

## ALAS!

Alas, alas, about!  
That the sky is only blue  
To gather from the grass  
The rain and dew!

Alas! that eyes are fair:  
That tears may gather there  
Mist and the breath of sighs  
From the marsh of care!

Alas, alas, about!  
That we must bid to bid adieu;  
That the sands in Time's ancient glass  
Are so swift and few!

Alas, alas, about!  
That the heart is only true  
To gather where false feet pass  
The thorn and rue!

## The Actor's Story.

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.  
"Well, I never! Who'd have thought it? Talk of the doll! An' how 'saw' w' ye, Curly?"

Mr. Campbell—for it was he—drew himself up for a moment coldly; then, recovering himself, replied with a pleasant smile:

"What, Piko! Still on the road, old man? Don't you begin to feel tired of it, and wish it were all over? Sometimes I'm of Antony's mood, after Actium, and feel disposed to cry—"

"Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done."

But no, no. I suppose I've not courage to take off my own armor. And, after all, we've only got to wait a little longer for the good time comin' at the end of the journey; and then, you know, as Cato puts it, My bane and antidote are both before me."

"But what a rogue and peasant slave am I! To go wool-gathering thus! Who's the boy?"

Pike introduced me to Mr. Campbell as "the juvenile hero of the company, the coming man, the future Romeo," etc.

The old gentleman said, with a sweet smile:

"Excuse me, sir, old men will still be talking; it's the privilege of age. You are young and sanguine. Ah! I'm young and sanguine once myself. I hope you will have better fortune than befell me. You have an open brow and a frank eye. You can look a man in the face; I'm sure you're not afraid. It is a bad thing to be afraid. One moment of fear blighted the life of a man I knew as well as I know myself. Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness, but manliness is above everything. If a man insults you, if he is as big as Goliath, don't wait to talk; hit him first; hit him if your heart is quaking; if your nerves are shaking; hit him if he kills you afterward. A brave man can only die but once, but the coward! Ah, God help the poor miserable coward, for he dies every day, every hour he lives!" He paused, and looked strangely round as he took off his hat, passed his hand through his beautiful hair; then he stooped, took up a handful of snow, and rubbed it on his brow, mopped it dry, and said with a low despondent moan:

"Oh, God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had dreams." Then he continued, "I fear you will think me rather eccentric, and so I am; but I was not always thus. I was Piko; I was—what was I? I'm sure I forget. Well, and the young is Madame in Piko, and the young is Piko, and the stock debt. And do we still delight the lieges with Sir Edward Mortimer and Pizzaro and the Bailie and Cabel Bladderstone? And yet glorious as of yore on the mountain dew, fresh from Glenlivet?" Then in an altered tone, and with a touch of sadness in his voice, "Of all things else avoid that young gentleman. Remember, there's death in the pot! Only begin with that, and Facilis descensus Avernus! All the rest is easy; slap bang, down you go through the primrose path till you get to the abyss at the bottom."

At this moment Pike cut in with "We saw Lang Willie last night at Paisley."

"Did you?" responded the other; "then you saw one for whom?"

"Nature might stand up and say to all the world—'This was a man!'"

After a moment's pause he began to hum "Annie Laurie" half aloud and half to himself. At last Pike whispered him, then he changed altogether, and said:

"You're a good fellow, Piko. What is it the Bailie says to Rob Roy? 'You're a sort of a kind of honest rogue,' but as to money, 'Keep your trash Bailie; keep your trash.' See, although we have got to our last Roberto, yet," and he sent a bright new shilling spinning in the air and caught it deftly—"what is it Cleopatra's mailed Baccus says? 'Yet have we a brain that nourishes our nerves,' not by and by, and he could have had much brains to spare when he made such an ass of himself for the sake of that promiscuously amorous and decidedly dissolute old gypsy. Good-by, good-by; good luck to you at Killmarnock. May your shadow never grow less; may your stock debt never increase; may you never share less than half a crown a night and candles to boot. Ta ta."

"We pray heaven to have you in its holy keeping!" And so, throwing his head aloft he walked rapidly down the hill, singing as he passed out of sight the song of Autolycus:

"Log on, Joz on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile a—  
A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad one tires in a mile a."

That was how I made Curly's acquaintance; and, indeed, that was the first and last and only time I ever saw Donald Campbell until—but I must not anticipate.

With reference to the rest of our journey—

"As in a theatre, the eye of man,  
After a well-acted actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,"  
even so would the reader regard our

adventures at Killmarnock as tedious and irrelevant, so I passed them by, and leave the record for another time and place.

In the next chapter I will take up the thread of Curly's and Willie's story as it came almost under my personal cognizance many a long day after poor old Pike and I had parted company forever.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

End of the Journey.  
Nearly five years had elapsed since the day Curly and I met and parted on the queen's highway.

I had emerged from the "crowd," and was "starring" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from whence I had to go to Aberdeen for six nights. I closed in Glasgow on Saturday, and had to open in Aberdeen on Monday.

Railroads were now more or less all over Scotland, but through some prejudice, derived from the Dark Ages, there was still no communication between Glasgow and Edinburgh on Sunday. Sorely exercised in my mind as to how I was to get through in time to open at Aberdeen, I strolled down Argyle street on Saturday morning toward the railway station, when I perceived in the crowd in the opposite direction, and over-topping every one around, a stately, white-bearded man, with the head and "front of Jove himself."

Although I had never seen him since the night in Paisley I could not be mistaken—it was "Lang Willie."

For years I had pondered on the nobility, the beauty, the self-sacrifice of that manly nature—the misfortune of his unhappy friend. I knew the prolonged struggles they had encountered with poverty, and I was really delighted at the thought that the prosperity of the poor lad whom he had helped in adversity might enable me now, perhaps, to befriend him, so I made my way toward Mr. Jamieson and, sans ceremony, reminded him of the circumstances of our slight acquaintance five years back.

"Good heavens," he said, "you don't mean to say you are that slip of a lad who was with old Pike in Paisley five years ago? Well, I should never have thought it!" Then he told me he had been to the theatre, had seen my Hamlet, and he said some civil things about it.

It was getting nigh dinner-time and I persuaded him to come to the hotel and dine with me. After dinner the conversation turned on my journey to Aberdeen, and the difficulty I anticipated in getting through to Edinburgh. To my astonishment and delight he said:

"Well, this meeting is as fortunate as it is pleasant. Not an hour before I met you I received the welcome news that the final decision in the case of Jamieson vs. M'Allister and others had been given in our favor. I am only awaiting a telegram to enable me to start for Aberdeen and take possession of the estate at once. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call for you here at twelve o'clock to-night with a coach and pair, and we'll drive to Edinburgh together and catch the express for Aberdeen in the morning."

At twelve o'clock he came, according to promise. We caught the mail at Edinburgh and arrived at Aberdeen at about twelve on Sunday night. Although we were fatigued the journey was a pleasant one for me.

Before we parted for the night Mr. Jamieson said, "Of course you know my poor friend's sad history. Tomorrow is the anniversary of the great misfortune of his life. Every year he regularly disappears at this time for a month or more and as year succeeds year he seems more broken down, and I'm getting very anxious about him. For two years I have been out of an engagement, and we have had very hard times, but now that brighter days are in store poor fellow, it would be hard if he could not share this good fortune, and I hope I am not selfish when I say it would be hard for me, too, to be left alone in my old age, without a friend."

I was up early, having a ten o'clock rehearsal. As I had only my scenes to run through in "The Lady of Lyons" and as both Pauline and the widow had played their parts with me before, I had finished by 12 o'clock, when Jamieson called for me to accompany him to the house of his co-executor, Dr. Miller.

The two old friends met with effusive congratulations as to the final result of the protracted lawsuit. It was quite touching to see the tearful delight of Jeannie M'Pherson at the sight of Willie, but more touching still it was to see the welcome accorded him by the doctor's only daughter, a lovely, fair-haired girl of eighteen. I thought, then, and I think still, that Maggie Miller is altogether the most charming, guileless and beautiful creature I have ever seen in my life. Accident—sheer accident had led me to my fate. If I hadn't gone to Paisley with Pike I shouldn't have known Willie Jamieson—perhaps I should have known nothing about Curly, most certainly I should have never known Maggie Miller. Ah, my dearest! I loved you from that moment, and—but I am becoming personal—and the interest of this story centres in its unfortunate hero, not upon a mere fly on the wheel.

Presently Willie inquired of the doctor if he had seen Curly, for he was due that very day. For years he had never failed to present himself at Brendalbane Terrace by noon on this sad anniversary. We waited until about 2 o'clock, then everybody got anxious. Although it was in the "merrie month of May"—by one of those strange freaks of the "clerk of the weather," by no means unusual in Scotland—snow had fallen heavily overnight. Jamieson feared that his poor friend might have been overtaken by the snow storm. At last he could endure the suspense no longer, so he proposed to go out and see if they could obtain any news. The doctor told Maggie to slip on her hat

and cloak and accompany us. As we were leaving the house Jeannie came into the hall, equipped for walking and said:

"Doctor, let me gang, too, and show you the way. I ken where to find the pulr laddie. I ken woele enouch—I saw him thrice yestreen."

"Saw whom?" said the doctor; "Why did ye no tell us, then, ye daft old gowk?"

"Because I hoped my dream would na hold; but it'll be ower true, I'm gey sure; but—there—stop out, and see for yourselves." So saying, she stepped rapidly before us. The doctor and Willie walked side by side, talking to each other in anxious undertones and my—I mean Miss Miller and I brought up the rear.

It was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly, melting the snow on the tree-tops, which stood forth green and bright, the glowing beauties of the chestnut blossoms contrasting vividly with the green leaves and the sparkling white of the crisply frozen snow which lay upon the ground, and which as yet defied the sun. The birds were singing a haro and a half dozen rabbits crossed the road before us, and turning round, confronted us fearlessly. A squirrel gambolled about in a tree over our heads; then we heard a squeaking noise, and the coneys scurried away, just in time to escape a hideous beast of a wensel, which slid across the road and rapidly wiggled through the covert in full pursuit.

At length we had reached a little mountain chapel on the hillside. Jeannie led the way through the gate; we followed her rapidly.

As we turned the corner to the left a man lay at full length amidst the snow upon the grave where Flora M'Allister lay sleeping.

He was sleeping, too. His right arm was twined round the slender cross at the head of the grave, his hands were clasped together, and his head lay in profile resting on his shoulder. His face was fair and beautiful as in his youth; his silvery curls glittered in the sunshine and formed an argentine beauty around his white brow; his eyes were closed; a smile was on his lips.

He had reached the end of the journey, where she was waiting for him. So best, for him no more trouble now—no more weariness—no more lamentations—only rest.

## THE END.

## THE SINISTER-FACED MAN.

He Declined to Contribute to Any Negligence in the Case.

It was just after the first sickening crash of the collision, and the air was filled with shrieks and groans, mingled with the hiss of escaping steam. The dark, sinister man with a smooth face, lay motionless where the shock had thrown him. Around him were scattered broken timbers and twisted iron rods, but by a seeming miracle the debris had not fallen upon him and his limbs were free.

"He's dead," sadly whispered the rescuer who saw him first.

The lips of the dark, sinister man moved.

"Not by a jugful," he observed audibly.

The rescuer hastened forward.

"Are you hurt?" he anxiously inquired.

"None."

The dark man was positive.

"Not a scratch," he declared.

The rescuer was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"I ain't hurt a bit," reiterated the dark man.

"Well, why don't you get out of the wreck?"

The sinister man gazed at the twinkling stars above him.

"I just about know my business," he calmly replied. "I've been in collisions before. I'll stay right here where they throw me until I'm moved. Then perhaps—"

A faint smile played about his lips.

"The company can't work the contributory negligence racket on me when I sue for damages. Oh, no. I don't object to your carrying me away if you like, but I call you to witness that I take no active part in the process myself. I know my business."

And the man with the sinister face laughed a hard, metallic laugh.

## WHERE TEETH COME FROM.

Not Artificial Ones, But the White, Sound Nut-Crackers of Our Youth.

An eminent dentist is authority for the following: It would take too long to describe the formation of the teeth, but it may interest you to know that the enamel is derived in the first place from the epithelium, or scarf skin, and is, in fact, modified skin, while the dentine, of which the bulk of the tooth is composed, is derived from the mucous layer below the epithelium. Lino salts are slowly deposited, and the tooth pulp, or "nerve," is the last remains of what was once a pulpy mass of the shape of the future tooth, and even the tooth pulp in the old people sometimes gets quite obliterated by calcareous deposits. The thirty-two permanent teeth are pre-erected by twenty temporary deciduous or milk teeth. These are fully erupted at about 2½ years old, and at about 6 years of age a wonderful process of absorption sets in, by which the roots of the teeth are removed to make room for the advancing permanent ones. The crowns of the former having no support, become loose and fall away. One would naturally suppose that the advancing permanent tooth was a powerful factor in the absorption of its temporary predecessor; but we have many facts to prove it has no influence whatever; indeed the interesting phenomenon of the eruption and succession of the teeth are very little understood. I may remark in passing that a child of 6 who has just lost any temporary teeth has in its jaws, either erupt or non-erupt, no less than fifty-two teeth more or less formed.—Philadelphia Times.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### BUILDING UP LAND BY HOGGING DOWN RYE.

A Valuable Crop for Pigs—Popular Maples—Diseased Plums—Tuberculous Cows—Salt for Bees—Sheep Shearings and Household Hints.

#### Rye and Hogs.

We built up our land pretty well a few years ago by hogging down rye and clover, and at the same time made, as we calculated, \$10 per acre for our crop changed into pork. The soil was all run down from excessive drain on it by heavy crops, and something had to be done to bring it back to good fertility. At the same time it was such valuable land, on which heavy taxes had to be paid, that we did not feel as if we could afford to spend several hundred dollars in turning under green crops, and not get a dollar from it for a couple of seasons. We concluded, finally, on the advice of friends, to give the land over to rye and clover, and turn the hogs in the field, and see what we could make in the pork line.

We planted rye and clover, and then allowed the hogs to eat about half of it, taking care not to let them eat it too close. To prevent this, we constructed a moveable fence which we transferred from place to place so as to shut the hogs up in certain portions of the field, and keeping them from other parts. Rye is a valuable crop for the pigs, but its value is greatly enhanced by having clover or other grass growing with it. This combination of rye and clover is unexcelled as a food for hogs. If the animals have nothing but rye to eat, they will be apt to swallow the grain whole, and not get any nourishment from it, but the clover helps them to digest the grain heads without chewing them.

We let the pigs on the field when the rye began to ripen, and then the clover was well up in the field, and all through the summer and late in the autumn they found sufficient to make them grow rapidly. The rye straw left on the field acts as a good mulch to the clover for the first winter, often protecting it from severe freezing, so that a good catch is easily obtained. All of this straw, and the clover roots, go to make the soil rich in the very substances that most worn out lands demand. In our case, two successive summers of hogging down the land with rye and clover brought the soil up to such a condition of fertility that we could grow the heaviest crops on the land again with little trouble. Meanwhile we sold our hogs, and the whole business paid us, we thought, at the rate of \$7 to \$10 per acre.

The fact is, too little attention is paid to rye, and especially those who raise hogs for the market, says the American Cultivator. For late fall and early spring pasturage there is no crop that can equal it, and generally rye is a safe crop. It will in one season prepare poor land so that a good catch of clover can be obtained following, and the two grow together like twin brothers. After the rye is cut, if so desired, in the proper season, the clover will be in such a condition as to furnish excellent pasture to the farm animals for the rest of the season. When rye is hogged down from two to three good crops can be grown from one sowing, and this is really the best plan to adopt—to hog down. It is a heavy and unpleasant crop to harvest.

#### Popular Maples.

The maple family is a deservedly popular one, for there is no other family of trees drawn on so much as this one is for shade and ornamental purposes, says a writer in Practical Farmer. No doubt their ease of growth helps along their popularity, for a tree must not be an expensive one that is to be generally planted. Fashion is a little capricious in regard to trees, as it is in other matters. Some ten years ago the sugar maple was the principle tree demanded of all other maples. Before that the sycamore maple had been the favorite. Then the Norway's turn came, and to-day it is the favorite, though it has by no means displaced the sugar, which is still very much planted. There is again signs of returning affection for the European sycamore. It is really a good tree, is of quick growth, has clean, smooth bark and large leaves. The only valid objection to it, and it is not a great one, is that the seeds do not drop at once when ripe, but hang on the better part of the winter. The common silver maple, or white maple, used to be a favorite tree for the city, but its very large growth when of some age unfitted it for the purpose, and to-day it is not so much used as it used to be. But it is a fine tree for wide avenues or for pasture lots or elsewhere where the free growth will not be undesirable. The red maple is the one usually found in low situations and which is so much admired because of the fine display its red flowers make in early spring, and the brilliant hue its foliage assumes in the fall. It is a slow growing tree, but makes a large and handsome one in time. There are many other medium sized ones and shrubs, but the tree kinds are embraced in those named. The sugar maple is planted as much for fine autumn effect as for its shade. The bronze yellow of its foliage in the closing days of autumn is most beautiful. In this respect it much surpasses the popular favorite, the Norway, which changes its color but little at all, keeping green up to the time it falls from the tree. This tree is more round headed than any of the others, and has larger leaves

also, excepting the sycamore. While some trees are particular as to season of planting, the maple is not, doing well set in spring or fall, and fairly well in almost any situation.

#### Diseased Plums.

P. P. writes in Farm and Fireside: "What is the matter with my plum trees? Quite often they are full of bloom and bid fair to bear well, when lo, what ought to be a plum is a large, spongy mass, swelling out in a few days to three or four times the size of the plum. Often the small leaves and twigs swell in the same manner. These swellings soon dry up, leaving the trees unsightly and unthrifty for the season. Have sometimes found a worm in the center of the swollen plum, but often nothing. Is the cause known, and what is the remedy?"

The swellings are caused by a fungus growth (Taphrina prunifolia) which is supposed to live over in the wood of the tree. It shows itself, soon after the blossoms fall, by the abnormal swelling of the fruit, which becomes large and bladdery by the first of June. This disease does not spread rapidly, but is rather confined to certain trees. Some varieties are much more subject to it than others, and when a tree becomes diseased it is apt to remain so several years. The treatment of it should consist in cutting and burning the infected parts. In doing this, cut considerably below the place where the disease shows plainly, so as to take off the parts of it that may be inside the wood and not visible. This treatment has often resulted in much benefit.

#### The Colt's Feet.

It is a great mistake for any one to attempt raising a colt to horse age when obliged to keep it stabled on a plank or stone floor all the time. It will most likely go lame from some cause. A run in pasture through the summer gives not merely needed exercise, but the cool, moist grass keeps the colt's feet arid legs in sound condition. Even in winter it is wiser to let the colt run out of doors at least in day time, and if there is a shed for shelter he can be out night as well as day. With good feed a colt treated thus will be much surer to make a sound horse than he will if most of the time stabled.—American Cultivator.

#### Sheep Shearings.

Feed the lambs even before they are weaned all the grain they will eat.

The future of wool may be uncertain, but the future of mutton will be all right.

Lambs cannot be left to shift for themselves and produce a profit for the breeder.

Old ewes run down rapidly if the lambs are allowed to run with them longer than necessary.

The meat of castrated lambs is better than that of those upon which the operation has not been performed.

A shelter that is dark, yet cooled by arrangements by which the air can get through it, is relished by sheep in hot weather.

Tests have shown that sheep will eat nearly 600 different plants, which gives an idea how easily sheep may be kept, and how useful they are as weed destroyers.

When sheep have scab it is not enough to dip the sheep. The fences, stables, everything that the sheep have touched should be washed with some such mixture as carbolic acid.

#### Household Hints.

Towels will give better wear if overcast between the fringe before they are washed.

Never put patent fasteners on shoes until they have been worn and stretched for a couple of weeks.

When you are packing your pretty dresses put soft paper between the folds, and they will crease very little when you reach your journey's end.

When the eyes are tired, or inflamed from loss of sleep, apply an old linen handkerchief dripping with water as hot as you can possibly bear it.

In ordinary burns and scalds the only remedy required is to thoroughly exclude the air from the injured part. Cotton batting will do this most effectively.

Ink stains on cloth may be taken out by washing—first with pure water, next with soap and water, and lastly with lemon juice; but if old they must be treated with oxalic acid.

A blotter can be made that will remove ink spots from paper. Take a thick blotting paper and steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid. While the ink is moist apply the blotter and the ink will be entirely removed.

Three lengths are now modish for capes—only barely to the hips and made very full; another to the waist, and likewise very full, and a third half way to the knee, made less full. The fullness falls from the shoulder, the cape being either shaped or set full on a yoke.

Isinglass and gelatine are entirely different articles to produce the same effect in the thickening of jelly. Isinglass is a little the more expensive. It is said to be made from the bladder of the sturgeon, and the best is that brought from Russia. It is a little more delicate than gelatine.

## DICKENS' LONDON GONE.

Traditions Associated With His Writing no Longer Have Foundation.

As a matter of fact, the London of the early books of Charles Dickens is practically, as Mrs. Curdie said in the drama, "gone, absolutely gone." Very little even remains of most of the places described in the later works. Dickensland in London, indeed, has nowadays hardly any more real existence than the garden of the Hesperides or the island of Atlantis. But what does that matter? The transatlantic pilgrim to the shrine of the master clamors to be shown the house in which Mr. Pickwick lived the court in which Mr. Krook made such very uncomfortable ends of the actual public house which Dickens played Mr. Samuel Weller's extensive and peculiar knowledge of London in so remarkable a degree, the Old Curiosity Shop, Tom-all-alone's, the Wooden Midshipman, and all the rest of it.

Why should he not be gratified? It is true that a great many places of this kind were absolutely incapable of certain identification at any time, and that almost all of the originals of those which were actually portraits have been swept from the face of the earth in the course of the extraordinary changes which have practically given us in fifty years new London on the ruins of the old. But the demand inevitably creates the supply. Old illusions die hard. Dickensland lives again in the vivid imagination of the guides, and the truth of the old saying again asserts itself—populus vult decipi et decipitur.

A curious instance of the way in which people are sometimes guided unconsciously and innocently into error in these matters is to be found in John Forster's life of Charles Dickens. Mr. Forster gives a picture of Tavistock house, which, it is doubt, accepted as a faithful representation of the house as it was when Charles Dickens lived in it. But, as a matter of fact, it is not. A later tenant added a portico, or porch, to the street door; and this portico, of which Charles Dickens knew nothing, figures in the picture. This is, perhaps, a trivial matter, but many of the Dickensland traditions have received credence on very similar, and equally inaccurate, grounds.

Thus, for instance, to take a case outside London, local tradition of the little seaside village of Broadstairs, in Kent, has given the name Bleak House to the house on the cliff above the harbor, in which Charles Dickens lived during two of three summers, and which, in his time, was known as Fort House; and the legend, implicitly believed in those parts, is that "Bleak House" was written there. In point of fact, although much of Charles Dickens' work was done at Broadstairs, notably as regards "David Copperfield," it so happens that "Bleak House" was one of the books on which no work whatever was done at Fort House.

## TALL HAILSTONE YARNS.

One Piece of Ice as Big as a Millstone Said to Have Fallen.

During a storm at Morbihan June 21, 1846, the hailstones in some instances actually attained the size of a turkey's egg, and one measured 8 inches in circumference. May 4, 1697, a hailstone was found in Staffordshire, England, which was 11 inches in circumference. Volney tells of a storm at Ponchartrun in which hailstones fell which were as large as a man's fist, and one which he found himself weighed five ounces.

Volta records a hailstone found in the neighborhood of Como which weighed nearly nine ounces, and there is good authority for the statement that hailstones weighing as much as a pound fell at Constantinople Oct. 5, 1831. But there have been still more remarkable instances, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, if we accept the statements coming apparently from reliable sources. During a hailstorm at Cazorta, in Spain, June 15, 1829, some of the blocks of ice weighed four and a half pounds.

It is the general opinion among scientists that for hailstones to attain such proportions several must have been fastened together, either when they reached the ground or while in descent. Under no other circumstances can the possibility of the above and the still more wonderful phenomena to follow be admitted. Even so, there is good reason to doubt Flammarion's statement that during the latter part of October, 1844, an awful hurricane devastated southern France, in which hailstones weighing eleven pounds fell, or that of Dr. Foissac, who cites an instance in which hailstones measuring three feet in length and width, with a thickness of two and one-quarter feet, fell to earth. When Dr. Foissac was accused of exaggeration he emphatically insisted on the truth of his statements, and to better maintain them added: "M. Huc, a Catholic missionary in Tartary, relates that hailstones of a remarkable size often fell in Mongolia, and that some of them have been found to weigh twelve pounds. During a heavy storm in 1843 a noise as of a terrible wind was heard in the air, and soon after there fell in a field not far from our house a piece of ice larger than a millstone. It was broken up with a hatchet, and though the weather was very warm it took three days to melt it completely."

Whispering Across Paris. In the cast-iron water pipe of Paris, which forms a continuous tube with only two slight crooks, the lowest whisper at one end may be distinctly heard at the other, although the pipe is 3,120 feet long.