

A SONG.

There's a sweetness in the air
When the sun is low,
And the sky is flushed and bare,
And the light winds blow;
While the shadows come and go,
As the night doth fall,
Along the misty moor land where the
curlews call.

There's a lady full of grace
Whom I loved of yore,
And the lovelight on her face
Shineth evermore,
And I long as heretofore
For the night to fall
Along the misty moor land where the
curlews call.

Dear love, can I forget
Through the flying years
Thy face amid the fret
Of their pain and tears;
Nay, my heart remembers yet
When the night doth fall
Along the misty moor land where the
curlews call.

—Ernest A. Newton.

'UNPREMEDITATED.'

Mrs. Spreadbrow sat under the big willow in her front garden. Behind her stood the trim cottage, and in the grass, almost at her feet, gambled Eddy, her youngest born, and the new white and black puppy.

From the sylvan of the two young creatures on the grass, Mrs. Spreadbrow set her eyes wander drearly across the way to the irregular sky line of the big city, where she knew that Mr. Spreadbrow was busily engaged in converting sales of cotton into brisk bank notes.

Ah, though she, happily, she had much to be thankful for, the best husband in the world, promising family, a charming home on Staten Island and — But at this juncture her reverie was broken in upon by the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk leading from the front gate to the house, and looking up, she beheld the comfortable figure of her dear friend, Mrs. Townley.

There followed a scene such as any body who has been surprised by the sudden and unexpected arrival of a valued friend can readily imagine. In the course of it Mrs. Townley was conveyed to the parlor of the trim cottage, to sit and "cool off" before going upstairs.

"Take off your bonnet, dear," said her cheery hostess. "I will put your satchel and parcel and things on this chair. O, I have so much to tell you about and scold you for; why haven't you come down before?"

In the midst of Mrs. Townley's explanations as to why she had absented herself, there burst through the open French window, like the advent of a whirlwind, the puppy, Sport, in full cry, followed by Eddy.

Round and round the room they circled for some moments and then, obedient to the oft-repeated commands of his mother, the little youth turned and embraced their visitor with much heartiness. The peace that followed these demonstrations was rudely put to flight by the click of the front gate, and the cry from Eddy, who was stationed at the window, announcing "a lady coming."

"Somebody to call. How provoking!" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, with a pucker of her placid brow. "Come, Maria, let's go up stairs before Della goes to the door. There goes the bell! Never mind our things."

In an instant the room was cleared of all save the black and white puppy, who shambled about for a moment, then trotted out into the garden by the same route he had come in.

"It's a young lady, Mrs. Spreadbrow, and she says she wants to see you on business," announced Della, a moment later, thrusting her head through the door of the room to which Mrs. Spreadbrow and her friend had retired.

"Dear me! what can she want?" The lady's voice expressed as much irritation as that kindly organ could embody.

As she entered the parlor, a tall, slim girl, who had been standing nervously in the middle of the room, advanced to meet her, and the icy tone and manner that Mrs. Spreadbrow had determined to assume toward the disturber of her seclusion melted away as the pretty young creature lifted a pair of sad dark eyes to her face and said in an embarrassed voice:

"Please pardon me for intruding. I have come to—"

"Pray sit down," interrupted Mrs. Spreadbrow, cheerily.

"Thank you," said the girl, and dropped into a chair. "I will not detain you long. I have here a children's history—" and from the depths of a rompy satchel she produced a small book—"that Catcham & Teasam are publishing—"

"Ah! Now Mrs. Spreadbrow knew the worst. "But I don't want it," she said, gently.

"It won't do any—any—harm—to look at it." The girl spoke as if trying to repeat a lesson, and with a wistful look in her face.

"Yes, it will; because if I let you show it to me I may buy it, and I really don't want it."

"Nobody does; but you have put your rejection of it very kindly," said the girl, rising to go.

Her voice trembled, and the smile she managed to screw her pretty lips into was far from cheerful. Mrs. Spreadbrow was touched. There was something so pathetic about the voice and manner, and she was so very young and so very pretty. The motherly lady laid her hand on the girl's arm, saying softly:

"Let me give you a glass of claret before you set out again in the heat—O! For the little book agent had turned away to hide the tears she could not restrain.

"Excuse me," she murmured, "it's the hot weather, and—and not being ac-

customed to the work. I began only yesterday, and it's a long trip to and from New York."

"Sit down," urged Mrs. Spreadbrow, gently, "and I will go and get the wine."

When she returned the girl had quite recovered and was sitting quietly at the window smiling at the gambols of the puppy. She apologized for having given away to her emotions, sipped her wine and then rose again to go.

"Thank you so much for your kindness," she said warmly, and "good-by!"

"Stop," exclaimed Mrs. Spreadbrow. "I've changed my mind about the book, I'll take it."

"You really need it?" with a perceptible brightening of the eyes.

"I can't get on without a history for Eddy. I never thought of Sport's having destroyed the one he had."

When the necessary negotiations had been concluded and the pretty book agent had departed, Mrs. Spreadbrow returned to her guest, with many apologies for her long absence and bubbling over with the pathetic romance she had woven from the materials furnished by the young girl's words and manner.

The two ladies talked over this and similar instances, until they were both in a tearful state, and Mrs. Townley, to turn the tide of feeling, proposed going into the parlor and opening the nubby little package which she had brought and which she said contained some trifles for the children.

This proposition was hailed with joy by Mrs. Spreadbrow. Mrs. Townley was in the act of untying the last string, when she suddenly bethought her of her black satchel, in which it was her custom to carry her purse, and which had been deposited with her bonnet and parasol on a chair in the corner of the room. With the precipitancy invariably displayed by her sex at such junctures, she rose and stepped over to get it. The parasol and bonnet were on the chair, but not the satchel.

"Are you sure that you didn't take it into the library?" asked Mrs. Spreadbrow, after the parlor had been searched.

"I know I didn't," responded Mrs. Townley, with tremulous irritation. "But of course we can look."

The satchel was not in the library, the only room occupied by the ladies since Mrs. Townley's arrival; nor did it turn up anywhere in the house, which with anxious inconsistency, was searched from top to bottom. Mrs. Townley had become very pale and Mrs. Spreadbrow trembled with excitement and chagrin.

"O, this is dreadful," she said at last. "I—I hate to think it possible, but it must have been stolen. How much was in the purse?"

"A hundred dollars," responded Mrs. Townley. "I brought it with me for safety. But who—? There has been no one—"

"The little book agent," gasped Mrs. Spreadbrow. "She is the only person who has been in the parlor besides myself since you left it. Is it possible—can it be—that innocent-looking—O, dear!"

But Mrs. Spreadbrow was a woman of action, albeit mild and gentle, and she sprang to her feet, fiercely clenching her small, soft fists. "I'll follow her!" she cried. "Do you go one way, Maria; I will go another, and Della and the children shall go in the other directions. O, we will run her down! The little hypocrite!"

In a few minutes the house was emptied of occupants, barring the cook, who stood with her elbows on the fence and watched the departing search party, and the black and white puppy, who, in his foolish way, growled at and worried something under the big willow.

With the hot August sun pouring down upon their heads the pursuers scurried from house to house, while with what Mrs. Spreadbrow termed "the intense cunning of a thief," the little book agent managed to elude them.

At last Mrs. Spreadbrow found a maid servant who said that she had seen the girl enter the railway station and that if Mrs. Spreadbrow hurried she could overtake her before the arrival of the train for St. George. Stationward the anxious lady sped, fear and indignation, intermixed with a spice of uncertainty.

What should she do if the girl refused to give up the purse? Ah, she knew; she would get on the train, find a policeman at St. George and intercept her as she stepped on the boat.

She reached the station just in time to see the book agent's skirt whisk through the door of a forward car; she herself was hauled onto the last car by an obliging brakeman, just as the train moved off.

Arrived at St. George, Mrs. Spreadbrow hurriedly accosted a policeman, explained that the young woman in the gray linen dress, carrying the black satchel, had committed a theft, and urged him excitedly to detain her. The officer hesitated a moment, and then interposing his portly form between the young girl and the gang plank, touched her lightly on the arm and said, pointing to Mrs. Spreadbrow:

"Do you know this lady?"

"Yes—that is, I went to her house this morning, and she was—"

"Will you come out of this crowd?" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, her firmness suddenly forsaking her, "I want to speak with you."

"But I will miss my boat," expostulated the girl nervously. "My mother will be waiting for me and—what can you mean by calling a policeman to stop me?" she concluded with a frightened look in her eyes, as if a full realization of the situation had but just flashed upon her.

"The fact is," exclaimed the policeman, "this lady wants me to arrest you

for theft, but maybe you can explain certain suspicious circumstances."

The girl was white to the lips now and the look of despairing fright in her eyes was pitiful to see.

"For theft—? For theft?" she said with stiff lips.

"O, do come where it is quiet," urged the accuser, looking as distressed as the accused, and then the three went into the ferry-house.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Spreadbrow weakly, when they had reached a quiet corner of the big room.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand," replied the girl proudly. "And now may I ask what you accuse me of stealing?"

"I—I," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, trembling before the pale "little thief." "We think you took Mrs. Townley's purse out of my parlor this morning; you were the only person in the room beside myself when the time she left it there and the time we found it gone—"

"My God!" murmured the book agent dropping into a seat and covering her face with her hands. Presently she recovered herself and turning to the policeman said: "Search my satchel, sir, please, and you," to Mrs. Spreadbrow.

"You may search my person; and may God forgive you!"

"O, my dear, I can't, I can't—I can't, when I look at you I can't be—be— But everything's against you," Mrs. Spreadbrow's eyes were full of tears and her voice trembled.

"There ain't no purse here," but this one," remarked the policeman, who had been rummaging through the contents of the black satchel, holding up a slim pocket book.

"That's mine; look through it; you will find just 29 cents." The book agent spoke very calmly.

"That's right," he assented, putting the purse back. "But of course the money must be hid on the lady's person," he added cautiously.

"Here it is! Here it is!" cried a panting but triumphant voice, and Mrs. Townley, flushed and excited, rushed toward the trio waving a much-mauled Russian leather bag, such as some ladies are fond of carrying their handkerchiefs and purses in.

"It was that wretched black and white puppy! He must have taken it out of the parlor, and Eddy found him chewing it to pieces in the garden. Why, what is the matter, Hattie?" for Mrs. Spreadbrow had dropped into a seat and regardless of curious eyes, was weeping piteously.

"I—I'm sorry. Please—please forgive me."

The little book agent wavered a moment, scorn, indignation and pity chasing each other across her face. Then she slipped down beside the distressed little lady and taking one of her limp hands said simply:

"I do forgive you. Pray don't cry. But, please, next time you miss anything, be sure the black and white puppy hasn't taken it before you decide that anybody else has."

She could not refrain from this mild shot, and, though it was tremulously aimed, it did not miscarry, but went straight to Mrs. Spreadbrow's heart, where it has lodged ever since.

And so it was the black and white puppy! He is a sedate dog now and a great favorite of Miss Amelia Banks—ex-book agent—who declares that if it had not been for him she would never have obtained her present lucrative and congenial position in Mr. Spreadbrow's office, where the painful memories of her experience as a book agent—and other painful memories as well—are fast fading into oblivion.

Alcoholism Among Animals.
"The taste for alcohol," says the Revue Scientifique, "is not the privilege of man alone. It is well known that the horse will eagerly drink a quart of red wine, and that dogs love beer. The exploits of Gideon in Zoa's 'La Terre' attest from the standpoint of literature the bacchic tastes of the animal. Now 'Medicine Moderne' tells us of a demonstration made by Mr. Tutt, London, that even butterflies may go on a spree. In a public lecture, Mr. Tutt shut up in a case male and female butterflies with flowers of diverse species. Now, while the female butterflies quenched their thirst modestly by sipping a few drops of dew in the calyx of a rose, the males indulged in characteristic intemperance. They went straight to the flowers whose distillation produced the most alcohol, and indulged in their juices till they fell senseless where they stood. The butterflies were dead-drunk. To further convince his auditors, Mr. Tutt introduced into the case a glass of water and several glasses of brandy. The male butterflies, without hesitation, chose the brandy. The fact does not admit of doubt. Male butterflies in a state of freedom are often attracted by the emanations of a glass of gin that has been left on a garden table, and, drinking of it to excess, sleep the heavy sleep of drunkenness."

Reflections of a Bachelor.
Love with women is like poker with a man—he does most of his winning while learning it.

Women know more about love than they do about loving; men know more about loving than they do about love.

Married men are rare whose pride is so strong that they can't bear to think they might have been refused when they proposed.

Every other woman you meet has either a missionary scheme that she is interested in or else a kitten that she wants you to take care of.

There is no surer way for a man to make a girl think she has got to have another man than for him to make her think he thinks he has got to have her.

—New York Press.

AGRICULTURAL.

CUTTING HAY.

There are a great many things in farming, as well as in other callings, that are acquiesced in as true and yet are largely ignored in practice. One of these is with regard to the time when hay should be cut. As a matter of belief nearly every one admits that grass should be cut early, because it is then more nutritious, more palatable and more digestible. As a matter of practice however, many farmers let the seed form and the hay become woody before cutting. In some localities, with timothy especially, where the grass is grown for seed, a header is used to take off the seed crop, and afterwards the stalks are cut and it is called hay. It is really not hay at all; it is straw, and has no higher feeding value than straw well cured would have. Of course, if one can make more money out of a timothy crop by heading first for seed and then making the straw for feeding purposes, that ends the matter. But this is hardly ever the case, and the practice generally rests upon a sort of vague idea that the grass will be pretty nearly as good for feeding purposes and that the seed crop will be just so much in. This is a serious mistake, for the only return obtained by the practice is the seed. If that is worth more than the hay crop would be if cut seasonably, then take the seed crop, but by all means, don't do it on the strength of the idea that three or four bushels of seed, plus a considerable feeding value in the straw, will equal a good, fair value for a crop of hay seasonably cut and well cured. Of course, in the case of other grasses where the seed crop has no special market value, allowing the grass to stand until late is a serious injury to the feeding value of the hay crop without any compensation in the value of the seed.

STUDY OF HEN'S EGGS.
From the Market Basket: The Agricultural Department, through its experimental stations, has been investigating the food value of hens' eggs. According to a large number of analyses made of American eggs at the various stations, an egg on an average weighs ten ounces and has the following percentage of composition: Shell, 10.5; water, 66; fat, 9.3; and ash, .09. A side of beef contains on an average about the same percentage of protein, but a larger percentage of fat. Eggs belong to the nitrogenous group of foods, and could naturally and quite properly be combined in the diet with material supplying carbohydrates (sugar and starch), such as cereals, potatoes, etc. At the California experiment station the chief object of the examination was to determine whether there was any basis of fact for the popular opinion that eggs with brown shells have a higher food value than those with white shells. It has been said by some that the brown eggs are richer than the white ones, but this statement is not borne out by a chemical analysis, and the physical examination proves that the main points of superiority, though extremely slight, are possessed by the white eggs. The minute differences that are found between the two groups are exceeded by variation between varieties within the same group. It may be stated that there are practically no differences so far as the food value is concerned.

DO WE NEED INSURANCE?
Among the best business men in farmer communities it is no longer a doubtful question as to whether they had better carry insurance on their property. Nearly all farmers who own property believe in insuring against fire and lightning, a very large majority believe in insuring against tornadoes, some of them are strong believers in life insurance and a great many are now becoming impressed with the necessity of insuring against hail.

Before insurance became general in the country, many a farmer lost his buildings and their contents, and was hereby ruined for life. The loss came at a time in life when it so crippled him that he never fully regained the lost ground. At a light expense the farmer can now be insured against loss by fire or lightning; he does not miss the amount his insurance costs, and at the same time he is prepared for any loss that may occur. As long as property is exposed to fire and lightning, just so long will it be consumed, and your turn may come when you are least prepared to meet it. These considerations have made the matter of insurance quite general as regards fire, lightning and tornado, but another form of insurance has come into vogue in the past few years, which is a very good kind, and yet few of the whole number of farmers realize that they ought to carry policies protecting against it. We have reference to hail insurance. We can plant and cultivate, but the elements have all crops in their mercy through the growing season. The labor of many hard weeks or months may be swept away in one short hour. When a large crop of any kind has been planted it becomes property and is exposed to dangers from the time it is through the ground until it is in the granary, and even then it is not exempt. A thousand or so dollars' worth of crops may be insured against hail for a few dollars. There is no moral hazard in the hail business as there is in the fire. The insured may burn his buildings if he feels he would be benefited by sustaining the loss, and he is not liable to be caught and sent up for arson. But the farmer can not "hail out" his crop, no matter how poor it may be or how strong his desire to have it destroyed, so that he can get his insurance. A poor crop is liable to be hailed, but a good crop is just as liable. One may

not be much of a loss, but the other is a quite serious one.

At one time it was customary to insure crops alone in old line companies, but the rates were so high that a great many recoiled from the idea of insuring at all against hail. More recently co-operative companies have been organized, until now the risk against this dangerous source of loss may be carried at actual cost. It is safe to say that the number of persons that become members, the less the protection will cost. Hail storms will pass through certain sections, but so many localities will be missed that the expense is divided up quite small when it is shared by a great many members, scattered over a wide extent of territory.

We believe it pays to carry some hail insurance. We do so for the reason that hail storms are liable to come over our farms at a time when we can ill afford to have them come. For the sum of about three cents per acre one may insure against a possible loss of ten or twelve dollars per acre. If the crops are being counted on to pay some urgent debt, you can not afford to meet with a loss.

The destructive tornado is also liable to come at any time and sweep away all the buildings and property we have. The family may be safely ensconced in the cave, but a mortgage or a fire policy will not hold the property against the fury of a tornado. It is safe to be on the safe side in these questions and to provide for any emergency. We believe in all kinds of legitimate insurance and in the co-operative mutual companies it can be carried so cheaply that there is no excuse for not carrying some. Did you ever know a man to meet with a loss who had no insurance who did not wish he had some? And when the new buildings are up the first thing he does is to insure them. This is the way, but locking the door after the horse is stolen does not bring back that horse. We believe in protecting ourselves and property as far as we are able, and in order to do so we will have to keep posted on the question of insurance.—Iowa Homestead.

To Lannder Lace Curtains.

From Farmers' Voice: Curtains should be taken down and laundered as soon as they show soil, as this saves the curtains as well as preserves that fresh appearance which gives such an air of cleanliness to a room. If they are allowed to hang too long without cleaning they may be transformed from beautifiers into dust repositories; but lace curtains are often made to do duty for one more season because of the dread of laundering, when the work may be very easily done at home, where it is not convenient to send them to the laundry, thus saving an inconsiderable expense in professional cleaning. Lace or muslin curtains should never be rubbed on the washboard, nor should they be put in with the general wash. It is a kind of work that is worth doing well if worth doing at all. The curtains should be taken outdoors and shaken until no more loose dust will shake off them, then put them into warm water and let them remain over night. The next morning prepare a tubful of hot water and add enough pearline to make a strong suds; immerse them in this suds for an hour; then put them into fresh, clean suds prepared in the same manner, each time squeezing the lace and rubbing and shaking them gently with the hands. Keep on renewing the suds and rubbing till the water is no longer dark, then rinse in clear, soft water.

If the curtains are white, the second rinse water may be made blue, as for clothes. If a cream color or ecru tint is preferred, strong coffee should be added to the water; then dip them in thin, boiled starch slightly tinged with blue or brown as desired. As curtain stretchers are somewhat expensive they are purchased by comparatively few housekeepers who live in the country, but their curtains may be made to look quite as nice without them by pinning them to sheets which are tacked to the floor of some unused or spare room. If the curtains are alike it is easier to place the two corners together and stretch and pull them until they are perfectly straight, then pin each scallop to the sheet after carefully shaping it with the fingers. If the work is properly done they will not need ironing and will have the appearance of new curtains. And last, but not least, when you come to replace them on the poles they should be draped in such a way as to have a pleasing effect, and not with mathematical precision, as they look better is arranged rather carelessly and not with such painstaking labor.

Kitchener's Spies.
Lord Kitchener is made the hero of an interesting anecdote, the details of which have just reached London. It is told by a relative of the Sirdar. According to him, one night while the British-Egyptian army was approaching Omdurman a Dervish spy was discovered in camp, and was placed under arrest in headquarters. Not a word could be coaxed out of him; he pretended to be deaf and dumb. Shortly afterward a second spy was caught, and he, too, assumed a deaf and dumb rite. He was placed in the same tent with the first prisoner.

Half an hour later a third spy was brought into headquarters, and was put with the other two without delay. At the end of an hour the alert guard heard animated whispering going on in the tent among the deaf and dumb prisoners. A moment after the third of the spies stepped out of the tent and demanded of the guard to be taken to the officer's tent. He turned out to be the Sirdar himself, who was disguised so cleverly that he not only fooled his own men, but wormed the secrets of the two prisoners from them.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Little onions are now boiled and served on toast, after the manner of asparagus. This affords a change from the stereotyped way of serving, and will usually be found most acceptable.

A stubborn attack of hicoughs will almost invariably yield if a drop of oil of cassia (cinnamon) on a piece of sugar is given to the sufferer every ten or fifteen minutes. This has been proved effective when all other remedies have failed.

Rhubarb is the first spring green capable of being used as a dessert. Stew one quart of cut rhubarb until tender, add sufficient sugar to make very sweet pass through a coarse sieve and set away until icy cold. Just before serving add slowly one pint of thick, rich cream.

To make gravy for roast beef in a pan, pour off nearly all the fat. Put the pan on the stove and add dry flour until the fat is all absorbed. Then add hot water or hot stock, and stir as if chickens. Cook five to eight minutes and season.

In covering the piano for the summer a thick, heavy cover should be selected if a thin one is used the dust sifting through grinds on the polished wood is a most harmful way. In taking the cover off, flick the top lightly with a feather duster—of the few occasions when a feather duster is to be recommended—then wipe with an old silk handkerchief.

Parse lengthwise a ripe pineapple and remove the eyes. With a fork dislodge from the core the single fruits; the racts will designate the place where the divisions occur. Slice lengthwise, across the grain, three sweet oranges. Peel and slice two bananas and cut lengthwise into halves one cup of strawberries. If all the fruits be sweet use the juice of half a lemon, otherwise omit it. Beat to an emulsion one-third cup of olive oil, or butter will do, a little lemon juice if needed, and three tablespoons of honey. Mix with the fruits separately or together, and arrange on a bed of heart leaves of lettuce. The most striking effect, perhaps, is produced by dressing each kind of fruit separately, thus massing each color by itself. If the pineapple be large a larger quantity of dressing will be required, or less fruit may be used.

From Farmers' Voice: A salad is a valuable addition to dinner or supper, and if one has a good dressing on hand there is always something on the farm hat can be used to advantage.

The following recipe will be found very satisfactory, the dressing will keep indefinitely and is excellent for salads of boiled vegetables, chicken, lobster, tomato and lettuce, and many like it as a relish with cold meat. Make up a supply while the eggs are at their lowest price and you will have sufficient to last until spring.

Rub the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs smooth, add two teaspoonfuls of dry mustard, two of fine salt, and a few dashes of cayenne, or you may use white pepper or paprika if you object to the "bite" of the cayenne, using considerable more; mix these thoroughly then add one tablespoonful of fine sugar, two of olive oil and four raw eggs well beaten; after this is worked to a smooth paste add very slowly a scant cup of vinegar and mix thoroughly.

Pour in bottles, cork, and keep in a cool, dry place, and shake before using. This sells in the city stores for 35 cents, half-pint bottles.

From the Gentlewoman: After they have become "bone dry," put the shirts, collars and cuffs through a wheat starch made by pouring foaming hot water over a smooth batter obtained by stirring wheat flour and cold water together until it is the consistency of thin cake batter. This should be boiled slowly for two hours and then strained through a cheesecloth to leave it perfectly free of lumps. Add to each quart of boiling starch a teaspoonful of white wax, such as is especially prepared for laundry use.

The secret of a good smooth finish to stiff starched clothes is in the method of starching. This must be carefully done. Spread a shirt bosom over a clean board, and with a piece of thin cloth rub the starch into the bosom with strong, firm strokes. There should not be a wrinkle in the linen after it is thoroughly wet and starched, and all superfluous starch is wiped off with the cloth. The wristbands and neckbands are treated the same way. When it is thoroughly dry—"bone dry"—again—the shirt and collars and cuffs are dipped for a moment in boiling water and quickly wrung through the wringer with the rollers pressed as tight together as they can be turned. The pieces should now be left to stand at least two hours before they are ironed.

DO YOU KNOW?
Cuba has 1,200 sugar plantations. The Bank of England was opened 302 years ago.

A Russian does not become of age until he is 28.

In Greenland potatoes never grow larger than a marble.

Ireland possesses the most equable climate of any European country.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

The depth of water affects the speed of steamers very considerably, the vessels moving more slowly in shallow than in deep water.

Dried bananas are now being exported from Queensland. They are intended as a substitute for raisins in English puddings.