Statement. ONE DOLLAR.

Any one sending five names and five dol-

lars will receive a copy of the weekly free for

In a helpful lecture on the chemistry of food, by Prof. Church, some suggestive points of dietetics were well brought out. Of all the cereals, says Mr. Church, wheat yields the best bread. This is believed to be due principally to the character of the nitrogenous matter of wheat. The main constituent is a fibrine, and it can be readily obtained for examination by making a little flour into a dough with water, and then washing the starch out by means of a stream of water. There is then left a grayish-yellow, though elastic mass, which if gluten. Speaking of peas, beans, and various kinds of pulse, it was pointed out how much more nearly the different kinds agree in composition than the cereals do. The great drawback to the use of various kinds of pulse is that are so difficult to digest. they are an excellent theoretical according to analysis, but they are a severe tax on digestion. Of all the beans none presents a better typical food than the Soy bean. Lentils have food than the Soy bean. Lentils have been much spoken of lately as a good food, and they undoubtedly approach to a good typical food, but they are bitter, astringent, and not easy of digestion. It has now come to be pretty well re-cognized that the food for a man doing hard work should have flesh-formers or heat-givers in proportion of 1 to 4½, and that the food of a child should have 1 to 7. Bread gives 1 to 7½, where the heat-givers are more than even a child wants; so it is not a good food by itself. wants; so it is not a good food by itself.
Pulse gives—taking an average—1 to 2½,
which is far too small. In these calculations heat-givers are reckoned as
starch. Potatoes give 1 to 16, according to the latest analyses, the old, 1 to 8,
being evidently an error. Onion is 1 to 4, an excellent proportion, though onions are not much in favor as food In looking at the relative values of flesh-formers and heat-givers in foods, the actual amount of water must not be Forests and Climate. In an interesting pamphlet by S. V. Dorrien on "The Protection of For-

Comparative Value of Foods.

ests," the author points out these bene-ficial effects of forests upon climate First, forests increase the amount of moisture in a region by promoting the formation of clouds and causing more frequent precipitations, at the same time retarding evaporation. Second. they reduce the extreme heat of sum mer and the extreme cold of winter Third, they prevent, in steep mountain sites, the fertile soil from sliding down, and protect against avalanches and landslides. Fourth, they are, especially on the coast of the sea or in mountainous regions, an impassable barrier against drying winds and sand-drifts. Strange as it may seem, adds Mr. Dorrien, that a protection against drying wind should be needed on the coast, it is, nevertheless, in the main, correct. During the seasons when vegetation is in active progress, and drying winds are apt to do the greatest harm, the sea has generally a lower temperature than the land: hence the sea breezes are cool in comparison with the atmosphere over the land. The warmer the air grows, the greater will be the capacity of receiving vapor without being sat-urated and followed by the formation of clouds or the precipitation of moisture. In other words, the relative moisture of the air decreases as its temperature grows higher. Consequently, the air carried in by the seabreezes, becoming warmer by being brought into contact with the land, aba portion of its moisture, and thus has a drying effect. Experience shows that this effect extends over many miles from the coast, unless for ests or mountains serve as a cover.

Singular Freak of an Engine. An accident occurred on a local railroad that is probably without a parallel in the history of railroading—in Illinois, at least. As a train on the evening of the day was near Glassford, going at the speed of nearly forty miles an hour, a cow suddenly bounded in front of the engine. There was no warning whatever; the front of the engine passed over the animal, and in doing so was lifted clear of the rails and uncoupled from the tender. Going at such a high rate of speed, it continued some twenty yards on the ground, tearing it up, and even uprooting a stump in its mad caits wheels until it came to a standstill. The remainder of the engine and train kept the track, and ran past the engine brought to a stop with brakes. The jar of the engine was so light that but few passengers were made aware of the accident until told. The engineer sat on his seat throughout the affair, a mere spectator of the queer freak of his engine. No one was hurt, or even scared.

-Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City.

The Use of Tails.

A very important function of the tail of the yak, cat, squirrel, and many other animals, has escaped the notice of many writers. It is that the bushy tails of the animals serve a very important function in preserving their body heat during their nightly and their wintry sleep. In cold weather animals with bushy tails will be found lying curled up with their tails laid carefully over their feet like a rug, and with their noses buried in the fur of the tail, which is thus used exactly in the same way, and for the same purpose, as we use respirators. I have a Manx tailless cat, who cannot, of course, carry on this function, but he makes a very good substitute for it by using the back of one of my other cats. When he cannot be so accommodated, he sleeps with his hands crossed over his face, "just like a Christian," as my cook says.—Nature.

Jefferson's Farewell.

Jefferson's last hours were enlight-ened by the Christian's hope, but there is something pathetic in this blending of a father's affection and a philosopher's faith. Two days before dying, Thomas Jefferson told his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, that in a certain drawer in an old pocket-book she would find something intended for her, and afterward, looking there, she found the following verses written by him: Life's visions are vanished, its dreams

more.

Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears? I go to my Father, I welcome the shore
Which crowns all my hopes, or which buries
my cares.
Then farewell, my dear, my loved daughter.

adieu!
The last pany of life is in parting with you!
The seraphs await me long shrouded in death;
I will bear them your love on my last parting
breath.

Several years ago two £50 Bank of England notes were taken from the

dining-room of a Mr. Terrett, a tradesman of Bristol. A servant was charged with stealing them, and the charge was dismissed; but, on Mrs. Terrett searching the ashes of a fire-grate, there were found particles of tinder which, when submitted to a microscope, were ascertained to contain the number and trace of the water-mark of the notes. The ashes were sent to London, and there subjected to further examination, with the result that the bank refunded the money. dining-room of a Mr. Terrett, a trades

THE reading-room of the British Museum contains three miles of book-cases eight feet high. The dome whence the electric light irradiates the vast room is, next to that of the Pantheon at Rome, the largest extant,

ence with County Officials, and

Business Men Generally, is Solici-

ted, and will Receive Prompt At-

tention. Address, ST. PAUL GLOBE.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Inconstant. And why not, O fair Helene? You have the bluest eyes I've ever seen, Blue as the violets in that season when The fields and hills are tinged with fainte But you have not sweet Marie's tender voice, Or Constance's smile, in which all hearts rejoice. Inconstant? Why, I love the good in all,
The good in one, and like the roving bee
(Ah you bas bleu, fair Helene, will you call
My "roving bee" a threadbare simile?)
I go from flower to fruit, and I love each,
The faint-tinged rose-bud and the carmine peach.

Dangerous Frankness

I love you for your eyes, O fair Helene, Your blue, blue eyes, so deep and limpid-clear, In whose bright depths are drowned many men, And for their deaths have you notshed a tear; And yet I love dear Rosalind's sly grace, And-can I help it?—little Celia's face.

I love the good in all, the good in one.
Too frank, am I? Can't help it, 'tis my way!
If you'll be Clytle, I will be the sum,
And you can follow me about all day;
And yet I'll smile on all, and that will be
Love universal, not inconstancy.

Conceited? How you wrong me, fair Helene.
Fm not Apollo, and I know that well;
But you're not Clytie; if you were, why then
I'd follow you. Good gracious! who could tell
The girl would get so mad? A temper, too!
Fill never trust in meckest eyes of blue!

—Maurice F. Egan.

It is doubtful whether any country in

long as she keeps her mouth shut, and almost irresistible even when she opens almost irresistible even when she opens it. We know the dignity and bearing of an Austrian lady, and the commonplace comeliness of a little German parvenu. We have our pet theories, ready cut out and dry, and can apply them to every case. The lion and the unicorn are fighting for this crown of beauty, and up comes the Yankee belle and knocks them both down. The impartial Parisian (in a suit of dittos), standing with his hands in pockets on the Rhine boat, and not paying the slightest attention to the scenery, but looking at the pretty girls of all the countries in the world, singles out the New York Venus in a moment. He has not a doubt but he is right, and she thinks that he's an excellent judge. And yet everything is against her. She comes to us across the Atlantic with that horrible twang that spoils everything, and of which she seems utterly unconscious. She perks it up in your face with the most provoking sang froid. Her mother accompanies her, and a hatchet-faced objectionable brother, who seems to have the grace to know that he is not a gentleman, and is, in consequence, alternately depressed and defiant. A man, however matrimonially inclined, gazing on that alpaca mother, finds serious courtship a difficulty. little general flirtation is, however, de-lightful; and it is impossible to withstand so much beauty, set off by such a charm of manner. The little American does not object to the flirtation; but she has a frugal mind, and knows the kind of lover who is likely to develop into a husband. Yet, with all her frugality, she has a mind on pleasure bent; and flirting, which in England is a practice and in France an occupation, is for her a science, which she studies conscientiously, and in which she makes daily progress. She is still makes daily progress. She is still young, perhaps not out of her teens; but she has heard a great deal, seen a great deal, knows a great deal, and cer-tainly makes no secret of her expe-rience. She is perfectly frank, and her absolute realism protects her from some of the bad effects which flirtation produce in England. It is hard to avoid admiring her, and it is impossible to

The "Pizen-Clean" Woman.

mother .- Mayfair.

pelieve that the lady in alpaca is her

Cleanliness is an excellent acquirement. It is so great an acquirement that one does not wonder that the sentence "Cleanliness is next to Godliness,"
was popularly supposed, for an indefinite period, to be a quotation from the
Bible. Cleanliness is the chief distinction between the tramp and many millionaires, albeit there have been many millionaires who could not claim even this advantage over the tramp. But the sentence, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," cannot be found in the Bible, nevertheless. You cannot have too much Godliness, too much temperance, too much discretion, too much wisdom, but you can have too much neatness. There have been overneat men. We have met one or two in our time. They always get up in the night to eat, and are enemies of sleep as they are of dirt. But they are not so numerous nor so pestiferous as the overneat woman.
Who has not met the overneat woman?

We do not need to describe her. But we will. Revenge is sweet. She makes her husband exchange his boots for slippers on the door-step. No matter how low the thermometer or barometer, the poor fellow must doff his boots in the porch. Is he wet? He must stay on the stoop till he has done dripping. Consumption! What is that compared with a soiled carpet? The small boy, what a life he leads with such a mother! Followed about by a dust-pan and neat woman is always cross) all of child-hood's days, he early runs to a clubroom or a beer-saloon where he can see a little rubbish and find the luxury of dirt. We once knew a lady of this character who, when lightning provi-dentially struck her house and killed a servant, swept up the evidencing dirt the shock had dislodged before the

the shock had dislodged before the Coroner could be called.

These "pizen-clean" women always hate to have company. "Guests are so dirty, you know." The parlor is kept dark and unused from year to year. The carpets would fade and dust would accrue. We once knew a woman who The carpets would late and and who refused to open her parlor for the wedding of her daughter. "The street is too dusty," she said. She is dust now. They opened the parlor for the funeral, and one almost wonders that she did not turn over in her coffin.

The overneat woman cleans house

twice a year. Twice a year the uncomfortable husband and children are made doubly uncomfortable. The weak-ness of the flesh alone deters her from house-cleaning every moon. The over-neat woman delights to make people uncomfortable. She is thin, dyspeptic, has nerves, is troubled with dirt on the brain. Dirt on the brain is very wearing to the constitution, and the hyperneat woman nearly always dies young. If she did not all her household would. Her husband always has another chance. This is a dispensation of Providence. We write with some feeling on this subject, although, thank God, we have only seen the overneat woman afar of But we have seen the lives of good men embittered, we have seen boys driven to ruin, and girls imbued with such a hatred of cleanliness that they have become very slatterns, by overneat

wives and mothers.

Ah, mother, do you not mind a cluttered floor, a little gravel or sand on the carpet, a finger mark on wall-paper or mirror. The day may come when a little dirt spread by baby feet or laid on by busy baby fingers would be the gladdest sight in the world.

We wandered sadly round the room,
No relic could we find;
No toy of hers to soothe the gloom—
She left not one behind.
But look! there is a misty trace,
Fant, undefined and broken,
Of fingers on the mirro's face—
A dear, though simple token.

Ah, friends, how clean such dirt is! "Whom can we trust?" is the blacktype inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we in-duce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer. Twain's Best Joke.

That quaint and original genius, Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—told a story at his own expense while break-fasting with a journalistic friend in Chicago, which is too good to be lost. There had been some talk at the table about a banquet, which had just come off when Mr. Clemens remarked with a smile and his peculiar drawl:
"Speaking of banquets reminds me

of a rather amusing incident that oc-curred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty, grand old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there. and I went. It was one of those tre mendous dinners where there are from 800 to 900 invited guests. I hadn't been sed to that sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the table I noticed that at each plate was a little plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to, some onethe Lord Mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and began to read a list of those present—No.1, Lord So-andso, No. 2, Duke of Something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name of some prominent political the world produces so many pretty girls as America, and it is certain that character or literary celebrity, it would some of the prettiest in the world are Americans. The fact is indisputabe greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manble as the causes of it are obscure. The little New York beauty is irresistible so ner that I became somewhat tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the genleman next to me, on the right, a wellinformed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, as he was giving me his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I had never heard before. It sent the blood to my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about excitedly in my chair, and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my

right. 'Whose name did he read?'
"'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered. "I stopped applauding. I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me, and I sat there like a mummy and didn't even get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into, and it will be many a day before I forget it."

The Antiquity of Forks.

Among the valuable finds in the exploration of the relics of the ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland is a pair of forks, apparently invented for table use. They were fashioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a higher antiquity to table forks (if they were really intended as such) than has hitherto been suspected. Other bone implements and ornaments are frequently found. Animal remains are also common. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger and the common otter. The latter were doubt-less met with in the immediate neighborhood of the lake, but the presence of the bones of the wild ox and of the bear indicate that the lake-dwellers were bold and skillful hunters, as well as ingenious tool-makers. They were also keepers of cattle, for the most numerous animal remains brought to light were those of the common cow and the moor-cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the many bones of the stag and roe dis-covered by the explorers. Evidence of a like character shows that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig, and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the pr among other bones, of several which comparative anatomists declare to have belonged to that rodent. One omission on the list is striking. No men-tion is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient lake-dwellers, or that they had not succeeded in captur-

ing and taming him. Millions of Pigeons.

The most celebrated pigeon-roost probably in the country is county, Ind., where, it is said, acres of timber are covered nightly with wild pigeons. For the past seventy-five years this noted locality has been a roosting-place for pigeons, and millions of these birds congregate there nightly during the seasons of their visits to that section of the country. They fly away of mornings to their feeding places in the woods and fields of Indiana and Kentucky, distant from the roost in many instances from 100 to 300 miles, returning again at night, arrivals often continuing up to midnight. The timber on thousands of acres covered by this roost is broken down badly, large limbs being snapped off like reeds by the accumulated weight of the birds upon them. Throughout the entire night there is heard the cracking and crushing of limbs, the hum and flurry and drumming of wings, the explosion of firearms and the confusion and bedlamic thrashing sounds caused by people beating the birds from the tree with long poles. Thousands of pigeons are killed nightly, but all this slaughter seems to make no diminution in the vast flocks that congregate at this

Two Valuable Inventions.

The following new inventions by residents of Nevada, says the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle, have been caveated t the Washington Patent Office:
A BARBER'S MUZZLER.—This is a very

serviceable contrivance, which can be vent his talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnished with clamps and screws, which are fixed at the back of the head. Price \$2.50. Those furnished with a lever attachment, for the purpose of breaking the barber's jaw come at \$3. The plates which fit on the cheek are of the best

chilled steel.
THE BONNET GRAPPLE.—This little machine is destined to be of great service to theater-goers. It is an ordinary grappling-hook with a rope attached. The grapple is thrown over any lady's bonnet which may happen to obstruct the view, and the crowd behind can always be depended upon to pull the rope. It sometimes disfigures the lady's face permanently, in which case she never returns to again obstruct the

Pine Cones for Fire Kindling. Almost the universal article used on

the continent for kindling fires are dry pine cones. A couple of these is usually enough to start a fire of dry wood, and several of them contain enough resinous material to start a coal fire without other kindling. They are readily ignited with a match, and are free from dust and insects. In Paris and other large cities on the continent, scarcely any other than pine cones are used for kindling purposes in the ho-tels, and it is a wonder to us that they have not been introduced for the same purpose here. We believe a large and profitable business might be made from gathering the cones in pine-growing egions and selling them in our citi -Scientific American.

PITH AND POINT. THE latest thing in boots-Stock-

AT a spelling match one man spelled

'pasnip," and got beet.

A POST in the ground becomes decade wood at the end of ten years. THE barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically: "My dear sir, I came in to get shaved—not to get

tooth pulled!" A LITTLE girl, on being told some thing which much amused her, exclaimed, emphatically: "I shall remember that the whole of my life, and when forget it I will write it down.

THE donkey is a pretty bird,
So gentle and so wise;
It has a silky little tail
With which to frisk the files.
Upon its head two ears it bears,
So silky, long and soft,
That, when its tail can't reach the files.
The ears can whisk them off.

"Can you cure my eyes?" said a man to Dr. Brown. "Yes," said the doctor, "if you will follow my prescription." "Oh, certainly, doctor," said the patient; "I will do anything to have my eyes "I will do anything to have my eyes cured. What is your remedy, doctor?"
"You must steal a horse," said the doctor, very soberly. "Steal a horse, doctor!" said the patient, in amazement.
"How will that cure my eyes?" "You will be sent to State prison for five years, where you could not get whisky; and, during your incarceration, your eyes would get well," said the doctor. The patient looked somewhat incredulous, but he did not adopt the doctor's

remedy. "You play poker, of course," said one gentleman to another, who was shuffling a pack of cards in such a scientific manner as to betray an intimate acquaintance with the articles. "No, I never do," was the response. "Indeed," exclaimed the questioner, "I thought everybody in Eureka played poker." "And how "And how am the solitary exception." "And how is that?" "Well, you see, I got into a big game; had an ace full and lost \$300; then I held four queens and got beat out of \$600 more. I then said to myself, 'Old boy, this ain't your game; there's no money in it; you'd better stick to solitaire; it ain't so exciting, but it's safer;' and so I've stuck.'

"Old Si" and the Drummers Old Si brought up the church notices

and thereupon remarked:
"Ise gwine ter meetin' ter-morrer sho! I don't know what time er 'skurshun trane's gwine ter flop offen de snun trane's gwine ter nop onen de track an' switch me onter de down-grade, an' I don't want ter go dar, ef hit's jess ter miss de kumpany ob some fokes dat'll be dar!"

"Anybody specially, now?"
"Hit's mos'ly dese hyar kermushul
trabellers—dese drummahs—dat Ise boun' ter shake somewhar' twixt heah an' kingdum come, sartin!"

"They are very clever people, aren't they?"
"Well, I ain't 'quainted wid dem all, but, ef dem dat I does kno' am fair samples, jess 'skuse me fum de ballunce. W'y, dey's de wust men on de rode-book agints bein' barr'd offen de track!

"Why do you think so?"
"'Kase Ise had 'sperience wid dem
Dey comes round dar ter de hotel, takes up mo'room dan er dead-head edutur in er sleepin' kyar, cusses de porters wid dere moufs an' han's, hez two trunks erpiece that weighs like dey wuz nailed er de flo' an' clinched in de room down stairs, an' den dey makes lub to ebery woman in de house fum de chamber-mades in de garret ter de gubnor's maiden aunt dat bangs de pianner in

de front parler." "They are pretty fast boys, I should

judge."
"W'y, yer jest orter porter in er house er while whar dey comes! Dey 'pears ter be hired fer dere moufs, an' two ob em kin talk er hotel full er people, in Fair-week times, into gallopin sumption! Dey interferes wid de advertizin' bizness ob de newspapers, an ter heah one ob dem talk yer'd tink he wuz de whole 'Soshiated Press, an' had de monoperly ob de news ob de day! But Iso larnt wisdum, an', when I sees er drummah commin' offen de trane, I

goes lame right den an' dar!"
"Still they do a great deal of good in

commerce."
"Jess so! But den I don't like ter see dese hyar wholesale peddlers running ober de country in dis style. I'd rudder see Sherman's army comin' agin rudder see Sherman's army comin' agin dan ter see er convention ob drummahs in dis town. Dey ar' moughty dan-gerus ter de good licker an' de fresh eggs in town, fer dey's pow'rful fond ob boaf! An' I say agin I don't want ter go down yander in de 'furnal regions, 'kase, ef I has ter go, I don't want ter be pester'd all de time by dese drum-mans tryin' ter sell me pam-leaf fans an'

Red Hair Defended.

An admirer of red hair, who has it himself, glorifies that style thus: "Throughout creation nature appears to delight in red. It predominates in whatever is beautiful, agreeable or sublime partakes of red. The rainbow, the rose, and the charming lip and cheek of beauty's self, the sun, the source of heat and light, all are red; as is also the fire, the mighty autocrat of the universe. The most brilliant flowers, the most delicious fruits, the orange the apple and the peach are red. Through the animal kingdom-red predominates, as in the king of beasts, the lion. But go further; Adam, the first of mankind, was red. The greatest of Grecians, Jupiter, Apollo and Vulcan, were crimson. Samson, whose strength was gigantic, derived his power from his of Athens depended on the red hair of Nisus. Queen Elizabeth had red hair; so had Spenser and Shakspeare. Mil-ton is another instance of the proof of my proposition. Also Defoe, thor of that world-renowned story, "Robinson Crusoe." Lafayette had red hair; Bonaparte's hair was of this color. Artemus Ward had red hair; so have red Indians, or else why so

The English and American Languages. English and American travelers visiting the respective countries will profit by studying the following catalogue of the different British and American meanings, attached to certain words:

THOUSETTEN DOS MONTON O	
English.	American.
Jug	Pitcher.
Boots	Gai ers.
Shoes	Slippers.
Supper	Tea.
Public hoase	Saloon.
Tram	Street car.
Trap	Buggy.
Knocked up	Tired out.
I think	I guess.
Treacle	Molasses.
Maize	
Corn	
Coals	
Greengrocer	
Haberuasher	Vegetable stan
Docks	
Prints	
Muslin	
Ourlodgings	Our rooms.
Station	
Ct	

History Not His Forte.

Senator Sharon once dined with a literary club in New York. At the table he quoted from history, and a little man at his right joined issue on the ques-tion. Sharon waxed a trifle warm, and insinuated that his opponent might be a clever sort of a man, but history was not his forte. After dinner, Sharon remarked to a friend, "Who is that little cuss there who disputed my dates?"
"Bancroft, the historian."