

WOMAN AND HOME.

BABY'S RUBBER TUB.

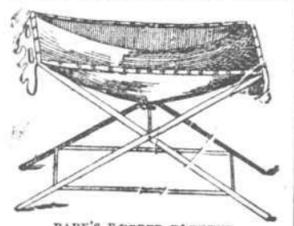
The Latest Contrivance to Find Its Way Into the Tyrant's Den.

The modern baby—that is, the silver-spoon-in-the-mouth type of the species—is the best groomed, most luxurious little animal extant to-day.

His wee realm, over which he sways the scepter of absolute autocracy and exercises a will power beside which hypnotism pales, approaches the Moslem heaven in the avaricious luxury of its appointments. For many and constant are the requirements of a thoroughly up-to-date baby, and the nursery, into whose hushed and sacred precincts none but mamma's bosom friends are ever admitted, is literally lined with the trophies of inventive genius and artistic skill which have been impressed into service to conduce to baby's comfort and happiness.

But once you find the open sesame to his exclusive "den" and set foot upon the magic threshold you will find baby's quarters a "study" in both mechanics and decorative art, while not lacking in interest as a financial problem. Yes, baby things come high, and the array set forth in an up-to-date nursery would quite appall us were we to count the cost of the several articles, but we don't, for there is nothing too good for that little soft mite of humanity; and so it happens that lives' live genius has been pushed to the limit and can seemingly go no further. A devious nursery and toilet articles, dainty enough, soft enough and expensive enough with which his infantile highness may be suitably groomed. A late contrivance which has found its way into his bower of daphnophanes, clouding pillows and billows of palest blue—baby's own color—is a new kind of bathtub, and when we beheld it in its ideal perfection and simplicity we can only wonder that it has not been thought of years ago, for it promises to do more to insure luxurious comfort and lessen the probability of a "squall" on the perfumed waters of baby's bath than anything yet invented.

The accompanying cut will give an idea of its construction. It is simplicity itself, being, in fact, nothing more nor less than a hammock of pure white deodorized rubber cloth, swung between two racks of light bamboo



BABY'S RUBBER BATH-TUB.

sticks and having a faucet in the bottom to let out the water when baby has been taken out. It is attached to the racks by means of fancy large-headed tacks, the heads being the color of the ribbon with which it is decorated—pale blue, pink or pale yellow being the most suitable colors. At either end falls a valance of rubber cloth, with pinked-out edges, on which are attached ample pockets for holding the toilet articles and baby's shoes, stockings, etc., which have heretofore necessitated the basket, which, with this new tub, can be entirely dispensed with, since the tub is a combination towel rack, baby basket and bath.

The new soft rubber tub will instantly commend itself to every young mother who has felt the perspiration of agony stand out in cold beads all over her when attempting to steady baby with one hand to keep him from toppling over against the hard sides of the porcelain tub and bumping his precious head, while in fear and trembling she tries to administer the bath with the other; and will no doubt be more enjoyed by baby himself, and he will arise from its rubber depths as smiling and rosy as Aphrodite herself.—Luelle Furniss, in Chicago Record.

Delicious Pineapple Dessert.

A delicious dessert for a dinner or a sweet dish for a luncheon is made from grated pineapple prepared in the following way: After grating, drain the fruit by spreading it out on a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth and add to them gradually three tablespoonsful of powdered sugar; beat until stiff; then flavor with a spoonful of orange juice. Whip one pint of cream and stir or fold it a little at a time into the egg and sugar mixture. Add the grated pineapple a little at a time and carefully, and serve in punch glasses or custard cups with fresh macaroons. Serve very cold.

Nice Way to Serve Eggs.

This is the recipe for eggs stuffed with watercress. It is a pretty and palatable dish, made by boiling hard so many eggs as will be needed. Throw them into cold water, remove the shells and cut the eggs in halves. Take out the yolks carefully without breaking the whites. Add to the yolks a teaspoonful of French mustard, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two teaspoonfuls of finely-minced ham or tongue and season with salt and pepper. Rub all to a smooth paste and fill the whites with the mixture and serve on a bed of watercress.

Testing Draperies with Mud.

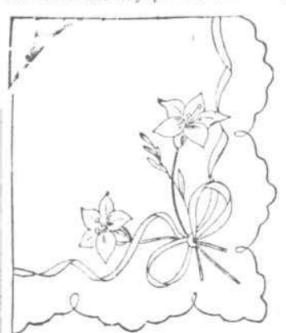
The wearing qualities of Parisian drapery are tested with mud. Any tint that cannot stand the influence of mud being thrown upon it is immediately put aside as useless. To be found unpolluted, foulsmell and unhealthy. An excellent imitation of the original was recently ordered of a chemist, which was composed of a solution of carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of potassium, sulphite of soda and sea salt in water.

—Mount Rich, 3,569 feet high, is the tallest in South Carolina.

NEAT CORNER DESIGN.

Charming Pattern for a Centerpiece or a Lunch or Tea Cloth.

As illustrated, this design decorates just one-quarter of an oblong linen centerpiece, 20 by 25 inches in size. Besides the corner scallops there are four deep scallops at each side of the border and three at each end. Use white or half-bleached linen, fine and smooth, yet heavy enough to keep its place on the table. Buttonhole the edge with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk to match, No. 2002 if the linen is pure white, or 2003 if slightly unbleached (the numbers indicate the shade of the silk, not the size). Outline the ribbons with Asiatic Roman floss (same number as the edge silk), and outline or embroider the lilies, buds and stalks with the same silk. If too coarse for any part of the work,



draw out one strand of the silk; it will not roughen or injure it in the least. Enlarged, this design would be exceedingly pretty for a lunch or tea cloth made of heavier, round thread linen, with a two-inch hem-stitched hem. Such cloths are usually 36 or 40 inches square. —American Agriculturist.

SUMMER DESSERTS.

Dainty Cold Dishes That Are Suitable for the Torrid Season.

When certain tropical vagaries on the part of the weather have made ordinary dishes seem unpalatable, the housewife will find that the simplest way to reconcile her family to the dinner table is by providing dainty desserts. There are hundreds of simple combinations that may be effectively revived at this season of the year.

One of the most delicious is a simple rice pudding, frozen. Only a half cupful of rice is required, but this should be boiled until tender. Then whip to a froth 1½ cupfuls of sweet cream, add a quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar and flavor with sherry, maraschino or vanilla. Mix the rice and cream, put in a mold, and pack in a freezer several hours before serving.

Cooks who know the possibilities of the often despised rhubarb make use of it for an excellent summer dessert. Wash and cut in small pieces a pound of rhubarb. Cook with water, adding meanwhile with eight ounces of sugar. Then add one-fourth of a box of gelatine that has been soaked in a fourth of a cupful of cold water. Whip the mixture well, turn into a mold and when cold serve with a yellow custard sauce.

Fruit desserts are not only popular, but healthful, and should be served frequently in warm weather. Oranges are available in a variety of ways, orange sponge being particularly delicious. To prepare the sponge, squeeze the juice and pulp of three oranges into a bowl, add the juice of half a lemon, three ounces of sugar, 1½ pints of cold water. After this has boiled, strain it, add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in cold water, and boil fifteen minutes more. Then set the mixture aside for a time, and afterwards place it in the ice-box until quite cold. Beat to a foam the whites of three eggs, whip this into the corn starch and then serve in fancy cases.—N. Y. World.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

How One May Be Concocted with Neatness and Dispatch.

Take a selfish and worldly husband, an oppressed and virtuous heroine, an artful and designing siren, and a hero in love with both. Let the first, by her purblind ingenuitiness, irritate the husband and inflame the lover. Throw in an unnatural child, half angel, half devil, a general who uses familiar oaths, printed right off, a perspicacious maiden aunt, a very blank and cloistered "juvenile lead" and a rake of approved pattern; sprinkle liberally with descriptions of the heroine's personal beauty, especially insisting in every other page on her "bowed mouth," season with the bitterness of the hero's "galled," "stung" and "maddened" heart; boil on the fiery question of a woman's duty towards a husband with a past, and serve in a pale-green binding, with good print and paper inside. —N. O. Picayune.

Green, White and Yellow.

A charming scheme of decoration for a small dinner table lighted by a hanging lamp may be carried out as follows: A green and white wicker basket wreathed with trails of asparagus fern and smilax and filled with white flowers and ferns, and sprays of ivy and herbs, hangs from the lamp, the handle being tied with bright yellow satin ribbons. The table center is of yellow brocade, cut in star shape and bordered with narrow silver galon. Trails of smilax and fern tied with bows of ribbon are arranged round the dessert dishes, and silver dishes containing salted almonds and bonbons are placed at the point of the star-shaped center.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Reliable Cure for Bee Stings.

It is well known that liquid ammonia relieves the effects of the stings of bees. A much more effectual antidote is the mixture known as ammoniated tincture of quinine. On several occasions, when stung by bees, it was found that the quinine mixture would give much quicker and greater relief than ammonia alone.

THE SENATE AT NIGHT.

How Evening Sessions Were Conducted a Few Years Ago.

Clever Way in Which Senator Dolph Made a Victim of Senator Vance—Apollinaris and Cold Tea by the Gallies.

[Special Washington Letter.] The Fifty-fourth congress has managed to get along without night sessions, as contests of physical endurance. The last resort to that senatorial folly was in October, 1893, when the silver purchase repeal bill was under consideration. Time was when a night session of the senate was an event, indeed. In the good old days before senators had become so temperate and so afraid of public opinion that they felt called upon to state openly in the senate whether or not they ever got drunk, a



HIS LIPS WERE PUCKERED TO SAY "MR. PRESIDENT."

night session was something of a sight, and often wound up in a feast. It was customary in those days for the sergeant at arms to have an open "spread" to which everybody who could get admission to the chamber was welcome. On those occasions employes freely clinked glasses with senators, and it was with great reluctance that consent was given for adjournment. Times have changed, however, and a night session of the senate is now but a tame affair.

There have been numerous night sessions full of funny situations. Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, who was a statesman, humorist, wit and orator, once was made the victim of a practical joke; but the people in the galleries suffered with him. It was one night in 1890 when the senate held its first night session in the Fifty-first congress. The big light in the dome of the capitol, beneath the feet of the goddess of liberty, blazed out brilliantly that night. The meeting was rendered necessary by the desire of senators to be heard on the question of reciprocity, which came out for the first time, the debate being opened by the orator ut teing speech of Senator Hale. A night session of the senate always attracts a crowd of spectators.

The galleries were full long before eight o'clock, the hour set for convening, and the visitors remained late although the entertainment presented was not strictly first-class. The curiosity seekers were rather imposed upon by a trick of Senator Dolph, who also made a victim of Senator Vance. The latter had been for many days fixing up a great speech, intending to set himself right with his tar-head constituents, and with southern democrats generally. The Farmers' Alliance had been very active in North Carolina, and the good-natured Mr. Vance felt called upon to tickle them with a speech. The night session was ordered specially for Mr. Vance's benefit, and hosts of his admirers who always enjoyed his characteristic storytelling and mirth-provoking speeches, were on hand. When "President Ingalls" gavel fell Mr. Vance was ready to go on with the programme. His manuscript was piled high on his desk, a glass of water was at his side, and his lips were puckered to say: "Mr. President,"

when the solemn and slender Dolph, of Oregon, arose, and, being recognized, began a dry and long-winded speech in opposition to reciprocity with Canada. The surprise and disappointment of the audience, the senators and everybody else was painful. Mr. Vance, indeed was indignant and disgusted. He settled back in his chair and waited. He waited a good long time, too, for both the evening and the audience were half gone when Dolph talked himself to a standstill; and then he sat down.

Audience or no audience, Senator Vance determined to deliver that speech, and he arose and began it. He glared at Senator Dolph who had spoiled his programme, adjusted his spectacles, and lifted up his voice. In each of the cloakrooms there was a large bowl of lemonade and several baskets of Apollinaris on ice. Down in certain committee rooms, occupied by senators who never indulged, senatorial cold tea was on tap for the favored few. Very little attention was paid to the speech of Senator Vance, although his democratic colleagues did listen occasionally, and the galleries applauded as loudly as they dared when he reached one of his many humorous points.

The scene in the chamber at ten o'clock, when Mr. Vance was talking, was interesting, if not inspiring. There were just 20 senators in the chamber, a dozen more in the cloakrooms, where they could easily be seen through the open door, and a score more were out of sight in the various committee rooms, sampling the smuggled cold tea. Senators Hiscock and Everts sat on the back row, talking earnestly, the younger with his gray hair arranged in the usual disorder and his aged colleague curled up almost out of sight in the big chair of Senator Sawyer. Senator Hawley was nervously fingering the manuscript of a reciprocity speech and Senator Mitchell was reading an Oregon newspaper. Down in the front row Edmunds, Culion and Spooner were drawn up in a bunch, telling stories and laughing so loudly that the presiding officer was

compelled to warn them to keep their order. Senator Aldrich, the argus-eyed manager of the tariff debate, was juggling with a great mass of figures on his desk. Through the cloakroom door the handsome and well-dressed McMillan, of Michigan, could be seen cracking jokes with Saunders, of Montana, whose three jugs of massive gold watch chain shone like a streak of lightning. Senator Har kept his hat and cane in his hand and went away early.

On the democratic side, in the front row, Morgan, Cockrell and Coke sat reading and writing, as if they never did anything else. The pugacious little Mr. Vest was listening and nodding approvingly to Vance, and the good-natured, big Mr. Gray talked earnestly to his seat mate, Mr. Carlisle, who looked absolutely worn out with hard work and the effects of the long, hot summer. Gibson, of Louisiana, listened wearily to his neighbor, Mr. Blair, who was an intruder on the democratic side; and Pasco, of Florida, and Turpie, of Indiana, sat as quietly and seemingly as dead to the world as Rufus Blodgett, of New Jersey. The most uneasy man in the chamber was Senator Hearst, of California. He visited the republican cloakroom for awhile, and finding things too dull there went back to his own side and chewed on a cigar which he was, apparently, just dying to light.

Senator Vance is now on the other shore but he was very much alive on that night. Senator Dolph was not re-elected, and is no longer here to trouble the snail with his singular performances. Nearly all of the men who were present on that occasion have gone to glory or to private life. The stately Ingalls, of Kansas, who was president pro tempore, is a statesman out of a job, and realizes that political life is an iridescent dream. Senator Hale is still a member of the senate, is just as handsome, fully as well dressed, quite as sarcastic and given to oratorical efforts from day to day as of yore. Dolph has gone out of public life and will never again steal an audience which belongs to another senator. Senator Hiscock, the handsome New York statesman, has long been in retirement, having been succeeded by David B. Hill, the sarcastic and aggressive ex-governor of New York, who is willing to be president. Senator Everts, the learned, the legal authority, the ex-cabinet minister, the orator with long sentences, all of them classical, was succeeded by Senator Murphy. Senator Sawyer has gone back to Oshkosh, and little Senator Mitchell, of Milwaukee, occupies his place. Senator Edmunds resigned five years ago, and ex-Gov. Proctor, of Vermont, was elected to succeed him. The changes have been numerous, but the quality of statesmanlike timber has not deteriorated.

Senator Blair, of the Blair educational bill notoriety, is a visitor in Washington, his place in the senate having been taken by Dr. Gallinger, who is now chairman of the committee on pensions, and quite a worthy sample of New England statesman. Senator Carlisle is secretary of the treasury. Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, no longer entertains in the democratic cloakroom, with his inimitable stories with morals. Senator Blodgett, of New Jersey, has gone back to the sand lots of Jersey, and in his place is James Smith, the only senator with a natural, unaffected, simple pure, perfect and almost fabulous good-horn for a voice.

We have managed to get along without night sessions of the Fifty-fourth congress, but the Apollinaris water has recently been on tap in the cloakrooms. It is furnished out of what is called the contingent fund of the senate, and is disbursed under the discretion of the sergeant at arms, who makes himself popular with the senators by keeping plenty of lemonade on hand during the hot weather. There is a very black man in the republican cloakroom, and a partially black man in the democratic cloakroom, and these employes keep the rooms clean, comfortable and well supplied with the creature comforts which come only to senators, millionaires and newspaper men. There is some honor in being elected to congress as a member of the house of representatives; but he who is ambitious will aim at the senate, where for six years a man may live like a lord, and the poor patient people pay the expenses. That man who can be elected twice to the senate can spend 12 years in luxury; and after that amount of pleasure in one lifetime, a man ought to be content to return home and live with his neighbors, or else gather up his feet and be laid away with his fathers. But the average statesman, when retired from congress, settles down in Washington as a claim agent, and lives ever afterward regretting his retirement, and daily imitating Wolsey in bidding "farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness."

SMITH D. FRY.



TALKED HIMSELF TO A STANDSTILL.

Before the Collection. A colored pastor in Texas demanding his salary, is reported to have said: "Bredren I can't preach heah and bo'd in Hebn."—Tit-Bits.

Sold Without Trouble. Old Maid—I want a good mirror. Cabinet Maker—Here's one, ma'am, in which you'll never find a wrinkle!—Town Topics.

HE FORGOT HIS GOLD.

Left a Fortune in San Francisco to Become Rich in South Africa.

Another strange discovery has come to light in the Hibemia bank deposits that have been neglected for many years by their owners. It appears that Jeremiah Prendergast, long mourned as dead, is alive and prosperous in South Africa, where he has made a fortune. It is learned that he has apparently forgotten that \$12,000 await him in the Hibemia bank of San Francisco.

The history of Prendergast's deposit is one of the most interesting of all the old estates that have laid unclaimed for years in the vaults of San Francisco banks. In the first place it now amounts to \$12,000, being the largest sum of all the unclaimed deposits, and in the next place it has perhaps been more widely advertised and more generally claimed than any other sum in the list. Strangely, however, nearly all the Prendergasts, save the real owner, seem to have heard of this money and laid claim to it, while the original depositor has lived quietly in South Africa all these years, heedless of the fact that his gold lies in the bank awaiting its owner's orders. Attorney Oscar T. Shuck has just located the original Jeremiah Prendergast in the Congo Free State, where the old man lives in great luxury, having amassed a large fortune since he went there as one of the pioneers of nearly 30 years ago.

"Prendergast went to South Africa in 1878," said Attorney Shuck yesterday, being one of the leaders of a California colony. He left a good sum in the bank here, since which time no one has ever heard from him or of him until I got word that he was well and rich. The nearest trace we ever got of him here was that he was at the old Empire hotel on 146th street some time between 1868 and 1870. Hundreds of alleged heirs have been after the estate, but it will, no doubt, soon reach the original depositor."

A strange fact about the case is that the public administrator recently petitioned for letters of administration, alleging in a general way that Prendergast died some years ago in Nevada. Judge Slack went so far as to appoint Attorney J. J. Dwyer to represent the absent heirs, but Attorney Shuck suggested that Prendergast still lived, whereupon the letters of administration were withheld.

It is quite probable that the claimants were really induced to believe that their ancestor died in Nevada, where an old miner named Prendergast expired in a fire that destroyed his cabin and himself at midnight in a mountain fastness. They will soon learn, however, that the true Jeremiah Prendergast, who left a few thousand dollars in the Hibemia bank in 1868 went to South Africa with only a little money, and is now grizzled with age, but gilded with gold, also. The real heirs to this strange pioneer live in Massachusetts.

THE NEW GEOGRAPHY.

Will Be Largely Interpreted by the Principles of Geology.

It may as well be frankly admitted that geography and geology overlap. All sciences transgress each other's boundaries, and all bounds in nature are largely matters of conscience. Geology never truly interpreted terrestrial history until, with Hutton and Lyell, it took to studying geography. Nor will the geographer understand the earth which he sees until he takes account of geology. Land forms cannot be truly seen or faithfully described until seen and described in the light of their origin. Such forms will hide themselves from the student who thinks they are dead. For him they might nearly as well be buried. The geologist who seeks, for example, the causes of volcanism, will find help in his study of the distribution and relative action of existing volcanoes—in other words, he cannot keep from geography. The geographer, in his turn, needs the perspective of ancient volcanic history, if he would appreciate his own facts. Because he has commonly had no such vista, he has burdened generations of boys with the solemn blunder that a volcano is a burning mountain. Thus we may vindicate for each science its own center while granting a generous measure of common facts. The difference is in the point of view, the aim, and method of treatment; the geologist seeks largely that which has been, the geographer that which is, and each must be known in the light of the other. It is precisely the case with two biologists, one of whom studies living, the other fossil, forms. The day is past when they can work apart; yet none would deny that their fields are reasonably differentiated.—Albert P. Brigham, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Russian Titular Honors.

The title of grand duchess is given to the daughters, sisters and granddaughters of the Russian czar. When baptized they receive insignias of the Order of the Great and Holy Martyr Catherine. They have separate coats-of-arm. Before they become of age they are entitled to 33,000 roubles, and after that to 50,000 a year. All grand duchesses receive on their wedding day a dot of 1,000,000 roubles. The daughters-in-law of the czar, who are grand duchesses, receive 40,000 roubles a year. In case one of them becomes a widow she is entitled to an extra pension of 40,000 a year. Should she leave Russia this is reduced to 15,000, and if she marries beneath her rank or in foreign lands she loses it altogether.—Chicago News.

A Case of Dire Necessity.

Mrs. Kingley—I see your church is going to send away your minister for three months. Isn't that a long time? Mrs. Bingo—Yes, but we need the rest.—Bay City Chat.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The heart that once has been bathed in love's pure fountain retains the pulse of youth forever.—Landon.

—Golf. "She excels at golf." "I am not surprised. She always had excellent taste in matters of dress."—Detroit Tribune.

—She. "What I object to in a boarding-house is the lack of tone." He. "Oh, ha! You haven't heard the girl in the next room singing 'When Summer Comes Again!'"—Judy.

—Experience has caused it to be remarked that in the country where the laws are gentle, the mind of the citizens are struck by it as it is elsewhere by the most severe.—Catharine II.

—Frightens Him Away. "How do you manage to get rid of Mr. Strayhorn when he calls on an evening?" "Oh, I tell him all the stories of hold-ups on our block and emphasize the fact that they usually occur about 11 p. m."—Detroit Free Press.

—Crimsonhead. "I see the horse has not lost his prestige entirely." Youth. "How so?" "I read in the paper yesterday that they hung a man down in Texas for stealing a Mustang, and only gave a fellow 30 days for 'pinching' a bicycle."—Yonkers Statesman.

—In the Far Beyond. "Lor' Saperstein!" "It is a fact, as you say, that we Englishmen have a habit of standing with our backs to the fire. I wonder why it is?" "Miss Starzen Stripes. 'I suppose it is because you know you will have to face it some day.'"—Brooklyn Life.

—"It's kind of hard to raise a boy just right," Mr. Blykins remarked thoughtfully. "Bring his attention to the records of the country's great men," said his wife. "Of course; but somehow the fact that George Washington never told a lie doesn't seem to make as much impression on his mind as does the discovery that his favorite baseball player uses tobacco and bad grammar."—Washington Star.

FLOWERS SERVED AS FOOD.

Strange Uses to Which Buds and Blossoms Are Put.

A dinner of a bunch of rosebuds would hardly be called a feast, and we should most likely be inclined to think ourselves trifled with if we were asked to dine upon the great growing blossoms of a pumpkin vine. But in olden times some of the American Indians, notably the Aztecs, esteemed these flowers, when properly cooked, a great delicacy. At the present day the natives of many parts of India depend for food upon the blossoms of the bassia tree. They do not even need to cook the flowers, but make a good meal of them raw, just as they gather them up under the trees, from which they fall in great quantities during the night.

The American Druggist describes the blossoms as sweet and sickly in odor and taste. Sometimes they are dried in the sun and are kept and sold in the bazaars as a regular article of diet. The trees are so highly esteemed that the threat of cutting down their bassia trees will generally bring an unruly tribe to terms. This is hardly to be wondered at when it is understood that a single tree will yield from 200 to 400 pounds of flowers. The Parsees cook the flowers, and also make sweetmeats of them. But, after all, we are not quite at liberty to smile at the flower-eating propensities of these strange peoples.

There is one flower afforded by our own gardens that finds a place freely upon our tables. We are apt to look upon the delicious cauliflower as a cabbage, but it is the flower heads and flower stalks that we consume in the cauliflower, and not the leaves, as in the case of the cabbage. He who eats a cauliflower is a flower eater as truly as the Parsee.

Nobody would be inclined to deny that smoked fish and smoked meat are agreeable varieties in our bill of fare, but few, perhaps, would feel ready to plead guilty to a taste for smoked flowers. And yet, when we give to the clove its well-earned place among our flavorings, we are making use of a smoked flower bud. The delicate peach-colored buds grow on a small evergreen and are ruthlessly plucked from the ends of the branches before they have had time to expand. Afterward they are dried in the sun, and then slightly smoked over a wood fire, to give them the brown color we are familiar with.—Youth's Companion.

The Diminution of Natality.

Anthropological societies are much exercised over the fact that in some countries the death rate exceeds the birth rate to a degree that seems to threaten a comparatively early termination of the life of the nation. For instance, out of the 86 departments into which France is divided, in 51 the deaths exceed the births. The annual natality for the whole country is only 23.7 for each 1,000 inhabitants, and this number includes the stillborn. In order to remedy this progressive depopulation, the French Association for the Advancement of Science has set itself to ascertain the causes of it. Dr. E. Maurel pointed out that the birth rate is lowest in those departments where food is most abundant and cheapest. The relation between these two facts he held to be the prevalence of hereditary arthritic diathesis (uric acid diathesis), leading to diminution of reproductive vigor in both sexes. This diathesis arises from excessive alimentation. Another speaker, Dr. Pomerol, attributed the diminished natality to voluntary restriction, while others suggested the increase of religious celibacy, the laws relating to the division of property, the lateness of marriages and the decreased reproductiveness of women.—St. Louis Republic.

Composition of the Watch.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 25 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the small screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.—Chicago Inter Ocean.