

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## JACK CHIDDY.

A True Incident of the Rail.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Oh, well you may sneer. For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear. But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best.

And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast. Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale. If it tells upon the way men and the rail. Well, here is one that will suit you, I know. Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there you are smiling again. At the name, which I own is both common and plain. Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his wages.

Year in and year out, on a section of plates. Simple enough was the work, with no change. But to see that both lines were in gauge and square.

Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt. All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may be. Say, "Heres in a moment before our eyes. Or right from our side, ere we know it, and do. The work of a giant and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I'm coming to that. Though I wonder a little—now, where was I?

Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear. The mouth of the Brestington tunnel from here?

You see it? Well, right on the bank at the top. When the wheels come blocks, all at once, down the slope.

A huge slab of stone from the rest shoves its way. And fell down on the up-line of metals and lay.

One shrill cry of terror burst forth from us all. As we saw the huge mass tumble over and fall. We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech.

Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each. Then one of our mates snatched a glance at the watch. Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch our breath.

At our breath, then a cry, that thrilled our hearts through— "My God! the 'Flying Dutchman' is over-coming!"

Jack brought from over the hill we can hear a dull, dull sound coming faint to the ear. Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast.

That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last. And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone.

And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on. In a minute or less he would come with a dash.

And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash. "Now, for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown.

Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the stone. Not of his own life, for wife and child's sake. Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength. And a live of the shoulder the slab moved at length.

Slipped clear off the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke. From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash. Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash.

Of cooling smoke, and a glitter and gleam of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay. As the train tore along, making up for delay. Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer.

When we knew that the "Dutchman" had passed and was clear. And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears.

For he was my mate on the rails many years. Which we found him one look was enough to reveal. That Jack's life-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer. At the name, which I own is but harsh to the ear. But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best.

And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast. —Alexander Anderson, in Good Words.

## PETS.

Jack and I had been married a year before we went to housekeeping. People say that the first year of married life is the most trying. All I can say is that we did not find it so. We never had a word of serious difference so long as we boarded, but almost as soon as we were settled in our own tiny, pretty house, our troubles began.

Jack and I have never been quite able to decide upon our unpleasantness commenced. He puts the date of it in June, when Leticia Green went to Europe, and left me her canaries as a parting gift—two of the loveliest little yellow and green darlings that ever were seen. That is quite absurd, though. The real trouble began a month later, when he himself brought home the great, clumsy, blundering Newfoundland pup, which was the pest of the house for many a long day.

It wasn't so bad at first. Jack only laughed when he saw the canaries, and said, "Why, Madge, little woman, you'll have your hands full now, if you never did before."

"Nonsense!" I said; "it's nothing to take care of a pair of birds." But Jack only laughed.

Such darlings as those birds were! I can't say that they ever learned to know me—not really, you know. They fluttered just as much and were just as fond to catch the last day that I let them out of their cage as on the first. That was one of the things that Jack objected to—my letting them out of their cage, I mean. Jack wrote, you see, for the press; I mean—and the back parlor, which was also his study, was the only place where I could keep the birds.

"Really, Madge," said Jack one day, "I wish you could find some other place to keep those birds, or else I wish you would not let them out of their cage. Their favorite promenade is my desk, and I never can find a paper that I want after they have been rooting about there."

"But, Jack," I said, "they must have their morning fly, poor little dears, and I have always let them have it while you are taking your constitutional, so that they need not disturb you. If you would rather have me let them out while you are at home, though—"

"Thanks, not any," said Jack. It's bad enough to see the results, without

having them flopping down bodily upon my head. Never mind. I'll be careful to leave my inkstand uncovered, and they'll be drinking the ink some day, and that will be the end of them."

"Jack, you are very unkind," I said; but Jack only laughed, and went out of the room. I was always careful to see that the inkstand was covered after that, though.

It was soon after that that he brought home his dog. I never shall forget that day. He knows that I never could bear dogs. I am afraid of them, horribly afraid, and I never thought he would be so cruel as to bring one of the great blundering things home to scare me out of my poor little wits.

"Here, Madge," he said, as he came in, leading the thing. "As you are so fond of pets, I have brought you one worth having."

Then the thing rushed at me, with its great red mouth wide open, and its white teeth shining, and its eyes glaring, and before I knew it, the two big hairy paws were on my shoulders, and the frightful face close against mine.

"Jack!" I screamed—"oh, Jack! take him off, or I shall die."

Jack laughed, and caught the creature by his collar and pulled him away.

"Why, bless your heart, Madge!" he said, "the dog won't hurt you. He is only a pup—nine months old to a day—and as full of affection as he can stick. He only wanted to make friends with you."

"But I don't want to be made friends with in that fashion," I said, as well as I could speak for crying.

Jack laughed, and caressed me, and apologized; but it was then that our troubles began, for all that.

What a nuisance that dog was no one who has not brought up a Newfoundland pup can imagine. Now it was one of the best tablecloths not only pulled off, but torn into rags; or my lace set—Aunt Clarice's wedding present—which had been laid out to bleach, had disappeared bodily, all but a fluttering end which hung out of Hero's mouth as he careered about the yard; or it was one of Jack's dress boots chewed to a pulp, and grave enough Master Jack looked that time.

I only wish his belongings had suffered offener; but unluckily he took precious good care to keep them out of the way. Jack and I were poor enough, but we had rich relations. Jack had an uncle, Mr. Philip Phelps, and an aunt, Clarice Vaughan, both of whom had declared their intention of leaving us their respective heirs. Aunt Clarice was a childless widow, and Uncle Philip a bachelor. Both of them were peculiar in their way, and full of whims and "fads." We had never been able to entertain them hitherto, but as soon as we were settled in our own house each of them had promised us a visit. It was time for Uncle Philip's arrival soon after Jack brought home that wretched dog. Uncle Philip had always seemed very fond of me, and I resolved to appeal to him privately to induce Jack to banish the horrid thing from the house.

Uncle Philip was stout and rubeicund, with a bald, pink head fringed with white hair, and a laughing blue eye—two of them, in fact. Unluckily for my private plans, he took most kindly to Hero from the first; and as I watched the softening of his eye over the pup's clumsy gambols, I realized that any attempt to influence him as I desired would be utterly in vain. We were all collected in the back parlor on the night of his arrival, he sitting in a large easy-chair in the window. He was just giving us a graphic description of a recent visit to New Mexico, when he started, and clapped his hand to his head, with a sudden ejaculation.

"I thought you told me you had no mosquitoes here," he said with a puzzled air.

Neither had we, as Jack and I both assured him, and after a moment he took up the thread of his narrative. Crack! another slap at his bald head, and another break in his tale. Crack! crack! crack!

"What do you mean by denying mosquitoes?" he cried, indignantly. "I know that mosquitoes and malaria are two things that the inhabitants of a pest hole will never confess to; but I thought that you two were above such weaknesses."

Our earnest "But, indeed, dear uncle," was suddenly interrupted by a sudden flutter of wings, and a *couche* of cold water exactly on the center of Uncle Philip's head. Jack sprang to his feet.

"It's those beastly birds, Madge," he said. "They've been chucking their seeds at Uncle Philip, and now they've finished up with a shower-bath. Taking their bath in their drinking-cup, too, the little brutes! It's too bad, I vow!"

Uncle Philip was silent, but his face, as he glared at the cage overhead, was a study. I apologized, eagerly, abjectly, and, I hoped, to some purpose. Then we adjourned to the front parlor, and finished the evening quietly.

Uncle Philip was up bright and early next morning. I was surprised to find him in the dining-room when I went down, before the bell rang, to see that the table was properly set. Hero was beside him, blinking up with his great stupid eyes, one big paw laid upon Uncle Philip's knee, and his red tongue lolling out idiotically. Uncle Philip greeted me affectionately, though, I fancied, with rather an air of constraint.

"Did you sleep well, Uncle Philip?" I asked.

Uncle Philip hesitated.

"It was quiet enough most of the night," he said, "but I was somewhat disturbed toward morning."

"Not used to the city noises?" I asked; but Jack, who had come in behind me, laughed.

"Nonsense, Madge!" he said. "You forget that Uncle Philip lives in Chicago, which is not exactly country. It was all those birds of yours again. Uncle Philip's room is directly over my study, and the things tuned up at daylight, as usual. Nobody could sleep in such a confounded racket. Now confess, Uncle Philip, was not that the trouble?"

"Why, Jack!" I said, haltingly. "It is too bad of you. The little darlings couldn't disturb anybody with their singing, and you know there is not another window in the house where they can hang. Uncle Philip's is the only other east room, and they must have the morning sun."

"Oh, pray don't disturb our arrangements or my account," said Uncle

Philip, rather grimly. "No doubt I shall get used to it in the course of time."

Just here Hero made a diversion by an unexpected and successful spring at the chop on Jack's plate, with which he vanished through the back door, while Uncle Philip and Jack laughed and applauded.

Uncle Philip staid with us less than a week, growing daily more silent and testy. When, on the fifth day, he announced his intention of leaving us, I could not feel deeply grieved; but Jack was.

"It was all very well for you," he said. "Uncle Philip is no relation of yours, and you have no old claims of affection and kinship pulling at you. It is not his money, as you very well know, but he is the last one of my mother's family left, and to have him driven out of his nephew's house by those ridiculous pets of yours—well, it's hard, and no mistake."

"Nonsense, Jack! The birds have nothing to do with it," I said; but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said; "but a man of Uncle Philip's age and habits can't stand being wakened at daylight every morning, and disturbed at all hours of the day and night besides."

"I don't disturb him," I said.

"You do," said Jack. "You spend your whole time prancing up and down stairs, opening and shutting the window just below his room, because you fancy that those blessed birds are dying of too much or too little air."

"But, Jack," I said, "the poor things are setting, and they need constant care. You wouldn't have me let them die, would you?"

"I'd have you consider the comfort of human beings before that of animals," said Jack. "However, the thing is done now. Nothing would induce Uncle Philip to spend another night here. He has business to attend to in the city, though, and has taken board in Ninth Street for a few weeks."

I was sorry that Jack was vexed, of course, but I really could not feel very unhappy at losing a guest so utterly unfeeling and inconsiderate. Beside, Aunt Clarice had written to ask when it would be convenient for us to receive her, and she could now come as soon as she felt inclined.

It was the very day after Uncle Philip left that I found Joo-jou, the female bird, lying dead upon the floor. My first idea was that it was a mean piece of vengeance upon Jack's part, and I taxed him with it, but he denied it indignantly.

"I'm not such a brute as you seem to think, Madge," he said. "I don't like the birds, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of their tails. Look here, though," as he poked out with the point of his pen-knife something that had lodged in the tiny beak. "Here is what did the mischief. Stolen from my desk, too, by the way. A clear case of poetic justice."

It was a tiny bit of red water which he held out for me to examine, and of course I had to acknowledge that it alone had caused the catastrophe. I buried my little pet mournfully, and thought of bringing another to replace her, but Jack put his veto upon any such proceeding.

"But, Jack," I said, "Bijou will die of loneliness."

"Let him," said Jack, savagely, and that was all.

Well, Bijou didn't die of loneliness. On the contrary, after reflecting on the situation for a few days, he plucked up his heart, and launched himself into such a torrent of rollicking song that Jack was more frantic than ever. Not even the melancholy sight of the nestful of cold little bluish speckled eggs seemed to dash his gaiety in the least. To tell the truth, I was slightly disgusted (though I would have died before I would have told Jack so), for, try as I might, I could not persuade myself that that triumphant, rollicking, gurgling song bore the slightest resemblance to a wail of despair.

We saw Uncle Philip tolerably often, though he no longer staid with us. I noticed, however, that he could with difficulty be persuaded to enter the back parlor. Even the sound of Bijou's singing, which penetrated the closed doors, made him start and wince in a manner which was simply absurd, though he never said anything.

We were in daily expectation of Aunt Clarice's arrival, the date of which was not quite certain, as she was staying with friends for who continually urged her to prolong her visit. After the day for her coming to us had been three times fixed and as often postponed, I made up my mind not to expect her until I saw her. Consequently I had dismissed all thoughts of her from my mind.

I was sitting at my sewing one morning, when Jane came up to tell me that a lady was in the parlor, who declined to send up her name.

"An agent, no doubt," I said. "I wish you had asked her business, Jane. But no matter; I must go down soon, to shut up Bijou, in any case."

So I sewed on tranquilly until I had finished the piece of work on which I was engaged, and then ran down stairs, humming a blithe little tune as I went. I never finished that tune, though; for the first thing my eyes fell upon in the hall was Aunt Clarice. Yes, Aunt Clarice, sitting demurely in the hall chair, but with no very demure expression upon her face. On the contrary, it was a much agitated and dishevelled Aunt Clarice upon whom I looked—an Aunt Clarice who appeared equally divided between tears and indignation, and who met my astonished gaze with one full of wretched meaning.

"Dear Madge!" I cried. "Who ever dreamed of seeing you to-day? Why in the world didn't you go into the parlor, even if Jane hadn't sense enough to take you there? That girl's blunders are really beyond anything."

"Don't scold the girl," said Aunt Clarice, grimly; "it's not her fault. She took me in there fast enough; but if people will turn their parlors into menageries, they can hardly expect their friends to stay in them."

"Menageries! Dear Aunt Clarice," I cried. "I never thought you would mind poor Bijou too. You're as bad as Uncle Philip."

Aunt Clarice turned slightly red. "If that's your idea of a *bijou*," she said, "I have no more to say, and she began to gather up her belongings as if she meditated instant flight.

"But, dear Aunt Clarice," I cried,

"don't be so frightened! I was just going to shut him up, for he has been out quite long enough." ("I should think so," said Aunt Clarice). "But I never knew that you minded birds so much."

"Birds!" said Aunt Clarice, with an indescribable intonation. "But I do mind birds very much—such birds as this; birds that walk on four legs, and wag their tails, and make grabs at your ankles."

"Aunt Clarice," I cried, "it's Hero that you mean—Jack's great, horrid dog. Do you mean to say that he is in the parlor? Oh dear! what shall I do? Jack says that there is no harm in him, but he always dances and grins at us so. How shall we ever get him out, for neither Jane nor I dare touch him?"

Aunt Clarice had relaxed slightly when she found that I had nothing to do with Hero's presence in the parlor, and now she began to laugh.

"Don't trouble yourself about getting him out!" she said. "He is safe enough there, for I shut the door upon him. He kept quiet until Jane had gone, but as soon as I was left quite alone and unprotected, he floundered out from under the very sofa that I was sitting upon, and 'danced and grinned' at me until I fairly took to my heels. Now I'll go up stairs and take my things off."

Jack only laughed when I complained to him of Hero's escapade, said that as my pet had the run of his study it was only fair that he should have the run of the rest of the house. He positively refused to chain him, or even to keep him in the yard and cellar, as I implored him to do, if only on Aunt Clarice's account.

"No," he said, "my relations have had their turn; it is time that yours took their share now."

Of course, when Hero had once found his way up stairs there was an end of everything. Nothing would induce him to stay down after that. It is my belief that he had found out some way of worming himself through key-holes, for no amount of locking and barring would keep him out. The worst of it was that he took a violent fancy to Aunt Clarice. Or rather I am inclined to think that he found her irresistibly *teusable*, and was deep and artful enough to pretend a firm confidence in her fondness and admiration for him. At all events, wherever Aunt Clarice was Hero was sure to be somewhere near. If she sat down upon a sofa, Hero wriggled out from under it; if she entered a room, Hero bounced at her from behind the door; nay, he even secreted himself under her bed at night, for the express purpose of coming out in the small hours, and waking her by the contact of his cold wet nose and warm wet tongue. After she had twice aroused the whole household by her wild shrieks at these unbecoming visits, Aunt Clarice mildly but firmly announced her determination.

"My dear Madge," she said, "I am very fond of you; I am fond of Jack, too; but really a man who keeps such a wild beast about his house is fit only for Bedlam. I can't expect you to turn him out for me, so I have decided to turn myself out for him. I am not quite ready to go home yet, so I have taken board for a few weeks, where I shall be quite comfortable."

Jack only laughed, and said "Tit for tat," when he heard of Aunt Clarice's departure. He laughed still more when, on comparing notes, we found that she and Uncle Philip were now inhabitants of the same boarding-house in Ninth Street—a curious coincidence, certainly, but not worth going into hysterics about. It really seemed as if Jack would never get over it. Every now and then, during the whole evening, he would suddenly throw himself back, kick up his heels in the most undignified manner, and roar. When I asked him his reason for such behavior, he would say only, "Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice!—ho! ho! ho!" And for days the mention of either name would bring a most absurd and diabolical grin to his face, which was a handsome enough one in general.

## III.

It was rather curious, I thought, that since Aunt Clarice had left us so abruptly we had seen nothing either of her or of Uncle Philip, although more than a week had passed. Aunt Clarice was always out—or so the servant said when I called; and as for her, she had never once crossed our threshold since that unlucky day.

I was just expressing my feelings upon the subject to Jack, with Bijou hopping about the carpet at my feet, when the door-bell rang, and Jane brought in the morning's mail. There was only one letter, and that I saw in a moment to be from Aunt Clarice.

"High time, I think!" I said, as I tore it open. Then, in another moment, and with a shriek, "Jack, look here!"

This is what Jack looked at:

MY DEAR MADGE: I have not seen you for the last week because I was trying to make up my mind whether or not to be an old fool, and in such cases the fewer witnesses one has the better. I've decided at last, whether for better or for worse remains to be seen. Perhaps you know that Jack's Uncle Philip Phelps and I are old friends, and meeting now and all—Well, the long and short of it is that we have made up our minds to be married.

This is all at present from Your attached aunt, CLARICE VAUGHAN.

P. S.—If Master Jack and you hadn't sent fit to turn your house into a menagerie, it wouldn't have happened. A mutual hatred of pets was our first bond of union.

I was crying by the time Jack had finished the letter, and even he looked grave, though there was a most exasperating twinkle in his eye.

"Good-by to our fortunes, little woman," he said.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" I cried. "And to think it was all the doing of that hateful dog!"

"Not at all," said Jack; "my dog hadn't half so much to do with it as your birds. If they hadn't driven Uncle Philip out of the house, there would have been no room in it for Aunt Clarice, and in that case they might never have met again."

"Nonsense!" I cried, indignantly. "If it hadn't been for the dog, Aunt Clarice would have been here safe and sound at this minute. I've a great mind to poison him."

Jack suddenly grew very stern. "If you do, I'll wring the neck of your miserable bird," he said.

I had never seen Jack look so angry, nor anything like so angry, before, and for one minute I stopped short in abso-

lute terror; then— But before I could speak there was a hasty scuffle on the stairs, and Hero in person rushed into the room. Bijou lifted his head and fluttered his wings, but he was too late. In another instant Hero had pounced upon the tempting plaything. There was a strangled squeak, an agonized gasp, and poor Bijou had disappeared bodily down the gaping red throat, and Hero was on his back, kicking convulsively, while I rushed screaming from the room.

## IV.

Of course Jack and I "embraced, with tears," after the double tragedy. Neither of us could accuse the other, you see, for if his pet had killed mine, mine had proved equally fatal to his. Then and there we swore our last future division of interests, whether in the shape of pets or anything else.

Uncle Philip and Aunt Clarice Phelps prove to be the most cheerful and contented of elderly couples. It seems that it is an old love affair. Jack knew of it all along, which was the reason of his profane laughter when he found that they had established themselves in the same house. They were engaged when both were young, but quarreled. Aunt Clarice married Mr. Vaughan out of pique, while Uncle Philip remained a bachelor for her sweet sake.

We are thoroughly reconciled now, and stranger things have happened than that we should be their heirs after all.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## Clothes and Conversation.

From time to time a wail comes to us, now from the city, now from the country—for the village seems as harassed as the town. Our social life is in danger. Hospitality is dying out, and conversation is a lost art. Tell us what to do.

If this were one form of the mild pessimism fashionable just now in some circles, one could let it go with the comfortable certainty that the evil complained of had either righted itself before its existence had been positively formulated, or had been taken in hand on the instant of its discovery by the energetic reformer always lying in wait for budding evils, whether in morals or manners. That something more and deeper is involved is soon found to be the fact, and Goodwin Sands are responsible for the Tenetian Steeple more nearly in this case than in the original difficulty on that point.

Clothes and conversation would seem to the casual observer by no means necessarily related, unless it be through the reflex action referred to by Emerson, the peace of mind enjoyed by the wearer of perfect garments "only second in its nature to the consolations of religion," and thus admitting that entire serenity and poise essential to the unbiased consideration of any topic. In reality, clothes are at the bottom of half our social difficulties—most of all, the present one. In every circle we all have knowledge of at least one woman whose gifts and tastes fit her in the highest degree for a broad social life, yet who avoids carefully any chance which may draw her into such life. "Perfectly charming when you know her, but she won't allow anybody to have that satisfaction," is the puzzled comment; and there it ends.

There are others without all the gifts, perhaps, but with strong social longings and admirable for many social purposes, excellent administrators where management is required, and filling essential places in their own way, who still remain in the background and allow affairs, whether of church or every-day life, to remain in hands often far less fitted to carry them. Each village, shut in and remote as it may be, holds one or more who could mold the daily life and thought if they would, but whose influence remains unfelt or known to only one or two. And from all comes the same answer: "Yes, we know it. We want to do this and we ought to do that, but don't you know this dreadful clothes question is always in the way? We have not money enough to compete with the people who lead in town. Indeed, we do not want to compete; but say what you will, there is a certain mental depression when alyce encounters velvet and diamonds which is not conducive to the best relations. It is easier to stay at home and let those who care to do so come to us."

Here comes the point upon which this matter hinges. Why not one unchanging black silk?—black, while open to some objections, being the one color admitting the wearing of any shade with it, and always capable of simple elegance. Why not, if made in a style which may be always picturesque, no matter what the mode of the moment may be? Worth has reproduced in some of his latest dresses exact copies of pictures of Catherine de Medicis and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth, fabulously rich as to material, but so thoroughly a departure from the fashions of the day that they may serve as texts for a general departure. The dress-coat remains much the same from one year to another, the points of variation being discernible only to the eye of a tailor or the professed dandy. Why not, then, the lady's state dress? and why should not some woman of sufficient wealth and assured position inaugurate a fashion which only needs such indorsement to become an established thing? Elaborate toilets have their own place, and may be beautiful and legitimate in that place, but for all of moderate means and busy lives a permanent fashion is a necessity. A moderately-trimmed dress cut with square neck, filled in with soft lace, and a half-open or tight-fitting sleeve, according to age and taste, is becoming to all alike, and once accepted as the standard for all small gatherings, would simplify life and give us the many who now shrink from the demands of trimming.—*H. C., in Lippincott's Magazine.*

—The late Thomas Brassey, "England's wealthiest son," so far, at least, as personal property was concerned, was a native of Cheshire, and his sons have lately restored the southeast angle of the cathedral in his memory. Mr. Brassey bequeathed to his eldest son his modest paternal estate, a farm in Cheshire, but divided \$30,000,000 between the three.

—James Franklin's old printing press, at which his brother Benjamin worked as an apprentice, is on exhibition at the Old South Church, Boston. It is now the property of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Prof. Bouchardat attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very notable diminution of intermittent. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

—In a paper by M. Munst on the conservation of grain in reservoirs, read before the French Academy of Science, it is stated that to secure all the advantages of such means of storage the grain should be comparatively dry, the closure perfect, the temperature of the walls pretty constant.

—A simple hygrometer can be made by a piece of catgut and a straw. The catgut, twisted, is put through a hole in a dial, in which a straw is also placed. In dry weather, the catgut curls up; in damp, it relaxes; and so the straw is turned either to the one side or the other. Straws do not only "show which way the wind blows," you see.

—A corporation has been recently organized in Boston, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to finish the bottoms of boots and shoes by a new invention. It is claimed that by the aid of the machine six hundred to eight hundred boots can be finished by one operator in one day, where one hundred and fifty to two hundred are now done by hand.

—Mr. W. H. Preece has determined, with a very close approximation to accuracy, the area protected by a properly adjusted lightning rod. His conclusion is that a lightning rod protects a conical space whose height is the length of the rod, the base being a circle having its radius equal to the height of the rod. This was the conclusion arrived at by Sir William Snow Harris when engaged in fixing his protectors to the masts of ships.

—A dairying company of London has lately established a laboratory at which samples of milk received from farmers are subjected to chemical analysis. Prizes have been offered by the company, which are to be given to those farmers whose milk-supply stands highest in quality during a stated period of time. The samples of milk are carefully examined by the company's analyst, whose analyses and reports will decide the competition for the prizes. It is expected that much valuable information respecting methods for producing the richest possible milk will be secured in this way.

—A Newburg chemist has devised a new method of decorating silks and other fabrics, which is expected to supersede embroidery. The art is called "eidographic," and the operator uses hollow pencils which are charged with a fluid metallic compound. On exposure to air the compound instantly hardens. Every color can be produced, and the designs traced with the pencil are exceedingly durable, lasting as long as the materials on which they are traced. Glass can be stained and wood-ware and pottery decorated by the same process. The manufacture of the pencils has already become a considerable industry in Germany.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Every man's house is his castle, but every man can't be King of Ashantee.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—An umbrella always reminds us of the man who wants to bet. It is a "put up or shut up" contrivance.—*Boston Post.*

—It is remarkable how much of good can be found to say of a man after he is dead. A skinfitter died in this State not long ago, and numerous virtues were squeezed out of his memory by the power of the printing press.—*Danbury News.*

—Limerick—No; an editor doesn't know everything. Editors only claim to average about three times as much knowledge as the ordinary run of men. But perhaps this is a low estimate. Editors are naturally modest.—*Boston Post.*