THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.

HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1895.

NUMBER 49.



hen My Ship Comes In. Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing, Where the winds dance and spin; Beyond the reach of my eager hailing. Over the breakers' din; Out where the dark storm-clouds are lift-

Out where the blinding fog is drifting, Out where the treacherous sand is shift-My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching.

Day after wenry day; Oh, I have hoped till my heart was break-

While the long nights ebbed away:

lost her.

altered.

Sarely the part she'll win. Never my faith in my ship has faltered,

I know she is coming in. For through the restless ways of her

ronming. Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming Through the white crest of the billows

combing. My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are

flying. Swiftly she's coming in: Shallows and deeps and rocks defying, Bravely she's coming in; Precious the love she will bring to bless

Snowy the arms she will bring to caress

In the proud purple of kings she will My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,

At masthead and peak her colors stream-Proudly she's sailing in;

Love, hope and joy on her decks are Music will welcome her glad appearing. And my heart will sing at her stately

nearing. When my ship comes in. -Robert J. Burdette.

The Blush Rose. Love went roaming one summer day, Within a garden he chose to stray.

Under a swaving rose tree near, A maiden slept and knew no fear.

The blossoms above were not more white Than her fair bosom-naked quite

To love's rapt gaze; one dimpled arm Pillowed her head, and the mystic charm

That innocence knows gave to her face A beauty greater than Love can trace.

"Love's place is here," and bending low, He kissed her fair form, white as snow,

A blush suffusing cheek and brow. Steals swiftly over the maiden now,

And a feeling never known before Enters her young heart's inmost core.

Innocence gazes in mute alarm. And steals away while the blush is warm.

"This blush is mine-not Love's," she

said. Another moment and she had fled.

Passing, she touched the roses pear:

They felt the power of her sweet fear. And the blush she carried away that hour

Fell on them with a secret power.

And the buds that oped to the air that Were blushing red in the morning light. -Chiengo Times-Herald.

Love's Wisdom. Love never sleeps when sorrow wakes, And joy the dear one's side forsakes; As swift as thought his path he takes Where dangers threat and lower. His loyal lips forbear the boast, Yet ere the chime that needs him most

Love knows the hour.

Love bath no lack of skill to find The wound that needs his watchful mind: And soft his touch as in the wind That stirs the spider's lace. What though the light be dusk and dim Dream not the hurt forgot by him; Love knows the place.

Nor mystic spells from days of yore To teach his hand the balm to pour Upon an aching heart;
There is no pang that grief can feel
But with a tender grace to heal
Love knows the art.
—Hamuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Tran-

TALKS OF THE EYE'S MARVEL OUS CONSTRUCTION.

He Also Shows How Much More Overwhelming Is the Indescribably Searching Eye of God-The Kiss of the Resurrection-Sight Restored.

Wonders of the Eye.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent n his summer preaching tour in the West and Southwest, prepared for last Sunday a sermon on "The All Seeing," the text selected being Psalm xciv., 9, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extrols it, illustrates it, or arranges it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence "the eres of the Lord are in every place." Divine care— "as the apple of the eye." The clouds— "the eyelids of the morning." Irrever-"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride-"Oh, how lofty are their | miles away and the point of a pin. Teleeyes?" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon-"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text-"He that formed the eye, shall be not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the Could I but know where the waves had anatomists and the physiologists under-tossed her.

Could I but know what storms had great fights of the human face, but the ast multitudes go on from cradle to grave Could I but know where the winds had without any appreciation of the two great musterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. Out in the twilight gray!

If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments.

through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the hu-man eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay uside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, and the selerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh! if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

The Surpassing Human Eye. If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures. must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapt r of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried, until chaos was in radiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, prepared it for the eye-sight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the numan eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and o bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps-a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the sye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought to-gether. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the balls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusks. See how God honored the when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them, the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected huran eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 900 contrivances in every eye. For window affutters, the eyelida opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out,"

less, contracting or dilating.

The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye, so marvelous ly constructed, can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round-an elaborate genring of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lamp wickpassing the visual impression on to the senorium and on info the soul. What a deficate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the himan eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 scope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and read-justs the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps with one glance takes in Mount Blane and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

The Tear Gland.

Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semiinfinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,-000 of miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the port cullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear is not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madless or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sym pathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eve say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather

than the lips.

The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eves, though they were crippled strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snark back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you I am so sorry I put your eye ask me. But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and orged again the matter he said: "Oh. emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye. Alas, for those for whom a thick and impenetrable vail is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred! That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah! said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helpessness and not run me down. the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimens with darkened retina, and the only salve be ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmin. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

The Eyes of God.

The recoil of this question is tremen dous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry

TALMAGE'S SERMON. and saying to the light, "Come in." For them. Perhaps they have optical instructions of the inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the ments strong enough to descry us. The eye, according as the light is greater or mole cannot see the engle midsky, but the ments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the engle midsky, but the eagle midsky can see the mole midgrass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black

scarfs of our obsequies. years ago," said a black man to my fathlove, so full of indignation, so full of as the American regards the article.

The Asterisk. God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with topped mountains and her valleys filled them. If we fight him back, the eye of an with cows. antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God behind us, and God within us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden trans gression.

A dramatic advocate in olden time night in a court-room, persuaded o innocence of his client charged murder and of the guilt of the w who was trying to swear the poor " life away-that advocate took up bright lamps and thrust them close face of the witness and cried, "Mr please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man, practically under that awful glare, con fessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that. It is under blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor! He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation and does he not possess it himself? that formed the eye, shall not be see?"

A Legend. But you say: "God is in one world. and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me, I don't really think he sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles nway and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life and there are colorsshades of color-in my annoyances and understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase of any shade in your life he has not gathered up in his own Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle That eve of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So he giveth his beloved sleep. A legend of St. Fortobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual scuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are dark ened" when eternal daybreak comes in! What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery 'Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

Alcibiades had a cunning trick of remembering people's children, and often greatly pleased fond fathers by alluding to their sons, whom he would inquire after by name. It was said of him that he knew all the boys and young men in Athens, and was, cousequently, immensely popular among

ICE CREAM IS AMERICAN.

Europeans Don't Know How to Make

It-Their Boda Water a Failure. Ice cream is pre-eminently an American specialty. All the Atlantic passenger stenmers plying between this port and Europe take aboard in New York a sufficient supply of ice cream for the voyage back to New York as well as for It passes out from the guess into the the outward journey, despite the fact positive when we are told in the Bible that the cost of the article is greater come as convey to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be below to the same to to those who shall be heirs of salvation? cupies at least three weeks, and the But human inspection, and angelic in- cream has to last that period, one week spection, and stellar inspection, and lunar of which the ship is tied up in dock. inspection, and solar inspection are tame with the ice eream eating up ice in the compared with the thought divine in-spection. "You converted me twenty refrigerator at a prodigious rate. When the autumn rush homeward sets in and er. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty the steamers are crowded to the limit, years ago," said the other, "in the old the amount of ice cream thus carried schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound from this port and kept for two weeks Brook you said in your prayer. Thou, for use on the return voyage is a big God, seest me, and I had no peace under them in the provision account. Many the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men," "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee at the European ports. Ice cream, too, with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so is cheaper in Europe, but it has the fatal full of pity, so full of power, so full of disadvantage that it is not ice cream

compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the table in Europe in recent years, outshines the day! How it glares upon on the table in Europe in recent years, mainly, doubtless, because of the inthe offender! How it beams on the peni-tent soul! Talk about the human eye as sistence of the thousands of Americans being indescribably wonderful—how who make Europe their summer playmuch more wonderful the great, search | ground. Lee cream, too, you can get in ing, overwhelming eye of God! All eter-most of the big cities, even in England, nity past and all eternity to come on that But it usually lacks the main, indefinamost of the big cities, even in England. ble qualities that make it so attractive The eyes with which we look into each at home. Europeans may talk about other's face to-day suggest it. It stands the inimitable bouquet of their wines, ty perfumed gloves. In the seventeenth written twice on your face and twice on but the bouquet of American ice cream mine, unless through casualty one or both is beyond them. This is not a matter have been obliterated. "He that formed of natural advantages and facilities, the eye, shall be not see?" Oh, the eye of as is claimed for the wines and other as is claimed for the wines and other things, for Switzerland is full of ice;

A varied and recent experience with the lee creams of Europe induces the conclusion that only the "sorbetto" one gets on the piazza of St. Mark's in Venice approaches the delicious perfection of the ordinary everyday ice cream of clared, "the whole town would be com-America. Perhaps this is because the Venetians themselves eat ice cream, reticent, admitting that to her trade in a pulley divinely swang. Our every whereas in most other European cities bone sculptured with divine suggestion. It is regarded as an outlandish concocit is regarded as an outlandish concoction, prepared only for the peculiar palate of the stranger. It is a far cry and a strange one, from St. Mark's to Madison square, but the delighted exclamation of a group of American girls, ordering ice cream there as they had done all the way down from London, "Ah; this is something like!" covered distance in no time.

One finds occasionally a solitary soda fountain in Europe nowadays, but the soda water, like the ice cream, is unsatisfactory and saddening. Something is wrong, either with the syrups, the soda, or the mixing of them. The drink is either froth without flavor, or flavor, without fizz, or something else equally disappointing. It is almost always the burning eye of God. He is not a shadow without substance, and always a foreign oddity. There is the consolation in regard to soda water, however, that there are substitutes for it, unsatisfactory, perhaps, but still wet, while there is no substitute for ice cream.

There is nothing like the abundance of "soft drinks" to be had in Europe God sees me and sees my affairs." Can that one can get in any American town or village. In England there are the peppery ginger ale, bottled lemonade, and various mineral waters, while on the continent there is the everlasting sherbet. In Italy and other southern countries one can get perhaps half a dozen different fruit syrups, which are served in small quantities in large glasses, the waiter filling up the glass from the water bottle. The country folk of the north make various sorts of light beers from roots and herbs, but these cannot be had at public places in cities, as birch beer, root beer, sarsaparilla, my vexations that I don't think God can and the like can be got in the United States. Of course the universal use of beer and wine accounts to a great extent for the lack of variety in "soft" drinks. A more comprehensive reason, perhaps, is that no other people on earth so persistently drench themselves with drinks, in all seasons and at all hours. as do Americans. Anything like the scene of a big soda fountain in any American town on a summer's day is not to be found in any other country .-New York Sun.

Delightful and Not Costly.

To those who can compass it, what is more delightful as a holiday recreation than a driving trip through a beautiful country? Four people of congenial tastes who are not afraid of minor inconveniences, and whose mood is independent of the weathtr, can find real pleasure in this way, and at not too heavy a cost. The first necessity in undertaking such a tour is a pair of strong willing horses, who can easily go twenty miles a day on ordinary country roads; the second a driver who thoroughly understands their management and care. The carriage should be light and strong. The best for the purpose is what is called in some places a "mountain wagon," a vehicle with a box body, all open under the seata with strong running gear and stout springs. If you prefer a covered carriage, this wagon may have a canopy top and curtains that fasten on at will For traveling necessities you should take for the horses a watering pail and monee with which to wash their

mouths. Then there must be two halters, two sheets and two biankets which can be rolled tightly and put under one of the seats. It is also wise to carry a wrench a punch, a can of axle grease, some extra bolts and nuts, and straps and strings to use in case of accident. The travelers will have to go in light marching order as to clothes. For the men, clothes of light weight of some neutral shade of brown or grey, flannel shirts and soft felt hats are the most comfortable and serviceable. For the ladies, skirts of wiry serge, or some other dust-shedding material, and waists of either wash material or dark colored summer silk. Their hats should shade their eyes and have simple trimming which can be easily brushed clean. Each person needs an extra coat or wrap and a mackintosh.

The Poisoned Cup.

From the days when Cleopatra lightly dropped poisoned rose leaves into been transmitted to us. It is only of the compounds used by Lucrezia Borgla that we have formed some accurate idea. There is little doubt that the beautiful Duchess Ferrars employed a white powder resembling sugar, which was an arsenical preparation. The famous aqua tofana was only a variation or adulteration of the same drug. In the middle ages the female poisoners operated on different systems, but always in graceful and elegant fashion. Catherine de Medicis met death in daincentury, an epoch when poisons were freely used, they were currently called by the cynical and ironical appellation of "poudre a succession." Madame de Brinvilliers and La Voisin used an immense quantity of this "inheritance powder," which placed many a fortune within their grasp. The trial of the former caused great scandal, although she persistently refused to give any explanation or to betray her accomplices. "If I spoke," she repeatedly depromised." The woman Voisin was less poisons she had added the profession of witchcraft. She paid she penalty of her crimes and was burnt at the stake. To-day arsenic is exploded; modern science has made it too easily discoverable in the bodies of the victims; in fact, mineral poisons are only resorted to by the ignorant or by passionate, reckless women, who have not the patience to wait for the slower effects of vegetable poisons, and wish to accomplish their purpose as quickly as possi-

A Reconstructed World.

We all think we could remodel this disjointed old world greatly to the advantage of humanity at large and ourselves in particular, if we only had the power to exercise our ability. If you had your way every poor girl should marry a rich man, and he should love all the family, and set up all the boys in business, and see that all the girls were comfortably fixed in life. If you had your way there should be work for everybody, and good wages should be paid. There should be no famines, Coal should be cheap. There should be no more rainy winters. You should have all the days sunshiny, and let it storm nights when honest people were in bed, and it would be no bother. Burglars and stock brokers, and absconding cashiers of banks should be converted, and sent beyond the seas to improve the condition of the heathen, either spiritually or physically, as could be mutually agreed upon. You would have, if you had your way, less waste of public money, less taxes, less fat government offices. Oh, if you had your way, you would bring about a great many changes, and everybody would find fault with them, just as we do with things now; and nobody would be suited, and you wouldn't be suited yourself, but you don't think so, and you never will, because the chance to convince yourself will never be offered

A Menace to the Book Trade.

A movement has been begun in England which may possibly have a very widespread and important influence. A philanthropist, for the better inculcating of public taste, is bringing out editions of English poets at the low cost of two cents per volume. The first issue was Macaulay's "Lays," the second "Marmion," the third "Childe Harold." The fourth is to be "Selected Poems from Lowell," and Longfellow will soon follow. This revives the question debated long ago whether it would not be cheaper for a public library to give away books than to incur the expense of a staff of people, so as to keep account of the volumes going out or coming in. Statistics on this subject, based on the one hand on the average current expenses of existing libraries, and on the other hand on the production of the cheap editions mentioned, would be of great interest.

Industrious Hens Edward Atkinson says 10,800,000,000 oggs are laid in this country in a year. They are worth \$140,000,000.

The feeding expenses of the anin in the London Zoo are \$500 weekly