### BRUIN'S CURIOSITY. His Inquisitiveness Gets Him

Into Trouble. Not even by his comprehensive ap-

petite or his rollicking humor is the strong individuality of the black bear more distinctively marked than it is by his irrepressible inquisitiveness. This is a trait in his character that is constantly leading him face to face with disaster, but still he indulges in

It is simply out of the question for him to resist the promptings of his innate curiosity, and so he is ever poking his nose around where wisdom would urge him not to, with the result that there is more bear meat put on the market annually than there would otherwise be.

Mount Patrick is in Perry county, Pa. It is a small settlement, whose only reason for existing is that the sleepy old Pennsylvania canal runs through it, and there are a lock and lock house there. There are wild and wooded mountains near Mount Patrick, and Zearing swamp, a large tract where various kinds of vegetation spread about in dense, contorted and complicated growth, is part of the outlying neighborhood.

Wild turkeys have lurked in the mountains, and wildcats and foxes made free use of this swamp, as well as the poultry yards of the vicinity, as long as the memory of man can reach back; but bears, long ago, seem to have forsaken the land, and bruin thereabout lived only in tradition.

Bruin Begins his Career. Consequently, when Mr. Jeremiah Shelly, the veteran lock-tender at Mount Patrick, who was sitting in his little shanty at the lock one sweltering day in July, saw the door darken, and. on looking up, discovered a big black bear standing on the threshold, gazing calmly and inquiringly in upon him, he was not only surprised but scared, and it was nothing to his discredit that he yelled and howled for help. The noise made by the lock-tender not only alarmed the settlement, but it frightened the bear. Bruin walked bastily out of the door and shuffled

away down the canal. A dozen people, of assorted sizes and sexes, were hastening toward Shelly's shanty at the time, and, discovering the inquisitive bear, started in pursuit of him, although none of them were armed. When the bear heard the uproar behind him he stopped and looked back, curious to know what caused it all. Not liking the looks of the approaching mob, he jumped into the canal, swam across it to the towpath, upon which he climbed. There he

paused again and looked back. By that time the pursuers had gathered stones by the armful, and a shower of these missiles was projected against him. Satisfied by this time that the rabble was not moved by any kindly intention toward him, the inquisitive bear hurrled down the towpath at his very best gait. The crowd crossed to the tow path and continued the pursuit. For a quarter of a mile the bear shambled along, with the yelling delegation from Mount Patrick following him as closely as his speed and the delegation's courage would

As this altogether novel procession was making its way down the tow path, William Jerry's team of canal mules, with their boat in tow, were approaching Mount Patrick from the other direction. It was feed time, and the mules' heads were buried to their eyes in their feed baskets as they wended their way placidly along.

Disaster Upon Disaster, The bear soon hove in sight of the approaching mules. He didn't seem to mind the mules any, and kept right on. Presently the mules got scent of the bear. The bear might not mind the mules, but the mules did mind the bear. They lifted up their ears as high as they would lift, tossed the feed baskets nervously about, and began to rear and prance. The boy who had charge of the mules was walking, in reckless confidence, close at their heels. He had not seen the bear yet. The unusual spirit of the team, therefore, filled him with amazement which quickly gave way to wrath, and he began talking to the mules in the gentle and pious tones characteristic of a

director of canal mules. While he was engaged in inquiring of his team what in the name of the place of perpetual fire they were doing, and assuring them that if they didn't "geet up' 'he would fall to and



The Bear Hurled the Can Against

the Rock. shatter their jackass heads for them, the mules ported their helms and brought themselves round so that the driver obtained a full and unobstructed view of the approaching bear.

He released just one old-fashioned, mule-boy yell from his lungs, and, jumping into the canal, pulled stiff and strong for the boat. While he was on his way the mules kept edging pearer and nearer the water, in trying to avoid the bear, and at last tumbled over one another into the canal, where they floundered like harpooned whales. The bear, thereupon, turned off from the tow path and took to the woods. The pursuing delegation stopped long enough to help William Jerry rescue his mules from the water This was long enough for the bear to disappear,

and he left no perceptible trail.

a couple of miles below Mount Patrick, stretched himself on the grass, near his kiln, to rest. He turned his hat over his face to keep the files off. He had lain there a few minutes when he heard something sniffling near his face. Removing his hat from his face, he saw a bear standing over him with its nose so near his that the big

beast's breath came hot on his face. The bear stood there in curious exandnation of the reposing lime-burner and when he looked up bruin gave a snort that raised Gorton's hair. The yell with which Gorton responded to the inquisitive bear's snort was heard by a man who lived nearly half a mile down the road. The yell scared the bear and sent it on its way as fast as it could go, while Gorton flew over the ground in the opposite direction. The bear was followed b yothers into Zearing swamp, where its trail was lost.

Bruin Turns Up Again, Two weeks after the bear's inspection of the lime-burner, Mrs. Hannah Garby, who lives with her husband and family two miles from Zearing swamp, was churning in her kitchen, when she heard a curlous noise. On looking around she saw a bear standing at an open window, through which he had poked his head, and surveying the interior with an impudently inquiring air. Mrs. Garby ran out and called her husband, which concerned the bear so little that he crawled through the window into the kitchen, and coolly refreshed himself at a basin of milk that stood on a bench. The bear then went away, and the text morning was found in a neighboring corn field, about which he had been so inquisitive that he had pulled up more than half of the growing corn by the roots. The owner of the field succeeded in hitting the bear in one of his paws with a bullet from a revolver, and the curious bear went limping away to the woods.

Bruin Comes to Grief. But at last a genius arose among the people of Mount Patrick and the outlying country, who declared that he would make the bear the victim of his inquisitiveness or be willing to forfeit his farm. This genius was William Vanstine. He took two double-barrelled shot guns and loaded all four of the barrels with buckshot. Going out to the edge of Zearing swamp, somewhere within which the bear was then cogitating over his next exploit, Vanstine placed the two guns side by side over a log. He cocked the guns, and tying strings to each trigger, arranged them so that if the strings were pulled the guns would be discharged, and they could only be pulled by standing



He Saw a Bear Standing Over Him. directly in front of the muzzles of the

Vanstine's genius was triumphant. Three days after he had rigged up the infernal machine to tempt the inquisitiveness of the bear and end his career at the same time, he walked out to take a look at it. It had been exploded. The bear was stretched out in front of it on the ground. The entire top of the head had been blown away. The inquisite bear of Mount Patrick was as dead as a gate post.

Fooling With Nitro-Glycerine. Col. Parker was putting down a well and had struck the sand along toward evening of July 3. There was a good showing of oil, and all that the well wanted was an effective shot of nitroglycerine. The colonel had ordered a supply, and had expected it at the well at day, but it did not arrive. The next day was the Fourth. The colonel's man went off to celebrate somewhere, and, to his surprise, the teamster came in with the can of pitroglycerine. The colonel was afraid of the stuff, and when the man had put the can on the derrick floor and gone away, Parker made up his mind to get away himself as soon as he could.

In those days bears and wildcats were very numerous in the forests of that part of Pennsylvania. Col. Parker stepped into the derrick to get his coat, and had scarcely done so when a noise on the outside attracted his attention. Looking out, he saw two big bears coming out of the brush ,directly toward the derrick.

The colonel had been brough up not to be afraid of bears, but the day was very hot, he says, and he was tired, and he didn't feel like exerting himself in case be should confront the bears and they were inclined to be ugly. So he climbed the ladder in the der rick, and sat on a beam, twenty feet or so above the floor to wait for the bears to go off about their business.

It seemed, though, that they had made up their minds that their business required them to make a careful investigation and inspection of the premises, and they shambled right in on the derrick floor. They nosed about among the machinery, dangled the ropes, and clattered about wherever

they could push their way. They didn't seem to be in any hurry at all, and Col. Parker was on the point of going down and ejecting them, in spite of the heat and the exertion, when the bright tin can of nitro-glycerine caught the eyes of the two bears, and they began to push and roll it around on the floor. Col. Parker says that he didn't know what moment they might thump it against something hard enough for the concussion to explode it, and he thought he could feel his hair turning white. But the bears kept right on having fun

with the can. Bad Stuff to Play With By and by one of them lifted it in his paws and got up on his hind feet holding the can oat arm's length, fully six feet from the ground. All he had Toward evening of that day one to do was to drop the can, and all the John Gorton, who operated a lime kiln colonel's men would have found on

their return would have been a big hole in the ground.

"As the bear stood there holding that can of death," says the colone 'his companion stood up on his hind feet two or three yards away and gazed at the other in an expectant sort of way. I made up my mind that they were on the point of diverting themselves by having a little game of 'eatch' with that can of nitro-glycerine. I shut my eyes and waited for the awful climax that would surely have followed such pleasantry as that It didn't come. I looked down again. The bears had changed their minds



On Looking Up Discovered a Big Black Bear.

about the game of catch, and were once more rolling the can about on the derrick floor.'

By and by, according to the colonel, a new idea seemed to strike the jolly pair. A hundred yards or more from the derrick there was a rocky ravine. One of the bears rolled the can out of the derrick, and both of them began to scramble with it on the ground, competing with one another in giving it impetus over the rough surface in the direction of the ravine.

At every shove the can was liable to be sent flying against some one of the many big stones that were strewn thickly on the ground, but by some good fortune it missed them, and at last the can had been jostled and tumbled almost to the edge of the ravine.

The colonel had regarded the danger to him from the handling of the nitro-glycerine by the bears as practically over, and he was pulling himself together to get down from his perch and take to the woods when he saw one of the bears rear up on his hind feet with the can in his paws. He stood close to a big rock. He raised the can above his head, and Col. Parker says that he saw at once that the bear was bound to find out what there was in that can, anyhow. The colonel threw his arms and legs

around the derrick beam and hung on for dear life. The bear hurled the can against the claps of thunder rolled into one. The

rock. There was a sound as of twenty ground shook and the derrick swayed and rattled. There was a shower of rock and trees and earth for acres around. When that ceased everything was as still as the tomb. Down where the bears had stood there was a yawning gulf.

says the colonel, "and made nerch. my way to the scene of the explosion. Among all the debris it had scattered about there wasn't any more trace of bear than if those two bears had been soap bubbles that had burst.'

The explosion was heard for miles around, and it is the one secret of Col. Parker's life that when he told people what had caused the explosion they laughed at him, and persist to this day in calling it a profound mystery.

## WHAT VICTORIA WOULD DO.

#### Has Enormous Power. Though She Never Dares Use It.

As a matter of fact, says London Tit-Bits, our sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III.'s time, but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our army, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest drummer boy. She could disband the navy in the same way, and sell all our ships, stores and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country, or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the empire. She could make every man, woman and child in the country a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the house of lords. With a single word she could dismiss any government that happened to be in power. and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that her majesty never acts in matters of state, except on the advice of the government for the time being.

## A Peaceful Settlement.

A Quake, driving a single horse chaise up a narrow lane happened to meet a young man who also in a single horse chaise a ds, lMdshrdetaaoh gle horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused. "I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath. "I think I am older than thou art," said the Quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise. The Quaker, observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me." The young man gave up the contest .- Troy

She Had Been Through It. "Didn't you think that the soprano song, 'The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many,' with a good deal of feel-

ing this morning?"
"There is no reason why she should not; she's been married three times.' -New York Truth.

# AFTER LONG YEARS

In the first cabin they dined sumptuously and lived a happy, idle, luxurious life. In the steerage—heaven have mercy!-how they suffered.

Millicent May shivered when she thought of it and wondered why such things should be-why some were so rich and some so poor.

But one girl, though she was a rich one, had little in her power in that destitute waste of waters. Still, that little Millicent did.

In vain her friends remonstrated. Millicent had her way. Once a day, at least, she penetrated into the inferno below the comparative paradise of her own domain and fed those poor, parched lips with her dainties. And when, with land in sight, the

little heiress emptied her purse into the dark hand of a penniless steerage passenger and made her, for a moment, rich and full of hope, she turned toward her eldest boy. "Never forget to pray to the Madon-

na for this beautiful signoria," she cried. "Remember, it is all you can do, and my curse upon you if you for-She had given the woman her ad-

dress, but the poor creature did not come to her. What fate befel her Millicent never knew, and in time the memory of those classical faces, gaunt and meagre from starvation, ceased to haunt her.

John Blair had met her and looked into her eyes, and touched her hand, had uttered those subtle compliments that win a woman's heart so easily. and though he was neither rich nor great, he was the one man to her.

Six months from the day of their meeting John and Millicent were married, and a happier pair would have been hard to find.

Only in one thing did Millicent prove herself obstinate-nothing could tempt her to an ocean voyage. A tour in Europe was John's anticipated pleasure, but her experience in crossing the ocean had made her averse to its repetition.

So John, who had no wish to go alone, left the matter to the care of time. At last a boy, almost as tall as himself, called Millicent mother, and the nursery was musical with little

Then, older and more willing than ever to do anything to make John happy, Millicent agreed to the European trip, and the married lovers took their places in a great ocean palace and left land behind them.

They found themselves in Naples, and ready ,one bright morning to do what all visitors to Naples most desire to do-namely, ascend Mount Vesu-

Millicent forgot her unpleasant sensation when, standing near the crater, her husband's arm about her waist. she turned and looked upon the beautiful country below.

John, glancing at his watch, counted the time that lay between them and their inn, and they began their de-

The guide paused and uttered a cry. Before them, risen, as it seemed, from "I got down somehow from my the very ground, stood a group of men, who, without further parley, surrounded them, and seizing the bridles of their horses and tying the hands of the trembling guide behind him, led them away over the rough mountain roads in silence.

John Blair was no coward, but to endeavor to resist such a force would have been sheer folly in a single man, Booty, as he reflected, was probably their object, and his wife's safety was his first thought. Holding her hand in his, he comforted her as well as possible, and finally, with a sinking heart, obeyed the orders of one who seemed to be the captain, and dismounted at the entrance of an old ruin, into which

they were forced to enter. Then the guide fell to wringing his hands and weeping and imploring the lady and gentleman to pay whatever

ransom was required. "It is always a heavy one for Americans," he cried, "and if you refuse, your ears will be cut off or you will be murdered outright. As for me, I expect death. Some of these men are my enemies. I shot one of the band

The last rays of the setting sun faded from the narrow window, and darkness fell upon the room. Then they heard the sound of returning feet, and presently the unfastening of a door.

A figure entered, and, going to the fire, which had nearly smouldered out. flung upon it some dry wood, which kindled into a blaze, and by its flame lit two torches which were thrust into

sconces in the wall. By this light they saw that it was a woman, who seemed to have brought some food for them upon a sort of wooden tray. She was old, and gaunt and bent, but her features had a strange beauty about them, nevertheless, and awakened in Millicent's mind a memory too vague and indefi-

nite for words. In another moment the truth flashed upon her, as the woman knelt down to deposit the tray upon the floor. She uttered a little cry, a shriller one responded to it, and the gaunt creature lay prostrate before her, kissing her garments.

"It is the signora!" she cried. And Millicent knew the Italian woman of the steerage.

Then it is thus that Giacomo returns a benefit!" cried the woman. "My malediction upon him! But he did not know you-he did not remember, as I do. Wait. You are safe!" In another moment he was there,

and Millicent knew that they were Bad as he must have been to safe. have been a bandit and an outlaw, this Italian had retained his gratitude. He fed them with the best he had to give, and led them safely from his fastnesses to a spot where the lights from the city of Naples seemed to smile a welcome to them. Then he bade them adieu, and the

guide, overwhelmed with astonishment, conducted them back to their inn .- New York News.

In mediaeval times the best perfumes were made in France and Italy, the perfumers of those countries acquiring a dexterity unknown elsewhere and possessing many secret methods of manufacture.

THE USEFUL BANANA.

In the Tropics the Plant Furnishes Paper, Twine. Dyes, Wax, Soap and Salt,

In the West Indies the dried leaves and prepared portions of the stem are used as packing materials. Fresh leaves are used to shade young coffee and to cover cacao beans during fermentation. The young unopened leaves are so smooth and soft that they are used as "dressing" for blisplantain leaf is used as a rough kind of twine, and the larger parts are made into small boxes for holding snuff, drugs, etc.

In the Malay peninsula the ash of the leaf and leaf stalk is used instead of soap or fuller's earth in washing clothes, and a solution of the ash is often used as salt in cooking. In the Dutch Indies the skin of the plantala is used for blackening shoes. The juice which flows from all cut parts of the banana is rich in tannin, and of so blackening a nature that it may be used as an indelible marking ink. In Java the leaves of the "wax banana" are covered on the under side with a white powder, which yields an important article of trade. The ashes of the leaves, stem and fruit rind are employed in Bengal in many dyeing processes. In Siam a cigarette wrapper is made from the leaves.

Fiber is got from the stems of many kinds of banana. The most valuable is the "manilla hemp" of commerce, which holds the chief place for mak ing white ropes and cordage. Old ropes made of it form an excellent paper making material, much used in the United States for stout packing papers. The manilla hemp industry is a large one. About 50,000 tons of fiber, ported from the Philippine islands valued at £3,000,000, are annually ex-The manilla hemp plant is grown exclusively in the southeastern part of the Philippines, and all attempts to grow it elsewhere have failed. Many articles are made from manilla hemp -mats, cords, hats, plaited work, lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture and various qualities of paper. At Wohlau in Switzerland an industry has been started for making lace and materials for ladies' hats from it. By a simple process it is made into straw exactly resembling the finest wheat straw for plaiting.

#### PITY POOR PATTI

#### Some of the Privations She is Forced to Undergo

Pity the privations of the prima donna! Here is a story of Mme. Patti which is recalled. Once, when she returned from her daily drive, she was exceedingly thirsty, and asked M. Nicolini to have procured for her a glass of water.

Nicolini was horrifled. "What!" he shrieked. "Ma mignonne, you know that you are going to sing to-morrow night, and that water will chill your blood! Oh! no; I forbid water."

"Then give me a taste of wine," pleaded thir Patti.

will heat your blood. No, I cannot per-

mit wine. "Please, cannot I have something wet?" pleaded Patti, with parched lips Nicolini pondered long and deeply, and at length with his own hands prepared for the great singer a soothing draught

of magnesia. "I hear that the other night at the opera," writes a correspondent, "many people flung their bouquets to Patti in the excitement of the applause or in delight at her singing. This is just as it should be, and as it used to be in the old days when Patti first delighted the Covent Garden public.

"Since then we have gone in for floral tributes,' and the whole thing is artificial and meaningless. The floral tribute-the great basket of flowers handed up from the orchestra-is an Italian institution.

"The conductor has it ready, and when public enthusiasm reaches fever heat it makes its appearance to increase it. But there must be the enthusiasm.

"The Italians are demonstrative; they show their approval, and they show their disapproval, too. If a 'floral tribute' were handed up in the cold-blooded way we see so often here. unauthorized and undeserved, there would be quite a storm of hisses."-New York Journal.

## IF THE DEAD BECOME ALIVE.

#### A French Scheme to Prevent the Possibility of Premature Burial.

The unpleasantness of waking up and finding one's self lapped in lead and screwed down in handsome oak some six feet below the habitable earth has been borne in so strongly upon certain company promoters that the result has been the projection of the very latest thing in co-operative undertaking. This is the Mortuary Waiting Room company, which is on the point of being floated in the French capital, with every prospect of success. The amount for subscription is stated to be \$100,000, and dividends at the rate of at least 100 per cent may, it is claimed, be confidently looked for

The company undertakes to provide separate waiting rooms of two classes in a large mortuary building. leged corpse will be comfortably deposited there upon a couch, and carefully looked after till the fact that it is a corpse shall have been established beyond question. The waiting rooms will be tastefully decorated, with everything about them to welcome the revived tenant agreeably back to life. but at the same time will have a cachet of somewhat "severe elegance, as it were, to remind him how nearly, but for the company, he had been dead in the most terrible ways dying. Shareholders will be entitled to the use of a first-class waiting room free of charge, and no share-holder's heirs will be allowed to visit him. The thing has evidently thoroughly thought out.-Philadelphia Record.

At the time of the Schleswig-Holstein dif-ficulty Prince Bismarck raised a laugh by saying there was only one man who fully understood that question, and be was dead.

Slaves of Samon

The German company from which we got our black boy Arick, owns and cultivates many thousands of acres in Samoa, and keeps at least a thousand black people to work on its plantations. Two schooners are always busy in bringing fresh batches to Samoa and in taking home to their own islor cacao seedlings in nursery beds, ands the men who have worked out their three years' term of labor. This traffic in human beings is called the "labor trade," and is the life's blood, not only of the great German company, but of all the planters in Fiji, ters. In India the dried stalk of the Queensland, New Caledonia, German New Guinea, the Solomon islands and the new Hebrides. The difference between the labor trade, as it is now carried on under government supervision, and the slave trade, is a great one, but not enough to please sensitive people. In Samoa the missionaries are not allowed by the company to teach these poor savages religion, or to do anything to civilize them and raise them from their monkey-like ignorance. But in other respects the company is not a bad master, and treats its people pretty well. The system, however, is one that cannot be defended, and must, sooner or later, be suppressed .- Lloyd Osbourne's Notes to Stevenson's "Letters to Young Friends," in St. Nicholas.

#### Little Things.

It is not worth while for young people to grow impatient with the little beginnings of things. A page of problems carefully worked out, a room thoroughly swept, a neatly arranged wood pile; how far these things seem from the goal of our ambitions! And yet the little things well done are the foundation of success. A humble Illustration of this truth comes from a Southern state.

A certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-theway places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a crossroads settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe shop, kept by an old negro man, which showed signs of prosperity.

Interested in the old cobbler, the bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well." "Ah," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoe

mending in this region. No one else gets a job." "How is that, Cato?" asked the bish-

"Just so, marster," replied Cato. "It is only little patches put on with little stitches or tiny pegs. But when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I drive a peg it holds."

#### Notes on Lions.

The tongue of a lion is so rough that a close look at it will almost take the skin off the looker. It is not safe toallow a lion to lick yor hand, for, if he licked the skin off and got a taste of the underlying blood, supposing it to be there, he would want the hand and everything adjoining thereto. Noth-"Wine!" roared Nicolini; "Ma mig- ing more perfect in modern machinery nonne, you are going to sing to-mor- exists than the mechanism by which a row night, and you know that wine lion works his claws. He has five toes on each of his fore feet and four on each of his hind feet. Each toe has a

Nothing about a lion is without reason, and the reason he has more toes and claws on his fore feet than his hind feet is that he has more use for them. If this were not so the majority would be the other way. The lion is nocturnal by choice. He has no particular objection to daylight, but likes to spend it in the bosom of his family. or at least adjacent thereto. It should not be supposed that because he roams about at night he neglects his family. He roams in order to fill the family larder. He kills to eat ,not for amusement. He never bothers small game so long as there is big game within reach. When feeling fit be can take an ox in his mouth and jump fences and ditches like a professional steeplechaser.-Westminster Budget.

## What One Boy Knows.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," sad she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It's as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," from the class. "And you have seen the paw of a

"Yes'm." "Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, something concealed in it that hurts, What is it?"

No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?"

'Scratches," replied a boy. "Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?" "Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat. And the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end. -Boston Courier.

#### A Pretty Experiment.

With so simple an article as a red cabbage, a very old but pretty little chemical experiment may be made by the young people, with the result of amusing and astonishing those around them. The effects may be strikingly shown in this manner: Cut three leaves of the cabbage into small pieces, and, after placing them in a basin, pour a pint of bolling water over them, letting them stand an hour; then pour off the liquid into a decanter. It will be of fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses. Into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly change to a beautiful red; that poured with the soda will be a fine green, and that poured into the empty glass will remain unchanged.