

WAR REMINISCENCES.

WIPING OUT THE STAIN.

He Deserted, But He Came Back and Cleared His Soldier Record.

One day, an hour after the mail had reached us down at the front, we noticed a great change in Sergt. Roberts. He was our orderly, and he was one of those big, kind-hearted, good-natured fellows who have legions of friends and never an enemy. We knew of his wife and child—knew that he loved the one and idolized the other. Yes, on the morning we left the state rendezvous for the Potomac his wife and child were there to cling to him with loving words and tear-stained faces to the very last, and it gave some of us young fellows sore hearts to witness the parting.

"Look out for my boy, sergeant!" many a father and mother had said to him as they came to see us off, and the big-hearted fellow had replied that he would be a father to us and hoped to bring us back safely when there was an end to the war.

In the rank and file there was a comradeship which made us talk of home, which passed our letters around, which brought all photographs under a score of eyes. Our "Old Sarge," as we called him, used to read most of his letters to us, and a dozen or more of Company G carried photographs of his little girl. On this day the sergeant had a letter from home, as we all knew, but instead of a smile on his face there was a look of trouble. He was a bit gruff with us that day for the first time. We hoped he might tell us if he was in trouble,



IT WAS OUR OLD SARGE.

but he made no sign. It was the same thing over again after a few days, and after the third letter his face carried such a look of sorrow that we wondered if he was our "Old Sarge" or some stranger acting in his place.

About a month after the receipt of the letter which worked such a change he received one in a handwriting unfamiliar to us. It was a man's chirography, and somehow we felt that it would add to the sergeant's troubles. Some of the boys who saw him open and read it never forgot how pale he grew and how his hands trembled and his eyes blazed. That night at ten o'clock, in the face of the enemy, "Old Sarge" disappeared—deserted. Perhaps he meant to take everything away, but that letter was found after he had disappeared. It was from a brother. Coolly and calmly and without the least feeling the brother wrote that the sergeant's wife after so conducting herself as to scandalize all her relatives had brought things to a climax by running away with a man he named. There were lovers who were untrue and wives who went astray in those days, and this was only one case out of hundreds.

"Deserted to the enemy" was the record made for the war department, but we who knew Sergt. Roberts best did not believe it. He was a brave and loyal man, and no matter what his trouble he would not have turned against his flag. He had gone without leave, and that was desertion, but we argued that he had taken that course because he knew that he could not get a furlough with a hot campaign just opening. He had gone back home—gone to find wife and child—gone to plead and condone or to speak his contempt and take his revenge. Weeks went by, and no word came from him. At the end of three months we read of a tragedy in Chicago. At nine o'clock one evening a strange man had forced his way into the apartments of a citizen and shot him dead. His wife was heard to cry out: "Oh, Will!" and their little girl to shout: "That's my old papa!" Before anyone could interfere the stranger seized the child and disappeared, and the mother was so overcome that little or no information could be got from her.

"That's Old Sarge!" we said as we laid the paper aside. "He deserted to hunt down and kill the man who wrecked his life while he was fighting at the front, and that makes him dearer to us than before. He will hide his child some here and then come back to us."

Yes, we felt sure he would return, and yet we dreaded it. He was a deserter and must be punished. Had it been in winter quarters they might have been merciful, but we were almost in battle line when he went, and the military authorities would wave aside his personal reasons. The life of a great republic was at stake. What was a wife's honor or a soldier's love for his child compared to that? We looked for him as we followed Lee to the Potomac, but he did not come. We looked for him as we marched over the turnpikes of Pennsylvania, but he did not appear. As we formed battle line at Gettysburg another sergeant filled his place. As Hancock massed his corps to beat back what every man knew was coming "Old Sarge" was still absent. Pickett was massing his Virginians. We all knew that and were waiting. "Pickett is moving!" cried a thousand voices, and we tightened our belts and closed up the lines.

"Steady, men! We can beat them back!"

It was the voice of "Old Sarge." He was in citizen's dress, dusty and way-worn, and had picked up musket and cartridge box as he came across the fields to join us. We raised a cheer at sight of him, and it went echoing along the lines right and left. The other

troops thought we were expressing our defiance. We had no time to shake hands or to talk. The Virginians were making a page for history and already rolling our first line back. There were charge and counter charge, hand-to-hand fighting, cheers, shouts, groans. Men fell with the death rattle in their throats; men sank down and cried out and crawled about. We knew not who had won until the breeze swept over the trampled wheat and lifted the cloud of smoke. Then we swung our hats and cheered as we saw the gallant Virginians in retreat. Heroes, one and all, but they had failed.

"Sarge! Sarge! Where's our Sarge?" We shouted before the bullets had yet ceased flying.

"Down there!" answered a corporal whose left arm hung limp at his side.

"Down there" was nearest to the enemy. Yes, we found him there, dead and cold, with half a dozen bullets in his body. He had come back to us to wipe out the stain on his soldier record, and he had taken the only way to do it. In the old days he had carried two photographs next to his heart. Now, as we gave him burial, we found but one—that of his little Nell. We laid it on his breast and folded his hands over it as we covered him in. That, and then we bowed our heads and whispered:

"God forgive our poor 'Old Sarge' and bless his child forevermore!"—Chicago Times.

TALKING TO THE STARS.

A Dying Soldier's Last Thoughts of Home and Loved Ones.

I thought the soldier at my feet was dead—killed by a fragment of the same shell which had rendered me helpless—but as the night came down and the dew began to fall life came back to him. He lay on his back, his white face upturned to the heavens, and as I peered through the gloom I saw that his eyes were open. By and by, as he whispered and muttered to himself, the smoke of battle which had hung for hours like a black cloud over that part of the field floated off before the night breeze, and the purple canopy was studded with bright stars. His eyes saw them as well as mine, and presently he cried out in a joyful way:

"Ben! Little Ben! Ah! Thank God! I was dreaming of him, and I dreamed that I got home from the war to find him lying in his coffin. I wept over him and called him by name, but he was dead. Kiss me, Benny! Thank God, that was only a dream!"

He was talking to one of the bright stars above him.

"And that's Nan!" he went on, after a minute. "I dreamed of Nan, too; I was going home from the war and she came running to meet me. Her face was pale and she was weeping, and when I lifted her up she laid her head on my shoulders and sobbed. It was only a dream. They haven't been unkind to my motherless Nan. She is smiling and happy. My little Nan!"

It was only another star. Heaven was keeping the film of death from his eyes that he might see them in his last hour on earth.

"And there's baby!" he almost shouted after the pain of his wounds had drawn a groan of agony. "I remember now, Nan sobbed and sobbed, and finally told me that baby was dead. Poor motherless babe! It laughed and crowed when I tossed it in my arms. Were they unkind to —? No! It was only a dream! Ben and Nan and baby are all here! They know it—thank God, I've got home to them!"

An hour later men came with lanterns and stretchers.

"Take him first," I said. "He has three motherless children."

"His children are orphans!" replied



"TAKE HIM FIRST."

the corporal as he bent over the rigid form and flashed his light into the half-open eyes. "The poor fellow is stiff in death!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Wanted Something to Eat.

Gen. Forrest, during the late war, was once approached by an Arkansas man, who asked:

"General, when do you reckon we're goin' to get something to eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed the general. "Did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied:

"All right, general."

"The Arkansas man, exhibiting no alarm, said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe-cakes, fetch a gallon o' so 'o' butter-milk, and load yer guns. With sich inducements, the man what wouldn't be willing to die is a blame fool."—N. Y. World.

"JOHNNY REBS," the sobriquet given by the soldiers of the union army to confederates during the late war of the rebellion, is said to have originated in a colloquy between pickets. The confederate objected to being dubbed by the union soldier as a Johnny Bull in allusion to the contumacious given by Great Britain to the cause of the seceding states, but submitted to Johnny Reb without protest.

The bottle from which Gens. Sherman and Johnston took a drink at the time of the latter's surrender is claimed to be owned by a Mrs. Jones, of Raleigh, N. C.

THE ZITHER.

A Blind Girl's History of Its Development From Ancient Days.

"In giving the history of the zither, from its remote ancestors down to its present state of perfection, I find great pleasure in describing my favorite instrument, and also feel justified by the fact that, though we have numerous accounts of the homes and histories of nearly all the musical instruments, the zither is hardly mentioned among them, even the descriptions of its near relations, the modern guitar and the old-fashioned lute. The zither is probably of Asiatic origin; the word being derived from the Persian Seh, meaning three and a tar, a string. We might expect to find the zither mentioned with the harp and psaltery of Biblical times, but as much in those early days consisted merely in producing loud tones, the softer notes of the zither did not (we may suppose) figure very generally in those ancient orchestras, but when this instrument had found its way to the more enlightened land of Greece, where it became a kithera with five, and later, with eight strings, it was far better known and appreciated. We can now imagine the fond lover choosing a kithera to serenade his lady fair, first with soft, caressive tones, but by and by, as fervent devotion increased, the volume of sound was also augmented by the use of a plectrum or quill.

"This instrument was first a triangular shape and afterwards that of a half moon, but its course is not traceable beyond this period, until about A. D. 900, when one existed in the monastery of St. Blasius in the Black Forest, Germany. This instrument was destroyed in the monastery fire of 1768, but a tracing, indicating its rudimentary character, has been preserved. It consisted of a long, narrow sounding board containing nine strings. It was curved slightly at the back or part where the strings are longest, while the front, or fingerboard side, was straight, having also a small, straight handle protruding from the left side. Five centuries later the zither, as it was called, was known in Venice, south of France and parts of England, but was much better appreciated in Austria and the Tyrolean Alps a century or two later. A person standing in a wide stretch of land and calling to some one at a considerable distance will use for the first syllable a low, and for the second a much higher tone. Now, from this two-note call the wild, fascinating Alpine music has been developed. The zither, with its power of sustaining notes, can render these jodies with an added charm.

"It was natural that the zither should find a home in the hearts of these simple peasant folk, one of whom, Petzmayr (born in 1810), with natural musical ability, did much to make this instrument more widely known throughout Europe, by playing his native ländler, or country dances, in most of its principal cities. At this time the zither possessed twenty-eight, and later thirty-three, strings. The finger-board, or part which contains frets, formerly possessed three strings and a whole tone to each fret; but now it is enlarged to five strings in length and two semi-tones in breadth. Finally, in the commencement of 1893, J. Gerbel, a zither teacher of New York City, conceived an idea of constructing an instrument of maplewood, with a spruce sounding board. This has given the instrument an added fullness of tone without detracting from its former sweetness, and it also makes it grow more melodious with age. It is, therefore, my hope that this charming little instrument may become more and more used, as it can render equally well the melodies, both gay and sad, of many nations, and it thus speaks a language which is understood by all."—Louise M. Lee, in Brooklyn Eagle.

STRANGE ANTIPATHIES.

The Peculiar Aversion of Some People for Certain Sights and Sounds.

Amatus Lestanus relates the case of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose and who never quitted his cell at the monastery while that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, tells us of how Vincent, the great painter, would swoon upon going suddenly into a room in which roses were blooming, even though he did not see them. Valtad tells of an army officer who was frequently thrown into violent convulsions by coming in contact with the little flower known as the pink. Orfila, our authority on the case of Vincent, the painter above related, also tells of the case of a lady forty-six years of age, hale and hearty, who if present when linseed was being boiled for any purpose would be seized with violent fits of coughing, swelling of the face and partial loss of reason for the ensuing twenty-four hours. Writing of these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montague remarks that he has known men of undoubted courage who would much rather face a shower of cannon balls than to look at an apple! In Zimmerman's writings there is an account of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin and who would almost faint if by accident she should happen to touch the velvety skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who would faint upon hearing the "swish" of a broom across the floor, and of another with a natural abhorrence for honey. Hippocrates of old tells of one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute. Bacon, the great Englishman, could not bear to see a lunar eclipse and always completely collapsed upon such occasions, and Vaughelm, the great German sportsman, who had killed hundreds of wild boars, would faint if he but got a glimpse of a roasted pig.—Philadelphia Press.

Same Thing in the End.

Maud—"The word 'homely' is not used in the same way in England as it is in America. A homely girl there means one who is fond of domestic surroundings."

Marie—"Domestic surroundings are the only things a homely girl has a chance of being fond of, whether in England or America."—Life.

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Fresh Suggestions for Feminine Followers of the Fashions.

Very fashionable for dressy occasions are cream-white silk gloves stitched very delicately in black. The newest belts are those of several rows of beads held together by bands of finely chased imitation gold. A new variation of the standard navy blue costume is one trimmed with black satin and white lace insertion. Pale blue is a favorite shade with the Princess May, which accounts for its being just now one of the most popular colors. Fashionable blazers and reefers are of duck, pique and linen sacking and have all the fit and finish of a tailor-made garment.

Never was lace more popular than it is at the present time. From thirty to forty yards are used on a single silk-muslin costume.

A cream-white jacket of cloth trimmed as the wearer may see fit, to make it appropriate for the use for which it is designed, is called the Eulalia.

It is neck and neck this season between lightweight, delicately colored woods and silks. Indeed, at the present moment the former are considered not only more youthful but more chic than the latter.

An easy way to freshen up an old waist is to add a flounce of lace, falling from the neck band in straight folds neatly to the waist line in front, forming epaulets on the shoulders and a collar in the back, but kept all in one piece.

Among the very handsome thin dresses are those of gauze brocaded in flowers. The skirts of these dresses are trimmed with valenciennes lace ruches, and the waist is formed of lengthwise puffs of the gauze separated by valenciennes insertion.

Among the pretty mid-summer dresses are those of pale eura batiste in princess form, fastened to the back. They are made over slips of pale-yellow silk and are shaped to the figure by the narrow lengthwise tucks and trimmed with drooping bretelles of guipure lace.

The newest thing in summer-weight hop sacking is in admiral blue, cherry red and silvery cadet blue. These are made with a simple Eton jacket and a bell skirt, somewhat less flaring than those skirts have been, with several shirt waists of plain China silk in white and any colors desired.

Both cotton and linen batistes are in great favor for mid-summer dresses. They are trimmed with bands of insertion, either of guipure lace or of embroidery. Some batistes come in dress patterns, provided with drawn-work trimming in rows and bands, for waist, sleeves, collar and belt, and with the skirt breadths finished with a wide hem headed with drawn work.

The fancy for round belted waists in all sorts of elaborate designs is carried out in various fabrics. Those of chiffon are just now very popular. Black chiffon is generally becoming and may be worn with a skirt of almost any color. The waists are either plain or are trimmed with eura guipure insertion. When the insertion is used the chiffon is arranged in perpendicular puffs with the insertion bands between them.—Chicago Post.

POINTS ON THE PANTHER.

Some Mistaken Impressions About the Animal.

The mountain lion is remarkable for its wide geographical range. In the Adirondacks it is comparatively common, and known as the painter among the woodsmen. In fact, it ranges both north to Canada. In South America it is known as the puma; in California the American lion or cougar, while the carcajou and catamount are other titles given to it in various lands.

The American lion, however, is its true title, as it is the largest cat in this country, and takes the place of the lion here. Long, slender and graceful in its motions, lithe and powerful, it is the type of agility and strength, and if it does not possess the courage of the African cat, it has quite enough, when hemmed in, to give the hunter a good fight.

Specimens have been killed in this country six feet in length, including the tail and this may be considered the maximum size. In such an animal the height at the shoulder would be about two feet and one or two inches.

A puma was exhibited in San Francisco a few years ago that was nearly as large as an African lioness, measuring four feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. In contrasting the puma with others, it has been observed that its head is smaller in proportion to the size of the body than all other cats, except, perhaps, the leopard.

The skull is about eight inches long and five and three-eighths inches wide. The color of the pumas is generally of a uniform reddish brown, becoming lighter below. There are no markings, except in the young, upon which there are several rows of stripes and spots on the back and sides.

The panther has been the subject of many thrilling adventures in books, but well authenticated instances of these animals voluntarily attacking a human being are rare, though when wounded they make a savage resistance.

So, too, the books contain the accounts of the roars of the panther when it was wandering about the camp at night. Properly speaking, the panther's cry is more of a yell, like that of a human being in pain, than a roar, and, unless very hungry, it is silent when in quest of prey.—Golden Days.

A Heartless Dad.

First Boy—"I'm goin' to run away from home."

Second Boy—"Been abused?"

First Boy—"Yes. Pop rigged up a funny monkey, that danced 'en you turned a big crank, and put it upstairs in the barn for me. The crank turned awful hard, but I kept the monkey dancing all the afternoon; and now I've found out that pop had that crank connected with the grindstone, and he was down stairs sharpening everything in the house."—Good News.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Sparkling Lemonade.—Roll and slice half a dozen lemons, put in a large pitcher, and pour over a gallon of ice water; sweeten. Pour in glasses and stir in a little soda.—Harper's Bazar.

—Lady Cabbage.—Chop some cabbage very fine, cook in boiling water one-half hour. Drain, then season highly with salt and pepper, a half cup of milk and one tablespoonful of butter. Cook a few minutes and serve.—People's Home Journal.

—Suet Pudding.—One cup raisins; one cup suet, chopped fine; one cup sweet milk; one cup bread crumbs, soaked; two large apples, chopped fine; one cup molasses; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls cloves; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one of allspice; two of soda; four cups sifted flour. Boil three hours.—Home Queen.

—Vegetable Salad.—This is an excellent method of using the remnants of vegetables left from dinner of the day before—the half a dozen slices of boiled beets, the two or three boiled potatoes and onions, the sauciful of beans or green peas. Slice the potatoes and onions and heap all the vegetables together upon leaves of lettuce. Pour over them either a mayonnaise or a French dressing. Almost any cold vegetable may find a place in this salad.

—Huckleberry Wine.—Fill a bottle or jar with ripe huckleberries, then add all the molasses possible. Cover the jar with double muslin tied on firmly, and let it stand in a cool place till thoroughly fermented, then cork tightly. It is a good plan to turn the bottles upside down in a box. This wine is very nice for mince pies and rich cakes, and the berries are often used as curraunts.—Boston Herald.

—Cornstarch Cake.—Cream one and one-half cupfuls of sugar with one-half cupful of butter. Add one-half cupful of milk. Mix one and one-half cupful of flour with one-half cupful of cornstarch, and sift one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into it. Then cut and fold into the cake the stiffly beaten whites of seven eggs. Flavor to taste. Bake in a moderate oven with a steady heat.—Housekeeper.

—Preserves.—It was once thought necessary to make a thick preserve in order to have it keep, but fruit canned with sugar is now generally liked better. If a stiff preserve is wanted, however, weigh the prepared fruit and take an equal weight of sugar. Melt the latter with a very little water, and when dissolved, put in the fruit. Let boil gently ten minutes, or until the fruit is clear, then take out the fruit and boil the juice to a thick jelly; drain the thin juice from the berries and pour over the rich sirup. Seal in glass cans or in large jelly glasses.—Ohio Farmer.

—Cherry Roly-Poly.—Make a light blaucit dough and roll half an inch thick in oblong shape. Place on it a thick layer of pitted cherries with some sugar. Begin at one end and roll up, pinching in the ends carefully to prevent the escape of juice. Lay in a floured bag large enough to allow it to swell at least a third in the boiling. Boil one-half to two hours according to size. This is to be eaten hot and is best with a sweet hot sauce.—Prairie Farmer.

—Lemon Pie.—Mix one-quarter of a cup of soft cracker crumbs with one tablespoonful of melted butter; add one cup of finely chopped apples; the juice of two lemons and the rind of one. Then mix with two cups of granulated sugar, stirring until it is nearly dissolved. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light. Beat the whites to a stiff dry froth, then mix the whites and yolks together. Stir the eggs into the other ingredients, mix well, turn into a pie plate using only an under crust, and bake for twenty-five minutes in a modern oven.—Boston Budget.

WHEN TANNED OR SUNBURNED.

Always Remember That Simple Remedies Are the Best.

"Don't rush to the drug store and buy a lot of the fancy lotions and cosmetics when you contract your first case of sunburn at the seashore," was the injunction of a beautiful woman whose face showed but lingering traces of the glaring redness which had marked it only the day before. "Let all those perfumed but trashy mixtures alone. Few of them have any virtues, many of them are positively injurious to the skin, and not one of them is better than the simple, old-fashioned remedies that anybody can prepare at home. If the skin is hot, dry and smarting with burn, nothing will relieve it any more readily than mutton tallow or plain olive oil applied with the hands and gently rubbed into the pores. If the skin will stand it give it a mild massage with an easy, upward rub, first bathing the face in water as hot as one can stand. There is nothing like massage for removing the soreness and burning feeling. Don't use much soap and beware of the fancy brands. They are nearly all irritating. Don't scratch the itching places; rub gently and be careful that the nails don't come in contact with the skin. As soon as you can stand it wash the burned surfaces in tepid water to which the juice of a lemon has been added. Lemon juice is a great cleanser, and is, besides that, a wonderful tonic for the flesh and skin. And remember this, that while sunburn is painful and annoying, it is also a great improver of complexions. It eliminates blotches and pimples, smooths out rough places, and clears the way for better skins. It is Dame Nature's way of putting new velvet and fresh roses into the faces of her children."—Chicago Tribune.

Pushing Trade.

It is not alone in America that barbers show extraordinary persistence and ingenuity in pressing their wares upon customers. An American who has been traveling in France relates that in Paris the barber who was shaving him stepped two or three times upon the side of his foot.

At last the customer called out:

"Please don't do that any more! I have a corn."

"Exactly what I was trying to find out, monsieur," said the barber, blandly. "We have an excellent preparation for removing corns, for sale at one franc per bottle!"—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Colorado's farm products have already run up to \$60,000,000 a year, its cattle product to \$34,000,000, its coal product to \$55,000,000, and its manufacturing product to \$70,000,000, though but a tenth of the land is under cultivation, while the entire metal output of the state, according to the last census, was only \$50,000,000.—Boston Herald.

—The idea has been suggested that in certain well-known conditions of hysteria a judiciously administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to every one is the perverseness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary remedies, and it seems not improbable that some of them might be curtailed by a period of vigorous sneezing.

—The growth of the orange industry in Florida has increased from a production of 600,000 boxes in 1885 to 3,900,000 for the season just closed, and according to conservative estimates the coming crop will be fully 5,000,000 boxes, of which over 4,000,000 will be marketed. The average price received by growers the past season was \$1.31 per box.—Jacksonville Journal of Commerce.

—It is announced that a remarkable new Medara, or jelly fish, has been found to occur in Lake Tanganyika, Africa, a "fresh-water" lake, though, we believe, the water is slightly brackish. It is entirely different from the jelly fish found living a few years ago in the Victoria Lily-tank of the Kew Gardens, at London, and represents a distinct family, whose exact position is unknown.

—Analysis of the air, water and soil of Spitzbergen has brought to light the extraordinary poverty of these regions in bacteria. While the air of the streets of Paris contains on an average 51,000 bacteria, that of the Arctic Sea contains only three per cubic meter. As to the water of Spitzbergen, not only is it devoid of any pathogenic micro-organisms whatever, but all bacilli are absent.—Popular Science News.

—Another most valuable series of investigations in regard to the metal best adapted for the construction of bridges has been made by the Austrian Society of Engineers. Some 216 mechanical tests were made by the committee having the matter in hand to determine the quality of wrought iron, of basic, Bessemer and basic open-hearth steel, the conclusion being that the latter exceeds all the others in resistance to mechanical attack and distortion.—N. Y. Sun.

—In the human body there is said to be more than 2,000,000 perspiration glands communicating with the surface by ducts, having a total length of some ten miles. The blood contains millions of millions of corpuscles, each a structure in itself. The number of rods in the retina, supposed to be the ultimate recipient of light, is estimated at 30,000,000. A German scientist has calculated that the gray matter of the brain is built of at least 600,000,000 cells.

—The cough or puff of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the coughs can, of course, be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come one after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second, that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

—Nocturnal creatures are generally supposed not to see well in the daylight, but facts collected are gradually dispelling the idea. It is well known that felines, which see well by night, seem to be able to see quite as well by day, and this is being found true of many other creatures. The bat sees admirably by daytime, as any one can ascertain by threatening it with a twig. The owl, also, has first-rate day sight. Night-flying Lepidoptera, when disturbed in their places of refuge during the day, have no difficulty in seeing at once where is the nearest and best places for a temporary refuge.—N. Y. Independent.

—"Septic tonsillitis," a sort of diphtheritic sore throat, has been very prevalent in London just lately, and the suggestion is made that the wood pavements are the cause of the disease. The vegetable fiber of the wood absorbs a great deal of matter that no surface cleaning can remove and the water carts produce on the streets a solution of manure and other impurities. In the recent spell of hot weather this has been converted into dust and blown into the eyes, noses and throats of the public. The only suggestion of a remedy is to sprinkle the streets with water and a disinfectant.

—If we look intently at a bright star we notice that the color and intensity of the light is constantly changing from brilliancy to almost total obscurity, and from bright red to blue, orange, yellow, etc. This is the phenomenon usually spoken of as the "twinkling" or scintillation of the stars. The "twinkling" will be noticed more plainly when the star is near the horizon, and will diminish in intensity as it rises until it is near the zenith, at which time the twinkling is scarcely noticeable. It must be confessed that this twinkling has never been explained to the satisfaction of all investigators. However, it is generally believed to be due to controlling causes within the earth's atmosphere.

—The cause may be looked for within the belt of air that surrounds our planet (to particles of vapor, dust, etc.) may be inferred from the fact that the planets never exhibit the characteristic twinkling so noticeable in the star. One reason for this is the size (apparent) of the planets. The planets each show a sensible disk even to the naked eye, while the strongest instrument in the world only shows the stars as being mere points of light. This being the case, any foreign substance in the atmosphere would immediately hide the light and make the star appear to "twinkle."

—The human body there is said to be more than 2,000,000 perspiration glands communicating with the surface by ducts, having a total length of some ten miles. The blood contains millions of millions of corpuscles, each a structure in itself. The number of rods in the retina, supposed to be the ultimate recipient of light, is estimated at 30,000,000. A German scientist has calculated that the gray matter of the brain is built of at least 600,000,000 cells.

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—Nocturnal creatures are generally supposed not to see well in the daylight, but facts collected are gradually dispelling the idea. It is well known that felines, which see well by night, seem to be able to see quite as well by day, and this is being found true of many other creatures. The bat sees admirably by daytime, as any one can ascertain by threatening it with a twig. The owl, also, has first-rate day sight. Night-flying Lepidoptera, when disturbed in their places of refuge during the day, have no difficulty in seeing at once where is the nearest and best places for a temporary refuge.—N. Y. Independent.

—"Septic tonsillitis," a sort of diphtheritic sore throat, has been very prevalent in London just lately, and the suggestion is made that the wood pavements are the cause of the disease. The vegetable fiber of the wood absorbs a great deal of matter that no surface cleaning can remove and the water carts produce on the streets a solution of manure and other impurities. In the recent spell of hot weather this has been converted into dust and blown into the eyes, noses and throats of the public. The only suggestion of a remedy is to sprinkle the streets with water and a disinfectant.

—If we look intently at a bright star we notice that the color and intensity of the light is constantly changing from brilliancy to almost total obscurity, and from bright red to blue, orange, yellow, etc. This is the phenomenon usually spoken of as the "twinkling" or scintillation of the stars. The "twinkling" will be noticed more plainly when the star is near the horizon, and will diminish in intensity as it rises until it is near the zenith, at which time the twinkling is scarcely noticeable. It must be confessed that this twinkling has never been explained to the satisfaction of all investigators. However, it is generally believed to be due to controlling causes within the earth's atmosphere.

—The cause may be looked for within the belt of air that surrounds our planet (to particles of vapor, dust, etc.) may be inferred from the fact that the planets never exhibit the characteristic twinkling so noticeable in the star. One reason for this is the size (apparent) of the planets. The planets each show a sensible disk even to the naked eye, while the strongest instrument in the world only shows the stars as being mere points of light. This being the case, any foreign substance in the atmosphere would immediately hide the light and make the star appear to "twinkle."

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