

FOREST REPUBLICAN

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During the last ninety-six years 348,915,000 pounds of gold were coined in France.

There are now 7000 loan associations in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

The population of the Sandwich Islands is about 85,000, of whom 35,000 are natives, 15,000 Chinese and 20,000 Japanese.

Wong Chin Foo, the New York journalist, is authority for the statement that the next Chinese Minister to the United States, if the people of this country do not object, will be a genuine, simon-pure Tartar.

Working expenses are increasing upon the French railroads. The ratio of working charges upon the Northern of France Railway in 1891 was 49.48 per cent. as compared with 47.46 per cent. in 1890, 48.01 per cent. in 1889 and 45.8 per cent. in 1888.

So alarming has been the increase in the ivory trade that if it continues much longer at the present rate the elephant will soon become extinct. One firm alone in Sheffield, England, last year received the tusks of 1280 elephants. A few years ago 800 pairs of tusks were sufficient for them.

Socialists and anarchists might have their opinions of millionaires changed somewhat, the Chicago Herald thinks, by learning of the act of Moses Loria, born in Mantua in 1814. Loria died lately in Milan, Italy, leaving \$3,000,000 to the city to establish an international home for laboring people out of employment.

It is reported that Indian Commissioner Morgan has received a letter signed by Lewis Miller, and fifteen other Indians, Cherokees and Arapahoes, members of Troop L, Fifth United States Cavalry, asking him to take steps to procure their discharge from the army. They say that they are tired of military life, and can do much better for themselves by working on their farms. The letter has been referred to the Secretary of War for such action as he may deem proper. Military life is a little tiresome, but while men that enlist are not therefore discharged whenever they desire it; and to discharge these Indians now would be to destroy the, to them, most valuable part of their military lesson.

The degree of poverty existing in the city of London is not expressed by the figures of the census of paupers, although, admits the San Francisco Chronicle, they are formidable enough. It is appalling to think of 105,000 publicly registered paupers in one city, but if the assertions of missionaries and others who are familiar with the subject are to be credited, that number is scarcely a tithe of the whole. A writer in an English review, nearly two years ago, declared that there were a million persons in London always hovering on the verge of starvation and another million whose condition, while not so precarious, was always menaced by the wolf of want. Since these unchallenged assertions were made, the depression of business in England has been greatly increased, so there is good reason for believing that the conditions are much worse now. Whatever may be the cause of this extraordinary state of affairs, it is no credit to Nineteenth Century civilization, and there is little wonder that the contemplation of it drives sympathetic men into all sorts of vagaries of opinion.

Suicide is increasing as rapidly as murder in this country, according to the statistics gathered by the Chicago Tribune. There were 3860 last year as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2649 in 1890 and 2324 in 1889. The causes for this large number of self-murders are given as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Cause of suicide, Number of suicides. Despondency 146, Unknown 654, Insanity 33, Domestic infelicity 317, Liquor 317, Disappointed love 240, Ill health 27, Business losses 27.

According to this total a man had about one chance in about 16,829 of committing suicide in 1892, calculating the population at 65,000,000. In hurrying themselves into eternity 1390 of these suicides sought death by shooting, 1010 by poison, 608 by hanging, 396 by drowning, 319 by throat cutting, ninety-one by throwing themselves before locomotives, fifty-six by jumping from windows, fifty by stabbing, fifteen by burning, six preferred starving and the same number took the dynamite route, while one each chose freezing, a trip hammer or beating his head against a stone wall. It is not honorable to men to have to say that 2555 of these suicides were males and only 805 females, and that medicine heads the list of the professions whose members sought an untimely death, with thirty-seven physician suicides.

LOVE'S SEASON

In mid sweet days when hectic flushes Burn red on maple and sumach leaf, When sorrowful winds wall through the rushes, And all things whisper of loss and grief, When close and closer hold Frost approaches To smother the blossoms from Nature's breast, When night forever on day encroaches— Oh, then I think that I love you best.

Oh, yet when winter, that tyrant master, Has buried autumn in walls of snow, And bound and fettered whoso bold Frost cast her Lies outside Nature in helpless woe, When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre, And side by side in the snug home nest— Oh, then I think that I love you best.

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT

BY MARAH GROSSE FARLEY.

EAON DODGE felt "blue" enough, as he sat down to his six o'clock tea, in his humble home on Forest Hill. It was not that the tea was either badly served or poor in quality, for he invariably purchased the best groceries the market afforded, and nothing Miss Prissy ever tried to do or make ever resulted in failure. It was neither the eatables nor yet the drinkables that caused the gloom of the deacon's brow. As he expressed it, he "felt blue as a whetstone," and the cause arose from the tightness in money circles.

Miss Prissy, the deacon's strong-minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea. "Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstracted manner, as he passed the cup for refilling. "Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at this 'power of habit' exemplified. The worthy deacon, busy with his bread and butter, did not see his listener's face.

"I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely." Even the lingering shadow of the smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on: "There is a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house, with interest at seven per cent., and no man can stand such a per cent. as that. There is that one-hundred-dollar note, and two of fifty dollars each, besides one hundred and sixty dollars yet unpaid on the lumber, seventy-five dollars—got to come somehow—for the carpenters, twenty-five for the mason, twenty-five more for the painter. Besides, that leaves us with the house not yet half finished, the ground yet to be grubbed and laid out and fenced, and not a cent in mind you—not a single cent—to do it with."

The deacon leaned back in his chair and fairly groaned. "The strong minded Priscilla got up, and walking round to his side of the table, laid her hand on his arm. "Listen to me, deacon," said she, thoughtfully—she always called him that when she felt particularly in earnest—"listen to me, now, and I'll tell you the plan I have for extricating our affairs from financial annihilation."

"Talk away," growled the bear. "Talk at any rate, is cheap enough; even in these hard times." Prissy declined to notice the slight put upon her tongue, and continued, bravely: "You know you have always refused to keep a cow, pig, or chickens. Now, then, let us have all three, and I will show you this fall that your interest money shall be forthcoming, besides having our grocery bill footed as it is made."

"Pshaw, Prissy!" ejaculated he, with a groan of disapproval, "how could you do it! Besides, my credit isn't worth a blue bean. I haven't the money to pay for a cow, nor a pig, nor even the chickens, so there's an end of that." In no wise discouraged, the strong minded young woman coolly continued: "I have ways and means for all of 'em, deacon. And if you will solemnly agree to do in all things as I suggest and advise, I in turn will promise and ratify it, too, to take these debts and the unfinished house on my shoulders, metaphorically speaking, and in three years' time we will owe no man, and our house will ground shall compare favorably with any in the country." The deacon considered a moment. "Show me your ways and means, Prissy."

or so, I have accepted the offer. That is cow No. 1, eh?"

"Cow No. 1—yes." "Uncle Bemus has taken a fancy to my gold watch, and wants to trade me a cow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have made up my mind to close with him. So there is cow No. 2, and aforesaid pig."

The deacon opened his eyes. "Pon my word, Prissy, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?" "I have bought five—four hens and one rooster—for the Bowers, on 'tick,' as they say. The hens are waiting to set, and I shall send you to Neighbor Toodle for eggs to set them with. Toodle charges fifty cents per dozen for eggs, but his are an extra kind of large fowl that can be made to bring four dollars per dozen as early spring chickens in the first of June. I can have at least thirty or forty chicks for the June market and the proceeds therefrom will take up a certain note of yours. In the meantime the butter shall pay our household expenses as we go along. There shall be no butcher's bill, nor any other kind of a bill, run up for future settlement. The calves we will fatten and sell this fall, the hog ditto. Uncle Bemus advises me to keep the litter of pigs until next year, when they will fetch us something over a hundred dollars. The eight acres of ground, for the use of which we pay forty dollars, must be planted with corn, and I have already selected the seed. As the land is particularly clean and of uncommon good soil, the yield should be not less than seventy-five bushels to the acre, which, if corn comes down to an unprecedented low figure, will still pay all expenses for seed, rent, tillage, and leave us enough to fatten our hogs after all."

The deacon was silent from astonishment. "I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand."

"You talk like a farmer, Prissy," ejaculated the deacon. "When did you learn so much, I wonder?" "Don't ask me questions, but promise me," giving him a tight squeeze. "I promise."

She shook herself loose from his arm, and poured out for herself a cup of hot tea. "Very well; go to work and make me some chicken coops and a hen house, and fetch home my hens to-morrow, and this fall I will show square accounts with some folks I know of."

In the course of time the cows were driven home, the chickens roosted in the deacon's hen house, and the "female hog, with her seven children, occupied the attention of the deacon's daughter. Of a morning Prissy went into the cellar and skinned, and strained, and churned, and she had the deacon himself, with the spade and ax made good time among the stumps, thereby saving hired help and the additional cost of a wood pile."

The deacon had lived all his life under a lay cloud. He couldn't cut wood, he said, because it made him so tired. He couldn't work at farming, because the weather was either too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry. He couldn't stay all the while at his place of business (he was a photographer) and wait for customers, because he "wanted to get out and stretch his legs." But suggest the idea of an impossible enterprise to him, or ask him to invest in a lottery ticket, or talk travel, and directly the deacon was your man.

He was utterly and abominably lazy and selfish. He foresaw Prissy to plant and save a dollar, while he would squander fifty, and have nothing to show for what he had paid out. Such is man—that is, so much of it as went by the name of Deacon Dodge. One of the things the strong-minded girl got him to do was to make a fence, which she insisted should be hedge. A Hawthorne hedge, she declared, was both beautiful and attractive, besides just as useful as any other. So, under her vigilant generalship, he delivered some trees for the nursery-men and took his pay in hedge plants, which she made him set out and attend to. Little by little she put the deacon on his mettle, until at last she herself was surprised to find how much she had made him accomplish. At the end of the first year he had grubbed their one and a half acres, put the first coat of paint on the house, made the fence, dug the cellar, built outhouses, cut all the fire wood and made five dollars a week besides.

SETTING BOTTLES AFLOAT.

UNCLE SAM TAKES A HINT FROM SHEEPWOCKED MARINERS.

Setting Ocean Current by Putting Messages in Bottles and Throwing Them Overboard. SETTING afloat messages in bottles, writes Renee Baché in the Boston Transcript, has been an experiment resorted to by shipwrecked mariners for many centuries. Often has a writing thus consigned to the waves been the happy means of rescuing castaways, bringing succor to those whom hope had well-nigh forsaken. More frequently such a document, picked up years later perhaps, has relieved suspense by fanning certain the fate of missing voyagers. It seems odd that this idea should have been recently adopted by science for the practical and unromantic purpose of finding out about the surface currents of the ocean.

The work is the newest that has been undertaken by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy. Within the last two years it has distributed tens of thousands of "bottle papers" among the 2500 skippers of sea-going vessels, from sailing craft to Atlantic liners, who contribute reports as voluntary observers in exchange for supplies of pilot charts, etc., given by the Government. These bottle papers are printed forms which the observers are requested to enclose in bottles and throw overboard, after marking upon each of them the latitude, longitude and date. On each paper is a separate space in which the person who may find the bottle is asked to write the date and locality, afterwards forwarding the paper to the nearest United States consul or to the Hydrographic Office in Washington. Directions as to these matters are printed on the paper in several languages. Up to the present time 261 of the bottle papers thus scattered broadcast have been returned, but thousands of them are still afloat, and of these a considerable percentage will be picked up sooner or later. Of course, it is impossible to know how many of those placed in the hands of observers have been duly bottled and launched.

The courses taken by the bottles tell the story of the ocean currents, and knowledge of these is of the utmost importance to mariners. Carefully it is valuable for enabling vessels to seek such routes across the seas as will make it possible for them to take advantage of favoring streams and to avoid unfavorable ones. Columbus knew nothing about the currents of the Atlantic, and so he made his way to the New World by the path which the surface drift laid out for him. Thus, after being driven far to the southward, he finally brought up at San Salvador. Knowing where he started from and the point at which he finally arrived, hydrographers to-day can draw a curved line on the map showing exactly the course which he must have followed. Just at this time such a fact poses no little interest. Only a few months ago the Hydrographic Office was called upon to determine the probable location of a Pacific Mail steamship which was lost in the Pacific Ocean. Her machinery having broken down, as was reported by a vessel which had signalled her, she had drifted off and nothing had been heard of her for weeks. The Pacific Mail Company, being unable to find her, appealed to the experts at Washington, who promptly pointed out the exact spot where she would be discovered. And she was found there, six hundred miles west of where the owners had been looking for her. This was figured out from known facts respecting the direction and velocity of the currents in that great waste of waters.

Some of the bottled papers set afloat by the Prince of Monaco floated for more than five years before they were picked up. His Serene Highness, who is an enthusiast in such matters, has devoted much attention to experiments of this kind. For the purpose of studying the surface currents of the Atlantic, he launched from his sailing yacht in 1885 and 1886 a great number of floats consisting of wooden casks, copper globes and glass bottles. All of them were weighed to prevent any part of them from being out of the water to catch the wind, the object being to determine the drift. He finally determined that the best float for the purpose was a thick glass bottle coated with pitch and covered over this with copper. Of such bottles he launched 931 in the year 1887, in a line stretching from the Azores to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Each of them contained a document in nine languages, asking the finder to record on it the locality and date of discovery and to forward it to the nearest maritime authorities. Of all the bottled papers thus distributed he got back 227, and some of them bringing up in Iceland, others on the west coast of Africa, others on the shores of America, and fourteen as far away as Japan. The prince has published charts which show most interestingly the courses taken by the Atlantic currents as proved by the bottles.

A Very Clever Dog. "Is it a fact that the Scotch collie is the most intelligent dog in the world?" If innumerable anecdotes of the intelligence displayed by the Scotch shepherd's most faithful companion are to be trusted, the collie is hard to beat. But we can tell a story of a Mexican sheepdog that ought to make his Scotch brother sit up. The Mexicans educate them to tend their flocks and herds, and they perform the duty with more fidelity and satisfaction than a man. They will take a flock of sheep or herd of goats out in the morning, drive them to the feeding grounds, defend them from the attacks of predatory "varamints," and bring them back to the bedding place at night without losing a single animal. Up in New Mexico there was an isolated ranch, which was one of a system controlled by a wealthy sheep owner. He, or one of his agents, usually visited it twice a year to shear the sheep and take provisions to the pastora, or herder. On one of these semi-annual visits he found the herder dead in his cabin, and his body nearly decomposed. The sheep were quietly feeding in a fertile canyon near by, jealously guarded by the dog. In the rear of the corral, into which the sheep were driven every night, lay the skeletons of a dozen or more sheep. Astonished at the agency of the dog, the ranchman secreted himself and waited until night. As the sun began to sink the sheep came trooping in with the dog in the rear. They crowded into the corral through a narrow opening, and as the last one pushed forward the dog seized and killed him and dragged the lifeless body to the rear of the corral, where he made a comfortable supper off a portion of the carcass, leaving the balance for future meals. He had been doing this ever since the death of his master, and would probably have continued his guardianship over the flock until he died.—Yankee Blade.

Curiosities About Snow. The pure white lustre of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the distance that is thrown off from the surface of the various crystals. More than a thousand distinct and perfect forms of snow crystals have been enumerated and figured by the various investigators in that line. One hundred and fifty-one different forms were once observed by the English scientist, Glashier, who carefully made engravings of each and printed them in a paper attached to the report of the British Meteorological Society for the year 1855.—St. Louis Republic.

A Marvellous Escape From Death. Geary R. Griffith, of Jenner Township, Somerset County, had a remarkable experience last Wednesday. While out hunting with a shot gun he "let drive" at a covey of partridges. The gun exploded, leaving only a small piece of the butt in his hand. He was unharmed, but the charge of the gun got to the mark and killed seven of the birds.—Philadelphia Times.

A startling headgear is worn by Frank Sanborn, the well-known writer, traveler and sage of Concord. It is a round-crown affair, just like half of a musk-melon stuck on top of an immense circle of felt which stands out as straight as a piece of board. Crisfield, Md., is interested in the operations of a stranger who has bought seven islands to raise delicacies for market—fish, soft-shell crabs and perhaps terrapin among the possibilities.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are 235 varieties of dynamo.

An invalid's chair is electrically propelled. Whaleback boats are lighted by electricity. One-fifth of the coal mined is lost in cullm and refuse. The longevity of trees is much influenced by climate. The flesh of the oyster contains about ninety per cent. of water. A body weighing 10,000 pounds at the equator would weigh 10,031 pounds in London. For the destruction of microbes cinnamon is said to be as effective, if not as quick, as corrosive sublimate. At Cherbourg, France, an electrical canoe is in successful operation. It will run for twelve hours at the rate of nearly eight knots an hour. Genuine volcanic dust has been found in Kansas and the Indian Territory. There is a deposit near Galena, in the Territory, which is said to be many feet in thickness. A fossil elephant has been found ten kilometers from Brioude, in France, on the slope of an old volcano, the Senze. It is the skeleton of an elephant meridionalis, and is nearly entire. The latest method of decorating metals makes the working out of most beautiful and artistic designs possible. The means by which this is effected are the etching and oxidation of the metal. Some experiments have lately been made by the Northern Pacific car builders at Tacoma, Washington, to test the strength of oak and fir timber. The latter proved one-third stronger than eastern oak, and more than one-half stronger than eastern white pine. The officer who will command the United States cruiser New York, now nearing completion, will have the use of as fine a gig as ever commanded at sea. The Secretary of the Navy has authorized the construction of an electric launch twenty feet long and capable of going through the water at an eight-knot speed for at least five hours. The little craft will cost \$3500, and is expected to be ready for the cruiser when her pennant is hoisted in February. A cleverly constructed little machine has been designed for the purpose of affixing stamps to letters and circulars, and by its means the process can be carried out with extraordinary rapidity. The motions of detaching, damping and fixing are all performed by one revolution of a small wheel attached to the machine. From four to five thousand letters an hour can be stamped, and one of the most important advantages of the machine is that it will register the number of letters thus treated. A useful guard has been put on the market for the protection of incandescent lamps. In its construction care has been taken to eliminate the disadvantages of guards hitherto in use, and it not only requires no clips or catches, but secures itself firmly on the socket almost automatically. It has, moreover, a very firm hold on the socket, having a bearing contact longitudinally on the shell of over half an inch, so that it is almost impossible for any but the severest blow to force it against the lamp. In appearance the guard is light and symmetrical.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS. A right to tread so softly Beside the couch of pain To smother with gentle fingers The tangled locks again; To watch beside the dying In we, small hours of night, And breathe a consecrating prayer When the spirit takes its flight. A right to cheer the weary On the battle field of life; To give the word of sympathy Amid the toil and strife; To lift the burden gently From the sore and tired hearts, And never weary of the task Till gloomy care departs. A right to be a woman In trust woman's work If life should be a hard one, No fault ever stick; A right to show to others How strong a woman grows, When skies are darkening and lowering An life bears not a rose. A right to love one truly And be loved back again; A right to share his fortunes Through sunlight and through rain; A right to be protected From life's most cruel lights By many love and courage— Sure these are women's rights! —Boston Globe.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Indian meal—Government rations. Short intervals—The periods between pay days. A bald headed man may yet be a hare-brained fellow. A no-account fellow—The man who never asks credit.—Lile. On the roll of fame—The champion wheelman.—Galveston News. An all-round man—A fat freak in a museum.—New York Journal. Onions are healthy. Plumbers get fat on leaks.—Philadelphia Times. A high-binder—The publisher of ornamental books.—Washington Star. It is very convenient for a rapid writer to have a good train of thought.—Troy Press. There is no help for the case of the woman who can't get a servant.—Philadelphia Record. "What you need," said the aeronaut to the balloon, "is a good blowing up."—Washington Star. No one can know the value of a little scratch on a red wagon until he offers it for sale.—Aitchison Globe. Oh, roses, go and nestle Next the roses' anther hee locks, That were made with a mortar and pestle And cost one-fifty a box.—Chicago News Record. "Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?" "Yes. Got two suits from him. One dress suit. One lawsuit. Very expensive man."—Waif. A boy never looks in the glass to see if his face is clean after he has washed it; he looks at the dirt on the towel.—Aitchison Globe. "How long can a man live without air?" "It depends on the air. Forever if it's 'Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.'"—Kato Field's Washington. Considering the fact that coal balls are presented every month, it's wonder that more people don't die of heart failure.—Washington News. The best wishes one can offer the improvement-of-roads crusaders is that their chosen walk in life may be over smooth ways.—Baltimore American. An Irish carpenter fell from the roof to the ground, and when picked up remarked: "I was coming down after nails anyway."—Harvard Lampoon. Breathing through the nose is the only proper way to sleep. If you awake in the night and find your mouth open get up and shut it.—Yankee Recorder. A fashion journal asserts that "the hoop skirt is coming in again." Queer that a thing that stands out so should come in, too.—Philadelphia Ledger. A servant girl puzzled a Chestnut Street druggist's clerk yesterday for a moment by asking for a dozen threegrain Queen Ann pills.—Philadelphia Record. "My first offense," the footpad cried, "His honor has his hand on my back." "To think that I was held up by 'An amateur'!" he said.—Washington Star. Clerk—"I advise you to try these socks, sir. We call 'em the messengers boy." Customer—"Why?" Clerk—"Because they don't run."—Clothes and Furnishers. "Are those shirts of Wigby's ready?" asked the laundryman of his assistant. "No, sir," he replied, "I haven't had time to tear off the neckbands yet."—Buffalo Express. "I love you," he with tender said; "At last I'll show it!" She smiled and gaily tossed her head And said, "I know it!"—Washington Star. Guest (angrily)—"See here, you've upset that cat soup on my coat!" Waiter (soothingly)—"Never mind, sir; we've got a lot more in the kitchen."—New York Journal. "I have one advantage over you," said the Gilded Lar. "Do you know what it is?" "I can't imagine," replied the Truthful Citizen. "Exactly. That's it."—Chicago Tribune. Speltman—"Are you going South on business?" Mr. Detrich—"Well, business and pleasure combined. It's to attend the funeral of the uncle who left me a fortune."—Inter-Ocean. Teacher—"What part of speech is phonograph?" Big Boy—"A noun of the fourth or gender." Teacher—"Why feminine?" Big Boy—"Because it's always talkin' back."—New York Journal. Tony—"Paw, I heard a man say that Mr. Watts was a self made man. What is a self made man?" Mr. Figg—"A man who knows how to buy a dollar's worth of work for fifty cents."—St. Louis Dispatch.

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The courses taken by the bottles tell the story of the ocean currents, and knowledge of these is of the utmost importance to mariners. Carefully it is valuable for enabling vessels to seek such routes across the seas as will make it possible for them to take advantage of favoring streams and to avoid unfavorable ones. Columbus knew nothing about the currents of the Atlantic, and so he made his way to the New World by the path which the surface drift laid out for him. Thus, after being driven far to the southward, he finally brought up at San Salvador. Knowing where he started from and the point at which he finally arrived, hydrographers to-day can draw a curved line on the map showing exactly the course which he must have followed. Just at this time such a fact poses no little interest. Only a few months ago the Hydrographic Office was called upon to determine the probable location of a Pacific Mail steamship which was lost in the Pacific Ocean. Her machinery having broken down, as was reported by a vessel which had signalled her, she had drifted off and nothing had been heard of her for weeks. The Pacific Mail Company, being unable to find her, appealed to the experts at Washington, who promptly pointed out the exact spot where she would be discovered. And she was found there, six hundred miles west of where the owners had been looking for her. This was figured out from known facts respecting the direction and velocity of the currents in that great waste of waters.

Some of the bottled papers set afloat by the Prince of Monaco floated for more than five years before they were picked up. His Serene Highness, who is an enthusiast in such matters, has devoted much attention to experiments of this kind. For the purpose of studying the surface currents of the Atlantic, he launched from his sailing yacht in 1885 and 1886 a great number of floats consisting of wooden casks, copper globes and glass bottles. All of them were weighed to prevent any part of them from being out of the water to catch the wind, the object being to determine the drift. He finally determined that the best float for the purpose was a thick glass bottle coated with pitch and covered over this with copper. Of such bottles he launched 931 in the year 1887, in a line stretching from the Azores to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Each of them contained a document in nine languages, asking the finder to record on it the locality and date of discovery and to forward it to the nearest maritime authorities. Of all the bottled papers thus distributed he got back 227, and some of them bringing up in Iceland, others on the west coast of Africa, others on the shores of America, and fourteen as far away as Japan. The prince has published charts which show most interestingly the courses taken by the Atlantic currents as proved by the bottles.

A Very Clever Dog. "Is it a fact that the Scotch collie is the most intelligent dog in the world?" If innumerable anecdotes of the intelligence displayed by the Scotch shepherd's most faithful companion are to be trusted, the collie is hard to beat. But we can tell a story of a Mexican sheepdog that ought to make his Scotch brother sit up. The Mexicans educate them to tend their flocks and herds, and they perform the duty with more fidelity and satisfaction than a man. They will take a flock of sheep or herd of goats out in the morning, drive them to the feeding grounds, defend them from the attacks of predatory "varamints," and bring them back to the bedding place at night without losing a single animal. Up in New Mexico there was an isolated ranch, which was one of a system controlled by a wealthy sheep owner. He, or one of his agents, usually visited it twice a year to shear the sheep and take provisions to the pastora, or herder. On one of these semi-annual visits he found the herder dead in his cabin, and his body nearly decomposed. The sheep were quietly feeding in a fertile canyon near by, jealously guarded by the dog. In the rear of the corral, into which the sheep were driven every night, lay the skeletons of a dozen or more sheep. Astonished at the agency of the dog, the ranchman secreted himself and waited until night. As the sun began to sink the sheep came trooping in with the dog in the rear. They crowded into the corral through a narrow opening, and as the last one pushed forward the dog seized and killed him and dragged the lifeless body to the rear of the corral, where he made a comfortable supper off a portion of the carcass, leaving the balance for future meals. He had been doing this ever since the death of his master, and would probably have continued his guardianship over the flock until he died.—Yankee Blade.

Curiosities About Snow. The pure white lustre of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the distance that is thrown off from the surface of the various crystals. More than a thousand distinct and perfect forms of snow crystals have been enumerated and figured by the various investigators in that line. One hundred and fifty-one different forms were once observed by the English scientist, Glashier, who carefully made engravings of each and printed them in a paper attached to the report of the British Meteorological Society for the year 1855.—St. Louis Republic.

A Marvellous Escape From Death. Geary R. Griffith, of Jenner Township, Somerset County, had a remarkable experience last Wednesday. While out hunting with a shot gun he "let drive" at a covey of partridges. The gun exploded, leaving only a small piece of the butt in his hand. He was unharmed, but the charge of the gun got to the mark and killed seven of the birds.—Philadelphia Times.

A startling headgear is worn by Frank Sanborn, the well-known writer, traveler and sage of Concord. It is a round-crown affair, just like half of a musk-melon stuck on top of an immense circle of felt which stands out as straight as a piece of board. Crisfield, Md., is interested in the operations of a stranger who has bought seven islands to raise delicacies for market—fish, soft-shell crabs and perhaps terrapin among the possibilities.