Fresh Flowers.

Written Mrs. B. McLaren, Princeton, N. J.)

Aye, pluck fresh flowers, gentle girls,
From off their fairy stems,
And place among your glossy curls
The garden's brilliant gems;
And gather there the lily fair,
The rose of blooming hue;
The daffodil, the sweet jonquil,
The modest violet blue;
Tho' with regret, the mignonette
You pluck from its lovely bed,
This modest flower in evening hour
Will sweetest fragrance shed.
Then wander in the forest shade
Where, tho' in simple dress,
A thousand beauteous flow'rets fade,
Unseen their loveliness;
But turn from these thy loving heart
To Him who bids them bloom,
So in that grace thou'lt bear a part
Which gilds the spirit's gloom.
Admire the ruddy sharon rose,
The lily of the vale;
His love to thee shall sweets disclose
When earthly joys shall fail;
And Him adore who clothes the flowers
With tints so rich and rare,
Whose odors sweet at evening hour
Float on the balmy air.
Then let your young hearts firmly trust
In Him whose love to thee
Shall flourish still when in the dust
Thy perished heart shall lie.
So may you meet despite its train,
With songs of triumph, death;
And sound and sing your sweetest strains
With your expiring breath.

For the Old Love's Sake.

Thy way, he said, is smooth and green and fair,
There are no thorns to wound and bruise thy feet;
Where summer reigns and starlike blossoms sweet
Bend to the wind's low call: thy path is there!
And mine? Alas! no dewy mornings break
Across the valley where my path hath lain,
And yet, though youth be dead and faith be slain,
keep this token for the old love's sake.

Above the urn that holds no hidden flame
Of altar fires that long have paled away,
I yet may pause, and in the ashes gray
Read with dim eyes the old familiar name.
And if some shadowy memory should awake,
If once again my eyes with tears grow wet,
If in my heart should spring some vain regret,
Nay, do not scorn me for the old love's sake.

As one who sees in old remembered nooks,
With eyes that have grown sad with ceaseless tears,
The same glad beauty of the long-lost years,
And hears again the song of summer brooks;
So if from troubled dreams I could awake
And feel thy warm, soft kisses on my face,
I think the sweetness of thy winsome grace
Would touch me—only for the old love's sake.

HAMMOCKS VS. BEDS.

Some Advantages of the South American Sleeping Arrangements.

Beds are occupied night after night, year after year, by divers parties in sickness and in health, in summer's heat and winter's cold, and as to when the bedding is remade and purified, each one can judge by his own experience, says a traveller in the *Lancet*. Compare this with the use of the South American hammock, which requires only a stout blanket inside, and in winter a woollen sleeping dress as well of suitable make, *i. e.*, drawers, socks and a loose jacket, all periodically washable. The sanitary difference becomes at once startling to those who have never considered the subject before. The South American hammock is made of the fibres of the young leaves of the ita palm, Muritia flexorus, so woven that it yields to every movement and projection of the body in every direction, except lengthways, in which direction the weight of the body establishes its own support, the same as in chairs with the loose canvas backs. Hammocks are very easy to get into and out of, and one cannot fall out of them when asleep. They should be swung the same distance from the ground as the seat of a chair. They form an excellent seat. Sitting down, one draws the back of the hammock up as high as one may desire. The proper way to get into a hammock—for there is a proper way—is first to sit down on it and then throw the legs up and the back down, wrapping yourself up in its soft, elastic and ample folds. The best way to lie is crossways. The position can be varied in three or four ways. The writer has passed several nights in such a hammock and blanket, exposed to the damps of a South American forest, and risen perhaps more refreshed than if he had slept in a bed. For bed-ridden people their use would be invaluable. Those who have been confined to a bed or water-bed for three or four months know how fatiguing and disgusting they become. In many cases in hospitals such hammocks would be real sanitary appliances. The hammock I have comes from the Essequibo Indians in British Guiana. I do not know why a similar mode of open weaving—more like weaving without the knot—of some material having the mellow feeling of the rush used in rush-bottomed chairs could not be managed in this country.

The Grain Crops.

It is too soon to get a full survey of the prospects of the grain crops. Accounts from Northern Ontario are excellent; from the Southwest not quite so good.

A ride through this section, says the Galt *Reporter*, discloses the fact that on all rolling or light soil, or where fields lay without shelter, the wheat plant is badly killed. Level fields at all sheltered are not bad—in fact, here and there a very good field can be seen; but wherever rolling or much exposed the plant is badly killed. Many fields have been ploughed up entirely or in part. From Blenheim we hear the same reports.

Shadow of a Coming Event.

Jones and Jackson were going home the other evening and the newsboys were yelling about the Russia-England war, and all that sort of stuff. "Do you think there's going to be war?" asked Jones. "Ugh? What?" answered Jackson, rousing as if from a reverie. "Do you think there's going to be war?" "Yes," he replied in a thoughtful voice. "Why do you think so?" "Because my wife told me this morning that there wasn't a lump of coal in the cellar and I must order some, and I forgot all about it."

The Price Went Up in Either Event.

Chicago *News*: "Push the price of flour up another notch," said the Minneapolis miller to his manager. "I see Russia and England are likely to have war."

"But the latest news indicates an amicable settlement of the difficulty."

"Is that so? Well, then, push the price up two notches. Of course, the fewer persons killed in war, the more will live to want flour."

Codfish is 40 cents per pound in Guatemala, and is considered a great delicacy.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Wash for Borers.

Professor Cook says that a carbolic soap wash has with him proved a very effectual preventive of radish maggots and apple tree borers His formula is as follows: To two quarts of soft soap I added two gallons of water; this was then heated to a boiling temperature, when one pint of carbolic acid (in a crude state) was added. This mixture is then set away in a barrel, or other vessel, and is ready for use as occasion may require. One part of this liquid is then mixed with fifty parts of water and the plants sprinkled or trees washed with it. This is worth remembering.

Salting Stock.

It pays to salt stock regularly, but it is not always convenient to do so. A simple and cheap device to keep an ample supply always within the reach of stock consists of a box which may be four feet long, one foot wide and six inches deep. This should be nailed at each end to upright planks a foot wide, set firmly into the ground. These uprights support a roof that serves to keep out the rain. After the stock has been salted often and freely enough to satisfy their appetites, the box may be filled and all the animals given free access to it. They will help themselves whenever they wish, and the most timid, as well as the strongest, will get all they want.

Longevity of Small Fruit.

In answer to an inquiry, the number of years which small fruits will continue to bear before renewal depends greatly on soil, treatment and kinds. Strawberries, under ordinary management, last two or three years and then fail; but on strong and rich soil, with the runners kept cut, they often do well for twice that length of time; and some varieties, as the Cumberland, continue longer than the Wilson and others. Raspberries, not enriched, run out in a few years; but with repeated manuring, good culture and careful pruning, they will last from six to ten years. Under similar management, there are currants and gooseberries which have borne well for more than twenty years. On a thin, sandy soil, none of them will bear so long as on a strong loam.

Difference in Milking.

It is a fact, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, that a poor milker will spoil almost any cow, and there are but few people who are aware of the fact that in the mere process of milking a great difference is made in the yield of a dairy cow. The ability to bring a cow to her largest yield of milk varies with different milkers. Some are in reality very poor ones. Owing to the fact that a large proportion of what a cow gives at a milking is secreted during the process of milking, it must naturally follow that unless the cow is in a quiet, contented state of mind, and satisfied with the milker, that the usual secretion of new supplies during milking will not take place. It is generally owing to this cause that cows oftentimes "hold up their milk," as it is termed, and this cannot be obviated so long as the cow is in a restless state of mind and dissatisfied with her milker.

The Planting of Evergreens.

A deciduous tree, the buds of which have started, is always a risky thing to handle. With evergreens it is different. They transplant better after vegetation has started and the terminal buds begin to swell. This is one reason why evergreens furnished by nurserymen with other stock early in the season often fail. They have necessarily been dug too early, exposed perhaps to chilling or drying winds during the packing, and, though fresh and green in appearance when received by the planter, make no start after setting out, and gradually turn brown and die. It is much better to order evergreens to be sent separately from other trees and later in the season, say during May, or even June, if the season is backward and the new shoots have not made much growth. They should be fresh-dug, quick-packed and soon received. The tender point about an evergreen is its root. If once dried it seldom recovers. It is very important, therefore, that the roots should be carefully protected from sun and wind. If possible, take a cloudy or showery day for handling evergreens. If the right conditions do not exist, keep the roots constantly wet and rolled up in matting. If there are a great many to be handled, as for hedging, keep them trenched in moist soil, removing only a few at a time.

Immense Mortality.

Amongst bees not often has there been so disastrous a winter in Canada. Reports from all over indicate extremely heavy losses—in some places a complete "sweep-out!" In many instances over half perished; while, however, a few have come through all right. Now ought to be a good time to make the desirable discovery of the proper conditions of safety, especially safety in extra cold seasons. The mode of wintering which has brought bees out this spring in good condition ought to be surely accounted worth knowing and worth telling about. It might also be worthy of record, too—if only properly ascertained—the true cause of death. It is not sufficient to say the extremely cold winter, for this has been equally intense where the bees are yet alive. Protection, quality of stores, condition of atmosphere in bee-houses and cellars, no doubt, each and all have had influence. Has not the strength, *i. e.*, the bulk of cluster, and so the ability to keep warmth, the most of all to do with it? But not only a few hives of bees have come through all right. Several bee-keepers report all safe or very nearly so, with only a loss of two or three out of 120. Now surely these really good managers are also good-natured enough (at least some of them are) to amply enlighten us all on this all-important point. Theory and practice. We must accept the axiom, effects always have causes. Bees have perished. Bees have survived. How, why and wherefore.—*Rural Canadian.*

Last fall a small boy at White Plains, N.Y., had his ears filled with oats by some boys with whom he was skylarking in a barn. He scratched and cleaned out, as he thought, all of the horse-feed, and went home. About six weeks ago he was taken with a severe pain in his ear. His head swelled up and he was in great agony. All remedies failed and his mother took him to a New York doctor, who removed two kernels of oats that had sprouted and taken root in his ear. The boy is now entirely well.

SPEARED IN THE TENTS.

Twenty-Two Men Out of Twenty-Four Killed at Once.

"Murder! Murder!" I heard the word ring out last night from the ordnance camp, and then came a cry—the bitter cry of a man suddenly overtaken by the agony of death, writes a Suakim correspondent. A shot and then another, and another. Then a confusion of muffled sounds. Then silence. I was only 400 yards away. The night had been so still that the water lapping on the quay was plainly audible where I lay. Presently came this brief uproar of alarm, subsiding as suddenly as it had arisen. Signals were flashing overhead. A party of Hadendows had either crept straight across the camp, or, passing along the rear, had traversed its complete length, crossing twice, on their way, the electric light thrown by the Dolphin; and reached, without being observed the farthest batch of tents from their starting point, the nearest to the town. Behind them, only a hundred yards off, was Quarantine Island, with its camp; nearer still lay our shipping, with the gunboats close in shore, commanding one line of their retreat, the whole of the British troops intercepting the other. Behind them was the sea; on their left the town; yet such is the confidence inspired by nightly success and impunity, that the assassins did not hesitate to creep even into such a desperate position as this. And their work was desperate and terribly complete. Of the whole of the occupants of the tents—twenty-four in all—only two escaped their spears and swords, while the murderers retreated apparently unharmed. As they went back rifles were wildly emptied after them, and the Carysfort fired volleys into the dark. But there was no trace of blood. Inside the tents the sight was dreadful—blood everywhere, and men lying about in all directions, wounded and groaning. Now, should such a tragedy as this have been possible? The authorities, when I venture to say it should not be possible, have but one reply—that absolute security from such accomplished assassins cannot be expected. We have had daily warning of the desperate courage and craft of these spearmen, and yet we have nightly shown that we will not learn by experience. If no other means can be devised, the simple means of making half a regiment stand to its arms, rifles loaded, inside the tent, to guard the other half for the six dangerous hours of the night (taking three hours alternately) would make massacre impossible and retribution certain? Or is not the example of the Indian contingent worth imitation? They refused to lay in their tents and be stabbed and hacked about, so they have traced a ditch along their front, and when the Hadendowas came up last night to assassinate them they found the whole line manned, and got well peppered for their pains, leaving, at any rate, one corpse in acknowledgment of the reception they got. "Being scuppered" is surely a very disgraceful experience for a British army. In Afghanistan the Ghazis soon found that "running amuck" did not pay. In Zululand the laager was a complete and effective defence. But here, with an enemy compared to whom Afghans and Zulus are civilized soldiers, and in a country that is as murderous as the Khyber and infinitely more dangerous than the Donga River plains of Zululand, we have our soldiers "scuppered" night after night. The feeling here is very bitter on the point, and naturally so. It is no question of being "rushed," but of being "sneaked." This is quite an exceptional form of danger, and should have been met a week ago by exceptional precautions.

Their Tongues Loosely Hung.

Touching this much overwritten upon visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, I am not inclined to attach quite such great weight as the dear old *Spectator* does to the casual expressions of Dublin beggars and match-sellers. My experience of these people is that their tongues, whether in blessing or cursing, are rather loosely hung. I have been placed very high up indeed in heaven in return for a very trifling donation. On the other hand, I have a painful recollection of a vendor of fusees with whom I, perhaps somewhat inconsiderately, refused to deal. The man, taking off his hat, knelt down in the road and implored the Blessed Virgin to afflict me with the "falling sickness." Now, I do not suppose this pious man really hated me very much or remembered my existence five minutes afterwards. He only was over-impulsive.—*London Truth.*

Into the Soap-Barrel.

Uncle William Cole, living near Dallas, recently dug him a cyclone pit, which his good wife utilized for putting her soap-barrel in. His neighbors tell it on him that, the other day, a whirlwind passed through his place and raised considerable dust, which caused him to gather his family together and run with them to the pit. Arriving there he jumped head foremost into it. His little son, who was following, halted and turned to his mother, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Ma, pa's into the soap-barrel up to his ankles!"

She replied: "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out."

The little fellow replied: "Yes, but his head's turned the wrong way!"—*Paulding (Ga.) Era.*

Too Small.—A very considerable time since one of the then very much respected Dalrymple family lost his way one dark misty night on a hill. After wandering about for some time he came to a small cottage, and having knocked at the door of the same, said, "Let me in please, I have lost my way." "But fa are ye?" cried a shrill voice from within. The reply was, "I am Sir J. Dalrymple Elphinstone, of Logie Elphinstone, West Hall." "Preserve me," exclaimed the woman, "my housie wudna haud the half o' ye!"

An incident of the Prince of Wales' visit to Ireland which pleased him highly has not been generally recorded. An old fiddler played and sang while his wife, a lady of perhaps 70 summers, danced an Irish jig before the Prince to the tune: "Seaghan O'Duibhive an Gleanna."

An ingenious Parisian, M. Adrian Gacon, has patented a blasting powder which provides a new explosive compound intended to have the force of dynamite without its extra hazardous properties. The compound consists of a mixture of nitre of potash or nitrate of soda with sulphur ashes or tannin.

AGENTS OF DEATH.

How Disease Germs Thrive in Kitchen, Pantry and Cellar.

The first essential to a wholesome preparation of food is a clean, sunny and well-aired kitchen, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The latter condition depends on the means at hand of ventilation. All kitchens should have at least two windows, and these on opposite sides of the room. The sash should be lowered and raised by means of pulleys, so that without any trouble they may be lifted or drawn down from the top at a moment's notice. Without the proper means of ventilation, and the use of them, the imprisoned odors of the kitchen will penetrate and pollute the air of the whole house. Among the worst of these is grease spilled on the stove, which, instead of being wiped off immediately, is left to burn off; egg shells, and even bad eggs, thrown by careless cooks into the ash-pan underneath the fire; cooking onions, beans, turnips and cabbage, all combine to send their reeking odors through the house, to be absorbed by carpets, bedding, curtains and clothing. Every housekeeper is aware of the vile odor which is given off by certain vegetables while cooling. Special effort should be made, particularly during the first stages of their boiling, to keep the kitchen well aired; otherwise one may go into the spare chamber or parlor, if it has not happened to be open, and inhale the stale odor of a dinner prepared three days before.

"It is a fact too little understood," says an authority on the subject, "that water and other liquids and even semi-fluid substances, as stewed fruits, juicy vegetables, etc., have the power of absorbing foul gases from an impure atmosphere to such an extent as to render them half poisonous, from which it follows that disagreeable odors escaping from filthy dish cloths, burning grease, musty old carpets, pans of stale garbage, foul drain pipes, etc., are not only breathed by the inmates of the house, but they are actually eaten!"

Vessels containing kitchen refuse should not stand in the kitchen; indeed in winter time there is no need of any such vessel. Everything may be burned, and from a sanitary point of view should be. It has been done by a good-sized family during summer months, even to the water-melon rinds and coffee-grounds. A great assistance to such a disposition of waste matter is a perforated pan or a small-sized collander kept in the sink, into which peelings of all kinds, egg shells and tea and coffee-grounds may be emptied and there drain until the proper time, which should be once a day, comes for their cremation. If other disposition of the garbage must be made there should be kept two buckets, using them alternately and cleansing with a strong alkali each one as it is emptied. In either case such refuse as egg-shells, spoiled eggs and all animal matter should be consigned to the flames at once. The water in which vegetables of a strong odor have been boiling, as beans, cabbage, etc., should not be emptied into the kitchen sink. If there are stationary washstands in the house, and if the plumbing is not perfect, the odor will ascend through the pipes to the very upper stories of the building. Wherever there is an outlet there it will rush, with accompanying foul gases, which even a flushing of the pipes fails to remove. There is nothing so deleterious to the good health of a household as imperfect drainage. With this disastrous foe to contend with one may as well toss hygienic rules to the winds. The drain pipes in most modern built houses, which are intended to carry away foul matter, generally perform the double office of conducting back into our dwellings more poisonous materials in the form of gases than they carry out.

Another enemy to that perfection of health and strength which all women desire and so few possess is to be found in basement kitchens. As a rule they abound in dampness, and, as a natural result, in mold, that arch enemy to healthful surroundings. It forces its insidious way into closet and pantry; it marks with disease-breeding germs the jellies, the fruits, the vegetables, the bread, and fringes the pumpkin pie. It lines the carpet on the floor and creeps up the wall, defacing paint and paper. We brush down the mold from the wall; we breathe the mold from the closets many times a day, often an hour at a time while the periodical cleaning is going on; we raise the carpet, and are almost strangled with its pungent odor. We get sick, we have sore throats, we have headache, our strength fails us and we never seem to see what is back of it all. Another important requirement in the preparation of wholesome food is a perfectly clean, pure cellar in which to keep the everyday supplies. It should extend under every foot of the house, and have every facility for thorough ventilation and perfect drainage. Without this it is an unfit place for storing food of any kind, more especially butter, milk and meats, they all being absorbents. Even with these provisions a cellar may become a source of contamination to the whole house. Decaying vegetables, soured fruits and tainted meats should not be tolerated twenty-four hours. But what are these compared to musty old boots and shoes piled up in one corner, pieces of carpet and matting falling apart from decay and mould, cast-off clothing, even to hoop-skirts and bustles, all of which are known to have been found underneath houses of pretentious appearance.

—Princess Mathilde was so delighted with M. de Lesseps' speech at his reception into the French academy that when congratulating the new immortal she exclaimed: "My dear Lesseps, I can't help it, I must kiss you." "Do," simply replied the academician. She did and the great canal designer was happy.

Labouchere says in the London *Truth*: "I cannot understand upon what foundation the primrose has been connected with the name of Lord Beaconsfield. The only allusion to the flower in Lord Beaconsfield's works is in 'Lothair,' where Lord St. Jerome is called 'Barbarian' by his wife, because he has remarked that 'primroses make a capital salad.'"

Ritualism must be spreading in England when we read in a Church of England paper that on a recent occasion the suffragan bishop of Nottingham, Dr. Trollope, wore a "cope of crimson velvet, powdered with fleurs de lis, green orphrey with rich edging, a sort of blue quatrefoil on each side of the morse, with evangelistic symbols, and a rich and costly jewelled morse."

PENNY DINNERS.

Pudding for a Penny a Pound—Satisfactory Reports.

A conference convened by the Central Council for promoting self supporting penny dinners was held recently in London, to enable those who have been carrying on penny dinners during the last few months to compare experiences and results. A short paper was read by W. Bousfield, in which he gave an encouraging account of experiments in penny dinners in which he had been engaged. Sir Henry Peek explained the method by which, in Devonshire, he had successfully combined a system of food and education for children at the rate of fivepence a week. The Countess of Aberdeen detailed the results of the foundation of a penny dinner system in Aberdeenshire, where, in five schools, there were the most encouraging results, and the dinners were self-supporting. She desired to lay before the meeting her own and Lord Aberdeen's testimony to the great advantages which would accrue, both physically and morally, to children if these dinners were more thoroughly adopted, and also to thank Mr. Mundella for the very great interest he had taken in the matter. Sidney Buxton, M. P., the Chairman of the Central Council, expressed the satisfaction of the Council at the progress which the movement had made, and remarked that the great difficulty which had to be met was caused by the great fluctuation in the number of children attending the dinners from day to-day. It was always necessary, however, to give the matter a six months' experiment. At the end of that time it would generally be found that the dinners could be conducted successfully and on a self-supporting basis. Dr. Campbell, M. P., referred to the Scotch penny dinners, which, he said, were conducted on a different system to those which were carried on in London. In Scotland a soup dinner only was aimed at, and this was generally found to be sufficient for the purpose; was simple, and was, as a rule served for a half-penny. Benjamin Clarke read a paper on the best means of making dinners available to those unable to pay. The *Standard* says: Sir Henry Peek, with 150,000 dinners at 150,000 pence using freely date pudding at a penny per pound, about represents the best economical effort hitherto made, and from this it will be seen that the question is very evenly balanced. If there were co-operative cooking for the poor generally there would, we believe, be no question at all.

IMAGINARY AILMENTS.

Habits that Become Chronic Affections Through Unconscious Indulgence.

Not a few of the diseases of which so much complaint is made, observes the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, are diseases of habit. All of the vital organs get into habits of acting in a certain manner at certain times, and it is no easy matter to break it up. Coughing is often nothing more than a habit; so may spitting be, yawning, laughing, crying, cracking the fingers, scratching the head, squinting or rolling the eyes, lolling the tongue out, biting the finger nails, picking the ears or nose, the repetition of words, feigning surprise and horror, and many others. It is well known among physicians that the stomach and liver are both given to forming bad habits, and very bad ones, too. These are more difficult to break up than acute attacks of disease. Mankind is subject to a great deal of silly habits, or at least little ones which do no special harm, and are productive of no good except as far as pleasing the individual for the time being. These often become second nature, and there are few persons but have more or less of them. There was Ben Johnson, who could not rest in his bed, much less go to sleep, unless his shoes were placed heel to toe in a particular corner of the room. He had accustomed himself to doing this for a short time, during which it became a habit and finally became a necessity. This seems like a very silly thing for an intelligent man to be guilty of, but habits of less consequence than that will make men miserable. Just recall those of your acquaintance whom you know to have little peculiarities of their own, and see how easy it is to trace them to some habit which was considered too trifling to merit even a passing notice. In looking for these in your neighbors and acquaintances you may find some in yourselves which may be lopped off without injury to the body.

The Preacher and the Editor.

Some time ago the editor of the *Weekly Fire-Fly*, and the preacher of Mount Josiah Church exchanged places, not only in a nominal way, but made an actual transfer of property. We take three extracts from the first number of the *Fire-Fly* which appeared after the change had taken place: "We have shouldered the responsibility of running this paper, and we request our subscribers to pay up at once and pray that they may do so at their earliest convenience. We understand that Anderson Gregg cut off one of his fingers the other day. We hope and pray that he may get along all right. A cow belonging to Jim Polk McLaughlin lost one of her horns last week. We pray that she may recover. A man named Shaggs was killed at Bailey's Ford last Monday. We are thankful that it is no worse. We pray that the Legislature may not forget to adjourn. We trust that crops may be better next season. We hope that the severest part of the winter has passed. We have faith in our ability to run this paper."

The editor, without embarrassment, took his place in the pulpit, but he soon became confused. Striking the book of books, he said: "Hereafter we will not receive old rails in exchange for our gospel. Turnips will do very well, but we are not a cow. Never before was this pulpit in such a flourishing condition and advertisers should make a note of this fact. Our mourner's bench goes to every post-office in the country. Now is the time to become a deacon of this church, two dollars per year, one dollar for six months and sample copy sent free. The text says that trains going north arrive at 2 o'clock p.m. This cannot be disputed, for it was spoken of by Jeremiah, the prophet, saying: 'Oh, ye generations of vipers, see advertisement in another column.'"

One of the most remarkable facts brought out by the oceanic researches made by the British ship Challenger is the probability that all oceanic islands are of volcanic origin; in all the researches made no indications were found of submerged land over these areas.