

FARM & GARDEN

English Shire Horse.

We have given our readers, from time to time, illustrations of the principal breeds of working horses known to civilization. If they have examined the pictures, and read carefully the descriptions accompanying the same, they will be able to distinguish at sight the different breeds that have been presented. They have seen the bay Clydesdale, with his white forehead, white hind feet and shaggy fetlocks, the strong, spirited gray Percheron, the large, stylish Cleveland Bay carriage horse, and the full-blooded Arabian. This week is presented what at present will be the last of the horse pictures. It is an illustration of the slow, powerful English Shire horse, so called. It is the British cart or dray horse.



"ENGLAND'S GLORY."

The cart horse is a cross between the Flemish and old English draught breeds. Selection and cultivation have made him the leviathan that appears in the engraving. He can draw a greater load than any other horse in the world, is a very elephant of strength, indeed. But he is slow, slower than justice. We give him as a matter of information in this department. In a practical way, however, he is probably too slow and clumsy for use in America. Here vast loads are usually conveyed by steam machinery, for even small distances. This cart horse, therefore, is not so available as the Clydesdale for farm breeding. He is a noble animal, though.

Educating Horses.

Professor Oscar R. Gleason, who has been giving some remarkable exhibitions in the way of subduing horses, has a few simple principles which he applies to produce his astonishing results. First, he says a horse cannot think of two things at once. To break an animal of bad habits the professor begins by confusing him in some way till he does not know what he is about. Not knowing what to do, he gives in. Another point is that people do not talk to their horses enough. Mr. Gleason says they can be talked to. They are more intelligent, indeed, than people are sometimes for they know when they are subdued and give in all at once. Often a horse does not obey because he does not know what is wanted of him. A horse's bad habits are always taught him by some bad or ignorant person. He never has them by nature. By patience, kindness, firmness and skill, the worst horse alive can be cured of bad habits. Again, never whip a balking horse after he has started. That will make him think next time that if he starts he will be whipped again, and he will conclude not to budge. When a horse has comprehended, and done what you have told him to do, pat him, and talk to him kindly and encouragingly. Professor Gleason has written a book, with pictures explaining his methods. One curious thing which he does, he says anybody may do. He cracks a whip to attract the horse's attention. Then he goes up close to him and looks him in the eye. Then he backs off slowly, like a fox on the animal still. The horse follows him all over the ground. Try it.

Replanting Corn and Tobacco.

Cut worm ravages in corn or tobacco fields may be made good by getting a few hundred or thousand two-inch flower pots—price about \$4 per 1,000. When you plant corn plant at the same time four kernels in each pot, and where a hill is missing lift a hill out of one of the pots and replace it. Transplanting out of the pots does not check the growth. The transplanted hills will come right on with the rest. With tobacco, transplant into pots at the time you plant in the field; then fill up from the pots; it is better to start all your tobacco and cabbage plants in pots; they can be transplanted any time with safety, without checking growth.

Home-Made Fruit Ladder.

A first-class fruit ladder, and one easily made, is here shown. It is the device of a Mr. Stewart, a Pennsylvania man.

To make it, select a hard wood pole about eighteen feet long, or of the desired length. At about four feet from the top, or smaller end of the pole, nail on a band of hoop iron, to prevent splitting, and rip up the pole in the center as far as the band.



FRUIT LADDER.

The distance between the rungs is usually one foot; when farther apart they are fatiguing in use. A ladder of this kind, on account of its small width above, is easily thrust in among the branches without breaking them, and is more convenient to use on large trees than those of the ordinary shape.

The Safest Way to Hive Bees.

The safest and best way to hive a swarm of bees is, of course, the way I myself do it! Every old bee keeper has the "best plan," and here's mine: I, of course, keep all my queens clipped. I say "of course" because I think every first-rate bee keeper clips his queens, the non-clippers to the contrary notwithstanding. When a swarm is seen to be issuing I take a little wire cage to the swarming colony, and usually find the queen just in front of the hive trying to fly. The open end of the wire cage is put over her, when she immediately crawls up into it and is shut in. Then, as soon as the swarm is all out I close the entrance of the old colony and turn it round facing the opposite direction and two or three feet from where it stood. I then place my hive for the new swarm on the old stand and put the caged queen in it on top of the frames under the quilt, and the work is done. This occupies from three to five minutes. By this time another swarm or two may be issuing, when they can be treated in the same way on the double quick. By this short and easy method I have hived as many as eight or ten swarms in about fifteen

minutes. If three or four are coming out at once, and you have no tents to put over them to catch them, you can manage them all as above about rightly if you "look alive." Run around to the swarming colonies and cage the queens, as above directed, turning each colony around and placing it off two or three feet, and as soon as you get round them all go back and begin placing your hives for the new swarms on the old stands as rapidly as possible. If you have your hives ready and handy by, as every bee keeper ought to have, you can go over half a dozen this way in an almost incredibly short time, even though they all come out at once.—Allen Pringle.

Protection from Tornadoes.

Now that the season of cyclones and tornadoes has fairly opened, would it not be well for those living in regions where these destructive visitations are likely to occur with the greatest violence to construct "cyclone cellars"? In an emergency such a structure conveniently at hand would often be the safety of the family, and anyhow its cost would be amply repaid by the reassuring feeling that at the worst one would always have a place of refuge for himself and those dear to him whenever whirling destruction should threaten. During the havoc wrought at St. Cloud, Sauk Rapids and Rice's Station, Minn., a little over a week ago, many who perished would have had ample time to find safety in such places had they existed. A hole in the side of a hill, under a hillside, or quite close to the dwelling, is what is needed. It should be excavated from an ordinary cellar, so that those in it could not be crushed by falling walls or timbers, as they might easily be in an ordinary cellar. A small brick-lined room excavated from an ordinary cellar, with an arched brick roof some distance beneath the surface of the ground, would be the safest and best protection. Where even remote danger threatens the lives of all that are dear, neither the prospect of a trifling outlay of cash or labor, nor the smallness of the risk, nor the fear of the neighbors' ridicule will deter a prudent man from taking every precaution. Although few such storms occurred last year before August, yet 111 lives are known to have been lost by them. In 1884, in February and March alone, 670 lives were lost by this cause, and in 1883 509 were lost, the worst storms occurring in April and May.—Rural New Yorker.

Cucumbers by the Barrel.

A square rod of ground, well exposed to warmth and light of sun, is sufficient for production of as many cucumbers as a family will use. Sink a barrel, its sides well perforated, just beneath the surface of the ground; fill it with compost of stable manure—if poultry droppings are mixed in the better; cover this with a little straw. Then plant on the outside, near the barrel, four hills of cucumbers, the hills being well stirred and enriched with good soil; give good cultivation. Lay brush around for vines to run over. Keep the contents of barrel well watered, and an abundant crop may be expected. For usual mode of cultivation: Form low, flat hills of rich soil; if not rich make it so with compost of well-rotted manure and rich soil; that from the woods is best. Poultry manure so composted is as good if not better. Thoroughly mix the compost with soil. The hills should be as much as three feet across and eight or ten inches deep, and not more than four inches above ground. Plant about fifteen seeds in a hill one inch deep, the soil lightly pressed down on them. When well up thin out to two or three plants of vigorous growth. Cultivate with a hoe, and preferably in the early morning. Cotton, paper or rags, saturated with a solution of salt and copperas, laid round the vines—not touching—over this a little dirt, to hold in place and to retard evaporation, is perhaps the most effectual against the insect pests. Dusting with gypsum is very good.

The Loco Weed.

Thousands of cattle are killed annually in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, etc., by this loco weed. A stock grower at Las Vegas, N. M., says when his horses get a taste of this weed, so bewitching is the taste, they will eat nothing else. Horses poor in flesh seek it more greedily than those in better health. And when once under the influence of this weed the horse will refrain from all other food, but is wild in seeking more of the loco weed. They are much like the slave to intoxicating liquor. They become insane in appetite for their destroyer.

It is pretty positively stated that it is not the poisonous nature of the weed, but that on nearly all the stalks of this weed, near the ground, there are found red specks, which are the eggs of the loco worm. In eating the plant the cattle and horses eat it so greedily and thoroughly that they bite it close to the ground, and swallow the eggs. In the stomach these eggs are converted into worms, and are the true cause of the animals' death. The man says he finds the same worms in the loco weed after the red eggs are hatched.

Be Careful of the Horses.

Too much care can scarcely be exercised in beginning work with horses that have been idle most of the winter. It does not pay to let horses get in this condition, for when hard work comes on it requires days and sometimes weeks to fit them to do a full day's work. In the meantime not only is the work delayed, but those employed in running the team have to be paid full wages for half service.

Rhubarb.

The rhubarb beds in most farmers' gardens become too crowded, and no matter how heavily manured will not produce large, succulent leaves. Digging out the roots and either throwing away the surplus or making new beds is the only remedy. If transportation can be had to market at low rates this rhubarb will sell for much more per acre than any farm crop, but it requires excessively heavy manuring.

Things to Do and to Know.

Salt does not make asparagus grow. The Acme tomato is now the most popular one for market.

Vegetation in Iowa is further advanced this spring than it has been in thirty years.

Sawdust for the earth closet is preferred by many. It is light, clean and easily handled.

Counterfeit butter has reduced the average price of milk cows in the United States 25 per cent.

The proper time to divide bee colonies is just after they have begun preparations for swarming.

Flowers allowed to go to seed upon the stem injure the plant. Cut them off as their bloom fades.

The deep, cold setting of cream we have described brings more butter to the quantity of milk than any other method does.

Franny Field says, in The Prairie Farmer, never put lard and sulphur, or any mixture of grease and sulphur, on young turkeys or chickens or the young of any animal. It is sure death.

A "winter cholera" prevailed in Washington last winter. It was said to be owing to the indigestible oils used in the preparation of the bogus butter so largely used in boarding houses there.

THE WRETCH CAUGHT.

Louis Lingga, Who Threw the Bomb at the Haymarket, After a Desperate Struggle, is Landed in Jail. CHICAGO, May 15.—The following additional particulars of the capture of Louis Lingga, the young German who is supposed to have thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, are learned: Two men, in civilian's dress, walked west on Ambrose street at 12:30 yesterday. When they were between Lincoln and Robery street, they opened the gate in front of a little cottage and walked into the yard. The figures 80 were on the weather-beaten doors. One of the men ran up the steps to the entrance, while the other walked around to the rear of the house and tapped on the door. The little cottage is the home of Gustav Kline and the two strangers seeking admittance were Officers Lowenstein and Schuler, of the East Chicago avenue police station.

"Who is there?" asked a woman in a calico dress, as she hurried to the back door where officer Schuler stood, dripping in the rain.

"A friend who wishes to see Mr. Kline," replied the officer.

"He's not at home," replied the woman, but I expect him in every moment. "Won't you come in?" The door swung open on its hinges and the officer walked over the threshold.

"A rainy day this" drawled the visitor, addressing his conversation to a tall wiry young man, with a pale face, who sat on a wooden chair, watching the big drops flash against the window panes. The young man tugged at his light mustache, eyed the officer sharply and then rose from his seat. Then he began to pace the floor with a nervous stride never once lifting his eyes from the stranger.

"Who are you looking for?" he asked in German, apparently growing uneasy at the nonchalant manner of the officer.

"Mr. Kline," replied Schuler, rising from his seat. "But if you are Louis Lingga you'll do just as well."

The young man stopped his pacing and stood like one riveted to the floor. The color in his face fled in an instant and his fingers twitched nervously. With a great effort he replied "Yes, that is my name. Now what do you want?"

"Well, then," replied the officer, "I guess I'll take you to the station house. You are wanted there." Schuler then advanced towards the young man, but before he had taken a half dozen steps the latter drew a Colt's navy revolver from his breast pocket and cocking the murderous looking weapon, leveled the thirteen inches of the barrel at the officer.

"If I have to die, you will die too," he shrieked in German, as he placed the index finger of his right hand on the trigger and took deliberate aim at the officer.

Schuler seeing his peril rushed upon his would-be-murderer and a life and death struggle ensued. Lingga fought with the fury of a wild beast and made repeated efforts to discharge the weapon, the barrel of which was held by the officer. The men rolled over and over, upsetting tables and chairs and rattling the window panes in the room. While the light was fiercest there was a crash at the front end of the cottage and officer Lowenstein, who had heard the struggle within and had burst open the door, tumbled in out of the rain and hurried to his comrades assistance.

The appearance of the second officer made Lingga delirious with rage. He shrieked and cursed in his native tongue and refused to relax his grip until Lowenstein seized him by the throat and choked him until his face grew purple and red. The weapon, with its cylinder filled with huge bullets, was then taken away from him and his wrists locked together with a pair of steel bracelets. Thus pinioned the officers hurried their prisoner to the Hinman street station, where he was hoisted into a special wagon and hurried off to the East Avenue station.

"I would not care what they did with me if I had only killed those two officers," he said, as he was driven to a cell. "I tried to shoot them, and I am sorry I didn't succeed."

When the patrol wagon arrived at station house the prisoner was thrown into a cell.

Finding Buried Treasure Near Canton.

CANTON, MISS., May 14th, 1886. Editor Commercial Herald:

Yesterday morning, shortly before daylight a body of masked men, some twelve or fifteen in number, heavily armed and well mounted, rode into town and proceeded to the county jail and demanded of the sheriff the person of Henry Wadlington, the negro who killed young Goodloe near Livingston, in the county some four weeks ago. To avoid violence and to protect public property, Sheriff Reid allowed the mob to examine the jail in search for the object of their wrath. They were disappointed however in their search, for the prisoner had been removed to a place of safety. The party then mounted their horses and quietly rode out of town.

Yesterday afternoon while Bob Hart and Dave Burns, two colored men, were plowing in a field one mile northeast of town, they plowed up three old tin cans containing something over one thousand dollars in gold and silver coin, supposed to have been buried there during the war. It is needless to add that the two darkies are greatly rejoiced with their sudden good fortune.

Notwithstanding the dry weather, young cotton and corn are looking well.

JOE HOWARD'S lecture for the benefit of the New York Press Club's burying ground netted between four and five thousand dollars.

THE STORM.

Further Particulars of the Damage Done by Wednesday Night's Storm.

CINCINNATI, May 14.—News of damage by the storm of Wednesday night continues to come in. Madison county, Ohio, suffered to the extent of \$200,000. The streams in that county are generally low banked, and the unprecedented flood caused nearly all the road bridges to be carried off. In Fayette county the water spout was so pronounced that a flood of eight feet came tearing down Paint Creek yesterday afternoon into Washington Court House, and increased until in four hours it had risen eighteen feet, the highest ever known. All the lower part of the city was inundated, and many people driven from their homes. Dozens of bridges were washed away. In Clinton county the chief damage was by wind. Five barns are reported destroyed and timber prostrated over a large area. In Butler county also there was much damage by wind. Fifty feet of the Woodsdale bridge over the Miami River was blown off, and a fine iron and wood bridge on the Elliot turnpike was demolished. Miles of fences were flattened and many small bridges torn out. The house of J. A. Carson, in Lemon township, was demolished, and a domestic was hurt. The family had a narrow escape. In the village of Seven Mile, the streets were impassable from fallen trees. The public school building was badly damaged. The roof of the Methodist Church was lifted and hurled against the parsonage, crushing in its walls. The minister's family narrowly escaped death. A half-dozen barns were blown down.

A Tornado Passes Through Meigs County, Ohio, Carrying Death and Destruction With It.

ALBANY, O., May 14.—A Tornado passed through Columbia township, Meigs county, about five miles from this place, Wednesday night between ten and twelve o'clock, carrying death and destruction with it. Mrs. Margaret McComas, aged sixty years was instantly killed, also her nephew, Hatchman McComas, aged twenty-one. Lizzie McComas was seriously injured but will probably recover. The house in which the McComas' were killed was entirely demolished and rendered to kindling wood. Mark McKnight's house was entirely demolished and himself and wife badly hurt. Noah Staut's store house, a large building, was moved a distance of six feet, and the roof torn off. The Kentucky and Ohio railway depot at Carpenter had their ware house entirely destroyed. Stephen Wilcox's house was completely demolished, and Wilcox was severely hurt. Tom J. Jackson's house and barn was destroyed. Ed Foster's house was unroofed. Many other buildings were destroyed and persons slightly injured. The storm was in tornado style and by far the most severe ever known in this part of Ohio. It was from one fourth to one half mile wide.

Seized for Violating the Custom Laws of Canada.

OTTAWA, ONT., May 14.—In the senate on a motion to go into committee on supply last night, Hon. Peter Mitchell asked for a statement by the government in regard to the recent seizure of the American fishing schooner, David J. Adams. The minister of marine and fisheries said the schooner was in Digby basin on Thursday and Friday of last week, where she was buying bait, in contravention of the terms of the treaty of 1813. She was also violating the customs laws of Canada by staying in the harbor more than twenty-four hours without reporting to the collector of customs. Capt. Scott, of the government steamer Lunenburg, having been advised of these facts by the Digby collector, went from St. John, N. B., where his vessel happened to be, and after an examination seized the schooner. Legal proceedings were being taken against her and she would be libelled.

Cannot Successfully Pursue Their Calling.

HALIFAX, May 14.—Dispatches from Canso state that the American fishing schooner Edith Whalen, which obtained some supplies there, left Canso yesterday. The grand bank were ostensibly her destination, but she went instead to Fox Island, where it is reported she purchased ice and then proceeded to Crow harbor to complete her crew. Persons engaged in the Gloucester fisheries are unanimous in the statement that they cannot successfully pursue their calling without having access to Nova Scotia ports for bait. Fox Island is a sheltered place, about seven miles from Canso, and unless a cruiser is sent down to watch the locality, American vessels cannot carry on an uninterrupted traffic in ice and bait.

Did Not Receive Much Encouragement.

BALTIMORE, May 14.—James Black, representing a syndicate of British capitalists, is in this city with letters from the Manchester chamber of commerce and the Glasgow association of underwriters. He states that he is authorized to propose in the name of the syndicate to build the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal, at a cost of \$5,000,000, provided the citizens of Maryland subscribe \$1,000,000 of the amount, as an evidence of their interest in the work. The canal is a papal hobby of the Baltimore merchants, but they think that the national government should build it, and Mr. Black does not receive much encouragement.

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BOYS & GIRLS

Fripico's Lesson. I am not sure that there are not some boys like Fripico, for that was his funny name. At least his story sounds much like that of a boy or two whom I have known. Fripico had a good home and everything in plenty. His father and mother loved him very much, for he was their oldest son. He had chosen to nibble on and a nice run to gallop up and down on all day if he liked, quite safe from any monstrous cat. But this ungrateful mouse boy was not happy. He thought he must see the world. He imagined it was ever so much finer than his own snug home. His father and mother entreated him to stay with them. But no, he must see the world. Go he would and go he did.

When Papa and Mama Mouse found nothing would stop him they let him go. His mamma wept as she bade him farewell.



Fripico's Farewell.

Fripico mounted a trained rat for his horse and rode away as big as Pompey! He placed a dewdrop in his plumed hat, so that it shone like a diamond. He took a bribe thorn for his sword and a sharp piece of wire for his lance, and thus, with sword, lance and plume he pranced gayly off.

He rode and he rode all day long without meeting any adventure. At night he was very tired, and he saw an inn with a sign on it which said: "For Tired Mice." Now Fripico did not know whether it was a good inn or a bad one. He had no experience, and how could he tell? But he rode up to the door with a great flourish. He dismounted, and threw his bridle to a hostler who stood by.

"Here," said he, "get a fine feed of meal for my horse, and give him a good rubbing down."

He tried to talk very big, as he imagined a man would. Then the mouse boy went into the house and talked bigger yet.

"Bring me a very good dinner," said this foolish Fripico in a topical kind of voice. "I've got plenty of money and want the best of everything."

He had his dinner. He stuffed himself till he had stomach-ache, stuffed till he was sure he had nightmare when he went to sleep. Then he got into bed. Fripico had turned off his gas, and was just beginning to feel that the sand man was coming to powder his eyes when he heard voices whispering outside his door.

"He has money," they said. "I heard him talk the clerk so." Then every hair stood upon end, and he could have squeaked with fright, but he did not dare. He heard them open the door softly. "I'll jump out the window," thought Fripico. "I'll do it if it breaks my neck."



Fripico and the Officers.

He did so, but the moment he touched the ground he found himself in the hands of three strange mouse men. They were policemen, and thought he had been stealing, he who was almost frightened to death because there were burglars in his room.

"You are our prisoner," said the largest, in a deep gruff voice. They bound him fore paw and hind paw with cords till he squeaked in pain. Then they went through his pockets and took every cent of money from him. Then two of them led him to prison. He lay all night upon a hard bench in a stone cell.

They tried him next day, and he had not a friend in the crowd. They sentenced him to go to prison and do all the menial work for the mice. Fripico was very unhappy, and schemed night and day how he could get out. He was quite satisfied now that his own home was the nicest place in the world.

But he was a cute, bright mouse, and was too smart to let his cruel masters know that he was thinking of escape. He was very good and docile, and did all he was told in the best way. So by and by they let him have a little more liberty. He did not try to run away, and next they gave him still more liberty. Then one fine morning Fripico skipped out and went home as fast as his paws could carry him. He had no rat horse now, and had to trudge on foot, but he was very glad to do even that. He reached home all ragged and soiled, with his feet blistered and his hair scratched off him. But they were so glad to see him that they never scolded him one bit. As for Fripico he lived happy at home ever after. He had had quite enough of seeing the world.

The Little Mischief.

Only a wee little mortal, Asleep on the nursery floor, 'Till a pile of neglected playthings, Which litter the whole room over, Two little fat arms lying Over a curly head, And smiles which awaken the dimples, Parting the lips so red.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken, And a terrible crack on her head, And her cheeks washed white as a lily, That once was so rosy and red. Poor Pido, the puppy, is whining; Poor follow, no wonder you wail! I wonder what mischievous fingers Fastened that cup to your tail!

It was only that wee little mortal, Asleep on the nursery floor; And nurse stands against the litter Which covers the whole room o'er. Well, pick them up patiently, nurse, Over and over again, E'en though that bundle of mischief Will make all your labor but vain.

Better a home with a baby, And a floor all littered with toys, Than one that is empty forever Of childish prattle and noise. So here's a kiss for the darling! On forehead, mouth and chin, And wherever I find a dimple, I'll smuggle the kisses in.

PI. Hot combs aw' latofa, Kiss a nigged toba, No teh ase leub potah fo lite syk. Hown het limre fo ada, Whis shi nidlerch erteb, No shi fta erd sohre redo yb.

STEAMBOATS IN INNER AFRICA.

Carrying Large Vessels Overland Roads of Miles—How to Do Them.

Many times within the last five years large caravans have traveled along the paths that lead far into Africa, carrying strips of iron or steel, boxes of rivets and bolts, and sections of boilers, paddle-wheels and smoke-stacks. After many weeks these expeditions have heaped their loads upon the shore of some great lake or mighty river, where white men and their native assistants have welded the hundreds of pieces together and finally launched complete and perfect steamboats upon the waters of interior Africa.

Eleven steamboats and one sailing vessel are now plying upon the great lakes and rivers. It is only twenty-eight years since Burton and Speke were the first white men to visit Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika. Only within the past ten years have they and the third great lake Nyassa been carefully explored, the upper waters of the Congo visited, and the Alima river traced on the maps. On all these inland waters, and also on the upper Niger, the whistle of the steamboat is now heard, and many natives have learned to welcome the puffing craft as offering them a chance to trade.

It was a costly undertaking to transport these vessels hundreds of miles overland, far into the depths of Africa. Small as the steamboats are compared with over river boats, they weigh from 25,000 to 50,000 pounds apiece. From 800 to 1,500 porters were required to transport each boat to its destination. A few of the Upper Congo steamers, however, were mounted sections on steel wagons with broad tires, and Mr. Stanley tells of "the awful toil of dragging these heavy steamers overland before they are set afloat above the cataracts."

These steamers were nearly all built in England, and they puffed up and down English rivers on trial trips before they were taken to pieces and shipped to Africa. Serious delay was caused if a single important piece was lost. After the little French steamer Djou had nearly reached the Alima river early last year it was discovered that one of the most necessary pieces was missing and the boat lay useless on the shore for many months until a duplicate piece could be obtained from Europe.

A missionary steamer launched last summer on Lake Nyassa is named, from engineer to cook, by a crew of native Africans, who were taken to England to learn their duties. By means of this little craft and its predecessor, the Itala, regular communication is maintained among the mission stations along Nyassa's 700 miles of coasts. In another steamer named Peace, which 800 blacks carried on their heads to Stanley pool two years ago, the missionary Grenfell traveled last year about 5,000 miles, making many interesting discoveries in wholly unknown and densely populated regions along the Congo tributaries.—New York Times.

An Interesting Household Pet.

The Beaked Chatodon of the Indian and Polynesian seas is a fish of eccentric form and beautiful tints, but its most remarkable feature is its curiously elongated muzzle or beak, which is employed as a gun, with a drop of water for a bullet. Unlike other fishes, this creature does not wait for its prey to fall into the water, but shoots it down like a true sportsman. Seeing a fly or other insect on a twig over the water, the Chatodon quietly approaches and with its nose just above the surface, accurately projects a drop of water at the unsuspecting insect which is thus knocked down from its perch and is quickly snapped up by the fish. The finny archer is highly prized as a household pet by the Japanese, who keep it in bowls and amuse themselves by watching it "shoot" flies held up before it.—Arkansas Traveler.

Healthfulness of El Paso's Climate.

Another word about the healthfulness of this climate. Dr. Chambers, an eminent English physician, says: "In choosing a home for a consumptive never mind the average height of the thermometer or its variation. Do not trouble yourself about the mean rain-fall. Do not be scientific at all; but find out by somebody's journal how many days were fine enough to go out forenoon and afternoon." The forenoons and afternoons of El Paso are always inviting.—Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Number of Duels Fought in France.

According to some recently published statistics there have been fought in France since 1870 no less than 847 duels, besides many between officers and private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the papers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled. In 98 per cent. of the cases the combatants left the field unscratched.—Paris Letter.

Three Developed "Universal Languages."

Another universal language has been invented. There are now three well-developed systems, "Volupuk," "Fasilingua," and the last, "Nal Bino," and if philologists continue their inventions there will be more trouble in learning all the "universal languages" than in acquiring acquaintance with the languages now existing which do not profess so much.—Chicago Times.

What He Thought of Home.

A Chicago man who has recently returned from Europe, was asked what he thought of Rome, "Well," he replied, "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help but think when I was there that she had seen her best days."—New York Sun.

A Novel Bust of Lincoln.

Isaac Raykin, of Michigan, has a bust of Lincoln, the material of which was originally worth \$3,500. The bust is of redeemed greenbacks, which were macerated by the government, after which the pulp was pressed and molded to form the likeness.—Inter Ocean.

Nearly every misfortune and disease is the result of a reckless or unnecessary violation of some natural or social law.—Miss. George Sand.