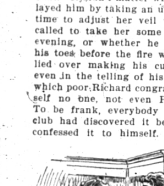
HOW PEGGY LISTENED

Society people might have thought that it was not exactly up to the highest notch of elegance, but since the participants were wholly unconscious of its shortcomings, what did it matter. There is a more real weight in the expression of ignorance being the greatest bliss where social matters are concerned than in any other condition of life. The ordinary little girl, who slips into a thin gown and dances all night with "the boys," whom she has known since childhood, in the simple ballroom of a family club finds more unalloyed enjoyment in the entire procedure than does the veriest brocade-clad, jewel-weighted belle, who glides in stately elegance through the gorgeous cotillion in the most sparkling ballroom of one of society's real leaders. When the little girl has romped her cheeks red through a gay easy german, or, more frequently, through a hackneyed waltz, she would open her big blue eyes in amazement if a frigid debutante in the real thing stared at her as decidedly unconventional. But the little girl doesn't even dream that there is any difference between her dance and the one where she has been so exploited in the society columns, so she is a thousand times happier than is her blue-blooded sister, breathing the atmosphere of wealth and all the gnawing envies, rivalries and disappointments pertaining thereunto.

Peggy was very pink after the last dance. Richard always went into that particular waltz with especial fervor. Afterward he explained to her that it was because the first dance with her had been that particular one and she was tease enough to act as though she wasn't at all conscious of the particular significance of the thing. So tonight, when he reluctantly let her slip from his arms, she hadn't quite the necessary courage to refuse his plea that they "go somewhere to rest."

She knew what that meant. Hadn't he carried her off to that particular "somewhere" every night since the little club had begun its informal fortnightly dances? Still, she knew that she would better not go tonight—she had known for weeks that it was coming and this last waltz had convinced her that it was coming very soon. And Peggy didn't want it to come, at least not just now, for this was Peggy's first winter and it seemed a shame for a girl to tie herself for her first season. Then, too, Richard wanted so much that it should come, and there wasn't anything in the world that Peggy loved so much as to make Mr. Richard wait. It didn't matter whether she delayed him by taking an unusually long time to adjust her veil when he had called to take her some place in the evening, or whether he had to toast his toes before the fire while she dallied over making his cup of tea, or even in the telling of his great secret, which poor Richard congratulated himself no one, not even Peggy, knew. To be frank, everybody in the little club had discovered it before he had confessed it to himself. Still Peggy



"SOME DAY," SHE STAMMERED.

yielded and was led off to the big chair in the corner of the library, where Richard could perch himself on the window seat beside her, and where the other young people were good enough never to intrude.

Peggy leaned back and let her white lids flutter in happy content over her deep-blue eyes, whereat Richard felt his last bit of common sense leave him.

"Peggy?" he asked, leaning dangerously near her.

Peggy sat up with a little start, and a half-air of rebellion. Then, all at once, she felt his eyes burning into hers, and her courage fled, leaving a very weak, pliant little girl.

"Peggy," he began again, this time laying his hand over hers as it trembled on the arm of the big chair. "I want to tell you something," added Richard.

Peggy closed her eyes again and gathered together her fast-failing courage with one mighty effort. "Don't!" she pleaded. "Don't, Richard."

His face grew a trifle paler as he asked: "Why not, little girl?"

Peggy's white cheeks all at once grew fiery, but she said it: "Because I know what you are going to say, and I don't want to hear it."

Poor Richard! So she knew, after all, the secret which he had flattered himself he had kept from all the world, most of all from the tiny, pink-and-white girl whom it most concerned. Then, all at once, it struck him that there was a ludicrous side to the situation, and Peggy was amazed to see a bit of a roguish smile about the corners of his fine mouth, as he asked:

"How do you know that you know what I was going to say?"

It was a mean thing for him to do, and she afterward told him so. Now, however, she put herself on the defensive as much as possible, and answered, valiantly:

"I do know it; no matter how, and I don't want to hear it"—then a little pause, and finally a whispered "just yet."

Richard sprung to his feet with enough exultation in the movement to startle her.

"When may I tell you, Peggy mine?"

Perhaps he drew her to her feet, perhaps she rose, but all at once she found herself standing before him, with him holding her dangerously close by the two tiny, burning hands.

"Some day," she stammered. Then, noting the happy laughter in his eyes, she cried out: "Oh, Richard, why did you do it? It is almost as bad as if you had really told me, and you've made me say things I had no right to say, and——"

There was a hint of tears in her reproachful, big eyes, and she tugged hard to loose her imprisoned fingers. Instantly, all the teasing fled from his manly face, and he dropped her hands.

"Very well, Peggy; but may I ask you this: Do you realize that it wouldn't be quite—kind, to give me permission to tell you some day, and then not to make me happy by giving me the right answer?"

Peggy's lips quivered helplessly, but she finally lifted her eyes to him bravely and answered: "Yes, I realize, and I'll—be—kind."

For a moment she feared that he was going to kiss her. But after a moment, with a wistful, half-contented sigh, he turned away and with one accord they walked toward the door. At the portal he stopped me and asked again: "Don't make me wait long, little girl. And don't let any one else tell you the same story in the meantime. I'm not afraid to trust you with the other fellows, but—but I shouldn't be happy to know that they had told you that—told you the story, even though I knew you wouldn't care for them."

She answered him only by a look, for some one came up with the frantic explanation that he had been looking everywhere for her, as this was his dance. So she slipped away from the yearning Richard, who made himself ridiculous all the rest of the evening by forgetting that he had left his name on half a dozen programs before he had carried Peggy off to the library.

When supper time came Richard all at once lost sight of his lady love. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her since the little scene in the big armchair, but he had not for an instant lost sight of the pretty white muslin gown, with its tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. But in the confusion of the breaking up of the last waltz she mysteriously disappeared and finally, in sheer desperation, he hunted out her mother, hoping to find the lost maiden under the careful wing of the loving chaperon.

"Where is Peggy?" called the sweet-faced little mother. "I've lost her, and I hoped you would bring her." Poor Richard's heart sunk and with some murmured explanation that he "would find her in a minute" he plunged off in the midst of the gay little throng. The search was fruitless. Everybody seemed to have drifted into the supper room, and still Peggy was not among them. He plunged into the most impossible corners and hiding places. He even looked into the depths of the big armchair in the library and still there was no Peggy. At last, when his face was white and his palms were burning where his impatient nails had dug into them, he heard a soft, tearful little whisper from the stairs, and there, in turn above the landing, he found her, sobbing to herself as though her very heart was broken.

"Peggy," he cried, kneeling on the step beside her and chafing her cold hands between his feverish palms, "Peggy, what is the matter?"

Peggy dabbed her wet little ball of a handkerchief into her eyes and swallowed a sob. "It's—it's that big George Waters," she choked out and then, with a new fit of sobs, she buried her disconsolate little head in her lap and could go no further.

Richard set his teeth and waited. Then, all at once, he understood, for he had been afraid of Waters all winter. There was no further room for delay. Leaning over he caught the sobbing little figure in his arms and there never was any joy in the world so dear as his when he felt her nestle her face on his shoulder, while her crying over these violent and finally subsided into an occasional sigh of growing content.

When she had become quiet he gently turned her face to his and said:

"Never mind, little girl, you needn't explain. I know that—that—that imprudent cad has presumed to tell you what you didn't want to hear and I know it wasn't your fault. But don't you think, little girl, that it is time for me to tell you what I had to say a couple of hours ago?"

And Peggy actually smiled through her tears while he went off into an elaborate recital of the secret which they congratulated themselves was all their own and had never been so delicously told by any one else in the world.

A Really Wonderful Pie.

It seems an error to speak of Christmas things at Easter time. Since, however, people eat at both seasons, it will not be particularly out of place to speak of a wonderful pie which James, earl of Lonsdale, sent to King George III for his Christmas dinner. The pie weighed 576 pounds, and well it might, as it contained nine geese, two ducks, four fowls (the kind not stated in the records), six pigeons, six wild ducks, three teal, two starlings, twelve partridges, fifteen woodcocks, two guinea fowls, three snipes, six plover, three water hens, one wild goose, one curlew, forty yellow hammers, fifteen sparrows, fifteen chaffinches, two larks, four thrushes, twelve fieldfares, six blackbirds, twenty rabbits, one leg of veal, one ham, three bushels of flour, and twenty-eight pounds of butter.—New York Herald.

The Perfect Pompadour.

It is wrong to attempt to roll your front hair over a "rat" for wear with a hat, when you are to be safe under a veil and the pompadour cannot slip. The only satisfactory pompadour is the result of combing down over the face locks long enough to come at least as low as the chin. Brush thoroughly. Get the hair fluffy by whipping it out with the brush. When it is set, turn it back with the comb. Let the roll stand as high as is becoming, then tuck in under it the ends. They serve to support the roll at the edge of the hair, where it thus turns under may be caught by the side comb and held perfectly This turning under should take place far enough back to conceal the parting. Such a pompadour will never slip.

Sparing Him on.

Mr. Fillkins—"If a man were to propose to you on Friday, would you permit your superstition to stand in the way?" Miss Pimley—"I am a believer in the old saying that it is not wise to cross bridges until you come to them."

Testimony.

Maud—"Yes, I accepted Jack last night." Flo—"Oh, you will have a lovely time. I was engaged to him myself last year."—Moonshine.

FLYING SQUADRON.

WONDERFUL FLEET UNDER COMMODORE SCHLEY.

Could Give Battle to Any European Nation and Come Out with Colors Flying—Two Hundred and Forty Four Guns in All.

The function to be performed by Commodore Schley and his flying squadron at Hampton Roads in the naval campaign to be waged by Uncle Sam against Spain as planned by the strategic board of the navy department at Washington is a very important one. The commodore has at his command the cream of America's fighting ships, says the Philadelphia Times of May 7. With them he could at short notice strike a blow at any of Spain's Atlantic possessions which would be paralyzing in its force. He could as well concentrate his fleet at any point along the Atlantic coast that might be threatened by Spanish bombardment and invasion. He could if necessary hurry to the assistance of Admiral Sampson before Havana and reinforce the blockading squadron before any attack could be made upon it by any considerable Spanish fleet. He in short, occupies with his ships the central position in the Atlantic field of action and is bound to be called upon to engage in the first battle of importance that is fought here. On him, therefore, the attention of the American people will be centered. His action will indicate more truly than any other symptoms the approach of a crisis.

In his present position he stands really as the defender of the Atlantic coast line. His two scout ships, the Minneapolis and the Columbia, have been engaged off New England in patrolling the course of the Paris. They have not lost sight of their primal duty in this particular assignment. Had the Paris not been expected to arrive they would still have spent the past week engaged in some such work. They will continue in the next fortnight unless some more active duty presents on the same line and will sound the warning to their fellows in the Chesapeake of the approach of any Spanish force upon any portion of the American coast.

THE FLYING SQUADRON AND ITS COMMANDERS.

Meanwhile the four big fighting engines, the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Massachusetts, and the Katahdin, have nothing to do but wait development. This condition will continue until the new fleet being organized for Commodore Howell is ready to relieve the flying squadron of the task of coast defense. Commodore Howell is ready to relieve the flying squadron will never be withdrawn a considerable distance. Their operation may include some work at Havana, but as long as there is the possibility of a Spanish attack they will not cross the Atlantic to engage in any aggressive campaign.

The action of the Spanish forces will undoubtedly depend on the state of Blanco in Havana. Spain will certainly not abandon Cuba without a severe struggle. Her only chance of holding it is to defeat the American forces in Cuban waters. Unless the United States precipitates a Cuban crisis by invasion and occupation her action will be delayed as long as possible. When the time comes for the United States to strike such a blow Spain's first idea will be to divert our naval forces so that co-operation will be impossible. Gaining this end the naval and military forces would clash separately, but failing, Cuban waters would still see the first naval engagement of consequence.

In such an engagement Commodore Schley would figure prominently. The armament which his fleet carries is the most formidable of any six vessels in the American navy. The Brooklyn stands first in the list of American vessels, carrying twenty guns in her main batteries alone, while the Massachusetts follows closely on her heels. Even the Minneapolis and the Columbia have eleven guns in their main batteries and compare very favorably with the other first-class American ships. The Katahdin, of course, is not measured in strength by her armament. She is still acknowledged to be one of the most terrible engines of destruction which modern naval construction has evolved. Her turtle back ram could do a marvelous work in a battle where the larger ships would be powerless. She completes a most remarkable squad.

Outside of a battle in the vicinity of Havana the squadron does not look for any severe actions in the near future. A bombardment of any of the northern ports would be attempted if at all by a comparatively small number of Spanish ships. The approach of the American fleet would doubtless drive them off in speedy retreat.

The possibility of an attack on Spanish possessions is the only other likely. Porto Rico must become the object of attack and attention might even be distracted to the Canaries. Neither seems to be more than remotely possible. This work will devolve should it be decided upon, on Schley's fleet, and an attack on Spain itself would be led by them.

The new squadron under Commodore Howell, which will relieve Schley of the work of defending the coast, is also a strong fleet. Its duty will be, in addition to defense of the coast, the destruction of Spanish commerce on the high seas. The San Francisco and the New Orleans will be the main fighting ships in the squadron, while the Oregon and Topeka will doubtless be added to it when they are home ready for service. The liners—the St. Paul, the St. Louis, the Harvard and the Yale—are four more of Howell's boats, while the Panther, the Badger, the Yankee, the Dixie, the Yosemite and the Prairie complete the list.

The new ships of this auxiliary fleet are most interesting. The New Orleans was the former Brazilian warship, the Amazonas, while the Topeka was formerly the Diogenes. The others were all transatlantic liners.

The following list of the fleet will be most interesting.

Ship.	Former Name.	Class.	Guns.
San Francisco.....	!	Cruiser	*12
New Orleans	Amazonas	Cruiser	*12
Topeka	Diogenes	Cruiser	*10
St. Paul	.....	Cruiser	24
St. Louis	.....	Cruiser	24
Harvard	New York	Cruiser	24
Yale	Paris	Cruiser	24
Yorktown	.....	Gunboat	14
Badger	Yumuri	Cruiser	12
Yankee	El Nord	Cruiser	22
Yosemite	El Sae	Cruiser	22
Dixie	El Sud	Cruiser	22
Prairie	El Rio	Cruiser	22

*Main battery only. !Protected cruiser.

ALASKAN INDIAN WOMEN.

They Have Artistic Ability Despite Their Tattooed Lips.

The huge, expressionless face of an Alaska Indian woman shows but little evidence of any ambition or ability to perform even the simplest features of domestic art, and yet the skillful and artistic results of the handiwork of these untutored aborigines is much sought after by the tourists who visit their villages during the summer. Moreover, though the women are all fat and lazy-looking, their lives are not uninterrupted nor notwithstanding that their needs are few. Abundance of fuel is all about them, and food, which with them is synonymous with fish, swims almost to their doors. But the procuring as well as the preparing of this food is all accomplished by the women. During the summer they leave the villages and towns for the islands in less frequented waters, where they camp for weeks at a time, catching and curing the fish for winter use, while the men lazily watch them or paddle and canoe, or otherwise amuse themselves.

If an Indian's wife is ill in health or too old to work he marries another younger wife, usually a relative of the first one, who is expected to provide the food, while the first wife cares for the house and children. Fish and berries furnishing almost the only food of these people, the women have little scope or ambition for developing culinary art, but in matters of personal adornment they take keen delight. During the long, dark winter they weave beautiful blankets and baskets for their own use and to sell. The blankets are made from the strong rough wool of the wild mountain sheep. Yet some of these are as soft as silk, and in beauty of coloring and intricacy of design rival the oriental rugs and hangings. It usually takes a woman six months to complete one blanket, but many of them sell for prices ranging from $50 to $200. The much-sought-after, genuine Chilkat blanket is about four feet long and two and one-half feet wide at each end, but as one side is pointed, the center is a foot wider than the ends, and on this side is ornamented with a 10-inch fringe. These are worn in the dance, thrown around the shoulders, with the pointed fringed side hanging down. The design is grotesque, consisting of conventionalized faces of men and animals in pale green outlined with black on a white ground. Sometimes dull blue takes the place of the pale green. A peculiarity which stamps their genuineness is a fine thread or shaving of deerskin in the center of each hard twisted strand of wild sheep's wool yarn, of which they are made, rendering them almost indestructible.—Woman's Home Companion.

As She Understood It.

He—When a man begins to get absent-minded you may know that he is succeeding in business, or, at least, that he is devoting all his energies to it, which, in the end, must bring success. She—Oh, James, I'm so glad to hear you say that. Now I begin to believe that the future holds something in store for us. You kissed me this morning when you went away.

Reduced to Figures.

A Glasgow paper thus analyzes the music of the bagpipes: "Big flies on window, 72 per cent; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent; grunting hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chaff of cricket, 2 per cent."—New York Tribune.

DON'T.

Don't envy the alligator his great snap.

Don't judge the sheriff by the company he keeps.

Don't expect a man on his uppers to be a whole-soled fellow.

Don't think the experience of others often influences a man's actions.

Don't think that conscience prevents many men from posing as heroes.

Don't worry about things that can't be remedied. Make the best of them.

Don't tell a woman that you take her to be an artist, judging by her face, unless you are looking for trouble.—Chicago Daily News.

The Preacher Was Late.

The Cherry Street Baptist church has one of the swellest colored congregations in the city. A great gathering of the church members and many more outsiders no less fashionable than they assembled at the church to witness a very select wedding. Joseph Meredith Bradford had come all the way from Washington, D. C., to carry off as his bride Miss Marie Louise Fontain, of No. 1214 Pine street. Promptly at noon, the hour set, the bride and groom appeared at the altar. A ripple of admiration following the advent of the bride was succeeded by an embarrassing silence. The minister Rev. W. A. Creditt, was not on hand. The groom fidgeted nervously, and the bride, growing as pale as possible, showed a disposition to faint. Murmurs of dismay began to buzz through the church. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes the anxious couple waited. Then they determined to go elsewhere. They were leaving the church when suddenly the minister appeared and the wedding went on.—Philadelphia Record.

An Awful Possibility.

Wandering Willie—Great Scott, pard, y' look all broke up. What's the matter? Thirsty Theodore (drawing a deep sigh)—I went inter dat there blamed drug store and when the clerk wasn't lookin' I drank a lot of stuff I thought was whisky, an' den I seen by the label that it was bichloride of gold. Wandering Willie—Pahaw! Dat won't kill yer. Thirsty Theodore—I know dat, but s'pose I shouldn't want ter drink any more!—Harlem Life.

A Better Demonstration.

"Newton discovered the law of gravitation by noticing an apple fall from a tree, didn't he?" "Yes. If he hadn't been so previous somebody might have discovered it by seeing a beginner fall from his bicycle."

Members of a secret society do not go to a physician for the grip.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Photographing the World of the Little —A Machine for Washing Fruit—For Klondike Cooks—Habits of Snakes—Electricity and Health—Other Notes.

Habits of Snakes.

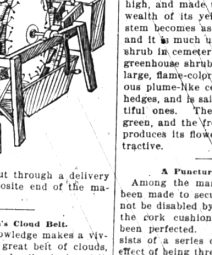
An eminent writer on birds and reptiles declares that the notion frequently entertained that snakes fascinate their prey is utterly exploded. It would be somewhat interesting if this gentleman would tell us what power it is that snakes exert over birds which draws them against their will within easy distance of the reptile's jaws. The writer of this paragraph has seen birds fluttering in the air above the heads of snakes, apparently unable to resist the influence that attracted them. Whether it be fascination or some other force, it unquestionably existed, although in every one may not have observed it. Snakes never bite. To bite would be impossible, from the formation of their jaws. They strike from above, fastening their fangs into their prey, after which they dispatch it, ordinarily by swallowing. Many varieties of snakes have the power to conceal their young in the mouths. The tiny snakes play about the mother's head, and upon the slightest alarm she opens her mouth, and they immediately vanish, reappearing when the cause for alarm seems to have been removed. Whether the mother snake has the faculty of communicating their danger to them is not known; in all probability she has. There are certain fish that open their mouths and engulf their small brood when danger threatens. The lover of nature finds endless opportunity for interesting research in the study of every form of life.

Photographing the World of the Little.

The art of photomicrography has recently made a great advance through the application of the electric arc light. Heretofore it has been very difficult to make good photographs of minute objects magnified more than one thousand diameters, because the oxyhydrogen light employed to illuminate the objects was not sufficiently uniform in intensity. With the electric arc light this difficulty has been largely overcome, and fine photographs have been made of objects magnified five thousand diameters. Microscopy is far ahead of astronomy in the magnifying powers that it can employ. It is seldom that a power of so much as one thousand diameters can be usefully applied with a telescope, and in photographing the heavenly bodies comparatively slight magnification can be used. A photograph of the moon with a magnifying power of five thousand diameters would be a wonder indeed.

To Wash Fruit.

A machine especially adapted to thoroughly clean the rinds of oranges, lemons, etc., without, in the slightest degree, injuring such fruit, is represented in the illustration, the fruit being fed into the machine at one end and delivered at the opposite end in a thoroughly cleansed condition, says the Scientific American. The improvement has been patented by Benjamin B. and James H. Wright of Riverside, Cal. The fruit is first placed in a water trough at one end of the machine, to loosen any foreign adhering matter and is then passed down the feed trough beneath the brushes of a wheel revolved by a crank handle, the lower portion of the wheel passing through a rinsing tank. In this tank is a series of segmentally arranged brushes, between which and the brushes on the periphery of the wheel the fruit is passed, as indicated in the sectional view, figure 2. The brushes on the periphery of the wheel are supported by spring rods, whereby their pressure upon the fruit may be a yielding and flexible one, not liable to injure the rinds, and the



fruit is passed out through a delivery spout at the opposite end of the machine.

The Earth's Cloud Belt.

A writer in Knowledge makes a vivid picture of the great belt of clouds, some three hundred miles in breadth, which surrounds the earth a little north of the equator. Within this belt rain almost incessantly falls, sometimes in sheets, and the wind seldom stirs. Before the invention of steamships, vessels becalmed in the "cloud-belt" sometimes drifted helpless for weeks. Even now the crossing of this belt, where everything is surcharged with moisture, is a disagreeable experience for voyagers going from the North to the South Atlantic ocean, or vice versa. The belt can be traced across equatorial Africa and across the American isthmus, and the great rivers, Amazon, Orinoco, Niger, Nile and Congo, arise in these rain-soaked regions, which are like exhaustless reservoirs. The cause of the equatorial cloud-belt is connected with the trade-winds, and in the course of a year it oscillates north and south over a distance equal to about three times its own breadth.

Electricity and Health.

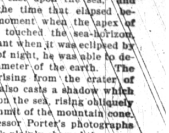
The London underground railways are making arrangements to supply electricity in place of steam, which has for many years been the motive power of these great lines. Where steam has taken the place of horses, a great point has been gained, but electricity has advantages over all other power in that it does not vitiate the atmosphere, and is not only cleanly, but, according to many persons, health and life giving. The atmosphere, it is claimed, becomes permeated with the electric fluid which is a tonic, germicide and general restorative. All underground roads will be greatly the gainers by adopting the means of propulsion. It still, however, be necessary to put all wires underground, as the dangerous results when the wires become coated with ice has been made tragically apparent in some of our large cities. Electricity is as yet in its infancy. Just what its possibilities are, the finite mind cannot even conjecture.

Sights from Teneriffe.

The great peak of Teneriffe, 12,182 feet high, situated in the Canary Islands, and rising almost directly out of the ocean, makes a magnificent sight for certain scientific purposes. Prof. T. C. Porter recently gave the Physical society in London an account of his observations and experiments on the peak. By observing the shadow of the peak cast upon the sea, and measuring the time that elapsed between the moment when the apex of the shadow touched the sea-horizon and the instant when it was eclipsed by the shadow of night, he was able to deduce the diameter of the earth. The heated air rising from the crater of the volcano also casts a shadow which can be seen on the sea, rising obliquely from the summit of the mountain cone. One of Professor Porter's photographs from the peak plainly showed the curvature of the horizon.

For Klondike Cooks.

A stove has been especially designed for Klondike voyagers. When packed



the outfit is eighteen inches square, weighs but 50 pounds and has a cooking capacity for six to twelve persons. It consists of eighteen complete parts —one portable steel cook stove and heater, with a four-hole top and lids and double-shelf doors; one double-shelved extra size removable steel oven; one telescope pipe, eight feet, with damper and spark arrester; one three-quart miners' solid-tip coffee pot, with bail and cover; one four-quart stamped steel stew pot and kettle, retinned, with bail and cover; one shelf and grating, to be used in oven when desired; two combination roasting, baking and frying pans; one each cook's spoon, fork, turn-over, ladle and ladle strainer, salt, pepper and flour dredges and two lifters to handle everything when in use.

Narrow vs. Wide Wagon-Tires.

Scientific experiments extending over two years have been made under the auspices of the Studebaker Bros., the widely-known wagonbuilders, to determine the relative qualities of wide and narrow wagon-wheel tires. The results are too extensive to give in full. Every kind of road was used to test the question, it was found that on macadam roads the narrow tires were far inferior to the wide, and they required much greater effort to draw a given load. In a deeply rutted clay road, the narrow tires running in the ruts and the wide tires on top, the narrow tires were far more efficient. This was also the case with wet mud. But as soon as the mud began to dry, the wide tires showed a vast superiority. In general the only justification for narrow tires proved to be thoroughly bad roads.

Plants in Mexico.

Down in Mexico the castor bean, which we think does pretty well for us if it stands up one or twelve feet "in its stockings," grows to be a tree thirty feet high, with hard wood and orthodox bark. Our common field daisy is pruned into a shrub two or three feet high, and made to cover itself with a wealth of its yellow flowers; its stem becomes as large as one's wrist, and it is much used as an ornamental shrub in cemeteries. Hibiscus, a rare greenhouse shrub with us, which has large, flame-colored flowers, with curious plume-like centers, is planted for hedges, and grows to be very beautiful ones. The foliage is a lovely green, and the freedom with which it produces its flowers makes it very attractive.

A Puncture Proof Tire.

Among the many efforts that have been made to secure a tire that would not be disabled by a slight puncture is the cork cushion, that has recently been perfected. This invention consists of a series of corks, having the effect of being threaded upon a slender rod. This rod is closed at the ends, and binds the sections of cork firmly together and the groove of the rim. A rubber coating is placed on the outside, and fits snugly. It is claimed that the cork gives sufficient resiliency to make riding easy. It is, however, practically out of the question to make a cushion tire on any known lines that will be as pleasant for the rider as the pneumatic.

Animal Food.

A well-known authority writes: "Animal food, being identical in composition with the structure of the body, is, therefore, exceedingly well adapted to minister to the growth and nutrition of the body; but little chemical alteration is required for its assimilation, consequently it is easier of digestion. Animal food has the advantage of concentration, which frequently renders it preferable to vegetable food, by reason of its smaller bulk. It also has a more delicate shade of flavor, for which many of the meats are so highly esteemed.

Antidote for Snake Bite.

An exceedingly interesting investigation is at present being carried on with a view to settling a question of immunizing against snake-bite by the use of the hornet's sting. It has been found that the bite of a viper loses much of its most dangerous qualities when counteracted by this other poison. To ascertain just how and why it acts is the object of the present research.