me now I shall never give up the chase until justice has been meted to Dennis Foley. Who knows but this Annette may have been even more basely treated than myself? Here, Detective Case, are six letters that I entrust to you. In them is some clue to the money now in his possession. I ask you as a favor to look them over and be ready to advise me when you return. Pardon me for talking so much about myself, and now let me know what I can do to assist you."

"Watch the mail, Mrs. Foley, and in case anything comes tomorrow or the next day that in any way will throw light upon our case, enclose it in an envelope addressed to Rev. Case, Maiden Rock, Wis. I will be through there probably in a few days, but it is uncertain. However I'll send a telegram to continue my instructions if it becomes necessary. These letters shall have my careful consideration, and any assistance that the Rogers family can give, do not hesitate to expect. Now we must be off to catch our train. I shall more than likely make you another call very soon."

The two busy men bow themselves out and hurry to the station. They reach Maiden Rock just at dusk, dressed as tourists, and put up at the only hotel the town affords, known as the Seelye House. Mrs. Ford, the landlady, is very talkative. She thinks these new comers look like good customers and proceeds to entertain them with the village gossip. First she glibly tells of the latest excitement. Two strange ladies have rented half of a double house, settling in it as though they meant to stay. They have no business and must be wealthy as they keep a servant and live as rich people do.

"And what is the name of this new family?" inquires Detective Case. "Are the ladies sisters?"

"No, they are not sisters. The elder one is a Miss DeMont and the other Annette Brown. She is very pretty—a Mexican, I have heard."

"And they live alone. Probably they came out here for a quiet rest," suggests Sam, to help the conversation along.

"Very likely. Our town is fast becoming a fashionable summer resort, especially gentlemen enjoy an outing here. Just across the lake is Frontenac a remarkably pleasant spot. Many have made it their home during the past few months. If you gentlemen conclude to rusticate around here I shall take great pleasure in making you comfortable and promise to be reasonable in my charges," says the affable matron adjusting her spectacles.

"Indeed," answers the detective, "we are highly pleased with your hospitality, and should it be our conclusion to remain we will accept your offer. Our journey has been rather tiresome so very soon after supper we shall retire."

"Ah, I will show you at once to your room and order your supper served in fifteen minutes if that will suit you."

"Thanks, we will be in the dining-room at the time you suggested."

As she is hurrying down the hall the detective begins, "We must proceed at once to business. Foley has not yet arrived, unless under cover of night, and we must find out without pointed questioning if he is expected, in case our loquacious hostess has a hint of his friendship, relationship or whatsoever it be with Annette. With our present enlightenment we must be in sight of every train, making sure that if his arrival is by train to arrest him before he has time to learn that strangers are here. A little place like this will be all in an uproar over two travelers. No doubt as soon as a messenger from this house can reach the next door the news will begin to spread. I would arrest this woman, this Annette, but it is not wise to do so yet for that will prevent his coming, and perhaps she could not be made to disclose his location even if she knows it; so for a day or two we'll just rove about keeping our eyes and ears open."

"There goes the supper call. Let us descend for I am just feeling hungry for the first time since we left home," remarks Sam as they turn to leave the room.

"It is rather hard on you, Sam, to have to leave your bride so unceremoniously to wander about perhaps chasing a will-o-the-wisp."

"No, no, Mr. Case; no Jack-lanterns with us; we know what we're after, and our reasons for this new location are certainly not vapory."

"Your confidence is encouraging, old fellow. Mrs. Ford the room is very homelike and you may expect us to occupy it as long as our sojourn continues," and as the detective ceases speaking she beams upon them a grateful smile as she assigns the seats at the table.

Sam notices a time card and finds a train is due at midnight that only stops in case passengers for Maiden Rock are aboard, or signaled by the agent.

(To be Continued.)

THE RURAL HEDGIA TO CITIES.

All the World Over People Are Flooding From the Country to Reside in Towns.

One of the remarkable social features of this era is the large and constant movement of population from the country to the cities—a movement that tends to rural depopulation. It is not confined to any country or any part of the earth, but is most marked in the oldest and most thickly populated countries of Europe. It is also a movement of considerable importance to all civilized countries, Australia. It is best stated perhaps, as a disproportionate growth of towns, to the extent that in the past 20 or 40 years there has been an actual diminution of the rural population in the greater portion of Europe and in many parts of this continent and Australia.

Perhaps this movement has been most marked in Great Britain and Ireland. The migration of population from the rural districts to towns was first apparent in Wales in 1851. It did not become of any importance in England until some 10 years later. During the last 20 years eight counties in England and three in Wales have lost 10 per cent of their rural population—that is, the rural population in those counties today is 10 per cent less than it was 20 years ago. In some districts, particularly in the southwest of the kingdom, the decrease in rural population is as high as 20 to 30 per cent. In Scotland the movement toward the towns began 60 years ago, and parliamentary returns show that the depopulation has been much greater than in England and Wales, but the precise percentage is not stated. The highlands have suffered most, but the lowlands have also lost heavily. The returns quoted aver that the formation of deer forests, which necessitate the dispossession and driving away wholesale of very many families, has played no important part in the depopulation of the rural districts. This indicates that to some deeper underlying cause must be ascribed the great general exodus from the rural regions.

The depopulation of Ireland has been continuous and severe and general throughout the country. It has not been a rural depopulation only, but a general emigration from both town and country. It began before the great famine of 1846 and has continued ever since. But even in Ireland, with this general decrease of the population as a whole, there has been a great increase in the population of many towns. Belfast has increased remarkably. There seems to exist nowadays on the part of many rural born persons an aversion to country life, and it would seem an aversion that is spreading. Reasons to account for this are plentiful and will readily be conceived. Whether there is any remedy and whether a remedy is required are other questions.—New York Sun.

Poets Who Publish Their Poems.

The pathos or really tear starting part of the copyright records relates to poetry. There are more books of poems in the National Library than the most careful and diligent student of American literature can imagine, and the sad thing about it is that by all odds the greatest number of these books are published by the authors themselves. In every other class of literature the copyrighted publications are mostly by large publishing houses, and the writers appear to have more or less the support of the reading public, but the poet, who appears to be the most persistent of all producers, seems to have to feet upon his own fancies and pay his bills. Be the publishers as discriminating as they may, the copyright law has no favorites and permits all who produce to claim the right of exclusive publication, and in the congressional library the volumes of the poets stand proudly by the side of the works of genius. Thousands of volumes of "Poems, published by the author," stand upon the shelves, and it is a revelation how many men and women, who would not attempt to write in prose, think that their wild fancies in a regular rhyme and stilted meter are worth preserving in print for posterity. In this class is found the very poorest example of literary effort. The number of productions of truly good poetry in this country is, however, increasing with considerable rapidity.—Washington Star.

Coaches In France.

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravalliac. It is from these that Koubou has had the sketches of the three carriages on his plate 173 engraved.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale 6 feet in length by 3½ feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them and two more, one on each side of the two "boots" at the side. Each vehicle had a roof resting on light columns and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendants, who rode with him in the carriage, drew the curtains, and hiding the king from public view assured the enraged people that he was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

What an Engineer Does In Danger.

We are making a mile a minute. What would the driver do if he saw before him a burning bridge or the red lights of a standing train? His left hand is on the throttle. He would close it. Almost in the same second his right hand would grasp the sand lever, and with his left he would apply the brakes. With both hands in about the third second he would reverse the engine. Perhaps he has heard that old story that to reverse a locomotive is to increase her speed—that a bird will fly faster with folded wings. He may pretend to believe it, but he will reverse her just the same. If she has room, she will stop. Even without the aid of the airbrake she will stop the train if the rail holds out. I ought to say that the instant he reverses the engine he will kick the cylinder cocks open; otherwise he may blow off a steam chest or a cylinder head.—McClure's Magazine.

Horsepower of a Whale.

What is the horsepower of a whale? This is the problem which has been solved by a brace of Scottish mathematicians. A whale was stranded on the western coast of Scotland, and the interesting calculation was made that power equal to 145 horses would be required to propel the whale through the water at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

Why Is It?

How is it that when two men go angling one catches all the fish and the other all the malaria out of the same stream?—Indianapolis Commercial.

SHOOTING HONKERS.

GREAT SPORT WHICH IS FOUND IN THE NORTHWEST.

Countless Swarms Which Congregate Between the Red River Valley and the Mississippi—Shooting Does Not Appear to Diminish Their Number.

Wild goose hunting on the plains of the northwest is a sport which always has great charm even for the experienced Nimrod. It is a sport replete with incident and a recreation which must once be indulged in to be thoroughly appreciated. The wild goose is known in all parts of North America, but in no section of the country does this bird appear in such numbers as in that territory lying between the Red River valley and the Missouri river. There the geese swarm in countless numbers and become corpulent on the grains of No. 1 hard which have been shaken from the stalk by the reaper and are lying in the stubble everywhere. Large numbers of the birds are killed by resident hunters and for eastern markets, but no apparent diminution is noticeable in the size and number of the flocks to be seen when the shooting season begins each year.

An hour's lively sport with the honkers on the wheatfields of North Dakota means but one thing to the inexperienced hunter, and that is something for his pains, especially if he happens to get in a well concealed stand directly in the line of flight. Then it is nothing uncommon for him to "tumble over" a wagon load of geese in very short order. Wild geese are a staple commodity in North Dakota and readily bring from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen during the shooting season. In the little towns and stations along the Northern Pacific railway, during the fall and spring flights, almost everybody turns out for a few hours in the morning and toward the close of the day to shoot at the geese, and a right warm reception are the birds treated to. Many will ride to the outskirts of the town and shoot from a buggy or wagon at the passing myriads overhead and occasionally bring down a bird at long range.

The hunter who is out for business and is shooting for market and the money there is in it drives out 10 or 15 miles over the prairie several hours before daylight, and after selecting a spot where the geese have been seen in great numbers the day before digs a pit in the ground large enough to conceal himself and arranges the stubble or grass about the mouth of it so as to present a natural appearance. Close by he plants his decoys and settles back in the pit and anxiously awaits the coming of the morning. It is still dark, but from every quarter of the prairie come sounds of animal life which foretell the coming of a new day. The mournful cry of the curlew is heard overhead, and a flock of plover demonstrate their close proximity by the hurrying noise of their wings.

For some time he sits in a cramped position, listening to the booming notes of a prairie chicken, which bird is pouring forth a volume of drumlike sounds. The sharp yelp of a coyote not far away is unmistakable evidence that that thriving, skulking animal has jumped up a cotton tail and is hustling for an early breakfast. At the first peeping of the gray dawn the hunter suddenly hears a welcome sound—the faint and faraway honk-honk of the goose. He examines his gun and notes the direction of the sound. Nearer and nearer the sound comes, and finally he ventures to take a peep out of the pit and discovers the distant outlines of a large flock spread out V shaped in the morning sky, bearing off to one side. Apparently they have not seen the decoys, and the hunter thinks it is yet too dark.

Suddenly the leader is seen to waver, and with loud cries the flock turns and circles around the decoys as if suspicious of their genuineness, but drawing nearer at each turn. They have approached within easy shooting distance, and just as soon as the flock pitches down among the decoys the loud bang! bang! of a heavily loaded shotgun is heard, and two puffs of smoke are seen coming apparently from the surface of the earth a short distance away. Several geese are lying on the ground, and one is skimming away over the prairie with a tipped wing.

Some other flocks appear, and the shooting becomes lively until the sun is fully two hours high, when the flocks diminish, both in size and number, and with the exception of a few stragglers the morning flight is over.

Crystal Springs is the name of a small station on the Northern Pacific, 30 miles west of Jamestown, N. D. There are several small alkali lakes in close proximity to the station and a number of springs in the hills near by, from which the place gained its name. The town proper consists of a depot, boarding house and water tank and a population not exceeding 10 souls. One April morning a few years or so since the writer, in company with the telegraph operator at the place, sallied forth in quest of geese, large flocks of which were seen circling around and alighting on a small lake, fringed with bushes and tall grass, not over a mile from the station. After a full hour spent in crawling over the ground and keeping out of sight as much as possible the hunters crept through the grass to the bushes and looked cautiously out.

Upward of 1,000 geese were sporting on the water, diving, squawking and carrying on at a great rate. When the edge of the flock had come within 80 yards the hunters raised their guns and gave them a barrel, following it up with the remaining barrel as they rose heavily from the water. Twenty-eight geese were gathered up as the result of the shot, 24 of them the white or brant geese. The remaining four were fine specimens of that variety of all birds of its species—the blackhead or Canadian goose. The morning's work was highly satisfactory.—Cleveland Leader.

THEY DEFFY Imitation.

Education Can Supply No Substitutes For Wholesome or Trazel.

With all our boasted labor saving machinery and modern inventions there are numerous articles entering into the economy of manufacture which seem crude and simple, but which defy improvement.

No one, for instance, has ever been able to find a substitute for whalebone. With the diminution of the supply and the enormously increased cost of the article, scores of inventors have turned their attention to the article and attempted to supply a substitute, but up to the present time nothing as durable, tough and pliable as whalebone has resulted.

Another article without which no woolen manufacturer could prepare certain goods for the market is the teal. It is absolutely essential in raising a nap on cassimeres and soft woolen fabrics, and although scores of imitation teazles have been invented none is found to give the satisfaction of the old little burr, with its stiff little hooks, which is so extensively exported and cultivated for the cloth finishing trade.

Persons who have never seen a teal can imagine a fur cone, set all over with little barbs. It is really a burr, or flower head, or thistle top of the plant dipsacus, and so identified is it with cloth dressing, and so long and so general has been the use of the teal for the purpose mentioned, that it is even reflected in its botanical name, Dipsacus filonum, or "fuller's teal."

However familiar the teal may be to persons familiar with woolen manufacture, or to those who live in countries where it is extensively cultivated, the fact remains that the great majority of persons have never heard of such an article and will be astonished to learn in what enormous quantities they are raised.

In France alone 6,000 acres of land are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the teal. French manufacturers use annually nearly \$2,000,000 worth of the prickly heads and export during the same period upward of 60,000 tons, valued at \$2,500,000. When it is considered that a teal weighs not more than an ordinary burdock, the vast quantity exported can be realized in part.

In addition to the French crop, which is the most highly esteemed, teazels are produced in enormous quantities in Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea. Until recently they did not grow satisfactorily in the United States, but now they are quite extensively grown in Oneida county, in this state, and possibly elsewhere, and it is said return a fair profit to the cultivator for the outlay of money.

The prickles of the teal have a small knob at the end, and this mounted on an elastic stem, and set with great precision on the central spindle, which, revolving, claws the surface of the cloth, raises a nap which mechanical contrivances have always failed in equaling.—New York Herald.

Eccentricity In Literary Taste.

Curious whims are occasionally shown by readers at the Public Library. There was a woman who regularly every Friday came for a volume of sermons. She did not mind whose sermons, nor what the subject, so long as they were religious discourses of some sort. Monday she would come back, return the sermons and take out a novel to unbend her mind until the next Friday, when the sermons would again be in demand. There was another woman who would never read anything but a religious novel, as she called it, not such a one as "Ben-Hur" or one with a particular religious tenet to inculete, but a book with a clergyman as its chief character.

Swinburne's "Heavenly Arcana" was read daily for years by an eccentric old gentleman. He would draw the book, keep it two weeks, return it with his place marked and call early the next morning to take it out again. He never took any other book from the library, and finally died, leaving his place marked as usual. There is one old man who will never read a book written by a woman. He reads good books continually, but will have nothing to do with a volume bearing a woman's name as its author.—Boston Herald.

One of the Paine Anecdotes.

A volume could be made of the good stories in which the venerable Henry W. Paine, who ended his long life here, is the central figure. Mr. Paine undoubtedly knew more law than many of our judges. He himself had declined a seat on the supreme bench of his native state of Maine and again when Governor Bullock tendered him the succession to Chief Justice Bigelow in Massachusetts. But he was not arrogant of his learning, and it is only as illustrating his perennial humor that the story is told of him, how, when seen reading a lawbook on a street car, a friend said: "What! Mr. Paine, you reading law?" "Bless your soul, no!" was the reply; "this is not law; it is a volume of supreme court decisions."—Boston Commonwealth.

The Advantage of Light Heads.

"I come of a very old family," boasted Batkins as the party sat around the fire at the club lying about their ancestors.

"I suppose they were in the ark with Noah," sneered Smith, who affects to despise those who claim a long line of ancestors.

"They didn't have to get into the ark," interrupted Simpson, who dislikes Batkins; "the family is so light headed they floated like corks."

Then Smith touched the button, and by his presence of mind prevented a riot.—Philadelphia Call.

His Fatal Nerves.

Father—Well, young man, I understand, then, that you love my daughter? Nervous Youth—N-n-n-o, sir; I wish to marry her.—Exchange.

GLASGOW WAYS.

Points That Interest an American in the Scotch Metropolis.

"Let me take you tomorrow to see our municipal buildings, and you will see a palace which cost several millions of your dollars, of which sum not a sixpence was stolen or jobbed," remarked a Glasgow lairie to a Boston Herald correspondent, who was his guest.

Next morning I went to the municipal buildings—what we would call the city hall, writes this correspondent. I found the place no less palatial than it had been described to me. It is far and away the most beautiful building of the kind I have ever seen. Its marbles, its stairways, its reception rooms, are exceedingly beautiful; its business rooms are in admirable taste. The building is the palace of a king—King Demos—and a crowned colleague has a lovelier dwelling.

There were no loafers in the halls; no large jawed politicians were holding up the exquisite iron gates; no office seekers were sprinkling the yard with strong language and tobacco juice; the place was more than respectable—it was attractive.

In this palace of King Demos there are state apartments most richly bedecked; there are a drawing room, a danceroom, a banquet room, and I know not what, and these apartments are used on festive occasions when official citydom is expected to disport itself to the credit of the community—which latter by one, two, three, four or more thousand representatives comes to join in the gayety.

The mayor of Glasgow is called the lord provost. He is chosen for three years at nothing a year. He is expected to live in some state and hospitality and to uphold the gentle dignity of the town. It costs him from \$10,000 to \$15,000 or \$20,000 annually to do this, as circumstances serve. Obviously it is easier for a rich man than it is for a camel to enter the provostship of Glasgow. But the Glaswegians propose that if the camel be not available, then shall not the rich man have it all his own way. They talk now of endowing the provostship, so that the sums necessarily spent upon splendor may henceforth come from the public purse. But they do not propose to give the lord provost a salary. His services must be gratuitous as before.

Glasgow is a solid looking town. Every building is of stone, after the Scotch way. One rarely sees brick in Scotland. The ribs of the hills are dug out for building withal, so that a Scotch town seems built to endure. Wherever you go you find stone stairs in the buildings of Glasgow.

The difference between British building and American is not more marked than in this matter of stone stairways and brick partition walls—dwelling houses, I mean, as well as warehouses.

Deeming it necessary to prevent the construction of sky cleaving buildings, which shut out light, air and everything but ugliness, the Glasgow folk enacted a law that no building shall be higher than the width of the street on which it fronts. You can build a mile high if you have a thoroughfare as wide as that.

A capital thing they have in Glasgow which we have not. The municipality has constructed a number of bath-houses, fitted with huge white tiled swimming tanks, each holding from 80,000 to 100,000 gallons of water. The water is kept at a temperature of 70 degrees. These baths are open day and evening throughout the year. The admission to these baths is 4 cents per person. Half a million bathers use these tanks in a year. Connected with the bath buildings are washhouses where workmen's wives do their family laundry work, having for a charge of 5 cents per hour the use of a washing stall with hot and cold water and steam drying appliances.

Heliotropism.

Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning toward the sun. In the case of seedlings the phenomenon is especially marked. The cells on the light side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Romanes has experimented with an intermittent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge, upon mustard seedlings, and has found that the heliotropic effect produced in this way is far greater than that caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strange to say, however, this abnormal influence is unaccompanied by the generation of chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Photographs Report Better Than Eyes.

At a meeting of the Academie des Sciences, Paris, M. Zenger exhibited two photographs which he had taken at midnight from his window, looking on the lake of Geneva and Mont Blanc. The lake and the mountain are feebly imaged on the plates, although they were both quite invisible to the eye in the darkness. It is well known that many stars, invisible to the eye, are revealed on the photographic plate, and some years ago an advertisement on the hull of the Great Eastern, at Birkenhead, which had been tarred over so as to be invisible, was quite legible in a photograph which had been taken of the vessel.—London Globe.

Modest Abbe Delle.

It is said that the French Abbe Delle once had in his household a very quick tempered relative, with whom he sometimes had animated disputes and who sometimes went so far as to throw books at the abbe. The abbe must have been a person of great amiability and self control. Once, when a particularly large and heavy volume was thrown at him, he caught it gracefully and said: "My dear friend, I must beg of you to remember that I prefer smaller gifts."—New York Mail and Express.