



CHAPTER I.

"Why, yes"—the speaker was Mrs. Denbigh—"now we are comfortably settled down at last, girls, we ought to advertise. What do you think, Elizabeth?" Elizabeth was Mrs. Denbigh's second daughter, a lank, pale girl with brown hair and eyes. "I was just thinking the very same thing, mother," she replied. "And you, Nora?" Mrs. Denbigh turned to her eldest daughter, whose gaze was riveted on the lank girl. "I was thinking how we could alter Elizabeth's dress. Perhaps we can turn it sideways; things are worn to the side now. Yes, I think I see my way to that. 'I wish, my dear, you would not mind dress now,' remonstrated the eldest lady. 'What we want to see our way to is work.' 'Precisely, mother, and if we want work we must dress well. Now, family, what is it? The advertisement plan? Well, I shall advertise for music lessons.' 'And I for lessons in English,' said Mrs. Denbigh. 'And I shall advertise for translation work,' said Elizabeth. 'And I? What shall I do?' The speaker was a dark, curly-headed girl of fourteen—Dorry. 'You? Oh, you can't do anything yet.' 'Can't I? Won't I, though?' and the girl's dark eyes flashed. 'A boy was standing beside her.' 'I wish I could do something, too,' he said, with the inimitable earnestness of manner with which manhood at eight is fond of setting off its stage remarks. 'You can,' said Nora. 'Help us to keep up appearances. Always look happy, even when we don't feel so; never tell any one how hard we work for the little we earn; to take ill luck quietly.' 'That's very hard,' said the boy. 'And good luck quietly.' 'That's harder still,' said the curly-headed girl from the floor where she was seated. 'The boy was the child of Mrs. Denbigh's brother-in-law. The little fellow, whose birth in India had cost his mother's life, had been sent to Mrs. Denbigh by his father, with the request that she would bring him up with her own children. The day following the above conversation three professional women advertised in the three papers of the German town of Ecks, where they had just located, and were known as 'poor genteel folk,' and the day after was one of great excitement to at least two of them. 'Mother?' 'The speaker was Dorry.' 'What?' 'I see a gentleman looking up at the different houses. I wonder if he isn't for us. Rush to the piano, Nora, and be playing! Elizabeth—where's Elizabeth? It might be for her.' Elizabeth was frantically arranging a pile of papers in 'admired disorder' on a little table, to look like manuscripts. This feat was still in the course of performance when a gentleman entered, and Nora, unconscious of the little comedy, rose to greet him with her blindest smile. He was the first to speak. 'Good-by. Hat I, my lady, the pleasure to speak to Mistress Denbigh?' 'No, I am Miss Denbigh,' replied Nora, suppressing a titter. 'My mother is not often to be seen in the daytime, but you may find her any evening between six and seven; or perhaps you can arrange with me.' 'May I ask what are your mistress's demerits?' 'Three marks a private lesson.' 'Oh, then I do lament. That is too much for me.' How much takes your mistress mother in a glass? How much scholars, I mean? At this moment the hall-door bell rang again, and in walked a lady, arrayed in bonnet and shawl, and holding a parasol in her hand—Mrs. Denbigh. Then the conversation in the drawing room was conducted placidly enough. Herr Meyer declared himself desirous of entering Mrs. Denbigh's class, and Mrs. Denbigh, though she only now learned of the existence of this class, declared herself quite willing to take Herr Meyer; only she thought it would be best for Herr Meyer to commence alone. 'Upon the glass demerits, my lady?' 'Yes; as it would only be to prepare you for the class. Do not say 'my lady' to me; you should say 'madam.' 'Oh, thank you, madam; you allow that I make a note of that?' 'And out flew Herr Meyer's note book. Then he rose to go. 'Good-by.' 'Good morning,' replied Mrs. Denbigh. 'Good morning? What, you say not 'good-by'? Of that also, madam, I will make a note.' 'And out flew Herr Meyer's note book again. 'Then I shall expect you at six o'clock on Thursday,' were Mrs. Denbigh's parting words. Hereupon the bell was rung again. This time it was an official to request the removal of a diminutive flower pot from one of the window sills, ere it should perhaps fall and cause loss of life to the passers-by. 'This is living abroad,' moaned Mrs. Denbigh, while the girls and Tom danced a jig in the next room, preparatory to posing for the next visitor, who arrived in the midst of their merriment, being the servant from the story beneath, with the request that the family would cease dancing, as the house was not very solidly built. 'I'm truly glad, my dears,' said Mrs. Denbigh, protesting by the moment's silence to deliver herself of a few serious words, and gazing with maternal severity at the trio, who looked wickedly inclined to test the solidity of the house once for

while Dorry took her breakfast in dignified silence, while Nora, having just marched Tom out of the room, this young man having taken advantage of the general excitement to practice a new species of somersault, in which he turned heels over head instead of head over heels, commenced opening and examining the parcel. 'What a beauty!' she then said, with difficulty raising the clock and putting it on the table. Now, this was genuine admiration; for the eldest Miss Denbigh, like her sisters, not having been brought up in the lap of luxury, could admire a clock, albeit the paint covering its wood was scuffed and scratched, the glass broken, and several of the numbers missing off its face, this giving it a decidedly dismal 'never-for-ever' appearance. But alas! the clock never struck again. It was wound up and shaken; Mrs. Denbigh even tried her skill at the works; in vain. Nora hung it up high in a dark corner, where she declared it gave a furnished appearance to the room, and when the time of day was alluded to before visitors she would look up at it, then turn away with a disgusted expression, as much as to say, 'Beware, not wound up again!' which was, of course, base 'flirting' in its way, and moralists will shake their heads and sigh. But such was Nora. CHAPTER IV. 'Miss Denbigh, the pianist, at home?' 'Yes; will you please walk in here?' and Tom opened the reception room door in his best manner, then off in search of the pianist, who was deshabille, in other words, in a faded cotton jacket and undershirt, washing the collars and cuffs of the family. A few moments later she hastened away, looking as perfect a little gentleman, as if she had not been an instant before leaning over a basin with her sleeves turned up to her elbows. The lady wished to know if Miss Denbigh had an elementary course, and Miss Denbigh said she intended beginning one, whereupon Mrs. Smith begged she would take her little son as a pupil into it. At eleven o'clock on the Thursday following Master Smith, a small, freckled child, with bold eyes and a shrill voice, rang at Mrs. Denbigh's door. The lesson passed off quietly; but when she rose Nora Denbigh felt for the first time that she was indeed now a professional woman, and realized all the weariness that was to come to her as such. When the boy had left she leaned her face upon the desk of her piano and gave herself up to thoughts, then suddenly drew herself up and played a 'Ballade' by Reinecke, a wild, changeable piece, full of melody. Her face brightened as she continued to play, and toward the end there was not a shadow on it. Elizabeth had entered the room, carrying a small table over to the window, it having suddenly struck her that its upper woodwork might need a washing. She then drew down the Venetian blind on the outside, not to be seen by the neighbors, set a chair on the table, a footstool on the chair, a pile of music on that, and, finally, mounting all these, began scrubbing the portion of the woodwork nearest the ceiling with energy. In the midst of this occupation a gentleman's voice at the door asked in German: 'Miss Denbigh, the translator, at home?' 'Now I ask any of my readers to picture to himself what the result would have been if Elizabeth, clad as she was, had stepped down from her perch, with a scrubbing brush in one hand and a cloth in the other, and had said: 'Yes, Miss Denbigh is at home, you see her before you.' There would have been something sublime in her doing so; something of the spirit of Diogenes receiving Alexander in his tub. But Elizabeth had nothing sublime in her character, nothing of the spirit of Diogenes. She was a simple Irish girl, and as a simple Irish girl she behaved. (To be continued.) The New and the Old. Fifteen years ago the British warship Canada was launched. A week or two ago she was condemned and advertised for sale. The modern iron-clad is a very short-lived as well as costly machine, compared with the 'old iron-sides.' Nelson's Victory was forty years old when she flew her flag at Trafalgar. Our Old Ironsides was found and seaworthy after fifty years of service and the Constitution took a cruise under her own canvas when she was more than 70 years old. The modern iron or steel war vessel is a huge, delicately adjusted machine, which passes a brief, feverish existence between the stocks and the scrap-iron heap, being over-much of the time in the hospital undergoing repairs. How a genuine 'old salt,' if any such survive, must lament the 'decadence in naval warfare' and the glories of the spick-and-span clippers and frigates of the days when America led the world in the shipbuilding art. These grimy, floating machine-shops and electrical laboratories don't seem to have much in them that appeals to a sailor's heart. The engineer has become in some respects a bigger man than the seaman, and the line and staff will have to recognize that disagreeable fact sooner or later.—Buffalo Commercial. Why He Did Not Speak. Augustus Thomas, at the Lotus Club dinner given in New York City recently for Chauncey M. Depew, told a story about the neat manner in which a guest who was invited to speak at a dinner, without notice, evaded the issue. The dinner was one at which Mr. Depew and Gen. Horace Porter had each made an address. When the speaker was called upon, he said: 'I want to tell you a story. There once lived in the West a parson. He had a large parish; in fact, was the regular circuit rider of the district. He was away from home when twins were born to him. When he got back the attending physician tip-toed into the room, and turning down the coverlet, showed him the rosy, sleeping babies. The preacher looked at them long and earnestly, and then he turned to the doctor and said feelingly, 'Doctor, they are both fine boys. I wouldn't take \$1,000 apiece for them now—and I wouldn't give a blamed cent for another one.' That is my feeling and yours. You don't want 'another one' after what has gone before.' While Dorry took her breakfast in dignified silence, while Nora, having just marched Tom out of the room, this young man having taken advantage of the general excitement to practice a new species of somersault, in which he turned heels over head instead of head over heels, commenced opening and examining the parcel. Elizabeth forthwith walked to some distance, and the next time the unlucky sound fell on the air, adopted an attitude of well-feigned discovery, with her face in the other direction, as if it had suddenly dawned on her whence the sound came. Just then another sound fell on her ears. It was a gentleman seated on a bench near, who was observing the sisters, and at this little stratagem positively shook the seat with laughter. Poor man! the eyes of the Misses Denbigh fell on him with withering scorn, as the youngest curly head plainly intimating that of all the things she did most heartily despise, laughing gentlemen were the chief, while the clock in her hand boomed its loudest, as if adding that all the laughing gentlemen in creation shouldn't silence it. The girls continued their way in silence, side by side, having agreed that it was best to share the humiliation, and keep each other in countenance. Meanwhile, the longest lane has a turning, and everything has an end. Not even a German clock can strike more than thirteen at nine o'clock in the morning, and at the thirteenth stroke the clock in Dorry Denbigh's hand relapsed into silence. They reached an empty seat, and Elizabeth proposed their sitting down for a while that she might rearrange her hair. This accordingly they did, and as Dorry sat this moment caught sight of an acquaintance she remarked to her sister: 'I'm going to drop this parcel into the flower bed behind us. Mr. Thomson is coming towards us. He's so near-sighted he won't notice my doing so from where he now is, and I wouldn't from the world he should see us carrying such a thing when he comes up. We can wait till he goes on then, and take it out again.' No sooner said than done. With the most innocent face in the world Dorry tripped over to the bed, 'dropped' her bete noire into it and then walked back to her seat. 'Ah, how do you do, Miss Daury?' 'Quite well, thank you.' Meanwhile Mr. Thomson, himself an oddity, had taken a fancy to the odd girl. He had just been marketing—he went to the fruit market every day—and, as was his wont, offered Dorry a peach. Three times a week Dorry met Mr. Thomson at the market, and every time he offered her a peach. To-day he had only met her by chance, but the peach was offered the same as usual, and, as usual, accepted and dropped into Dorry's pocket—to be cut in five pieces when she reached home. 'A fine day, Miss Daury,' Mr. Thomson now said. He was also not a person of many words. He always said: 'A fine day, Miss Daury,' every time he met this young lady. He now said, drawing himself up, and looking about him: 'How brightly the sun is shining, is it not, Miss Daury?' 'Yes, very brightly.' This addition to Mr. Thomson's and her ordinary conversation was a phenomenon. It was but natural that it should be followed by another, as it was, for the smile had scarcely vanished from Dorry's lips when it struck one-quarter past nine from the flower bed behind her. 'Did you want her to strike, Miss Daury?' asked Mr. Thomson. 'Why, yes, but, dear me, it's always striking here. Not a building but has a clock on it.' 'The sound seemed to me to come from the flower bed behind us.' 'Really? Well, I hardly think Germans would put a clock there' (with a ghastly little laugh). 'There might be a sun dial, but sun dials don't strike.' 'No, sun dials do naut strike,' said Mr. Thomson, slowly. He never made use of abbreviations, hence the 'de naut.' After this brisk dialogue, it was but natural that the conversational powers should begin to flag on both sides. The company sat on in silence, unbroken until Elizabeth passed the seemingly commonplace remark: 'We must not stay sitting here too long, Dorry, or it will strike half past ten, three-quarters, and then fourteen—ten, I mean.' There was a slight quiver in her voice as she made the last correction. 'True,' replied Dorry, in a would-be sprightly tone, addressing Mr. Thomson. 'We should be going home, I think,' and she rose. She intended to walk to the gate of the park with her sister and Mr. Thomson, who seemed determined to sit on the bench as long as they did; then she would return and fetch the clock. Scarcely had she resolved on this, however, when she saw the eyes of a park ranger fixed on the peculiar brown-paper parcel in the flower bed. If she left the place the clock would be taken. 'Well, Miss Daury, have you forgotten anything?' 'I—yes—no—only—' 'A—present for my mother, which I had hidden in that flower bed.' A Scotchman never sees a joke, say those of England and the Sister Isle. A closer acquaintance with those north of Tweed might show us that they might often see and relish a joke when we in our density imagine it lost to them. Not a smile crossed the face of Mr. Thomson; but in the twitching of the eyelids toward the region of the crow's-feet, a brother Scot would have seen that the little Denbigh comedy was by no means lost on him. With great apparent earnestness he said: 'Shall I fetch it for you, Miss Daury?' 'Oh, no, please not; it must be carried very carefully. I had rather fetch it myself, thank you.' And Dorry lifted it. Not long after they were at their own hall door. 'Oh, mother!' (Elizabeth was the first to speak). 'You saw us, of course, coming down the street. It was so cheap' (looking at the parcel, the contents of which she evidently imagined her mother must know as well as she, from a glitter of painted wood through the paper), 'and we met Mr. Thomson, and it struck from the flower bed behind us—thirteen, fancy, mother! and we pretended we didn't know what it was—it was such a humiliation—and I'm so ashamed, mother!—and I thought one gentleman would kill himself with laughing—so unfeeling! And when it struck thirteen, my hair fell down. That's all, mother! Do give us some breakfast!' It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that this Elizabethan narrative was so incoherent that Mrs. Denbigh found herself no wiser after it than before. Mean-

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hind the turn, and came drifting like frightened sheep before the breath of a strong west wind. No thought of danger occurred to us until, in an awful hush, with no lightning-flash, no thunder-peal, they broke, and death came down. The flood seized the canal like a channel; flume-wise it bore to the valley the cloud-sent torrent of the hills. The hotel stood full in the path of the flood. If the builder had not wrought better than any man knew, not one of us would have lived through the stressful time of boiling, foaming, hissing, roaring water, that leaped savagely against the walls, bit and tore at the foundations, caught every movable thing as in the grip of a giant, and whirled and ground it to utter destruction. 'The cloud! The cloud has burst!' came the cry on every hand. With one impulse, everybody rushed to the corridor, there to huddle and hold to the sudden steady, half-med with the sudden and perilous shock. Then some one shouted for the women and children to run within the office. We had hardly gained it when the back door gave way; the lapping flood rushed through the hall and parlors, and whirled their furnishings about like drift sticks in a swollen stream. We crouched there, watching them to fear and trembling. The office had thick stone walls and but one door. Therein lay our hope of safety. Thought of ancor was vain. No outcry we might make could possibly pierce through that elemental clamor, and summon the neighbors to our rescue. Earth and sky seemed to call and answer, one to another; earth in deep sinister rumblings, as though all its fountains were broken up, and the sky in an over-tone of singing water, murderously swishing and thundering about our refuge. It was over at last; the roars and hissing died down to the plash and pouring of rain. But still the house stood; we had a roof between us and the angry sky. Comfort is largely a matter of comparison. Now we rejoiced, though the place was full of wreck and ruin, and though the mud lay a foot thick wherever the flood had rolled. By dint of hard labor one room was made habitable, and there, that night, we huddled about the stove that had somehow been groped for and dug out of the mud and then set up to warm us through the bitter chill that had come in the wake of the storm. Noble Sacrifice. Parson's Weekly tells a story of a telegraph lineman who has to his credit as brave a service to a comrade as a soldier might render on the field of battle. A few years ago two men were at work upon a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken, and they were repairing the damage. The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backward. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires. For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said: 'Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break.' As he spoke a wire did break. Both men, hanging together, were in danger of being precipitated to the track below. 'Well, mate,' said Bill, 'one of us has got to drop. It's a big drop to make, but as you're married and have three children, I don't see why I should stay here.' 'No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer.' Another wire broke. One more might drop them both. Bill made up his mind. 'Good-by, mate,' he said to the other. 'Good-by,' answered his companion, the tears running out of his eyes. Bill dropped. It was a fall of forty feet. He fell among some rough stumps of bushes, and rolled down an embankment. Then he rose, and called up to his companion: 'I'm all right, mate. I'm going for help.' The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow reached it and had told his story, he fainted away. The doctor found that he had broken both his arms and one of his ribs; but his brave action had very likely saved his companion's life. Mineral Fertilizers for the Cherry. In no one of our fruits is the stone or seed so large in proportion to the whole as it is in the cherry. For this reason, and also because it perfects its fruit in very short time, mineral fertilizers in available form are always needed for the cherry tree. Some of the most productive and largest kinds of cherries are very apt to rot before they ripen. This is almost always an indication that mineral fertility, especially potash, is needed. It is the potash in the soil that not only perfects the seed, but is necessary also in giving the color to the fruit that makes it attractive. The most highly-colored fruits require, therefore, liberal supplies of the potash fertilizers. Woman's Experience on a Jury. Mrs. Warren, who recently served as foreman on a jury in Denver, says: 'As a matter of interest to the public, and particularly to ladies who in the future may be called upon to serve upon juries, I will say that in my own experience there has been nothing which should deter any lady from serving on a jury.' Boston's Badly Planned Library. The great new Boston public library has already been found to have been ill planned and inadequate. It cost \$2,500,000, and now \$25,000 is about to be expended to construct a 'suitable reading-room.' The clouds gathered in the hills be-



Improving the Telescope. Prof. C. S. Hastings, of Yale, has devised a method of shaping and combining two lenses of ordinary optical glass in such a manner as to do away with the outstanding color due to chromatic aberration, which has always been a source of more or less trouble, even in the best of modern telescopes. It is estimated that the improvement will increase the effective power of telescopes about 10 per cent. Odora and Photography. Every photographer knows that singular differences exist in the actinic action of light on succeeding days which, so far as general appearances go, seem to be equally favorable for photographic purposes. This may be partly explained by the recent discovery by Monsieur Dechaux of Paris, that the odors arising from vegetation and disseminated through the air diminish the actinic power of the solar radiations which reach the surface of the ground. Texas Sulphur. The best known sulphur deposits in the world are those of Sicily, but according to Mr. Eugene A. Smith, of the University of Alabama, Texas may possibly enter the field as a producer of commercial sulphur. The deposits examined in Texas are situated in a large basin some forty miles northwest of Pecos, but others are said to exist both to the west and north of this locality. The nearest railroad is twenty miles from the sulphur basin, and the surrounding country contains no fuel and very little surface water. A Hiding Plant. Many insects and other members of the animal kingdom mimic the forms and colors of plants and other natural objects, for the supposed purpose of concealment from enemies, but it is rare to find a similar peculiarity in plants. An instance of this, however, has been noticed at the Cape of Good Hope, where a species of mesembryanthemum, or fig-marigold, so closely resembles the stones and mud which it grows both in color and form, that it frequently escapes the attention of cattle and other browsing animals. South Africa presents other instances of what is called protective mimicry in plants. Ingenious Chimpanzees. A recent report by Prof. O. F. Cook on a colonization in Liberia gives some interesting facts about the chimpanzees living in that country. It appears that these animals, which bear such curious resemblances to men that the natives call them 'old-time people,' are very fond of the flesh of land crabs, which they dig out of the burrows. To crack open the shells of the crabs they dash them against rocks. They also crack nuts with stones in the regular human fashion; and most curious of all, perhaps, they kill pythons by grasping the huge serpents about the neck and beating their heads with stones. Going Astray at Sea. The difficulty of keeping a modern steamship on a straight course is pointed out in the Scientific American. The helmsman steers by the compass, and while a single degree of deviation appears very small on the compass card, it would, if continued, carry a fast steamship four miles out of her course in a single day's run. Yet the compass gives the course more accurately than the ship can be steered. Owing to the deflecting power of the waves and the rolling of the ship, which causes first one of her propellers and then the other, if she be of the twin-screw type, to exert the greater effect, the course is continually shifted a little this way and that, despite the helm. The only safety is in correcting the compass course by frequent observations of the sun, moon and stars. History in a Tree. In the British Museum of Natural History there is a section of the trunk of a large fir-tree from British Columbia, the growth rings of which indicate that it was more than 500 years old when it was cut down in 1885. A correspondent of Nature calls attention to the fact that about twenty of the annual rings of growth, making the latter part of the first hundred years of the tree's existence, are crowded together in a remarkable manner, indicating that during those twenty years some cause was in operation greatly retarding the growth of the tree. On looking into history the correspondent found that, nearly at the time when the tree in question was evidently suffering from very adverse conditions, Asia and Europe were undergoing extraordinary disturbances from earthquakes, atmospheric convulsions, the failure of crops, pestilential diseases, etc. China, in particular, suffered even more than Europe. He therefore suggests that possibly the crowded rings in the trunk of the tree may be a record of the existence of the same unusual conditions affecting animal and vegetable life at that time in North America also; and he shows that if the tree had reached its full growth, and ceased to form new rings a few years before it was felled in 1885, the correspondence in time would be complete. Colorado Cloudburst. A writer in Travel describes a cloudburst which came without warning, one hot, stifling day, upon the dwellers at Magnetic Springs, in Southern Colorado. The clouds gathered in the hills be-