

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MINUTE-HAND OF THE CLOCK.

A German Boy's Adventure.

BY DAVID KEE.

"Kaspar, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock!"

"I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathers jacket, starting up with a half-mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels? eh? Suppose the clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the Town Council? Doest thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was indeed kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old church of St. Martin was a famous playground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the foot of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the altar-screen, trying to blow the organ bellows, or playing hide-and-seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however, might have been forgiven; for the old custodian was really as fond of his "little rogue" as the boy, with all his wildness, was of him. But this one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell everyone that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say with an obstinate shake of his grey head. "Could it go forty years on one think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered; "and in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right into the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy-shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; and suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off.

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to write himself back through the hole; but a piece of woodwork had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market-place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with death staring upon him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the clock face be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a gray-haired watchmaker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half-way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scrambling at his heels. But at the top of the stairs they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here."

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against the lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute-hand actually touched his neck. And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon,

and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.

THE POLKA DOT RAGE.

An Unprecedented Demand for One Line of Goods.

"It is astonishing what a demand there is for polka dot dress goods," said a dry goods merchant last week. "Old and young women run here every day for polka dot cloth, and the run has exhausted our supply several times already this season. The blue and white goods, with small spots, were all the rage at first, but now we are asked for black and white, with large dots. It is a sensible fashion, however. You see the polka dot dresses look neat and dressey, and yet they do not show the dirt as the lawn dresses do. Another thing worth notice is the fact that no great dusters are needed when a lady wears polka dot goods. I think the prettiest style is the wearing of polka dot waists over white and colored skirts, but the rage appears to be now for full suits of the polka dot. It is a cheap, dressey, cool and serviceable style of goods, and I am not surprised at the increasing demand for it. Yesterday I was told by one of the oldest wholesale dry goods dealers in New York that in fifty years he had never had such a demand for one line of goods in a single season. He said that thousands of ladies had ordered the polka dot goods for seaside and mountain wear, and he felt confident that it was pushing lawns to the wall. His idea was that the polka dots were boosted into fashion by the Malley trial, when the Malley boys wore polka neckties and Blanche Douglas had on a polka dot waist a part of the time in court. The women folks were interested in that trial, in the fate of Jennie Cramer, as well as in the other sensational elements of the affair, and the fashion makers in New York speedily made polka dots a feature of their Spring and Summer styles. However that may be, it is a fact there is a wonderful call for the polka dot dress goods, scarfs and ties, neckties and waist belts, and polka dot neckties and scarfs for the men."

Late News Notes at Home and Abroad.

Engineer Melville and the seaman Ninderman and Noros, the survivors of the Jeannette, have arrived at Moscow, where they met with a grand reception.

A leading Montreal bank has crop reports from its agencies throughout Ontario, which give very encouraging accounts of the yield of the present harvest, which is set down generally above the average.

The agricultural distress in Spain is assuming alarming proportions in Andalusia in consequence of the poor harvest and want of labor. Frequent collisions occur between the peasantry and police.

An investigation of the Westgate affair is going on between the Venezuelan government and the British Ministry privately. The British steamer "Fantome" has gone to Laguayra and the captain has proceeded to Caracas.

Dr. Gorbat, an Englishman, left Zermatt on Friday last, with two guides, to ascend the Dent Blanche. All three were found dead on Sunday, having fallen from a precipice. This is the fourth such accident that has occurred this season.

The Empress of Germany is confined to her apartments in consequence of injuries which she received by a fall while walking in the Schloss of Babelsberg a short time ago. Some anxiety is felt concerning her condition, but a speedy recovery is hoped for.

The Korean troubles have culminated in a general insurrection, during which the King and Queen were both assassinated, and the Japanese legation was attacked by natives belonging to the anti-foreign party. Japanese men-of-war have been despatched to the scene of action.

One recent evening two men entered the First National Bank in Kewanee, Ill., locked the cashier and a lady assistant in the vault, and carried off \$20,000. The crime was discovered by pedestrians hearing the cashier pounding on the vault. Citizens scoured the country in every direction.

A deputation of Maori chiefs from New Zealand are in London trying to lay before the Queen a narrative of the wrongs under which they are perishing. The Government will not receive or recognize them, will not allow them to see the Queen, nor offer their petition.

A correspondent of the Standard at Madrid says the spirit of the peasantry is becoming strongly Socialistic in the provinces noted since the revolution of 1868 for the republican tendency of their large towns. The press says the state of affairs in Andalusia is serious and requires prompt remedy. All the relief doled out by the Government in Andalusia, Estramadura, Galicia, Aragon, and Catalonia has proved unavailing. Several acts of brigandage have occurred near Granada.

A steamer recently arrived at Victoria, B. C., with two Chinamen, from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, who arrived there on an upward bound vessel, but were refused permission to land, in accordance with the Prohibition Act passed in Congress. The captain of the ship preferred chartering a steamer and sending the Chinamen over there, rather than enter into bonds of \$500 each that they should neither run away nor land. Such additions to the population are frequently expected there.

The Telephone at Alexandria.

It appears that just before the bombardment of Alexandria arrangements had been completed for the introduction of the telephone in that city. The work had been done by Mr. H. H. Eldred, formerly station agent at Passaic City, N. J., who was at Malta during the bombardment, and conducted the experiments by which the firing was heard through 1,000 miles of ocean cable. The experiments were suddenly terminated by the explosion of a shell from the 81 ton guns in the cellar of the Alexandria central office.

Prince Henry of Prussia will start on a voyage around the world next October. He will probably be away a year and a half, and spend most of the time cruising in the West Indies and round the South American coast.

PERSONALITIES.

Pleasant Paragraphs about Prominent People.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M. P., recently underwent an operation for a painful malady.

Victor Hugo is revising for the press a play with Masarin for its hero, the first draft of which was written nearly forty years ago.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has let Dr. Alois Brandl have access, for his work on Coleridge, to all the letters of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey addressed to the late Sir John Coleridge. The Coleridge letters cover nearly all of the poet's career and began with the appeal to buy his discharge from the army.

Harrison Ainsworth's library will be sold this month in London. It includes most of the manuscript of one of the most prolific novelists of modern times, "Rookwood," "Jack Shephard," and "Boscobel" being among the number; also original drawings by George Cruikshank for the illustrations of the works.

The Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count of Paris, took the prize for Latin composition at the annual competition of the Paris colleges. His father, amid the plaudits of a large gathering, embraced him and placed on his head the laurel wreath presented to prize winners. The Duke is thirteen.

Richard King, of Texas, is known of men in the South as the largest cultivator of cattle in the United States, if not in the world. Richard is an Irishman, and his flocks of sheep and goats, his herds of cattle, and his many horses and more mules, foot up in all 500,000 head. His ranch, the Santa Gertrudas, is seventy-five miles in length, and includes nearly the whole of two counties in Southwestern Texas.

The Princess of Wales at Goodwood looked most exquisite in ivory white with gold trimmings. She wore a pale coffee-colored Newmarket coat when she first arrived, so probably that rather neglected garment will become *ton* again. Quite a third of the gowns were white, and nearly another third were pale blue. Many were quite extraordinarily shot, and showed very elaborate stockings and clipper-built shoes.

The Duke of Hamilton, who long ago came to pecunia y grief, and whose art treasures were recently sold out at auction for the benefit of his creditors, is described as "a great, coarse, sensual-looking, red-haired man of thirty-seven, without a feature in his face evincing intellect or refinement; without a point in his unwieldy person to indicate blood. He married one of the Duke of Manchester's daughters."

The London Spectator thinks that Lord Rosebery is likely to succeed Mr. Bright as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet. As Under Secretary for the Home Department he has had charge of all the political duties formerly intrusted to the Lord Advocate, and Scotland has confidence in him. The Spectator says: "We doubt if any appointment would bring more strength to it eventually than that of the brilliant young Scotchman, who has shown himself to be one of the best speakers of the day, who has youth, wealth, and zeal to devote to the Liberal cause, and who is as thorough-going a Liberal as we could hope to find even in the House of Commons. Lord Rosebery probably has a great future. And it would be a useful thing to introduce a young man of his promise early into the ranks of the higher statesmen."

The Champions of Christendom.

"So they have left me to save heral ne?" exclaimed Sir John of merry England. "This, after all the Frenchman's protestations and all the Italian's bluster. But what matters it? Gladstonius, my armour!" Upon this, the brave knight's squire, after a great deal of fuss and confusion (for Gladstonius was a procrastinating person), buckled on his master's sword and iron plates. And when this had been done, Sir John hurried away to Alexandria, to rescue Egypt, the fairest of the fair, from Arabi the Dragon. When Arabi saw Sir John approaching, he indulged in the most ridiculous demonstrations of impotent rage and feeble defiance.

"Very good!" said the champion of merry England. "I will teach you a lesson, my fine fellow, that shall last your life. This will I do, not only in my own interests, but for the benefit of the brothers who have deserted me."

And the brave knight drew his sword, poised his lance, and made ready to begin. "Stay a moment I beg you!" said a fat, sleek, fawning sort of person, whose apparel was as sordid as his appearance was unprepossessing. "You do things in such a very hurried manner." "Who are you?" was the natural question of Sir John.

"I am the Sultan Slyboots," replied the fat, fawning creature, "and I am the father of Egypt, the fairest of the fair."

"Then if you are her father, you will approve of my intentions! Stand aside while I rescue her."

"But let us chat it over a little. Whoever saves Egypt, the fairest of the fair, will have a right to claim her. Surely this seems just; do you not think so?"

"Let me save her first," said Sir John, "and we can settle the details afterward."

"But it is so much better to talk. I am very angry indeed with Arabi; but—"

"What has the Dragon dangling round its neck?" asked Sir John, sharply; "it seems like a Turkish decoration."

"Oh, yes," returned the Sultan Slyboots, with some confusion. "It is a little toy I gave him to play with. But to return to our talking—"

"I did not come here to talk," interrupted Sir John, "but to fight!"

"If you would just wait, while I—"

"Why, you unnatural parent!" thundered Sir John; "I do declare you are making signs to the Dragon while we are talking!"

"Surely, you are mistaken! My left eye-lid frequently quivers unconsciously." But while Sultan Slyboots was explaining how his eyelid had quivered, Sir John poised his spear once more, and went for the Dragon. Arabi uttered a loud howl, and showed the White Flag, which bore a remarkable resemblance to the White Feather.—Punch.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SEASON.

(From the American Agriculturist.)

TROUBLE IN THE CLOVER STACKS.

In some localities, in the older Southern States especially, farmers who put up their clover hay in good condition, are surprised to find, when they come to feed it from the stack or mow, that it is apparently very mouldy, and hesitates to use it. A close examination shows that the appearance of mould is very deceptive, and that the whiteness is really due to great multitudes of silken threads, spun by the clover worm, (*Asopia costalis*), an insect that has been brought here from the old world, but which makes itself quite at home. The insects are usually found in the greatest numbers at the bottom of the stack, and after it has once established itself, nothing can be done for the hay. The farmer who finds his clover hay in this condition, should not, another season, stack or store his crop in the same place. It has been suggested that placing the stack upon a foundation, that will allow ventilation from below, will be of service.

WORK WITH THE ROOTS.

It will usually pay to go through *en plein* broadcast turnips, and thin them, and pull or cut out the strongest weeds—smart-weed, rag-weed, etc., and when roots are in drills, it is absolutely necessary. Even when roots are very backward, and the out-look is discouraging on the first of September, thinning, weeding, and hoeing will make a crop. All kinds of turnips do their best growing after cold nights, and so to speak, the order of the day. Loose earth, and full possession of the ground, are prime requisites to their doing their best.

BUCKWHEAT.

The plant is extremely sensitive to frost. The grain which is already matured, or nearly so, is not hurt, and the straw is not used for feed. The reason why frost is so injurious, may therefore not be apparent, until we think, or notice, that upon almost every plant, we have the seed in every stage of development, from just before frost, to the ripe grain. When cut before frost, a great proportion of the unripe seed will develop perfectly, and the process of ripening does not seem to be hindered by the frost after the Buckwheat is cut.

GO TO THE FAIR.

The term "Fair" may not always be the most appropriate one for the autumn shows. *Exhibition* is a better word, but far less frequently used. Not only should the farmer go to the Fair, but he ought to take his family with him. The going, simply, is not enough. All members of the household should make it a point to take something to exhibit. One of the boys may take a fine colt, and if it is his own, there will be all the more pride in obtaining a prize. Another son may have a yoke of steers that he has trained for the exhibition. As for the girls, there are thousand different things that can be made with the needle that will grace the walls of the "Woman's Pavilion," or the rooms of the Household Department. Even so common a thing as bread may be baked with special care, and will attract much attention. Then there are the garden vegetables, potatoes—a new kind, perhaps—pumpkins, squashes, etc., and the products of the farm and orchard. It is not wise to leave all these things at home, and then criticize the Exhibition because you can say, "We have better things at home." To go and take things to the Fair is not enough. The Exhibition should become a school at which all exhibitors and visitors make a study of the implements, cattle, poultry, fruit, grain, etc., that are there. A farmer may owe his success in growing some crop to the knowledge gained at a town Fair. The farmer that has a real pride in the farm will take great interest in the local Fair, and will exhibit the best products of farm life in the boys and girls, who are interested exhibitors at the Fairs. The day at the Fair should be a social one, every one making it a point to meet many neighbors and others with a pleasant word. It is a place for asking and answering questions, and the person who goes through the Exhibition without opening his mouth, is certainly not getting all the good that is within his reach. It is our advice that all go to the Fair—all take something to show, and all find out as much as possible about all the various exhibits that are made by others. In this way the day at the Fair will be a most profitable one. It may be that a premium will not be taken by every one, but the prize money is only a small part of the value that an exhibitor may receive from a Fair, that has been used as a means for a better understanding of the products of the farm, garden, and household.

PUTTING AWAY TOOLS.

The waying out of farm implements is, as a rule, the more to neglect than to use. If tools can be well taken care of, it will pay to buy the best made of the best steel, and finished in the best manner; but in common hands, and with common care, such are of little advantage. Iron and steel parts should be cleaned with dry sand and a cob, or scraped with a piece of soft iron, washed and oiled if necessary, and in a day or two cleaned off with lamp-corb and dry sand. Finally paint the iron part with rosin and beeswax, in the proportion of 4 of rosin, to 1 of wax, melted together and applied hot. This is good for the iron or steel parts of every sort of tool. Wood work should be painted with good, boiled, linseed oil, white lead and turpentine, colored of any desired tint; red is probably the best color. Keep the cattle away until the paint is dry and hard, or they will lick, with death as the result. If it is not desired to use paint on hand tools, the boiled oil with turpentine and "liquid drier," does just as well. Many prefer to saturate the wood-work of farm implements with crude Petroleum. This can be used with color, but is applied by itself, so long as any is absorbed by the pores of the wood.

Justice North is becoming noted among English Judges by his peculiar ways of asserting the dignity of the Court. He lately astonished a lawyer in the Crown Court at Manchester, who was reading a paper, by saying that he must leave the court if he wished to indulge in the newspaper. The man put away his paper at once. Then the Judge cried out, "Leave the court!" The man departed accordingly.

From thoughts fair tree the critic takes Blossoms and worms together. Till at last such havoc makes, There is no fruit to gather.

SUNSHINE.

King Louis has given to Wagner two well trained swans, which have drawn the small boat containing his Highness, habited as *Lohengrin*, on the blue moonlit waters of the lake in the neighborhood of the royal castle of Hoeneswangard.

King Alfonso has made magnificent presents to the commissioners who conveyed to him the Garter from England. The Prince of Wales received tapestries worth more than \$30,000. To the others are sent specimens of Toledo arms encrusted with gold.

On an express train running between Victoria and Brighton, England, are four Pullman cars lighted with incandescence lamps supplied with electricity from Faure accumulators. The cars have electric bells also, by which the conductor or page boy may be summoned. The "covered gangway," by which the conductor may pass from car to car, is mentioned as another feature of the train.

A girl at Long Branch has hair so stiff and coarse that it does not mat when drenched. Its utility is apparent when she bathes, for others come up from a plunge with their tresses in an insignificant pigtail, while her head is as attractive as when dry. A correspondent calculates that her hair will bring her half a million dollars, because it seems to have charmed an heir to that amount, and he is likely to marry her.

At the last Prince's garden party in London the caprice of fashion was the paragon. Some specimens were of great value. There was a plague of jewels and the top of one white one which dazzled the eyes of the beholder. The Queen, whose sight had been caught by the topazes and amethysts, encircled by rows of seed pearls, with which it was adorned, turned away with manifest disapprobation, and like the angel in Moore's poem, "never looked again."

A dwarf 17 year old and hardly twenty-five inches in height was sold in France to Jean Lumeau by his father to be exhibited in a booth. His purchaser conceived the idea of establishing a miniature menagerie, with the dwarf as a tamer. He caused a number of cats to be painted so as to look like tigers, and giving the dwarf a whip, compelled him by kicks and threats to goad the cats into a furious attack. The poor little fellow was literally torn to pieces by the infuriated brutes.

Judge Edward A. Thomas discusses, in the *North American Review*, the value of oaths in courts. In his judgment the oath should be entirely dispensed with, as doing more harm than good. He declares that the conscientious will tell the truth, when legally called upon to do so, as thoroughly without the oath as with it, and that dishonest persons are seldom restrained by the utmost solemnity of form. In short, he believes that the oath has lost its force as a restraint, and is merely the formula of an exploded superstition.

Nellie Pickett has seen a great deal of wild life for a girl of 20. She married Tom Pickett and went with him to New Mexico, where they joined the band of Billy the Kid, she, being a fine horsewoman, a crack shot, and both vivacious and pretty, is said to have ruled the gang. After Pickett was killed she became the wife of Bawdry, the second in command, and when he was killed she found a third husband in Billy the Kid. Many stories are told of her exploits, whether acting as a spy in female attire or riding at the head of the band dressed in the buckskin male attire of the plains. She died a few days ago.

Had Skobelev Lived.

What is certain about Skobelev is that he so typified the Russian character, so fulfilled the Russian ideal, so inspired the common Russian that the masses of the soldiery not only loved him, but held him the noblest man for sacrificing them in heaps. They distinctly revered him more after the awful slaughter at the Gravitz redoubt, when he lost 8,000 men and failed after all, than they had done before. That is the Russian temper shown through all history toward all their military favorites—toward Suwaroff, for instance, whose hold over his soldiery was riveted, not weakened, by the awful slaughter at the storm at Lamper, as well as toward Skobelev; and that temper places in the hands of its object very terrible resources. He wields the authority not only of the general, but of a religious leader like Mohammed; and, when he draws his recruits from a people like the Russians, can waste men with an indifference which paralyzes strategy. Such a man, so followed, can conquer in spite of science; and we do not wonder that the dread of Skobelev among a people like the Germans, who are naturally kindly, but who understand war, suppressed the instinctive reverence for death, and that they received tidings of his fate with something of displeasing exultation. They remember what Zorndorf was, the battle in which the Russians were beaten from the first, but died in such masses that Frederick's army nearly perished in the huge killing; and they knew that with Skobelev in command, if war broke out, Zorndorf on a gigantic scale were more than possible. The Russian people would have formed column behind Skobelev, till in defeating him, even if he had conquered in the end, Germany might have suffered as in the Thirty Year's War.—*The Spectator*.

Testing Silks.

Every woman should understand the method of testing silks. There are two ways of doing this. Note the closeness and evenness of the rib in it, and hold it to the light to see this the better. This shows the texture. Then crush it in the hand and release it suddenly. Note if it springs out quickly and leaves no crease behind, that is the virtue. The quality of the silk is denoted by the verve. The Italian silk is the stiffest in the world, and often wanting in stiffness of appearance. The Chinese silk is the poorest and deficient in verve. And again, there is a great deal of silk manufactured adulterated with a material called jute, which is interwoven in the fibre of the silk. This manufacture will be found, when tested as I have named, to be very deficient in verve. It is silk which, if wetted, stiffens almost like paper.

The War in Egypt.

prospect of a speedy termination. Egyptian difficulties do not improve. It looks now as though England had a curious war which is not a war, even if no general European conflict arises from it. The Egyptian industries of Egypt have been seriously damaged; trade is at a standstill, all manufacturing operations suspended, and agriculture is largely interrupted.

Geographical and the social conditions of Egypt are peculiar, and of those that will affect the country disastrously than would be possible in any other land.

The Europeans who have been driven from the capital for all industrial and commercial enterprises, and the positions requiring special knowledge or mechanical skill, and the majority of the means for producing productive and profitable laboring native masses. In their absence a revival of prosperity is impossible even if the war should end at once.

Within the past twenty years the cultural products of Egypt have nearly trebled by means of the capital machinery introduced from Europe, irrigation and consequent cultivation of vast areas of sugar and cotton and land have been made possible by introduction of steam pumps and modern irrigation machinery. The natives are able to operate such machinery, they can do so for lack of coal, to a serious extent they cannot produce the crops on which their present depends.

The cotton-ginning factories and presses, by means of which the cotton of Egypt has been made fit for exportation, were introduced by Europeans and largely operated by them. The true of the sugar mills and the other means of rapid and economical transportation. The natives are incapable of operating the railroads, and the gathering crops as a consequence of the interior uncultivated, and thousands of natives suspended, and a threatened with starvation. People are threatened with industrial incidents to the war are not to Egypt. Even if no harm before the Suez Canal, and there is no suspension of traffic through it, England can suffer severely, and manufacturing interests and manufacturing interests.

Fully two-thirds of the cotton of Egypt, averaging 280,000,000 pounds hitherto gone to England. In the district alone five million spindles are employed upon this staple. The stoppage of the supply cannot but affect the country.

The large dependence of English upon Egyptian products is further treated in the case of cotton-seed nine million dollars worth of which is imported annually. Last year Hungary took 120,000 tons, and in its twenty-five hundred men and boys employed. Still more serious will be the effect of the stoppage of the Egyptian cotton-seed upon English agriculturists, who depend very largely upon cotton-seed oil-cake for feeding the stock.

The English soap-boilers use about thousand tons of Egyptian cotton in a year, and must likewise feel a loss of the supply from that region. Land also draws from Egypt annually seven million dollars worth of sugar, and more than two million worth of wool, ivory, gums, and native products.

How far these English losses will upon American trade it is impossible to foresee. The deficiency in cotton can be made good from this side, but doubtful if any marked advantage accrues to American producers. War should involve other powers, Egypt and Great Britain.

The first effect anticipated by shipping merchants is an advance in freight and in marine insurance, the withdrawal of first-class steam transport service to the seat of war, the substitution for them of second-class freighters in the regular trade.—*Scientific American*.

Stories of Birds, Dogs, and Snakes.

While picking huckleberries near Beemerville, N. J., Dolson came upon a den of rattlesnakes. 36 of them.

Joe Steigart, while blackberrying near Hill, Pa., was attacked by a snake that he says measured 10 feet length. He killed it.

A large gray rat is seen regularly morning walking a wire across a Rock Island. The wire leads from goods store to a restaurant.

A dove made its way into one of organ pipes of St. Joseph's Church, and could not escape. It was dead on Sunday, and the organ had to be dismantled before it could be released.

John Bossler of Donegal, Pa., was by a rattlesnake while working in a vest field. He sucked the poison wound, drank three pints of whiskey, a powerful emetic, and is doing well.

As William Kagle, a farmer near Beemerville, Ala., was searching the woods he was bitten in the cheek by a striped snake which swung down from its path. He died in a few days.

R. B. Forbes of Milton has a bird hanging under the piazza, and recently was a robin's nest with birds. The robins, while bringing to their brood, were twice seen alight on the cage of the prisoner worms into his mouth.

A canary belonging to a lady in London being given its liberty in a room flew to the mantel, whereon was a snake that he had found a mate, back to the cage and brought a snake to the stranger. Getting no answer, he poured forth his sweetest pining and then to his perch. Finally he went back to his perch, his head hanging, remained silent of the day.

Moistened meal in saucers was the chicken yard of Charles White at N. H. It there attracted