RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. G. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

AS SHE COMES DOWN THE LANE.

Along the fields the shadows fall,
The sun is hanging low,
And on the ivy-mantled wall
The soft lights come and go.
A zephyr wafted from above,
Drifts o'er the waving grain,
My heart goes out to meet my love,
As she comes down the lane.

I lean upon the moss-grown bars,
As long the path she fares.
My gracious queen, no blemish mars
The coronet she wears.
The scepter in her woman's hand
Will banish care and pain,
For I am lord of all the land
When she comes down the lane.

Soft breezes play about her now,
And lift her shining hair.
The sunset glow is on her brow,
To make her passing fair.
Her beauteous face, her modest mien,
To picture them were vain.
And she is mine, my bonny queen,
As she comes down the lane.

The daisies nod as she goes by,
The wild rose blushes pink.
Sweet song-birds round her pathway fly,
And sing the praise they think.
She lifts her head, her eyes so clear,
Smile into mine again;
My heart cries out: "God bless you, dear,"
As she comes down the lane.

—*F. D. Camp, in Philadelphia Press.*

THE TIDE-LANDS.

Describing How Miss Vanderpool Came to Her Own.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging-house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face. It was not a very genteel lodging-house, and it was not in a very genteel quarter. The paint was off in patches, and one of the faded green blinds hung on a single hinge. The steps were worn and the little front area was used as a depository for wood and coal. There were a pair of dirty faces at the basement windows, and outside of the door Sairy Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched her depart with undisguised curiosity. Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's rent for her single room, third story in the rear, was a week overdue. She might have been stationed there as a spy by the Gorgon, her mother, to see that no recreant lodger contrived to slip off, bag and baggage, without a formal parting. She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool's account, that lady reflected. Her piano, the one article of value among her possessions, was much too cumbrous to carry, and it was mortgaged up to its full value. Why was it that people never exhibited any conscience or honor about their music-teacher's bills, as they did about their butcher's and washerwomen's? Why was it that she, respected and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, could find no market for her accomplishments now that she must earn her daily bread? Why did every one take advantage of her and cheat her, down to the pawnbroker who had lately taken the last piece of jewelry saved from her financial wreck? She was faint and hungry, and a gnawing pain that was new to her, reminded her that she had lived on bread and water for six weeks, and that she had been on short rations for the last few days. If she had been a soldier, now, she could have withstood it right valorously, for there was martial blood in her veins. But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in nothing but the common way! The thought humiliated her, and she put it aside.

She was walking down the street, lined with low cottages, when she stopped before one of the poorest and meanest, where a stunted lilac, just budding in the front-yard, gave evidence of some little refinement on the part of the occupants. But it was not this that attracted Miss Vanderpool's attention. Floating from the door-knob she beheld a little piece of thin white crepe, tied with narrow ribbon, the wan banner of sorrow. This was the cottage where the two little girls had looked out upon her, with laughing faces, every day as she passed by. Only yesterday they had flung her kisses from the window. Now one was gone. The shock bore down upon her with all the sense of a personal loss.

She pushed the gate open and went up the steps. A woman opened the door and led her to a darkened room. It was the custom of the neighborhood to give free admission to visitors at such a time. In the little white coffin lay the younger of the two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbing quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his lap the remaining child, who had cried herself to sleep in his arms.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently; "is there any thing I can do?"

The moment she spoke she regretted it. The mother uncovered her face and looked up piteously, then shrank from the strange visitor.

"Nothing, nothing," she moaned, "unless you could bring back my child."

"There, there, Emily," said the man, patting her kindly; "Don't take on so. It's hard on all of us. We've got to bear it together."

Miss Vanderpool's eyes were wet as she went silently out of the room and closed the door behind her. It had been a mistake, her coming. They had plainly resented the intrusion. If only she could have done something for them, could have given them some testimony of her sympathy. To lose a little life that was part of your very own must be hard, but doubly hard when poverty and want are attendant upon sorrow. The room had been so bare. There was not a flower about the coffin. Miss Vanderpool had been accustomed to see grief smothered in costliest offerings, and this little creature was going to her last rest without so much as a flower in her little hands—the tiny hands that had thrown kisses to her but yesterday.

She wished that she could get some flowers for that dead baby. It was April, and there was none in the city gardens, just recovering from the shock of a severe Eastern winter. She had no money to buy them from a florist. Up in the great house on the bluff that had been her home there was a conservatory, and in it there was a magnificent climbing rose that she had planted herself, years gone by, and nurtured into a vigorous growth. Out of all the riches that she had lost, at this moment she wished only for one of the large pointed buds, with its petals half unfolded, shut in a little bower of green leaves. But that was out of the question. Not even for this sacred purpose could she ask any favors from the people in the house on the hill.

A little later and there would be plenty of wild flowers outside the town. The violets always came first. Nay; it was already the last of April, and with the soft wind blowing and the clear sunshine of the past two weeks the violets must be already out. She quickened her steps at the thought. A little brook ran through the town and cut a narrow channel down the bluffs, on its way to the sea. Near the foot of the bluffs there was a narrow bench of land stretching between the hills and the tide-lands, and there beside the brook she had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed down.

To reach the place she had to pass through the business portion of the town. Walking swiftly along, looking to neither right nor left, she was surprised to have some one accost her:

"Miss Vanderpool!"

It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she had found her father's name dishonored and herself beggared and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpools had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her poverty and disgrace alone? She flushed now as she recognized him.

"One minute," he said.

"Not now. I can not wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a word.

What could he wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time. "If you were rich and honored I should have been too proud to address you." She had resented the speech then. Recalling it now she could not help admitting that it did honor to John Ashton. She was thinking of John Ashton the boy, the little ragged fellow who used to do chores about her father's house, picking up an education at the public schools, devoting himself to her service on holidays. John Ashton the man was a separate entity, and she had never trusted herself to analyze her impressions of him. He was liked and trusted by all men, and very probably admired by women. She knew his errand to the place. He was a celebrated engineer now, and had come down to take charge of a great project for reclaiming the tide lands. People called the enterprise "the march of improvement," but Miss Vanderpool hated the march of improvement and did not care for benefits to commerce, but liked best the wide stretch of salt marshes with their rusty vegetation, their black pools and flitting fogs. She was coming to them now, for her path lay along their border, and soon she was beside them, and drew a long breath, inhaling the fresh ocean air with its briny smell. She looked out to sea, where a luminous glow along the horizon commemorated the going down of the sun, and sullen clouds above presaged the gathering of a storm. She hoped, with a feeling of pity new to her, that it might be clear for an hour or two on the morrow, that the burial of the little child might not be made drearier by clouded skies and a driving rain. Not far away on the marsh, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the sky, she saw the tall chimney of a steam derrick and a low, barge-like shape that seemed to be anchored in the mud. She did not give herself much time to speculate now. Night was fast falling, and a little ahead she saw the tiny brook she sought. But think a moment! Was it the right place? She hesitated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, then looked quickly about to determine her bearings by some familiar landmarks. There on the bluff were the square outlines of her old home, just visible against the sky, and there, off to the right, far beyond, were the harbor lights. Just a little further on, then a sharp turn to the left, a climb up the rocks to the little bench that lay between the bluffs and shore, and she should find the flowers. She pressed hurriedly on to gain the place before it should be wholly dark. She knew a way up the bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which she could gain the lighted upper street when she was done. If only she could once find the flowers, the dewy, spring flowers, with their faint, sweet odor and their fresh, sheltering leaves! All worldly thoughts seemed to fall away from her, the weight of disappointment and care was lifted from her heart, and she felt like an eager child, bent on her innocent quest.

But what was this—the solid ground giving way beneath her feet, every step taking her deeper and deeper into a bottomless ooze, her feet drawn down and held as if by leaden weights? This was not the way it used to be along the banks of the little brook. In a moment the full horror of the situation flashed upon her. Deceived by the light or rendered careless by her own wandering thoughts, she had strayed further from the town than she had supposed, and what she had mistaken for the little brook was really an estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide-land which the company were seeking to reclaim. Quick and sharp came other recollections. She remembered that children had been lost there when at play. She remembered that every now and then some man or woman had mysteriously disappeared from sight and knowledge, and it had been whispered about that they had been last seen walking along the border of the tide-lands. But these were people of the lower classes, about whom the Vanderpools had given themselves little concern. She remembered now—ah, how sharply!—that she had read with a curling lip that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was pleading for permission to go on with his work, wherein he had advanced, as one of his strongest pleas, that many lives would be saved by the completion of the enterprise. And now she, Judith Vanderpool, the last of her name, was about to succumb to this most unheroic destiny. It was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been tortured by one dread, over and over again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now. If she should have broken down and died in the midst of her unsuccessful struggle she had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral shroud. Now no one would know, no one would care.

O, the terror of it! Not death. Many were there who would know her and greet her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed; to leave behind her not a human being who would care. Why should she grieve over it now? She had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God! she did care. She knew it now. Face to face with this terrible and lonely death she had come to a knowledge of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and family traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged herself most of all. What was it that had so touched her in the humble home she had just left, breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it but the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection? O, her life had been empty; empty. And the one human love that she might have had—she knew it now—would have made her a happy woman, she had scornfully rejected. O, if she could only live her life over, if she could but take up its tangled threads again with clearer vision and humbled heart.

It was then that she sent up her first and only cry for help. Hitherto she had been silently resigning herself to death with a calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool.

Now a prolonged and mournful cry went out over the marshes, startling the seagulls, which rose and wheeled aimlessly about against the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered far out on the marshes. There was a sudden commotion about the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she could see dark forms moving about. But she—she was sinking, sinking——

* * * * *

When she came to herself she was in her own little room. It was very quiet and comfortable. Her landlady flitted in and out, with a look of honest concern on her careworn face. So the world was not so hard, after all. She—the Gorgon—seemed glad that her delinquent lodger was alive, and said no word about the rent overdue. Somebody had pulled the lounge, on which she lay, up to the stove, and there was a fire there, the first for many weeks, for her own fuel had given out in February, and she had been freezing ever since—freezing heart and body. And what was that brewing on the stove, that sent such a delicious fragrance through the room?

"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pouring something into a clumsy earthen cup and handing it to her, "just you take this cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll set you up in no time. You've been looking peaked and mis'able this long time. Folks that feeds theirselves don't take no proper care. I've been thinking, this long while, that if you'd just take your living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy Ann—but I hardly dared ask it, you being sich a fine player and she having no instrument unless you'd maybe let her come up and practice times when you was in and could watch and see she didn't dirty the pearl keys or spile it——" Homely and rough as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as she checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would have acted as the child's nurse, scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she had asked it. The backbone of her pride was broken. But what was the woman saying now?

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit and make things half-way decent, for the gentleman's been waiting to see you this long time."

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderpool was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inquiry:

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brought you here in his arms, looking like dead and all covered with mud—and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. And awful work it was cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face aflame and her heart beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. There was no reason, no reason in the world, she told herself, why it should be any particular one.

Yet, as luck would have it, it was John Ashton! No, not luck. Chance rarely favors such men as he. All that they have is won by hard endeavor, and persistent faith, and dogged watchfulness. Luck is more apt to buffet them, to call out all the slumbering forces in them and show the stuff of which they are made. He had turned and followed Miss Vanderpool at a respectful distance, that afternoon he had met her on the street. It was getting late, and he had some old-fashioned notions, now almost out of date, prejudicial to a woman's going about at night, unprotected, upon the streets. When he saw the lonely direction in which she was tending, he had followed still more resolutely, for he knew the character of the men along the water-front better than she. And who could tell whom she might meet in that wretched place at such an hour! When she stopped to look seaward he had gone down over the marsh, both because he had some instruction to give to his foreman and because he feared she would discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear the wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start out with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, ropes, everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up the slough, flooded at high-tide, directly to the spot where a human life—so precious to him, was going out; to throw himself out upon the morass, bracing himself on the planks they had brought, and finally, like the true knight he was, to gather the unconscious girl in his arms, covered with mud as she was, and wrapping his coat about her, bear her to the place she called her home.

But John Ashton was not the man to claim any recompense for the service he had rendered. The more serious her peril, the greater the risk he had run on her behalf, the more need that he should be delicate and distant in all his bearing toward her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever pressed any claims upon her. He would not have come now had he been his own free agent. She saw that the moment he opened the door, and shrank from her own thoughts. He surmised the look upon her face and interpreted it in his own way. So she disliked him so much that it galled her to think that he had put her under such obligations. Well, well! If he had had time to consider, it might have been better to have left it to one of the men, or, at least to have concealed his own connection with it.

"You are feeling better, Miss Vanderpool?"

There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordinary requirements of courtesy. She answered him in kind.

"Quite well now, I thank you. Won't you be seated," motioning him to a chair.

"I thank you." But he still remained standing, his hat in his right hand, his left hand—was it her fancy, or were the fingers clenched?—hanging easily beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "about a matter of business. I tried to speak to you on the street to-day. You were not willing to listen. You were right. It was not the proper place."

"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was preoccupied: I couldn't have talked then—with any one," she explained, hurriedly, and in a low voice. He scarcely noticed her words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on, in a formal, business way:

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you They concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was, she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful, but wholly sarcastic. The Vanderpool estate! What had there been of it, since she came into possession of it, but an inextricable tangle of debt and litigation, lapsed contracts and forfeited rights!

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following offer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough—more than enough—to buy back the old home where her mother had died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever above the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but yesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, always large, shone with an unnatural brilliance. He thought her exulting over her restoration to wealth and power.

"I won't ask you for an answer now," he said; "perhaps you would better consult a lawyer. May I say to the company that you will give your answer in writing?"

He was moving toward the door, not even waiting for her answer, for he had determined to give her no opportunity to refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side looking down doubtfully into the shining eyes raised to his own, then quickly turned away. It was only a man, after all, and he had some bitter recollections to steel him against any betrayal of weakness. Besides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she had been in the days when he had assured her he would have been too proud to ask her to share his life.

"John, are you going—so?" He understood then; slowly at first, with a dawning comprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then Heaven itself seemed to open to him, as he gathered her into his arms.

Had any other Vanderpool ever made overtures to the man she loved? Would the checks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they but have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she did not care. And as for the money——

"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said.—*Flora Haines Loughead, in Argonaut.*

HOW GAS IS MADE.

An Explanation of the Details Which Complicate the Really Simple Process.

The principle of gas manufacture is very simple, but there are many practical details which complicate the actual process. It depends upon the fact that, when bituminous coal containing carbon and hydrogen is subjected to heat in a retort, it is partially decomposed, giving off gaseous hydrocarbons and other products, and leaving behind a mass of carbon commonly known as coke. But many other compounds are formed at the same time, which must be separated from the gas before it is fit to be sent into the pipes, and delivered to the consumer. The products of the distillation of coal may be divided roughly into four classes—coke, coal-tar, ammoniacal liquor and illuminating gas. Coke contains from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of pure carbon, the remainder being ash and sulphide of iron. The ammoniacal liquor contains at least five different salts of ammonia. The coal-tar contains about forty different liquid and solid hydrocarbons, and the illuminating gas twenty-five or more gaseous hydrocarbons—a total of over seventy distinct chemical substances, all produced by the distillation of a piece of soft coal. It must be remembered that a few or none of these exist by themselves in the coal, but are all formed by the chemical reactions which take place during the distillation. The retorts in which the coal is distilled are made either of cast-iron or fire-clay; they are about nine feet long and one and a half feet in diameter. After being filled with coal, they are raised to a red heat, or even higher. The impure gas thus formed passes off through an upright pipe, which connects with a horizontal one partly filled with water, known as the hydraulic main. The pipe from the retort dips under the water, so that all the gas must pass through it. The coarser and less volatile impurities, including a large proportion of the tar, are condensed in this main. The gas, however, is still at a high temperature, and very impure; so it is sent through a set of vertical pipes connected with each other like a steam radiator, which are either exposed to the air, or cooled artificially. Many of the impurities are condensed and separated from the gas in the cooler, but it is sometimes still further purified by being passed through large iron vessels filled with lumps of coke over which a stream of cold water is constantly flowing. This still further purifies the gas, especially by absorbing the ammoniacal compounds; but the offensive and dangerous sulphur compounds remain, and to remove these the gas is sent through large iron boxes containing movable trays covered with moist, freshly-slacked lime. The lime absorbs the greater part of the compounds of sulphur, and the gas is then ready to be stored in the large holders, improperly called gasometers, and from thence delivered to the customer. After absorbing the impurities, the gas-lime, as it called, possesses a most horrible odor, and in thickly settled localities its disposal without creating a nuisance is an important and sometimes a difficult matter. A more effective and simpler means of purifying gas is much to be desired. What is known as water-gas has been substituted to some extent for that distilled from coal. It is essentially a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic oxide, and is formed by a curious reaction which takes place when steam is passed over red-hot coals. The steam is decomposed, and hydrogen is set free, while the oxygen unites with the carbon of the coal to form carbonic oxide (CC). As this gas burns with a non-luminous flame, it must be "enriched" with light-giving hydrocarbons, which are usually obtained from the distillations of crude petroleum. It is claimed that this gas is much cheaper than that produced by the old process; but practical trials have not as yet confirmed this, and the presence of the highly poisonous carbonic oxide renders it a much more dangerous agent to introduce into dwellings.—*Popular Science News.*

—A German authority attaches some importance to a troublesome silk spinner of India—"Gricula trifenestrata"—from which an excellent fiber has been obtained. This silk worm is extraordinarily productive, the living being surviving two generations in one year, and it forms a new and remarkable source of raw material for the silk industry.

THE PERIODICAL CICADA.

The Nature and Habits of the Seventeen-Year Locust.

The insect known as the seventeen-year locust is not a member of the locust but of the cicada family, and its correct name is the harvest fly. The insect is remarkable chiefly for the length of time necessary for it to pass from the larva to the pupa state—seventeen years in one species, thirteen in another. The periodical cicada appears in some parts of the country nearly every year, and perhaps a few of the insects may appear anywhere, during any summer, but the lineal descendants of each swarm appear only every seventeen or thirteen years. The popular name of locust was doubtless derived from this appearance in large swarms after long intervals of time, like the locusts of the East. In its perfect state this harvest fly is of a black color, the edge and veins of its two pair of wings being orange color. Near the tips of the outer wings is a zig-zag line in the form of the letter W, which the superstitious imagine indicates approaching war. As this is seen on every insect, and as some of the insects appear in some part of the country every year, the prophecy is considerably weakened by its frequent repetition. The eggs of this cicada are deposited in the twigs of trees, the female piercing a hole to receive them. Here they hatch in about six weeks, and the young larvæ fall to the ground, where they instantly bury themselves by means of their fore feet. They live in the ground during their long period of growth, seldom burrowing more than three to four feet below the surface. They follow the roots of plants in their subterranean movements, and live upon the juices of these, thus sometimes proving quite injurious to vegetation. As the time of their transformation approaches they gradually make their way to the surface of the earth through long circuitous passages. They burst through the crust during the warm nights of the spring and early summer and ascend trees; and in a few hours the pupa skin in which they are enveloped breaks, and the perfect insect comes forth. The ground is often riddled like a honeycomb by these insects, they appear in such numbers, and were their lives prolonged they would undoubtedly do great injury to vegetation, but fortunately their existence is but ephemeral. After emergence from the pupa skin, the males perform the act of reproduction, and soon die. They have scarcely a trace of digestive apparatus, and it is supposed that they do not eat any thing in their brief lives. The reproductive organs of both male and female are fully developed on their birth into the winged form. The males carry over 500 sperm cells, and each female lays from 400 to 500 eggs. The female has a complete digestive system—though she is smaller in size than the male—and she feeds upon the young foliage, but fortunately she lives but a few weeks. She bores into small twigs, laying about sixteen eggs in a hole, and continues her work until her eggs are deposited; by this time she is so exhausted that she falls from the tree and soon dies. It is fortunate, considering the great fecundity of this insect, that ants and other flies feed upon its eggs, and that blackbirds, woodpeckers, frogs, toads and hogs devour the larvae when they fall to the ground upon being hatched, or are turned up in a half-developed state by the plow, also that it only appears at long intervals. The twigs punctured to receive eggs usually die and fall from the tree, and in this way the cicada does much harm to fruit trees, though forest trees bear it very well. The periodical nature of this insect has been known for two hundred years, a description of a seventeen-year locust brood being on record as far back as 1633. But it remained for the present entomologist of the United States, Professor C. V. Riley, to discover, by comparison of the dates of their appearance, that one of the cicada species had a period of transformation five years shorter than the other. Prof. Riley published in 1885 a chronological statement of all the periodical cicada broods that had been recorded up to that year, giving dates of their future appearance. He says that in general terms "the seventeen-year broods may be said to belong to the Northern, and the thirteen-year broods to the Southern States, the dividing line being about latitude 38 degrees, though in some places the seventeen-year broods extend below this line, while in Illinois the thirteen-year broods run up considerably beyond it."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A Literary Genius.

Jones—I say, Smith, I understand that Brown is something of a literary man.

Smith—Literary man, yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste baskets of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Some strange things were brought up from the earth while drilling wells near Albany, Ga. White pine logs were brought up from a depth of 700 feet. Mr. Merritt, at a depth of twenty-seven feet, dug through a mass of seven feet of petrified bones. They were thigh bones, ribs, finger bones, teeth, and with these remains of some forgotten race, immense bones of animals now extinct. A Mr. Bowles, in digging out for a mill foundation, came upon the shore of an ancient ocean. This sand showed the ripples from the waves and was covered with marine remains, shells, sharks' teeth and bones of deep sea monsters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—For the convenience of housekeepers a sad or flatiron has been invented which makes use of the principle of expansion of metals by heat to ring a small bell when the iron is hot enough to iron clothes with.

—Deer are seen nearly every day in the vicinity of Bangor, Me., and seem to be gaining confidence in man. A fine specimen was seen grazing in a pasture a few days ago by a man driving past, and the animal did not leave at his approach.

—Expert riders say there is really no "lady's horse," as any good horse is as much suited to a skillful female rider as to a man. Certain kinds of horses are best suited to certain kinds of riders, men or women, that is all.

—A gastronomic novelty at a recent dinner given by a member of a hunting club was a young fox standing among high grasses. The fox was formed of turkey boned and jellies, the shading of the animal being done by the darker meat, and the high grasses were composed of the different kinds of salads.

—A Pittsburgh man said that a certain woman was "sourer than vinegar," and it cost him two hundred and fifty dollars to settle the case. The widow didn't feel hurt at all, but she said she'd be doggoned if she could have English as she is spoke abused after that fashion.

—In England there is just space enough between the edge of the railroad station platform and the footboards of the passenger cars to let an unwary traveler fall between and be ground to pieces by the moving train. An accident or two has happened, and an agitation has begun in favor of reform in either the footboards or the platforms. "In America," the reformers urge, "such an accident could not happen."

—At the Brooklyn Library readers have recently made the following blunders in asking for books: "The Sane Idiot" for "Sane Lunatic;" "Agnes Sewerage" for "Agnes Surriage;" "You and I" for "We Two;" "Mr. McOul's Adventure" for "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure;" "The Beau of Orange River" for "The Bow of Orange Ribbon;" "He Fell in Love With Himself," and "He Fell in Love With His Mother," for "He Fell in Love With His Wife." One inquirer wanted a novel by Miss Cowbach when Miss Muhlbach was meant.

—Spain has made no progress at all in the use of the telephone. In 1882 the Government began to feel some interest in the matter, and a law was voted allowing its use in the principal cities. Even Russia preceded Spain, for in 1881 the instrument was there used quite commonly, and even at greater distances than in France. Now in France, in towns boasting of a population of 18,000 inhabitants the telephone is completely unknown. Luxemberg gives the cheapest rates for yearly subscriptions and Russia the dearest.

FEROCIOUS REPTILES.

Saurians Some of Which Attain a Length of Nineteen Feet.

The crocodiles inhabiting the lower parts of the Burmese rivers are of a very large size, some of them attaining to nineteen feet in length. A writer, who states he has visited India, says he can not discover the difference between the Eastern crocodile and the Louisiana and Florida alligator or cayman. That there is none in fact except in name. It is evident he has not seen any at close quarters, for there is much difference between the several varieties. There are actually twelve species of the crocodile, eight true, one gavial and three alligators; these have a specific, not a general, difference. Those I saw in the Ganges have long, narrow muzzles and are called gavials. They are peculiar to that river, being found nowhere else. I have met with the saurian tribe in Egypt, West Africa, India, Burmah, South America, Jamaica and the Southern States, and have found that all differ in some particular. The Burmese name for them is "Meejoung." There is a town on the left bank of the Irrawaddy called Hinthadan, where I resided for some months. During the year previous, I was informed by the head man of the place, over one hundred persons were killed by these ferocious reptiles. There is a ford over the river at this place, and the crocodiles had an inconvenient habit of lying in wait for those persons crossing the ford, seizing and carrying them off. Not being fond of their food in a fresh condition, they hide their victims in the mud at the bottom of the river until the flesh has gained by keeping a sufficiently gamely flavor to be relished by them. Dogs are a favorite food of theirs, and a crocodile will often land and run after a canine to try and capture him for his larder. As the reptile can only run fast in a straight line, being to unwieldy to turn quickly, the dog generally contrives to elude his pursuer and make his escape. I killed sveral crocodiles during my stay in Hinthadan, and had their hides prepared and tanned and utilized them for boots and shoes. Being impervious to wet, I found them most serviceable during the wet monsoons. I used to get a Burman to paddle me about in a dugout, until I caught sight of a "meejoung" lying on a sand-bank basking in the sun, when I took careful aim at their vulnerable part, their belly, where the scales are thin, and a conical bullet will enter with ease. A couple of these leaden pills fired into this portion of a meejoung's anatomy will make him feel very sick indeed, and he will soon give up the ghost. On approaching a dead crocodile the heavy and penetrating odor of musk is most nauseating, and it was a long time before I became accustomed to it.—*Burmah Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*