In a London Square.

'Mid the ceaseless throng, as it surged along,
In an angle of the street,
They stood and proffered their woodland flowers,
Sweet violets—not so sweet,
And lilies not so fair and pale
As the maiden's foam-white face,
With its fine, clear-curved Madonna brows,
And its subtle southern grace.

And the boy's dark eyes, with their grave surprise,
Had the twilight glow that shines
In southern lands where the sunshine falls
Through the dusk of purpling vines.
What bitter turn of fortune's wheel
Had sent the wanderers here,
From the shores where roses and lilies blow
All through the golden year?

And here and there a kindly heart
Would pause a moment's space,
Touched by the sister's pleading glance
And the wonderful Raffaelle face,
And purchase a dewy primrose knot—
A penn'orth of fairy gold—
By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
Repaid a hundredfold.

And, lingering there in the crowded square,
I thought, Is this but one
Of the thousand sordid secrets hid
In our sorrowful Babylon?
Or is the silent woe that looks
From the maiden's great sad eyes
The shadow pale of some tragic tale
Of sleepless memories?

A German Co-operative Community.

The Amana community in Iowa, including a population of about 2,000, is an interesting illustration of the success of co-operative effort among thrifty Germans. The settlement was begun in 1855 and the colony now owns 26,000 acres of land. The land forms a single township and the people are grouped in seven villages. Each village is a social and industrial unit, and has a definite area assigned to it for cultivation and pasturage. The government of the colony affairs, as a whole, is invested in a Board of thirteen trustees, while each village has its Board of Elders, varying in number from seven in the smallest to eighteen in the largest. The central institution in each village is the "store," which is a large general retail establishment carrying groceries, drugs, dry goods, clothing, hats and caps, hardware, etc. Its bookkeeping is very elaborate, for, except in dealings with outsiders, the colonists do not ordinarily use money. Everything is done by a system of accounts which are kept at the "store." The blacksmith shop and the carpenter shop have accounts against the farm department which are duly recorded on the village books. Every family or adult has an account at the "store," certain credits being apportioned to all members by the elders at the commencement of each year, which are drawn against by purchasers. Boarding houses furnish meals to members in each village in groups of from forty to fifty each. Houses are assigned to families by the elders, who provide shelter for all. The community conducts a number of mills and manufacturing enterprises.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Scientific Scraps.

Lenses are almost universally made of glass, but an experimenter has recently made a lens of ice with which he was able to light pipes by means of the solar rays.

Alum may be partially decomposed with its two component parts, potassium sulphate and aluminium sulphate, by being placed in a jar of pure water, the two salts possessing different degrees of diffusive power when in solution.

One of the greatest difficulties in printing on certain papers is the development of electricity as the printed sheets reach the fly. It is reported that a remedy has been found for this trouble, by saturating the fingers of the fly with glycerine diluted with water

J. Scully, of Calcutta, has found that the addition of pure silver of but four-thousandths of its weight of bismuth renders it brittle when cooled slowly. When cooled quickly the effect is not so marked, but still sufficient to render it unserviceable for coinage.

An instrument called the autographometer has lately been devised, which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and when in use indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes.

It is found that smoke, as it issues from the muzzle of a heavy gun, can be almost instantaneously precipitated by means of a simple electrical apparatus. The invention is based upon the researches of Professor Tyndall, Lord Rayleigh and Professor Lodge in the action of electricity upon floating dust and vapor, and it should be of considerable military value.

Definitions.

"Innocent is to do anything and look like you did not do it." "Jealous is a person that is afeard of another, getting more than he will." "I have a beautiful ivory vine." "The elephant has a long piece of ivory in his mouth." "I have a cat with beautiful fuzz on it." "It is bad to have the wheeze in your throat." "I guess we have so many things to learn at schools that we don't have any room to understand them in," said a little girl, pathetically.

"In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

Mrs Mayne Chance—"My dear, you have my sympathy. So that rich old humbug has broken off his engagement with you. You have his letters, and have seen a lawyer, of course?"

Miss Piper—"Oh, certainly; but he made an assignment last week!"

Mrs. M. C.—"The wretch!"

A Splendid Imitation.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—Aren't they beautiful? Do you know, Miss Rouge, they remind me of you.

She (softly)—But, Mr. Cute, they are artificial.

He—Ah, yes; but you'd never know it.

Opposed to Volapuk.

The people of this country are not in need of any new language. Many of them cannot speak the one they have.—*Richmond State.*

Good Chance for a Homeless Giant.

A lady advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed-room for a gentleman twelve feet square."—*Collegiate Journal.*

Pierre St. Armand died at Pembroke last week at 97 years of age. His father lived to 101, his mother nearly 99, a sister to within a few days of 100, and an aunt of his father's to 117 years.

ANTIQUITY OF THE TELEPHONE.

The Priests of India Have Used That Instrument for 2,000 Years.

"The principle of the telephone has been known for 2,000 years in India," was the rather incredible story made last night by Fred Amesbury, who has just returned to New York after a two years' sojourn in the land of striped tigers and wonderful fakirs. "I do not assert, mark you," continued Mr. Amesbury, "that they use the telephone as we use it, or that they have any system of general communication. What I do say is that the high-caste people have a method of communicating with each other by arbitrary action on a diaphragm, just as we do, but it is confined entirely to their temples, and its existence has remained a secret until within a very few years.

"I was in a town called Panj, about 200 miles from Madras, and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning. He was a very genial, pleasant fellow, and had that peculiar magnetism about him that made and kept friends everywhere.

"It was through Harrington that I was enabled to learn the existence of telephonic communication and to satisfy myself of its antiquity.

"There are two temples in the village about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure which is guarded day and night from the natives, as well as from strangers, and is supposed to be the abiding place of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephonic line, which is laid underground from one building to the other.

"The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit.

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither steel, copper, nor brass, although it closely resembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood and about the size of the head of a flour barrel, and to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract attention at the other end stood close to the curious thing and shouted, "Ooey! ooey! ooey!"

"This was answered by a similar shout, which, though faint, was distinct, and could be heard two feet away.

"After Harrington and I had gained the confidence of the priests, or, rather, after he had, we were given a carte blanche to do as we pleased, and we talked to each other from one temple to the other for more than an hour, and were enabled to make an incomplete investigation.

"We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men, and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency.

"They showed us the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principles has only been applied in England and America within the last dozen years. In every part of India and Burmah this system of secret communication exists, although hundreds of travellers have never suspected it. I believe that it dates back fully two thousand years."—*New York Sun.*

Gentle Criticism.

Mrs. Lake Shore—Wonderful, isn't it?

Miss Lake Shore—Why, mamma, it is perfectly horrible.

Mrs. Lake Shore—I don't mean the whole painting, my dear. I was referring to the manner in which the artist makes that twenty pound man lift a ton of hay on his pitchfork.—*Tid Bits.*

Their Wedding Journey.

He (impecunious gentleman of leisure)—I was sorry at being called out yesterday and leaving you to pay the minister. What did he ask you?" She ($40,000 a year)—"He asked me who you were." He—"Well?" She—"And when I told him, he said he didn't feel justified in charging me more than $2."—*Life.*

Put Yourself in His Place.

Envious young man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited.

Sharp young lady—But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would not you be conceited? (A few moment's reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)

She Spoke to Him.

Book Agent—How do you do, madam. Will your dog bite?

Madam—Waal, I reckon he will.

Book Agent—Would you have the goodness to speak to him?

Madam—Certainly. Sick 'im Tigè; sick 'im!—*Harper's Bazar.*

He was Absolutely Necessary.

"I hear they are going to have a donkey party at B——'s," said a man to his neighbor. "So I understand," was the reply, "are you going?" "Of course I am," said the man, "they couldn't have the party without me!" And he couldn't quite make out what the other fellow was laughing at.

Mr. William O'Brien addressed the Ponsonby tenants at Youghal at an early hour yesterday morning and afterward attempted to hold the meeting which had been proclaimed by the Government. He mounted a car with the intention of addressing the people, but was seized by the police and dragged to the ground. The police then charged upon the crowd with drawn batons and a serious *melee* ensued, in which a number on both sides were wounded. It is alleged that several of the police were stabbed. Magistrate Plunkett was thrown down and beaten, and he received a cut on the head. Mr. O'Brien escaped to a priest's house and harangued the crowd in a stable. Police and soldiers are parading the streets of the town.

THE ORCHID CRAZE.

A Widespread Mania that Almost Equals the Celebrated Tulip Madness.

It is a genuine mania. There were a few cases of it before, but the malady never became alarming till about six years ago, when it began to attract public attention in England. Like gout and hay fever, it is most likely to attack persons of large means, high social position and blue blood. Poor people are never victims of it. A singular peculiarity about it is that it is much more likely to attack men than women. Like hydrophobia, leprosy and consumption, it is pronounced incurable. That it is contagious is admitted by all who have given attention to the matter. Some wealthy Americans who were in London four or five years ago contracted the disease and brought it to this country. It is now quite prevalent in New York, and there are a few cases in Boston and a smaller number in Chicago, St. Louis and other Western cities. It has for several years been the custom of hay fever sufferers to hold an annual reunion. The victims of the orchid mania are following their example. About fifty of them met in New York not long since and had a very enjoyable time. They brought with them about eight hundred varieties of the plant over which they have gone daft. A large proportion of the nobility and gentry of England are victims of the orchid craze. All the members of the Rothschild family, whether living on the Continent or in Great Britain, are orchid fanciers. Baron Schroder, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Lubbock have very large collections. Mr. Sanders, of St. Albans, has four acres covered with glass that are entirely devoted to producing orchids. Mr. Chamberlain's collection cost him $40,000, but is valued at more than twice that sum. He has nine glass houses full of orchids, many of which are exceedingly rare. They are all joined together and are connected with conservatories and hot houses in which other flowers are raised. All the buildings are lighted by electricity and are supplied with beautiful birds and tropical insects. You can pass from the drawing-room of his mansion to a mosaic-floored, plate-glass-covered promenade and walk for several rods among the vegetable marvels of the tropics. The owner is an excellent botanist and skilful florist, and spends most of his leisure among his plants.

The trade in orchids has reached enormous proportions in England. Larger sums have been paid for orchid roots than were ever given for any specimens of live stock. The most expensive flowers are not always the finest. The price of plants range in the order of their scarcity. Some specimens that readily brought 100 guineas ten years ago can now be bought for a few shillings. A single root of a newly discovered variety will command a fabulous sum. Every person who is trying to get a large collection will endeavor to obtain it. Every portion of the tropics is now being searched by orchid-hunters sent out by the London importers, who have grown rich in the business of obtaining rare specimens. One dealer has sixteen collectors in various parts of tropical South America, Africa, Asia, and the islands in the Pacific and Indian oceans. Their salaries and expenses amount to ever $100,000 per year. In their travels and explorations they employ many natives. One of our Consuls in Venezuela reports that the orchid trade is rendering the country prosperous. A poor man will often obtain more for an orchid root procured from a swamp or the branch of a tree than he received for hard labor during a dozen years. Collecting orchids is attended by many dangers and great losses of property. Several collectors in the jungles of India have been devoured by tigers, bitten by venomous serpents, or drowned in bogs. Quite a number have been overturned while in canoes, and it is presumed that several have been roasted and eaten by the cannibals of Polynesia. Many valuable specimens are lost on account of lack of facilities for transportation. One London dealer lately received a telegram from Port Said informing him that 10,000 orchid roots had been killed by exposure to the sun on the Red Sea or by being knocked about during a storm. A collector on one of the Philippine Islands got together 20,000 specimens, which he spread out on the beach to dry, but an unusually high tidal wave swept them all into the sea. Another collector in Peru had his roots in sacks on the backs of mules, which were confiscated by a party of soldiers, who declared they had immediate need of the animals. The soldiers laughed about the orchids having any value. Some things can be said in favor of the orchid mania. It is harmless. So far from injuring the poor in any country, it benefits them. It furnishes employment for many people. It encourages the study of botany, which is the most neglected of all the natural sciences. What is of more consequence [illegible] the world, it is the means of causing many outlandish countries to be explored.—*Chicago Times.*

Didn't Recognize Him.

"You have the advantage of me," said the old merchant, blandly. "You will have to get some one to identify you." 'Identify me? Why I am your son, just back from college." "May be," answered the old gentleman, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a monkey tail coat, tight trousers and toothpick shoes, nor did he suck cane-handles. When my wife returns from her visit to her sister in the country, you may present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college."

A Business Secret.

Visitor (to convict)—What are you in for, my friend?

Convict—Burglary.

Visitor—Rob a bank?

Convict—Excuse me, sir, but I have always made it a point never to discuss my private business affairs with strangers.

Austin Corbin, while a passenger recently on a train on his own railroad, discovered that he had no pass with him and no money to pay his fare. A lady acquaintance lent him $5, which he has just returned, together with a pass.

An important member of the Alpena (Mich.) Fire Department is a large St. Bernard dog, which turns out with the firemen at every alarm and has many times saved life and property.

ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY.

How a Lady Makes the Action of Crossing Sweeping Fine.

The *Maids' Morning News*, according to the *St. James' Gazette*, gives this little story as the result of its observations of a new industry: On arriving at the crossing at which Lady Bruce Overton presided, I was struck by the neatness and good sense shown in her ladyships' choice of costume. The fair crossing sweeper wore a petticoat of tartan reaching some inches below the knee; thick, black stockings and stout, well-made shoes protected her feet from the mud and wet. A loose sailor body of red velvet, profusely trimmed with fur, and a red velvet cap of liberty, completed a costume that admirably set off the fair beauty of its owner. Lady Overton received me with a charming smile and showed me all her appliances for celerity and dispatch in the sweeping of her crossing. A charming little broom tied with many ribbons attracted my attention, and I inquired the reason of the gay decorations. "Ah," said her ladyship, "I wear ribbons on my broom just as my more luxurious sisters do on their guitars. Each gentleman whom I call my friend presents me with a new and curious ribbon, and I am considered to have a very good collection." "And do you find the work hard?" I inquired. "Oh, dear no," was the answer; "I arrive here about 10 o'clock every morning and find my boy waiting for me; for, of course, I have an experienced sweeper to do the actual hard work. I do the overseeing and the money receiving myself. About 1 o'clock my maid brings me my lunch, and after that the real business of the day begins. From 2 till about 5 a constant stream of passers-by—chiefly gentlemen—put their money into this little basket (showing me a lovely Liberty creation. About 4 I have my tea table spread at the corner here, and many of my friends come at this hour and considerably enliven this part of the street." "And are you making a pecuniary success?" I ask. "What a question!" she replied, laughing; "why, I sometimes take as much as £40 to £50 a day; but, of course, my best time is in the season when all the smart people are in town." "Do you find that your social position has suffered?" I inquired. "Not at all," returned her ladyship, promptly. "At first, I own, my people were rather vexed; but after a time they ceased to object to my work, and are now very pleased at my success. Indeed, I am becoming quite a celebrity, and receive more invitations than I have time to accept. The Pr**ce himself has expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, and, as far as I can see, I am in a fair way to make a large fortune." Her ladyship then wished me good morning, and I walked on, reflecting that no girl who has a little enterprise need despair of making a good living in these enlightened and wide-minded days.

Odds and Ends.

W. H. & J. D. Gray, of Maryland, have been granted a patent for a clock which, when once wound up, will run for years. The clock is absolutely noiseless when in operation.

A novelty in the way of daily newspapers is announced by the *Republique Française*—nothing less than an evening edition published in London of a new Paris morning paper, the copy to be supplied by telegraph.

Agnes' little joke—"Now, Marie, see if you can get the table all set by the time I am ready to help you."

The Queen of Sweden is still the observed of all observers at Bournemouth. She takes exercise generally on a diminutive donkey, using a fan to keep off the rays of the sun. Two or three men servants are always in attendance, one of their chief occupations being to carry what appears to be hot water.

A Kimball (Dak.) Justice of the Peace has made the announcement that during leap year he will charge no fee for marrying couples who will admit that the match was brought about by the lady exerting her leap year prerogatives.

It has been reserved for the Chicago *Times* to solicit and several hundred Chicago ladies to furnish particulars of the dresses worn at church by the said ladies on Easter Sunday.

Niagara's Water Power.

"A curious scheme has been devised for utilizing the water-power of Niagara Falls," says the *American Architect*. "The main feature of the plan consists in the construction of a tunnel, by which water is to be taken from some distance up the river towards Lake Erie, carried under the town of Niagara, and discharged into the channel of the river below the Falls. It is calculated that out of the seven million horse-power which, it is said, the river can supply, one hundred and nineteen thousand can easily be diverted by the tunnel and utilized to drive a series of turbine wheels, 238 of which, each affording 500 horse-power, will supply as many mills with a motive force which will be unaffected by the weather, cheap and perpetual. The cost of the tunnel and wheel-pits is estimated at $3,000,000."

In the Sick Room.

Writing on the care of sick people a professional nurse says: "First let us caution those who enter a sick room against sitting down familiarly on the bedside. Oftimes every movement made by the sitter is a dagger thrust to the invalid. Neither should they ever rest their hand upon any portion of the bedstead for support. A girl who has inflammatory rheumatism told me she suffered untold agonies through thoughtlessness of visitors and caretakers n this way.'

Afflicted.

Georgie comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage, whereupon mamma says to the 4-year-old: "Georgie, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is." Georgie, full of influenza, replies: "No, I don't feel well. Bofe of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Dinner Gown.

For a dinner dress, the skirt of Sevres-blue cashmere, embroidered, the short-drapery, bodice and back of the skirt of blue faille, trimmed with cream lace, is a pleasing design recently seen.—*New York Telegram.*

Nicotine and Homicide.

No man ever committed murder while smoking.—*Philadelphia Call.*

ELECTRICITY VS. HANGING.

Three Men Convicted of Murder Express a Preference for the Former Mode of Execution.

The New York *Sun* says there are two men in the Tombs convicted of murder—Daniel Lyons, who killed the athlete Quinn and Adolph Reich, who has been found guilty of the murder of his wife. In Brooklyn Jail there is John Greenwald, whose life is demanded for shooting Lyman S. Weeks.

These men have talked freely in answer to the question, "How would you prefer to die—by hanging, or by electricity?" Each one says that if he really must surrender his life he would choose electricity.

Danny Lyons paled just a little at this direct query. "That's a straight question, sure," he said, "but it's fair; it's all right to ask that, for I suppose I'm one of the few, the very few, unfortunate devils in this place or anywhere around here who is best able to answer such a question. Well, I'm for electricity. That seems to me to be the safest for the sheriff and the least cruel to the prisoner. You might say what difference does it make to a man how he dies, as long as he has got to die somehow at some set time. Well, I tell you, it does make a heap of difference. Half the fear would come from the horrible ideas that are connected with hanging and the chances of some slip in the execution."

"But do you think that the knowledge that death was to come by electricity would take away much of the horror and repulsiveness of capital punishment?"

"Of course I do. A man sits down in a chair, the current is turned on. That ends him. He's dead. But by hanging he may not die for five minutes, perhaps twenty. Then we are accustomed to sitting down in chairs, so that there is nothing ugly in doing that even though a man may know it is a patent chair with a wire fastened to it. But the idea of walking up a gallows and having to stand on a drop, and of waiting for the hangman to fasten the noose and all the other business, is horrible and enough to make a fellow shudder."

Lyons said he would object, however, to the provisions of the Bill that a condemned prisoner shall not know the exact date or hour when the sentence is to be executed.

The Hungarian, Adolph Reich, who has been convicted of killing his wife, said he had seen five men hanged for murder and two men shot as spies in the revolution of '48. He knows what death by the guillotine is like, and his preference, he said, would be the electrical mode. The guillotine he thought too bloody; hanging was barbarous, and not sure and safe, while shooting was associated too much with the idea of war.

John Greenwald, the Brooklyn burglar found guilty of shooting Lyman S. Weeks, said he had pondered on the subject a great deal and had concluded that electricity was the best way and that it ought to be adopted. He has talked with men who have tried to hang themselves, and they have told him that their experiences were frightfully horrible. He believes in electricity because it is sudden and painless. The victim, he says, is killed without torture, except that mental torture which must be the lot of any one sufficiently unlucky to get his life in danger. Greenwald declares that neither method will be tried on him, because he is going to have a new trial, and he is sure he won't be convicted again. If he were really to die by command of the law, he says he would not care to know the day or the hour of the execution of the sentence.

Advice to Young Men.

And then, remember, you have to work. When you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their lives without work are the men that work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of 30. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p.m. and don't go home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to the slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday.

There are men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them; nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your hat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Legs of Great Men in March.

Lord Salisbury was the most sensible man at the last drawing-room. Wisely deeming silk stockings to be out of place on such a wintry day he appeared in the Trinity House uniform, which involves the wearing of trousers. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were the first Ministers who made it a regular practice to wear this uniform (which resembles that of an Admiral) at the March functions, and it is certainly more adapted to cold weather than is the full dress of a Privy Counsellor, which, as a rule, is incorrectly described as the Windsor uniform.—*London World.*

Too Much For Her.

First young lady (confidentially)—That Mr. De Sweet is perfectly awful. He caught me alone in the hall last evening and gave me an awful hug.

Second young lady—Isn't he, though? He did the same thing to me.

"What? To you?"

"Yes; guess it was right after he caught you."

"I'll have the fellow arrested this very day."

Mme. Tussaud has added to her collection of relics the camp bedstead on which the Duke of Wellington slept the night before Waterloo. It is a simple one of ropes and wood, and is barely six feet in length, with the merest pretence to a mattrass.

This is how an Australian paper describes the "fashionable walk in England": "Two or three short hobbling steps and sudden jolt."