

THE CLERK'S TALE.

It was a suffocating evening early in August, and I left my work at the foreign office to plod home to dinner through the dusty parks in the worst spirits. The wrongs of a junior clerk whose long-promised holiday had just been snatched away from him on the eve of fulfillment were boiling in me; I felt that they cried out for justice in a free country. Everything was prepared for this month's leave which was to have begun next day. My father had taken a house on one of the most attractive slopes above Grasmere, and the family residence in Lancaster Gate already bore that denuded and forlorn appearance which precedes a general domestic flight. We had breakfasted gayly, picnic fashion, with old and inadequate implements; we had prophesied with unabated cheerfulness, dining with still fewer of the appliances of civilization, the family plate being not lost but gone before Grasmere. The house was in as uncomfortable a state as much packing and putting away could make it, for my people intended to spend between two and three months at "Emerald Bank." Here was I, with my wings outspread for flight, caught back and doomed to remain in solitude, with dismasted rooms and furniture lurking under dust sheets for company, and all because an unstable senior clerk suddenly declared that his health demanded instant change of air, instead of waiting to take his holiday later on, as he had intended. The tale of woe is not complete, for Olga Fielding, to whom I had been but three weeks betrothed, was coming with us to Grasmere, and we had promised ourselves a month of unalloyed bliss among the Westmoreland hills before she was obliged to go back to her filial duties in Copenhagen. There, as her mother was dead, she had to preside over all matters, social and domestic, in her father's extensive establishment.

Gracious heavens! what an ill-arranged planet is this, and what a disorganized constitution was that miserable T.'s, to choose such a moment to be out of repair! The first week of September Olga would have to follow her father, who had returned to Copenhagen, and we should meet no more till after Christmas. Was it not enough to make a worm blaspheme? and the bang I gave the hall door on entering covered a vigorous expression of feeling.

Well, the news was broken to a dismayed and sympathetic circle. Olga, who had hitherto professed to consider me as likely to prove a very small addition to the natural features of the lake scenery, was quite overcome; there was some small balm in that. My mother was very unhappy. Even Barbara, the youngest of the family, and strong in the scorn of seventeen for matters of sentiment, forebore to jibe, and gave utterance to violent exclamations of regret, coupled with equally violent abuse of vague persons unknown.

My father, after the first natural shock of disgust, endeavored to console me with unpalatable philosophy and the cool light of reason, remedies which always seem an insult offered to affliction, when applied to one's own case. "It's hard on you, Harry, my boy, no doubt, and I'm sorry for it," he said, in that sobering tone which strikes a chill through the greatest moments of excitement, and makes all previous emotion appear annoyingly ridiculous: "but now that you have entered on the serious duties of life, you can't learn too soon that work and not play is the object of a man's life. I'm not at all sure that—" "Ah! how hor-r-rible," broke in the soft voice of my betrothed, with the pretty careful intonation, and long-drawn ripple of the r which she had inherited from her Danish mother. "Dear Mr. Richardson, do not let us be reasonable to-night. What is the use of being British subjects if we may not have a great grumble? No, that poor boy is very badly treated, and it is all fr-r-rightful!" And my lady, unclasp her elegant hands, approached the iron gray parent for whom our affection had always been largely tempered with respect, and, flinging one arm tightly round his neck, laid her pretty head with its crown of bronze ripples confidently on his robust black-cloth shoulder.

My father no doubt experienced a slight shock; he was unaccustomed to such audacious treatment from the young. But he liked it, he certainly liked it; and planting a parental salute on the breezy coils he left us to pour out our mutual woe at leisure.

That night I found it impossible to sleep. The atmosphere was so close and oppressive there seemed to be no air to breathe, and a dull feeling of undefined apprehension haunted me persistently through long hours of wakefulness and miserable brief dozes, refusing to be charmed by the voice of reason. Haggard, unrefreshed, and still conscious of the same vague foreboding clawing at my heart, I left that bed of suffering at an unwonted hour in the morning, and descended to the library, now a desert of bare boards, dotted about with precipitous islands under dusty cloths. Here a pipe, that un-failing comforter of dejected manhood, restored some balance to my disordered mind, but I still felt very depressed, and was preparing to go forth and seek the restorative dear to every unhinged Briton, an early swim, when the door opened, and to my amazement Olga glided into the room, pale and drooping, with dark lines under her brown eyes. After mutual exclamations and greetings, I demanded the reason of her wan and dejected appearance. She did not answer at first, but turned her face away and tormented the braid on her travelling dress in silence. "Well, if you will know, dear friend," she said at last, with a charming gesture of resignation, "I think your old foreign office has bewitched me. No, it's that unhappy T., who has the evil eye, for I have a feeling as if some danger was hanging over you, and I could not sleep all night for it. Oh Harry!" continued the impetuous damsel, suddenly throwing aside the dignity with which she was wont to treat me, now that the worst was out, "come away with us to-day. Never mind a thousand governments and clerkships! I will not go without you. Something dreadful will happen; you feel it too. You look fit for the hangman yourself." It took me a long while to restore Olga to calmness. I laughed at her prognostications and was careful to betray no similar feelings on my own part. She was more or less convinced at last of the utter ruin it would be to my future prospects to desert my post, and we were reasonably resigned if not cheered by breakfast time.

Well, I saw them all off from Euston Station, and trailed away, a hapless victim, to my dreary task in the exalted gloom of Whitehall. That day seemed interminable;

yet there was nothing to look forward to at the end of it, and still with the previous night's weight on my spirits, I started on my way back to the howling wilderness in Lancaster Gate.

Near Hyde Park corner, where very few carriages remained to make hay of the dust, I was startled from melancholy reflection by a great bang on the back. Turning sharply round I confronted that athlete Jack Oliver, who had been at the same college as myself, and whom I had not met since we took our respective degrees at Oxford three years before. At Oxford I had been wont to write Jack down an ass, because his invariably boisterous spirits and perpetual athletics were at times a perfect nuisance, but in my present forlorn condition his jolly face and infectious laugh were a real Godsend.

We dined at the club together, and afterward went to the theatre, then smoked a pipe or two in company at Oliver's lodgings, so that it was toward 1 o'clock when I left him to return to Lancaster Gate. Walking along under the park railings, the trees made occasionally ghostly rustlings overhead; the air was very still and heavy in expectation of a travelling thunder-storm. The tall shut-up houses facing the park looked as forbidding as so many mausoleums in the moonlight, and only the foot of a stray wayfarer here and there, or the welcome rattle of an occasional hansom, broke the strange stillness.

All the uncomfortable feelings of the last twenty-four hours, temporarily thrust back by Oliver's cheerful company, returned with overwhelming force. Indignant at being so befooled by what I had declared to myself must be a dyspeptic imagination (though my acquaintance with dyspepsia was happily of the slightest), I argued fiercely with my own folly; but all in vain, that indescribable dead weight of apprehension still crushed my spirits. The senseless sense of unseen danger grew stronger at every yard. I was ready to roar for very disquietude of spirit. "Confound it all," I almost shouted, "this is beyond a joke! What an abject piece of imbecility, for a man who has always flattered himself on having too much reason to fall a prey to any superstitious delusions whatever! I must be ill; if things go on like this tomorrow I shall give in, and go to old Barrows (the family Aesculapius) to be put together again."

Meanwhile every step forward appeared to grow more and more difficult. A sudden sound of footsteps close behind me uncontrollably paralyzed my powers of locomotion, and filled me with a horrible dread. This was monstrous; with a kind of groan of disgust and misery over my own deceptiveness, I resolutely turned round and waited till the steps reached me.

Merciful heavens! What was this that came up, brushed past me, and went on? My brain reeled, and cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, for, frantic as it may sound, it was myself that I saw go by. My exact image and counterpart came toward me, looked me full in the face with cold, indifferent eyes, differing from mine only in their expression at the moment, and passed on, brushing me with the sleeve of a light overcoat exactly like the one I wore. I noted with despairing recognition on the creature's left hand, which was raised, holding the unbuttoned flap of his coat in front of him (a favorite trick of mine), the very ring Olga had given me a week ago, and which was also on my finger at that moment.

For one long minute I stood stupefied with horror, the next I darted forward after that terribly familiar form, which crossed the street and went on toward our door. I felt sure that I must be mad, or in the clutches of some hideous nightmare. Oh! for some power to shake it off and awake. But no! the area railings had a firm and chilly reality when I touched them. My footsteps and those others sounded all too solidly on the deserted pavement. I even caught myself deliriously smiling at a peculiar trick of walking in the thing in front, with which Barbara had often taunted me. It was an extraordinary opportunity of seeing oneself as others see one, but what mortal could have availed himself of it under such circumstances?

I staggered on behind him, unable to diminish the twenty yards or so that separated us. Would he stop at No. 204? The suspense was almost intolerable. He did. He disappeared through the door, though the only surviving latch-key was in my hand. When I reached the door it was shut, and bore no signs of any unusual treatment. I could not go in; I could not follow into the house, and run the risk of meeting of that on the dark stairs. A horror unspoken had taken possession of my senses; I turned and fled, and spent uncounted hours in walking about the silent streets and squares, unconscious of the lapse of time.

The early sunshine aroused and cheered my scattered wits. Gradually the sounds of common life awakening brought back my reasoning faculties; the discordant cry of that bird of dawn, the early sweep, was as music in my ears, and seemed to make the dreadful night fade into remoteness and unreality.

I made my way back to Lancaster Gate, footsore and exhausted. The milkman was driving merrily up and down; when I reached our doorstep, it seemed a year since I had last ascended them. I rushed up to my room; it was, of course, empty, the bed untouched. But on the pillow and turned-down sheet, exactly where my head and shoulders would have been in the natural course of things, lay the ruins of a large bust, the Hermes, which had been wont to stand on the bracket over the head of the bed. This bracket my mother had frequently entreated me to replace by a firmer support; it had given away at last under the ponderous weight of the bust, which, striking against the iron rail of the bed, had broken into the two or three murderous portions that reposed on the pillow and sheet, the bracket only having chosen to glance off on the floor. Had I been there, Hermes must certainly have crushed my skull.

Thrilled with fresh emotion, but too exhausted then to meditate long over the event, I went slowly down to the dining-room, and fell asleep on the sofa. The old charwoman, who appeared later with my breakfast, told me she had been startled by a loud crash in the night, soon after the clock struck 1, but having been only half awake at the time she concluded that it was the thunder of my boots being thrown out to await the morning's cleaning. She was now, however, much excited about it, and disposed to revel in a tragedy. I told her I had found the statue fallen on my bed, and that, as it took three men to move it in a general way, I had been obliged to content myself with the sofa. The brief and

matter-of-fact tone of my explanations failed to quell her exclamations of wonder and amazement, and she was not to be debarred from the pleasure of gloating over all the details of the tragedy which had been averted.

Since that night all has gone well with us. My blessed chief at the foreign office found means to let me go in a day or two, and our time at Grasmere was all that we had expected it to be. After Christmas, to our great joy, Mr. Fielding gave up his house at Copenhagen, and came to live in London. Olga and I were married next summer, and we have never again been disturbed by presentiments, apparitions, or any other subjects worthy to exercise the industry of the Society for Psychical Research.

Snakim and its Surroundings.

Suakim—the word is spelt in a variety of ways—is not only one of the most important towns of Nubia, but the chief port of the Soudan and of the whole western coast of the Red Sea. It came into the possession of Egypt in 1855 by cession or purchase from Turkey—along with Massowah and one or two other towns and the districts around them—and now appears to be regarded by the British Government and every one else as an integral part of the Egyptian dominions. Similar subjection of Suakim to Egypt existed in very remote times. The town proper lies on a small island about eight miles and three quarters in diameter—almost as long as the little bay in which it is placed, a mere tongue of water separating it from the mainland.

The chief articles of export are cotton, gum arabic, cattle, hides, butter, tamarinds, senna leaves and ivory. The imports consist of cotton goods, iron, wood, carpets, weapons, steel, and fancy wares. Berber in the east and Kassala in the south are the great centres for all the caravan traffic of Suakim, which is also the port on the one side for the whole Soudan—an inland country as large as India—and on the other side of Arabia. Hence it is much visited by the Mahomedan pilgrims to Mecca, their port of Jeddah occupying a corresponding position on the Arabian coast to that which Suakim does on the African coast. Twenty years ago from three to four thousand slaves per annum were shipped from here to Jeddah, and though this monstrous traffic has been much crippled of late years by the Egyptian Government, out of regard for English feeling, it is to be feared that it is not yet extinct. In ancient times, the whole of what we now call the Suakim seaboard—extending northwards along the coast as far as a line drawn from the first cataract, and southwards as far even as Bab-el-Mandeb—was known as the Troglodyte country. The Troglodytes, as the name implies, dwelt in caves, were by occupation herdsmen, and often uncivilized and wretched in the extreme. A graphic picture of the hard life of another Troglodyte people, dwelling in the rocky fastnesses east of Jordan, is preserved for us in the thirtieth chapter of the book of Job. "For want and famine," it says, "they are solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat. They were driven forth of men (who cried after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks.—Chambers' Journal.

The Hot Water Mania.

In dealing with physical ills which mankind is heir to, as in everything else, particular remedies, outside of those prescribed by regular physicians, have their season. Just now it is said to be hot water; and it is so much in vogue that the *Medical News* calls it the "hot water mania." People are taking hot water for every sort of disease. There are doubtless thousands of dyspeptics who devote themselves several times a day to the irritation of their stomachs by the use of hot water as a beverage. If people must be dosing, it is fair to assume that hot water, if its purity is assured, is a more innocent remedy than many which are indulged in. It is certainly a remedy at the hand for which those must be thankful who are either poor in purse or reside a distance from physician and drug store. But there may be such a thing as too much hot water, as there is of many things which have more character. And this is what the *Medical News* asserts. It says that the physical effect of hot water taken into the stomach is to wash out that organ and prepare it for better work, but he warns those who are after health in hot water that too much hot water injures instead of helps. Moreover, it should be taken either before the process of digestion is begun, or after it is completed. That is, the person who is seeking health by that remedy cannot devote his days to the drinking of hot water. It is fair to assume that, like other remedies, the water cure will have its day, and the ailing public will turn to the remedy then held to be the popular one. May it be as simple, harmless, and above all as cheap as hot water.

FASHION NOTES.

Few pokes will be worn. Most bonnets are stringless. Owl feather fans are fashionable. The favorite red is coquelicot or wild poppy. Glace silks are effectively trimmed with velvet. Gold and silver gossamer-like tissue appear among millinery materials. Few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woollen stuff only. Bustles as big as a small balloon deform the female form divine this spring. Lawn tennis and archery will be the pet outdoor sports at Newport this season. Slate gray and copper color combine admirably in brocades and in millinery. Stiff and angular hats have almost entirely superseded the picturesque pokes and Danichels. The fashionable colors for ostrich feather fans are pale pink, shaded gray, butternut yellow and white. Gray and black, with silver braid decorations, are the admired combination for velvet dresses for dowagers.

Frise velvet grenadine is the favorite fabric for mantles and parts of summer evening toilets of ceremony.

Bonnets or hats entirely covered with black, jet-beaded net and trimmed with ostrich tips, take precedence of all other beaded net chapeaux.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Family Melon Patch.

In the growing of melons for the private garden, quality most necessarily outrank all other considerations. Next to this importance are earliness and productiveness. Like the repeaters at the polls, it is desirable that melons should come early and often. Owing to the influence of soils on the different varieties it may be necessary to do some experimenting before we can hit upon the best kind for our own ground. Weight and keeping qualities are secondary matters in the family garden, and it should be borne in mind that quality in the melon does not improve as the size increases. I believe that a good plan for the private garden is to select some choice variety, and then grow only the one kind. In this way the grower can save his own seed each year, and know that it is of first quality. The readiness with which varieties intermix makes it questionable whether they will be kept pure if one attempts to grow different sorts. It is not certain that different varieties will not "mix" if planted less than 100 yards apart, and if planted even at that distance there is no certainty about the matter; but if there is only one variety on the place, we know we can keep it pure, and also that we may improve it by careful selection.

While the melon does not require the amount of manure that is used in growing the cabbage or the onion, still next to a light warm soil, heavy fertilizing is one of the most important things—always bearing in mind that the manure should be well rotted. Proper cultivation in the family melon-patch has a double interest; it is necessary in order to attain the best results; and then there is so much more enjoyment connected with it. There is more satisfaction in ten hills thoroughly cared for than in 100 improperly planted and then left to shift for themselves. Then, whether the patch be large or small, let it be properly tended. If you have suitable manure at hand, broadcast it liberally and plough under. Then where you are to put each hill dig a hole as though you were setting a post. Fill this up with a mixture of soil and well-rolled, fine manure. If the patch is to be irrigated, it should be elevated above the surrounding surface as the loose soil will settle when flooded. Put the hills eight feet apart, and after the plants have passed all danger of frosts and insects thin to one vine. This will enable you to see how many melons each plant produces, and to save seed from those only which show the most productiveness as well as early maturity.

This year I had 100 hills of the Hackensack planted by themselves. The average for the patch was only four to the hill while one hill ripened 10 good sized melons, though they were very late. The melons from different hills varied greatly in size and also in markings. The quantity was variable, and the flesh ranged in color all the way from the deep green of the nutmeg to a pale yellow. Of course, in saving seed, it makes a great difference which type of melon is selected, if it is to be cultivated year after year. Especially with the watermelon it is desirable to select for greater productiveness. By planting 100 hills with a single vine in a place, one will be surprised to see how some of the vines can put in all the summer, and produce so little fruit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

"Fighting Weeds."

We meet frequently with this heading to paragraphs in exchanges. It conveys a wrong lesson, as commonly used. Simple and quiet extermination is better. If weeds are allowed to get a foot in height, a warfare is then begun and carried on to an indefinite length of time, and the weeds often come off victorious. The usual cause of this failure is in attempting to cultivate too much land with a small force. The result is an enormous growth of weeds, a choking and diminution of the crop, and a supply of noxious seeds to fill the soil and last years. The weeds get entire possession in this way and the crops have an unequal chance until another ploughing checks them temporarily.

The remedy is a well arranged plan for going over the ground once a week, in all hood crops, sweeping the surface, killing all weeds before they come up. All this work is more than paid for in the increasing growth of the crops by their continued stirring providing the right tools are employed. Take the corn crop for instance. The plough and the harrow will prepare a clean mellow bed of earth before planting. If the field is inverted sod, it may be reduced to a state of fine pulverization with the Acme harrow, or with a disc harrow, the finish being given with any smoothing harrow. By planting the seed an inch and a half or two inches deep, in the shallow furrow made by the marker, a fine slant tooth harrow may be passed over both before and after the plants are up without injury to them. The operation may be continued once a week until the corn is a foot high. Some of the plants may be bent over but they will be erect again in a day or two. After this a shallow cultivator may be run between the rows till the corn is as high as a horse's back. This work, properly performed, will leave the field as clean as the floor—the small slant teeth killing the sprouting seed in the row among the plants as well as over the whole surface; and the subsequent cultivating keeping the spaces clean between the rows. We have never seen cleaner fields than such as were treated in this way and the cost of this labor, first and last, was less than the old hand-weeding.

But it must not be forgotten that the attempt will be a failure if the necessary work is intermitted and the weeds get a start. It is indispensably necessary to keep them constantly under the surface. There must be no "fighting," but suppression and extermination.

The potato crop may be treated in the same way until the plants are five or six inches high, after which the leaves would be somewhat lacerated with the harrow. Carrots, beets, and turnips are too small in early growth, and require clean soil in advance, with frequent passing of the cultivator between the rows, which as they become larger by growth, require a cultivator that may be contracted in breadth.—*Country Gentleman.*

Helpful Hints.

When oats or other feed gets low in the granary, instead of straining to reach them, nail a stout strip to a bucket or box with which they can be easily lifted. A horse of mine takes especial delight in rolling in mud or manure. I tie an old broom-stick to the curry-comb and stand off at a clean and safe

distance until I get the worst of it removed. If in ploughing the land-side horse is a lazy one and crowds over against the one in the furrows, take an inch board about six inches square, and through a hole in the centre drive a wooden pin sharpened at one end. Tie this to the back band of the furrow horse so that the lazy one will strike it every time he crowds, and he will soon get tired of doing so. Always have on hand a paper of copper rivets of assorted sizes and a piece of oiled leather for cutting strings to keep the harness mended with; then breaks can be readily mended, or those threatening in tugs, lines, straps, etc., either by riveting or sewing with a stout leather string. When a calf persists in sucking after being separated from its dam for several weeks, take an old halter and through the strap passing around in front of the nose put nail, having the points filed sharp and standing outward. A piece of leather sewed over the heads keep the nails in place. With this halter on the calf the cow will kick and keep at a distance, and it will soon give up in disgust. Formerly I was often annoyed and delayed by the loosening of nuts on coulters or rolling cutter, until I hit upon the plan of putting leather washers under the nuts, which stopped their working loose. If at work in a field where you cannot place the jug of drinking water in the shade set it in the furrow, throw a bunch of grass over the mouth to keep it clean, and plough the jug under. The ground will shield it from the hot sun, and being cool and damp will keep the water cool. In ploughing to keep dirt out of the shoes take the lugs of an old pair of trousers and cut off pieces about a foot long. At opposite points of each sew two strings. Draw the pieces on over the shoes, tie the strings down underneath just in front of the heel. Then fasten the upper ends of the pieces around above the ankles with elastic garter. For a marker to lay off corn rows among stumps, put two waggon wheels on an axle of a length to keep the wheels just the distance apart the rows are desired. Any stout stick of wood will do for an axle, fix on a seat to ride if desired. This marker will pass over ordinary stumps, and can be easily turned to avoid those directly in the way of a wheel.—*American Agriculturist.*

Artificial Heat with Fowls.

The question is often asked whether artificial heat should be employed in the hen house, to make it more comfortable in the winter season and to increase the egg production at that season of the year when eggs are most valuable for the market. As our best fanciers are by no means unanimous in their answers, it may be inferred that there are two sides to the question; and so in fact there are, and with this as with so many other phases of the subject, it is hard to lay down rules that shall apply to all cases.

Manifestly the man who has but a few birds, and those comfortably housed, is the best off as he is; while the one who has a large number, and wishes to get the greatest possible returns from them during the colder months may find it desirable to employ extra warmth. In very cold locations, too, where the thermometer insists on hovering for long periods in the vicinity of zero, it is but merciful to mitigate as far as practicable the severity of the climate. But in ordinary breeding it seems to be pretty generally decided that much artificial heat is not desirable. While the very early chicks of the larger breeds will require it, or its equivalent, when first hatched, those intended for general sales are best off with the natural temperature after the tender days of early age are passed. It is hardly probable that the average purchaser will be provided with artificially heated quarters, and to buy birds coming from such and try to change their habits is to invite disease and death. The complaint is not infrequent that sellers send out birds that have been forced to unusual development in a warm house, and the purchaser finds only too late that he cannot acclimatize them to his own accommodations, but has all his fond anticipations scattered by the unaccountable loss of his purchase. Nobody is to blame strictly speaking, but somebody is disgusted and mad clear through.

One thing seems to be settled, and that is that artificial heat in the poultry house does not conduce to hardiness, but does have exactly the opposite result, and it would seem to be the proper thing to rear all birds intended for sale in that manner which shall give them the greatest degree of that very desirable quality.—*American Poultry Yard.*

The Dynamite Gun.

There has been tested recently on our sea coast a new kind of gun, which it is hoped will be useful in protecting our harbors. It contains a dynamite cartridge which is expelled from the gun by air-pressure. Dynamite would do very great destruction if it should be shot out of an ordinary cannon; but as it explodes by anything in shape of a shock, it would naturally do more damage to the cannon which expelled it than to the object against which it was directed. A gun, however, has been invented to send this dynamite cartridge against a fort, or an approaching iron-clad. The machine is upon exhibition at Delamater Iron Works in New York. It looks like a forty-foot brass pipe, mounted on a steel girder. This is the barrel and carriage of the four-inch dynamite pneumatic gun. It weighs a ton, and is capable of sustaining a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. The dynamite cartridge is incased in soft metal, within a shell of brass, and fitted with a wooden tab. It is expelled by compressed air, and when the projectile, flying at speed, strikes head-on against a resisting surface, a hard metal pin embedded in the soft metal is forced into the fulminate at the head of the cartridge and discharges the dynamite. Should this cartridge hit the deck of an iron-clad vessel it would tear it all to pieces. It is claimed that this cartridge can be thrown three miles with a precision never obtained by gunpowder. Our Government has been experimenting at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and has done some wonderful execution. Should we have a foreign war, these guns would be our dependence against foreign fleets, as we have no defence nor any navy. It is said these dynamite guns may be used as field-pieces, which would make war so destructive that it could not be carried on.

About two million sheep are at present in Colorado. The clip this year will be ten million pounds.

As a rule, only two materials are used in one costume, but the rule is frequently broken in favor of velvet, plain silk, and brocade all in one dress.