Tis winter now, dear love,
Tis winter, bitter, chill and full of care;
Scarce do the hill-tops feel the touch of day
Ere they be fading in the darkened air
Betwixt the sunset and the gloaming gray.

Bearce do the dells awaken with the sun, So tranced and still, each tangled, snowy Scarce do the muffled, tinkling waters run, So lonely are the vales through which they

Ten years, sweet Mistress, would I give for one If that could bring thee here, So lonely are the fields; so silent and so drear.

Tis winter now, dear love,
The thrush sings not, or sings in other lands;
Dear Memory is but pain and hope unblest;
Upon life's threshold chilled affection stands
Like some poor faltering and unbidden guest. The flowers of one sweet summer-time are dead, Deep in the snow-drifts buried they are sleep-

So soulless is the sun when love has fied, Our treasured garlands wither with the keep-I would the frozen earth were now my bed

So thought might start no tear, So lonely is my life, so wretched and so drear. -Robert Burns Wilson, in The Current.

MR. THEMISTOCLES BOBBIN.

CHAPTER I. Mr. Themistocles Bobbin and wife, sat down to supper one evening, just one year after their marriage, in by no means the best of spirits. They had married hastily, and, not following out the old adage by repenting at leisure, were impatient in their regret. They first met one night at a ball given for stand the literature of the day better the benefit of the flood sufferers, and | than any man we know, and as magahaving contributed their mite toward | zines, like newspapers, are in need of the relief of those unfortunate people, fell, as they imagined, in love with each other. Four days later they were married by a little squint-eyed preacher who failed to return any change when Themistocles Bobbin handed him-with a slight flourish of ostenta- of his life. Resigning the next day, tion-a fifty dollar note. Bobbin had he immediately set out for the publismaller notes, or rather one other of the X denomination, but the report he was installed with as little ceremothat he was rather shiftless, having found circulation, he preferred to offer the large note in the presence of the company and then hear the minister-the very man who had started the report—say, "Indeed, my dear sir, have you no smaller bills? It is quite Impossible for me to change this one?" Then Bobbin would have said, "Ah, let me see? Yes, here is one," with which reply he would have handed out | itor, rather nervously, for he knew ten dollars and passed as a capitalist; but the preacher made no such remark. He exhibited no surprise. Thanking Bobbin, he "pushed the mon-

gestible food. Bobbin and his wife did not get itor. along well together. They were both of affairs, it must be confessed. Bob- our new editor, Mr. Lagson, this is but that didn't count. I graduated as bin made a pretense of practicing law, Mrs. Bobbin, our most famed contribbut he never had but one client and he "jumped his bail," and, of course, ran me, please," away without paying anything. This disgusted Bobbin with the criminal | the editor. practice. Mrs. Carrie Bobbin was strikingly handsome. Her great brown eyes were expressive of deep sympathy-sympathy for her own little whims and the impossible characters of her foolish little stories.

bridegroom afterwards expressed it,

and soon found his way to the dining

room where he proceeded to do injus-

tice to chicken salad and other indi-

"You look gloomy this evening, Carrie," said Bobbin while he and his wife sat at the supper table just one year from the time the preacher had pocketed his fifty dollars.

"I have enough to make me gloomy," she replied, spreading with a lavish white hand a pretty liberal "cut" of

butter on a biscuit. "Haven't lost anything, have you?" asked the husband with mock anxiety. "I'd like to know how I could lose embarrassing to us both." anything. We must possess before

we lose. "Sententious, surely, but I didn't know but that you had found something while I was down town and had

"Oh, I see. You didn't know but my only client had run away with the dish pan?"

"Sarcastic, by my green bag, you "Green bag," she contemptuously repeated. "I should like to know

what you want of a green bag. I should think that a green thumb-stall would be quite sufficient to contain all the documents needed in your practice." "Look here, I was only joking, but

I see that you are angry. "I am not angry, anything of the "What do you mean by that? Not

angry anything of the kind. Fine sentence I must say. Is that the way your pink-eyed heroines talk?" "Mine talk quite as well as yours

do, I thank you." "Oh, you are under no obligations, whatever. Let me see, what was your last story? 'Frost Bitten Geraldine, of the Turnip that wouldn't roll up

hill?' Is that it?" "Makes no difference, it wasn't rejected by the editor of a humorous pa-

"Ah, you think you are awful smart. That was a very poor cut at me. never had the editor of a village paper to tell me to please send my contributions to a rival paper."

"I wouldn't live with such a beast as you are," she said, shoving back her chair. You are nothing but a kinkey-headed beast, and you know

"Now, here, madam, if you think that I want to live with you, why you have simply made a mistake in the solution of a household problem."

'What did you marry me for, then?" "Because we both happened to be there at the same time, I suppose." "Oh, you good for nothing brute, I

wish I never had seen you.' "I didn't know that you wished me such good luck. Carrie, in all kindness, let me say that it is evident we cannot live together. I think that we'd better make a move toward getand may live to forget the unhappi-

ness we have caused each other." "Do you think we can get a di-vorce?"

"I think so." "Then we will apply at once."

strange marriage, for you will have to CHAPTER IL. change your name. It was all my The next morning Themistocles Robbin and bis wife separated. Two fault," months later, a decree of divorce was neck. granted. They bade each other a

hope you will prosper."
Having no business to "wind up,"

lars, Bobbin started out on an object-

less "trail." In a distant town he se-

cured work on a newspaper. He en-tered upon the discharge of his duties

with an interest he had never felt be-

Never satisfied with an effort, he was constantly striving to do better. Val-

uable books became his constant com-

panions. He wrote sketches that at-

tained wide-spread popularity. The

proprietors found that he was increas-

ing the circulation of their journal,

and, in due recognition of his worth,

they promoted him to the position of

editor. His mind, though, turned to

literature instead of politics. In this

position he remained nearly ten years.

One day he received a letter that de-

lighted him. It was from the pub-

lishers of a magazine, and it ran as

follows: "The stories, sketches and

reviews which you have written for

our magazine have proved to be most

profitable to us. You seem to under-

modern blood, we take pleasure in

offering you the editorship of our pub-

He was not a moment in deciding

what course to pursue, for such a po-

sition had become the dream, the hope

cation city of the magazine. Arriving,

nv, and with far less apprehension

than he experienced when he first se-

cured the situation. One day, about

two weeks after he had taken his

"seat," he and the business manager

were consulting each other in the edi-

torial room, when Lagson caught sight

of a woman who passed the door, down

"Who is that lady?" asked the ed-

"By the way haven't you met her

"Is that so? Why, she's 'brilliant."

"Oh, I think not," replied the ed-

"Mrs. Bobbin, allow me to present

utor. Well, I must go down. Excuse

"This is indeed a surprise," said

"Not an unpleasant one I hope, sir.

I trust that our new relationship may

prove agreeable. I should dislike to

would not have met again,"

thing that is forever settled.'

'Sallarura?' ''

Mrs. Bobbin?"

urned to his work.

sir. I am not afraid."

for a moment, said:

other's society."

"So am I."

be my wife?"

thy and love.

"No, I haven't time."

Her eyelids dropped.

"So did I," she replied.

"I am well now, Carrie."

"Yes, sir."

pany you."

"Excuse me for even so slight a

CHAPTER III.

ing."
"You look tired. Can I assist you?"

"No, sir, I have about finished."

"Are you going home, now?"

"Sit down just a moment."

She looked at him. "I love you."

"Wait a moment and I will accom-

"That would be quite unnescessary,

"He arose, and er regarding her

"Carrie -don't turn away-Carrie."

"When we were husband and wife,

did not appreciate your worth. I

had dyspepsia very badly then, Car-

"Love and dyspepsia cannot har-monize, Carrie."

"No, they are unfitted for each

great brown eves were full of sympa-

yet? Her name is Bobbin. She is one

of our most valued contributors. Em-

"Yes, she is a great success. Here she comes. I'll introduce you to her,

but mind or you'll lose your heart."

that she was his former wife.

the hall.

tached."

ey into his clothes," as the swindled ploys the pen-name of 'Sullarura."

"No, it was mine. I was always your inferior and at that time hadn't formal good-bye. The beautiful brown the sense to realize it. Let us go at once and be married. Then I may go eyes of Mrs. Bobbin were just a little more sympathetic than usual. "I hope never to see you again," she said, "I wish you every success." home with you, I suppose-or rather, you must come home with me. Carrie,"-as though he would never tire "You are not likely to see me again. of repeating her name-"your face beams with happiness or is it the reflection of my own heart? Come on. and having about four hundred dollove."-Arkansaw Traveler.

putting her arms around his

Grant's Going to West Point. "It was a mere accident that put fore. He had changed his name and was now known as William Lagson. in me and didn't want to go to war. I futures I dreamed of when a boy, being a soldier was not one of them. I am not sure I had ever heard of West Point when my father told me to get ready to go for my preliminary examination. This is the way it was: Our neighbor's boy got a chance from our congressman to go to West Point. He went, and failed to pass the examination-for physical reasons, I believe. He did not come home after that, and the family did not allude to his failure. but his mother, who felt very sore about it, came and told my mother, confidentially, what was troubling her. Mother told father, and father wrote straight to our congressman and got the chance for me. Oh, yes, I know that those who remember my boyhood can tell about my firing a pistol without flinching when I was two years old, and crying for more of it, but I don't think such tendencies were strong. I never thought of being a soldier. Going to West Point was just the accident I have told you."

> "How came you to pass the examination?" asked my informant. "Almost any boy can do that," an-

swered the general. "I was 17 years old, and all that was required was some knowledge of reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic to decimal fractions. If I was superstitious I should think there was some fatality in my going to West Point, for when the war was over I figured up, and, as near as I could find out, the little country village of Georgetown, Ohio, from which I went-a place of 200 people-sent to the war one full general (myself), three major generals, two brigadier generals, three colonels, three or four line officers and one private soldier! The private deserted, think. I had no very easy time of it at West Point. In a class of more than a hundred I was behind them in almost everything. I never succeeded in getting near either the head or the foot of the class. I was within three of the foot in languages, I believe, and within five of the head in mathematics. inclined to be literary, a woeful state Mr. Lagson, our neweditor-or rather I was at the head in horsemanship,

> No. 21, and was glad to get it." "Not a few," said the general, "who had to leave school because of a failure to keep up with the class have since taken commanding positions in life, and would probably have succeeded in the army if they had only got into it."-Croffut's Letter.

discontinue my work for a publication to which I have become so much at-Modern Luxury in Dress. Some years ago Tenniel published "Please be seated. No need of any cartoon respecting the disinclination disagreeable forebodings, I assure you. of men in upper and middle classes to We doubtless understand the relationundertake the responsibilities of marship of editor and contributor better riage. On one side was a man of rethan we did the duties of husband and fined manner sitting at his club indulging in a cigar and the newspaper. "You have changed your name, I The character figured was precisely such a one as would have adorned the "Yes, and never before was I so household of which he might have well satisfied with the change. To be been the chief. The question "Why called by my real name now would be do men not marry?" was answered on the opposite page, in which a lady in "Yet," she replied, "if you had conthe same rank was shown all the extinued to go by your real name, we penses extravagance of modern dress. These cartoons would be equally ap-"Come, let us not refer to someplicable at this time. There is no doubt that the expense of female dress is one of the serious evils of the age. reference. I shall not mention it again. By persons of wealth the pressure is Well, I am happy to know that you not severely felt. But in the care of are so successful. Everything you write is so charming." younger sons, and the bulk of professional men, the evil is of serious char-"A compliment which I appreciate, acter. A married woman will find it a for who is a more beautiful writer than struggle to keep up an appearance on £100 a year for her dress and a maid. A young lady can perhaps manage One evening, just a year after "Salwith £40 and her maid, and a married larura" and Lagson had met, they sat woman in the country may find £60, in the editorial room. Mrs. Bobbin quite enough. Such a state of things is appalling. It means that the large was reading the proof of a Christmas bulk of the upper middle class, are "Are you not afraid to stay so late, condemned to one of two evils, either to marry and become genteel paupers. "No, sir. I can get on a car almost or remain single and form associations at the foot of the stairs. I would have which are injurious to society. It is taken these proof sheets home but I hardly necessary to say which of the understand that the printers must two evils is frequently chosen. The correct the galleys early in the mornpublic are apt to regard the income of professional men as greater than they really are. The majority of young physicians, barristers and clergymen "Carrie, I-" she started. "Excuse have but few hundreds annually. That they should have been prevented from enjoying domestic life by "the un-bridled luxury of woman," is one of She bowed her head, and the editor "Well, that much is done," she said, the serious evils of the time.-London Public Opinion.

Poisoning the Children.

Talking will be in vain and laws will be in vain against gambling as long as the very children are inoculated with the virus of gaming. Even at the Charity Carnival last night, while the children's ball was in progress, they had to have a lottery running, one of the prizes in which was a wax

The foundation for gambling is the desire to get something in exchange for nothing, to pecket money that others loose, to acquire something that has never been worked for or deserved. A more lamentable spirit to inspire in young hearts it is not easy to imagine, and there is none more difficult

to subdue when it is once aroused. It is surprising that our church peo- ity, of subtlety of character, capable ple, who encourage raffles and our under pressure of lofty strains of elocharity people, who hold lotteries, do quence or highly courageous epithets "Little woman, I love you. A not see the harm they do. They cr words, will probably be disappointting a divorce. We are both young, glory there is about you which I had would be horrified if it were suggested ed. In him the presidential office for Geologists will regret the destruction not the sense to appreciate. Will you friends, gathered around the stalls of a mere hand to execute the laws and eir fairs and bazaars; but the alcohol an eye to control the executive depart-He caught her in his arms. Her would do far less harm than the prizes ment. Efficiency in the service is what this man is after. He believes in bring-10. - San Francisco Daily Report. "Yes," she said, "but it will be a

GOV. CLEVELAND.

Pen Picture of Our Newly-Elected Chie Magistrate-A Comparison Drawn Between Him and Certain of His Predecessors.

Gath has been to see Cleveland, and

telegraphs the following as to his visit:

"I was ushered into the executive chamber without having to present a card. The room presents, both in appointments and audience, something of the appearance of the ante-room of a prime minister or king, when suddenly the wainsscoting at the rear opens and there steps in a substantiallooking man with a firm tread. No clumsiness of movement, solid, slow, but not stiff, and he is dressed in black me into the army," said Grant to his but not stiff, and he is dressed in black old comrade. "I hadn't much fight all over; dressed rather negligently, as if the black suit had been well thought of being a farmer, I thought of going to sea; but of all the possible his hips and a little behind him, in an unconstrained yet settled position. He has a portly figure, a short neck, and a head of good size; not, as in the caricatures of the last campaign, with a brow noticeably narrow. His hair is brown, and much browner than the portraits and photograph make it appear. It does not look like black hair at a distance, and closer by it is seen to be a medium brown, more sandy than black. It is pretty thick hair, but has fallen off at places, and there is a large bald spot just behind the crown of his head. His skin was originally fair, but has the appearance of one not particular about the diet, and one who would take beer at night freely. The skin is healthy, but it is that of the German and of the good liver. He has a mustache of a brown color, tolerably large. His nose is something between a Roman and Jewish. His forehead is good. His eyes are of a blue color and not very firm in tint, as if with a fluid tendency. They are not disagreeable eyes, but somewhat cold. The expression of Gov. Cleveland's face is that of a man habitued to consider business things, and not decide them without a little anxiety. It is not the anxiety of a nervous man, but that of a positive one, who wishes to take a successful and stern view of the case, and not be accused of infirmity in his judgment. You see a face like this in a good many banks about the time persons are going in for loans and the president's face is just half welcoming with a shade to-ward the word "No." At the same time Gov. Cleveland moves about his office like its master, or rather, its owner. One firm in his position, solid on his feet, and by weight accustomed to stay rather than waltz about. He would turn from left to right and advance a step or two, then turn to another grasp, and perhaps his hand will fly out for a moment and you hear his voice somewhat in the throat, affable but dry, distinct, and generally accompanied with a short, brief nod of the head. Not a single sign of the vote-getter

is in that man. He does not look like a man that ever solicited a vote, and if he had was rather ashamed of it. He makes the impression of a person in a situation where it is easier to coincide and make a mistake than to shake his head short and say "No." Indeed, while we are looking at him he is saying no. People are going up with their pardon cases. He says, smiling a little, shaking his head a little, stepping a little within a small radius : "Ah, not to-day. I am afraid I can not take up any pardon cases to-day. What is your case?" to a conspicuous man, "A pardon case? Well you off, he sits down at a table, and begins to write; composing amidst the crowd as if he were accustomed to it. Introduced to any stranger he seldom has anything to say, unless that stranger be some equal or party friend, when monosyllables, intimating that he knows who he is. Then there is a little smile, a jerk or two of the head, and he is down at the table again writing something with his own hand. I foresee that the question will be asked whether Cleveland impressed me as a gentleman. He impressed me as a New York state gentleman. That is to say, a successful business man in merchandise or finance. His manners were those you generally find at the head of some large business establishment. Not a man who wants to sell you a bill, but who represents the louse, knows its strength, and is in is business hours while you are looking at him. I can not get a nearer description of Cleveland, than to say that he reminds me of a strong, self-made bank president, who has not been much in courtier life, but whose native courage and respectable instincts would acquit him well anywhere. He has not the shy look you often saw on President Grant's face; he has not that clear, moral complexion borne by Hayes; he does not tower up like the soldier school-teacher that Garfield was; yet there is something about him more decided and executive like than any of these men. He is big enough to make a physical impression; thoughtful enough in countenance to show that he is no trifler, and can smile enough to show that he is not bad hearted. When he settles down to write you see that business is his ruling inclination. I fancy that in this man we have come nearer a commercial age than we ever guessed. That while he has been a lawyer, his true bent was for something commercial and executive, and that his official positions, which have always been of an executive character, have turned the counting clerk and commercial lawyer into a factor of public office. The intellectual life of the man I should think to be but moderate and subordinate to his official career.

Those who are looking for a

man of many sides, of nervous flexibil-

a time drops away from the delicate

ing the public service up to something | ng the last ten years.

like a mercantile service. Matters foreign to his past career he seems to have no fondness to discuss. He seems not to be a man of much curiosity. The literary and the reportorial faculties are hardly there.

Gold Mining in Georgia. Recent discoveries in the gold minng regions of Georgia in Carroll, Murray, and Dahlonega counties, are such as to revive the interest which was turned away by the California discoveries of forty years ago, says a special to The New York Tribune. The miners have invested heavily in the necessary machinery. The mines near Villa Rica, from which \$2,000,000 were taken in the decade preceding 1850, are now yielding large sums daily. The Cloption mine has a vein 2,300 feet wide, which grows richer as it is penetrated. Thirty stamp mills will be running this winter. The Falls City mine is yielding rich returns. The most extensive work, however, is being done by the Ernestine company, composed of Louisville people, who have invested \$1,000,000 in machinery. It is said that \$50,000 more will be invested in machinery near Dahlonega and Nicolsville, so well-known to miners of forty years ago, over 200 stamps are in operation.

The great sensation of the Georgia gold belt, however, is connected with the Legal Tender mines situated in Cahuttah Mountain, six miles from Spring Place. For years it has been a tradition among the natives that the mountain was a mass of solid gold, that it had been worked by De Sota as he crossed the continent seeking the great river. Those who had penetrated the fastnesses, reported that evi-dences existed that work had once been carried on there. An old furnace of crude design was described, and those who had examined it found nuggets of gold worth from \$20 to \$50. One of the inhabitants of Murray, who visited the Chicago Republican Convention, met there an old New-Mexican miner, named Winkles, to whom he told the tradition. With the spirit of adventure characteristic of his calling, Winkles found his way to the spot. He spent a week in the mountain, and when he came back with such glittering tales of gold he was regarded as a visionary man. His persistence was such that a few gentlemen formed a company and gave him a small sum of money to work on. This was about six weeks ago. The lands on which the mines were discovered were purchased on conditions and the small company went to work with a hearty good will. The mountain has been penetrated only fifteen or twenty feet and tunnelling has just been begun. The deeper the miners go, the richer is the yield. The first assays which were made averaged \$2.40 per ton, the second assay averaged \$10 and the third and last assay made shows an average of over \$100 per ton of ore. The value increases as the mountain is penetrated. and some specimens will assay \$2,000 to the ton.

It is asserted that three other mines have been struck equal to the Legal Tender Mine, and men are now buying machinery to begin work at once.

The Art of War. In coming to see me (as he had done the day but one before September 2) he (the duke) had chosen to walk from the station to our house, and without even a guide. He said he had found it a rough walk, and the ground intermay come again at 11 o'clock, and I sected in a way he had not expected; will try and see you then. No more | so I said to him: "It seems you forpardon cases now." Then, while got to guess what was at the other some are waiting and some are going side of the hill." This was in allusion to a circumstance which had occurred between him and me some thirty years before. When traveling on the north road, we amused ourselves by guessing what sort of a country we should find at the other side of the hills we he may make a little phrase almost in drove up; and when I expressed surprise at some extraordinary good guesses he had made, he said: "Why, I have spent all my life in trying to guess what was at the other side of the

I had reminded him of this just as we were driving across the ravine that had impeded him, and he turned around to Mrs. Croker to explain it to her, adding: "All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavor to find out what you don't know by what you do; that's what I called 'guessing what was on the other side of the hill.'"

He said the perfection of practical war was to move troops as steadily and coolly on a field of battle as on a parade. "Soult's fault was that, though a great strategist, he never seemed to know how to handle the troops after the battle had begun."

I then told him that Guyzot told me of Lannes having said that "le plus grand general etait celui que la cannonnade faisait mieux entendre, et que la fumee faisait voir plus clair."

Duke-Humph! [A pause.] That's only a clever phrase for what I have just been saying-sang froid-presence of mind; but that is not enough: the mind besides being cool must have the art of knowing what is to be done and how to do it. - Croker's Conversations with the Duke of Wellington.

Petrified Wood. The petrified wood which is so abundant in the United States territories of Ar zona, Wyoming, and the Rocky mountain regions is rapidly becoming utilized by the practical American. In San Francisco there is now a factory for cutting and polishing these petrifactions into mantle-pieces, tiles, tablets, and other architectural parts for which marble or slate is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or even onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market. The raw material employed comes mostly from the forests of petrified wood along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of diffierent portions of these forests. of such interesting primeval remains, that they would serve out gin cocktails a time drops away from the delicate of such interesting primeval remains, and whisky toddies to their young atmosphere of romance, and becomes and some steps ought to be taken to preserve certain tracts in their original

state. - Engineering. The wheat crop of America has doubled durSCINTILLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Curiosities and Discoveries in the World of Progress

An application of guacotton is said to have been made in such a minner that it will eventually supersede the use of steam for the purpose of light locomotion and driving small machinery. Details of the invention are withheld until a public exhibition of its utility is made.

Writing from Lynn, Mass., a correspondent reminds the Scientific American that, as an instance of a remarkable flight of an exploded boiler, about two years ago a boiler exploded in that city, and the flying portion, describing a circle high in the air, landed 900 feet from where it started. Dr. Gore, in a paper on the elec-

trolysis of fluoride, chlorate and perchlorate of silver, has shown that a solution of these salts is readily decomposed by using electrodes of silver and an electric current derived from a single cell composed of zinc and platinum in dilute sulphuric acid.

Ostwald suggests that in reactions which take place under the influence of acids the rapidities of such reactions are proportional to the electric conductivity of the acids. Svante Arrhenius had at an earlier period, though the fact was not known to Ostwald, arrived at essentially the same result

An interesting experiment to ascertain the effect of artificial heat on vegetation has been made by Barthelemy. He arranged a number of hyacinths in glasses in a circle around the pipe of a stove, and after some time he found that the roots assumed a nearly horizontal position, or a direction almost at right angles to the pipe.

Monuments and statues cast from refined zinc are given a sparkling appearance by directing a sand blast under steam pressure upon them so that the sand cuts the surface but does not adhere to it. A thin film of oxide is thus formed, which stands atmospheric exposure admirably; yet the film is so thin that it scarcely admits of ordinary measurement.

The Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, Paris, has announced that the International Committee of Weights and Measures standing for the high contracting parties to the Convention for the Meter signed at Paris on May 20, 1875, having at last received the adhesion of Great Britain and the further accession of Roumania and Servia, now represents an aggregate population of 421,440,-

A paper on the movement of Hyperion, by Professor S. Newcomb, has been read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The conclusion arrived at is that all the conjunctions of Hyperion with Titan take place near the aposaturn of the latter satellite. The point of conjunction oscillates between 180 deg. on either side of the aposaturn during the period of revolution of the periasturn of Hyperion in relation to that of Titan.

With regard to securing pure, healthful milk, the following opinion by Professor Feser, of Munich, has been quoted by N. Gerber: "It is desirable to prevent the scale of milk which is below a certain standard as good milk, even if it be simply the unadulterated product of single animals reduced through insufficient and faulty feeding. Ordinances passed for the prevention of adulteration would be powerless if it be lawful that milk may be adulterated before its production in he body of the animal by injudicious treatment and feeding."

An architect thus recommends the use of copper as a roof-covering in place of tin: "We always specify the use of copper for covering roofs, when we can induce owners to allow us to do so, on account of its durability, although its cost is about \$11 per square foot over the price of tin roofing. When we reflect that a tin roof requires constant repairs, and painting at least every two years at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a foot, varying as to the number of coats, the cost of repairs for six years, together with the cost of in roof, equals the cost of copper.

George Lawson, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, writes as follows on wasps as fly-killers: "In this part of the world wasps enter dwellings by the open windows in summer time and hunt flies unmercifully, leaving the dead in hundreds on the floors, ready to be swept into a dustpan. This occurs only in the country and where wasps' nests are near by." Westwood quotes from St. John's "Letters to an American Farmer" that "The Americans, aware of their (wasps') service in destroying flies, sometimes suspend a hornet's nests in their parlors."

At the requisition of the prefect of police, Paris, MM. Dujardin, Beaunetz, Pasteur and Roux performed experiments with the view of ascertaining what would be the best gas for disinfecting rooms in which patients suffering from contagious diseases had sojourned. These gentlemen have come to the conclusion that sulphurous acid gas would be the most efficacious for such a purpose, but, instead of simply burning sulphur, as is usually done, they recommend the burn-ing of bisulphide of carbon as being the least expensive and the least injurious to furniture or articles of metal in the room.

Taking Precautions.

"Ain't you going to take some of your clothes off before you go to bed?" asked Mrs. Spilkins of her husband, who is a prominent merchant of Dallas, Texas.

"No, I dreamt last night that I had found the North Pole, and I may have just such another dream to-night. I don't care to freeze to death if I can prevent it. Help me on with this overcoat."-Texas Siftings.

American capitalists have bought the pick of the coal and timber lands of British Columbia, and are getting a substantial grip upon the northwest. Minneapolis capitalists have purchased a large tract on the Deer river, which, it is claimed, is a huge reservoir of petroleum, and they are now sending to the territory drilling machinery and