

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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MISS MARTINEAU'S TEA.

It was to be served out on the veranda, a sort of open air annex to the sitting room, which was located in the second story. The place was perfect, with its lace-worked drapery of vines—purple wisteria, roses, and aloe—and there was a festive air of Roman stripes unfurled to the south, subduing the sunshine to a hazy glow.

"This is just the place to do the ideal," said Amy Loring, who revealed in the splendor of her friend's newly-acquired fortune. "In the midst of such enchanting circumstances, you never ought to lose your temper, Helene."

Miss Martineau was swinging herself lazily in a pretty hammock, with a look on her face that expressed the most profound indifference. "Could it be that she was already bored by the excessive elegance of the position?"

"If people would only let me alone," she said with a shrug, "I could believe like an angel. You never annoy me, Amy, but she added with a cynical smile, "I feel as though it would take me a lifetime to recover from those tete-a-tetes with the dear count, as Mrs. Stuyvesant calls him."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said Amy laughing. "It is not coming to tea, I suppose?"

"It is not asked," Helene replied, with a languid motion of a delicate feather fan which she held.

"Poor fellow! I will tell Oscar he must do his best to replace him."

A dish of unaccountable color appeared in Helene's face, but the parrot-feather screened it.

"Is Oscar coming?" she asked languidly.

"I believe so. It is a tremendous concession to you, my dear. In his society, you know, as I don't think he took very kindly to your engagement to Count Werlowski."

"Don't be kind that this is all broken off," said Helene, hurriedly.

"Yes," said Amy, "but Oscar is eccentric, you know, though to me he is the dearest fellow in the world. He was very fond of you, Helene, and I think he is rather afraid to meet you for fear he will find you changed."

"What do you think of that?" Helene asked, smiling. "It is not as though you were just the same as you were when you used to study Greek with him, and copy his chemistry notes. I know he thinks society and wealth have spoiled you, though I told him the contrary. He says—"

"What?" said Helene, imperiously, as Amy paused and went on sorting her embroidery silks in silence.

"He says," she continued, with a further glance at her friend, "that you had never gotten rich, he would have been quite sure of you; but that now he could hardly say how you will turn out."

"Indeed," cried Helene with a little railing laugh, giving her fan a such a saucing flirt that the ivory handled swung in twain. "I am indebted to Mr. Dwight for his opinion. When a man takes up preconceived ideas about me, I never think it worth while to combat them."

She got out of the hammock slowly, and sat on the veranda, where she grew very blue, and suddenly, with an irascible sob, she flung herself down on the couch where Oscar had sat beside her.

"Oh, my love!" she sobbed, with a burst of bitter tears. "You do not care for me at all."

The moon had risen high and full. Through the screen of tangled vines the silver light fell upon her prostrate form, which was shaken with a storm of grief.

"Helene!" she sprang up as though some one had struck her when she heard Oscar's name.

"What are you doing here?" she cried, passionately, enraged that he should have seen her in tears.

"Pardon me," he faltered. "I—I lost a diamond stud this afternoon, and I thought—"

"I will call a servant to get a light," she said, sweeping past him.

"Helene!" he said, making a step toward her.

"Oh!" said Helene, laughing. "Like other men, I presume he fancied he knew a great deal about them."

"I don't think he ever fancied that," said Oscar, taking his cup of tea. "He was not such an infatuated fool."

"Your tone is not complimentary, Mr. Dwight. I fear you are a sad cynic. You ought not to fill your head with heresy. It is not good for you, pas du tout!"

"Pardon?" Helene asked, French-perfectly, "I remember."

"Oh, yes. But my mind never hankered after a sandwich of tongues. I always feel as though I had a slap in the face when I am getting on so smoothly in one language, and some one hurls at me a fragment of another. I will speak French with you, if you prefer it," he added, more gently.

Helene flushed. How like him that blunt speech was!

"Oh, no!" she hastened to say. "What will you have? Try these confits. You will like them, I am sure. They taste just like—"

A luscious jasminot rose fell from her corsage. He picked it up and gravely returned it to her without a thought of appropriating it.

"This is like the guava preserve I brought you and Amy from Martinique," he said, tasting the confit.

"Oh, no!" she said, carelessly. "I don't care much for those things. I suppose you know most of the people here, Mr. Dwight?"

"Too well," he answered briefly.

"Barbarian!" she cried. "That is not the proper thing to say."

"I never say what I am expected to, I didn't come here to see those people, Helene."

"Unfortunate people! How have they incurred your displeasure?"

"I cannot see you," he persisted. "It is not often that I—"

"Miss Martineau," said an attenuated soldier who precipitated his bows before her, "we are all dying to hear you sing. Won't you favor us?"

Oscar had a fierce desire to give him a kick and send him all the way over. He was bowing so profoundly that it would have taken very little to do it.

"If Mr. Dwight will excuse me," said Helene, turning to Oscar. "Not stay here and listen to your tea. Capt. Eyre will give me his arms."

Oscar watched her as she moved with languid grace over to where the piano stood. He remembered her voice, fresh, pure, and resonant. She used to sing "Killarney," "Within a Mile of Edinboro'," and "The Last Rose of Summer," but now it was "Les Fleurs des Alpes" and a waltz song of "Lococo's." Her voice had improved with time and cultivation, but there was something left out of her songs.

"She is just as much lovelier to me as though she had married that Russian," said Oscar, bitterly, and as soon as he could he went away.

He left her with a listless handsiack. He was the first to go, for her guests generally staid late, and it was deep in the twilight before the last farewell was spoken.

"There is nothing more forlorn than a faded scene after the guests have departed. Helene looked around the veranda with a wretched feeling of loneliness, and suddenly, with an irascible sob, she flung herself down on the couch where Oscar had sat beside her.

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not come back and found you here weeping. I should have gone away and never seen you again."

Helene bowed her head with due penitence. As she did so, a bright flash of light from the floor made her cry:

"Oh, Oscar! There is your diamond!" She stooped and picked up the jewel from the floor. It was a superb white stone, which was seen to sparkle afterward on the third finger of the left hand, for Oscar had it set in an engagement ring.

—Early Linnæus in *Demore's Monthly*.

Diseases of the Respiratory Organs. A great deal of alarm is felt when cholera, small-pox, typhus fever, or other epidemic diseases are prevalent.

Yet over large areas of our country there are more people killed by diseases of the respiratory organs than by all the more active diseases combined. Consumption destroys more lives per thousand of the population than any other one disease, and pneumonia is next to it. The former makes away with ninety-one in a thousand, and pneumonia sixty-three. Chasing together consumption, pneumonia, heart-disease, and bronchitis, the fatality of this group of allied disorders is 191 in a thousand.

Of course, the proportion is much greater along the seacoast, the river bottoms, and in damp, low-lying localities, while in high dry regions, diseases of the respiratory organs are infrequent.

Experiments are now under way to test the virtues of rooms, the air in which is manipulated to make it correspond to the conditions that exist in mountainous regions—that is the air is rarified so that there is less pressure on the breathing apparatus. It is believed that by sanitary and mechanical measures, the dreadful mortality and suffering now caused by this class of disorders will be alleviated, and tens of thousands of valuable lives prolonged.

—*Demore's Monthly*.

Inviting Settlement in South Africa. Mr. Arnold White recently read a paper at a meeting in the conference-room at the Colonial and Indian exhibition on "South Africa as a Field for the Emigration of the Agricultural Classes," in which he asserted that no part of the British dominions offered a more eligible and immediate prospect to the immigrant than South Africa. It had a good climate; the health of Africans was proverbially good; Cape Colony was easily accessible; all the vegetable products of Europe, and of the sub-tropical zone grew luxuriantly, and large supplies might be sent to European markets.

On the other side was the drawback of the want of water, and the only method of remedying this was by an extended system of irrigation. The great staple of cultivation should be tobacco rather than cereals. The produce of three acres would realize 30 pounds sterling, and with the farm produce which he could raise every immigrant should be able to live in comfort. Immigrants should be agricultural laborers, small farmers. The Hon. C. Van L. der Byl, member of the legislative council, Cape of Good Hope, bore testimony to the accuracy of Mr. White's statements, and said the Cape Colony was admirably suited for agricultural immigrants.—*Chicago Times*.

The Diet of a King. The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant who works every day and dances half the night eats only his black bread, onion, and watermelon. The Siamer porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton. He walks off with his load of 800 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. The fastest or longest-lived horse is not the biggest eater. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Discovery of Antiquarian Interest. A discovery of great antiquarian interest was made in Aberdeen, Scotland, not long since by a number of laborers excavating in Ross court, one of the oldest parts of the city. Three feet under the surface the laborers came upon a large bronze urn filled to the brim with silver money. The number of coins was about 15,000, and they are in excellent preservation. They are all English money of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II., and are supposed by antiquaries to have been part of the booty secured during one of the raids into England during the thirteenth century. —*Chicago Herald*.

Wholesale Self-Destruction of Animals. Man is not the only animal that commits suicide. Herring and other fish have sought death by rushing ashore in myriads; regiments of ants, by deliberately marching into streams; swarms of rats, by migrating into the face of their deadly foe, and even butterflies, by flying in immense clouds straight out to sea. It would be interesting to learn the cause of the apparent wholesale self-deliberate self-destruction. Is the act a purely conscious one, or are the creatures victims of disease—mental or physical.—*Exchange*.

Smallest Newspaper in the World. Probably the smallest newspaper published in the world is that published at Guadalajara, Mexico. It is called *El Telegrama*, and is a four-page weekly, five by three inches in size, and is a marvel in the way of condensation. The motto of the paper is: "Little straw and much wheat." The price is 1 cent a copy.—*Chicago Times*.

In an Unpublished Canals. A small party of well-known New Yorkers are making a trip on a Pennsylvania canal in an antiquated canalboat.—*Intus Oculis*.

Prof. Huxley says that it would require 1,000,000 barrels of herring to supply the cod on the Norwegian coast with cod-liver oil.

DIALECT OF THE RICE FIELDS.

Darky Talk and Darky Melody in the Swamps of South Carolina.

One of the most peculiar dialects in the world is that of the rice field negroes of the lower counties of South Carolina and Georgia. It is a mixture of two or three languages, the words being pronounced with a characteristic intonation.

The majority of these words is a corruption of the English. Many come from various African dialects, while others sound very much as if they came from the German. All persons conversant in any degree with the language of the Fatherland know that there are certain words in our language which are precisely like the German, with the exception of a letter or two; take, for instance, many words like this, that, father, etc.; these are precisely like the German, except that every th in these words is a d in the old tongue.

Now, the low-country negroes have these words exactly as they originally were.

But it is not these negroes alone who use these words. Were you to accuse the most accomplished gentleman in Charleston of saying di-a-way and dat-a-way he would indignantly deny it, but a few minutes' conversation would show that he uses these expressions on all occasions.

It is simply impossible to reproduce these words in print. Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," has made himself famous by attempting it, and it must be said of him that he succeeds better than any other writer of the present day, but to reproduce it perfectly is simply impossible. How, for example, can the negro's pronunciation of the word young be written? It can only be explained, and I fear then that it cannot be made intelligible; it is thus: "young." The negro is pronounced very rapidly, being run into a sound as closely as possible.

It would repay any one to make a visit to these rice fields, if only to study the character and habits of the negroes. They live in their huts in the midst of these vast tracts of half-inundated lands, and, with the exception of their overseers, they never see a white face from one year's end to the other. I can conceive of no difference between these and the native Africans in the jungle, except that the southern negro is more cunning and cowardly, as a result of recent slavery. Another thing about these negroes that will bear study and observation is their songs and melodies. The negroes have a peculiar cry, which is only used at evening when they are returning from their work, and I will venture the assertion that with all the parts combined no sweeter music can be made anywhere. It sounds something like this: Hoo-hoo-la, hoo-la-hoo-la.

This is repeated over and over in different tones of voice, and when heard in the distance or through the swamps, the effect is simply grand. I have never seen a white man who could imitate this cry; it seems to be peculiar to the negro race alone, and I have no doubt but what this melody is sung by the rice field darkies just as it was hundreds of years ago by their ancestors in the jungles of the dark continent. The word hoo-la must have some meaning, but what it is I know not.

Everybody is familiar with "Uncle Remus" famous stories of "Brer Rabbit," "Brer Wolf," etc. It may not be generally known that these tales are a mere collection of negro fables, and not the work of Harris' own brain. He has only made a study of the negro lore, and has written up in his inimitable style. Any of mamma, who never heard of Harris, can recite the fables by the hour, and never tire of repeating them. I can say no doubt but what these fables were brought directly from Africa by the negroes, and this fact makes them all the more interesting.—*Samter (S. C.) Cor., Chicago Herald*.

More Work for the Telescopes. Besides Venus, Mercury and the suspected intra-Mercurial planets, Mons. J. C. Houzeau, of the Brussels observatory, thinks there may be another planet between the earth and the sun. A telescopic object has seven times been observed near Venus, the last time in 1764, and an examination of the data thus furnished makes it appear probable that this body is an unknown planet with an orbit about equal to that of Venus or a little larger; the latter case making it our nearest planetary neighbor. It must come in conjunction with Venus at intervals which are multiples of a little less than three years. The hypothetical planet is called Neith, and ambitious amateur astronomers are advised to search for it.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A Railroad Where Paul Was Born. The ancient city of Tarsus, where the Apostle Paul was born, has a railroad. British capitalists are constructing a railway in Asia Minor, the first section of which, from Marasia to Tarsus, has just been officially inaugurated. The opening of the road was made the occasion of a grand jubilee, in which the local officials heartily joined. A dozen sheep were sacrificed, there were religious benedictions, speeches, and a free excursion to the notabilities. Some Arab dignitaries, however, would not trust their lives on the train, saying that they would wait till they saw how the extraordinary English contrivance worked.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Telegraph Service of Great Britain. Since the government took possession of the telegraph in Great Britain, a record has been kept of the number of telegraph messages sent yearly. In 1870 there were 9,000,000 messages; in 1873, 19,000,000; in 1879, 36,000,000, and in 1883, 34,000,000; this does not include the press messages, which have increased nearly a thousandfold, due to the greater cheapness of the government service over that of the companies.—*Demore's Monthly*.

Paper as Transparent as Glass. Paper of proper thickness is rendered transparent by soaking in copal varnish. When dry it is polished, rubbed with pumice stone, and a layer of soluble glass is applied and rubbed with salt. It is said that the surface is as perfect as glass.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION.

The Wonders of Indian Art—Artistic Work—Cotton and South Africa.

The London season is being prolonged this year for several reasons, and the colonial and Indian exhibition has introduced a new feature to the social whirl. There are special entertainments everywhere for the colonial and Indian people, banquets, balls, flower shows, garden parties, fetes at the Crystal Palace and at every other place. The exhibition is a vast, endless labyrinth of things strange and interesting, and one reveals in Indian art products particularly.

The same buildings at South Kensington hold it as held the fisheries, health and inventions exhibitions in preceding seasons, and each colony has tried to outdo all the others in making a great show for itself. The Indian courts are dreams of carved and inlaid screens lining the long galleries for hundreds and hundreds of feet, with Indian carpets and draperies covering the upper walls, trophies of Indian arms over every doorway, and the roof all a-flutter with flags and banners.

Within the arches of the carved screen are the glass cases containing jewelry, silks, muslins, and embroidered stuffs by the half-mile, and one tears himself away from one case to go to another filled with even more distracting things. There are embroideries in gold and colors to make one sigh with envy, and tissues of gold thread embroidered with pearls and beetles' wings until they surpass all one's imaginations of East Indian gorgeousness. Cashmere shawls and Chud-dah shawls, chud-dahs so fine and silky that the mythical feat of drawing them through a ring can be done in plain sight, and chud-dahs of infinite shades of soft, dull blues and reds and grays, bewildering in their various presentation. The Benares brawlers, the Bombay carved woods and case after case of fretted silver held on before them, and as for gold and silver and jeweled ornaments it would seem as if an India land emptied such treasures into the exhibition.

The Dacca muslins, the famous fabrics known there as "dew of the evening" and "woven air" from their fineness and transparency, are shown, each yard worth more than a tissue of gold thread of the same width.

Better than all these things in cases is the Indian palace in one of the open courts, where the pink and white stone work of the city of Jempore is repeated in a model palace, whose first courtyard is filled with a mass of native artisans at work, weaving carpets, embroidering shawls, cutting stone to the fineness of lace-work, molding clay on the primitive potter's wheel and beating out gold and silver ornaments. This Scindiah palace contains two rooms sacred to the use of the prince of Wales from which the public is roped out, but into which one can at least look and see the domed and softly shaded room with its beautiful walls, its divans and rugs and a fountain of overhanging water that reflects as a mirror the arches and the silk canopied ceiling.

The Ceylon division begins with a copy of the gateway and parts of the Buddhist Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Kandy, and Gantama and Buddhist emblems are prominent in all the decorations of the Ceylon gallery. There is a large case of gems in this division, over which one hangs enraptured. In it are cut one as large as the end of your thumb, and dozens of 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000 carat stones, and a host of never seen by other exhibitors. Rubies in the rough, and sapphires of every other shade beside blue; dull as sapphires that show a five-pointed star of white light when held at a certain angle; alexandrites that are alternately green and red, and softly shining moonstones dazzle the eye in the range of that one case of Ceylon treasures, and silver and gold and pearls, lace and tortoise-shell, make a circle of attractions around the gems.—*Ruhmah's in Globe-Democrat*.

A Bath in the Morning. In your dressing-room you have soft cold water and a sponge, probably placed there over night, so that it is in the morning of the same temperature as the air; then you have a nice, soft Turkish washing glove and a piece of soap. Castile or Ivory soap—no scented; that were dangerous to health; then standing before a basin of hot water the whole body is quickly lathered and rubbed thoroughly. This ought not to occupy more than say three minutes, and after this comes the cold sponge bath, which need not take more than a minute and a half. A moderately coarse towel should be used, and the skin should be thoroughly dried. Remember that the towel must not be rough enough to irritate the skin, but only to produce a pleasant glow; remember, too, that there must be no dawdling over the bath—dawdle as much as you please while dressing, but bathe with judicious celerity; and remember, thirdly, that you must never neglect to wet the head with cold water, else disagreeable sensations will be the result.

The bath is to be taken on an empty stomach, and immediately after getting out of bed. The slight shock caused by the cold water will be succeeded by feelings very delightful, indeed, feelings which I might describe if I chose, but will not, as I want you to experience them. There are sponge baths and plunging baths and shower baths, all of which may be taken at home, but for all forms of household bathing command me to this as a place to sleep on; they live and move in canoes. What the gondola is to the Venetians the canoe is to the people of Alaska.—*Alaska Tribune's Letter*.

Cultivating the Curious Kermes Oak. The botanical gardens, London have succeeded in cultivating the curious kermes oak (*Quercus coccifera*), which, when punctured by one of the coccus insects produces the ancient blood-red dye, supposed to have been used by Moses to tint the hangings of the tabernacle. The kermes oak is a dwarf, bushy shrub, somewhat resembling a holly, and grows profusely in Spain.—*Chicago News*.

THE HARMONY OF COLORS.

Selections in Fitting Up Apartments, Dressing, Etc.—Hints to Merchants.

By harmony of colors we understand colors placed side by side in such a manner that they do not injure the effect of each other; rather, on the contrary, complete each other, i. e., they gain in intensity.

Those who are familiar with the harmony of colors, by using objects of familiar use, make such selections in fitting up apartments, in dressing, etc., so that with the greatest simplicity they are able to produce a most favorable effect than is possible with the most extravagant expenditure without a sense of harmony in color.

A merchant, dealing in colored goods, can very greatly improve the appearance of his stock by knowing how to group them in such a way as to produce a harmonious effect. Very often, owing to a lack of taste with reference to colors among dealers, it will be found that the silks in one shop will appear much fresher and brighter than in another. This difference in effect to colors is, however, nothing more or less than one merchant arranging his goods so that the colors are in harmony, while the other does not follow any definite plan. In the first instance the goods gain, while in the second they lose in intensity of color.

The attention of the ladies is particularly called to the importance of harmony in colors, for the most of them in the selection of their colored dresses, bonnets, and trimmings, produce the greatest discord in the composition of the colors. Harmony in color does not depend on the will or caprice or personal taste of an individual, but it is based on the unchangeable laws of nature, which we shall immediately discuss.

Red and Green—A red body reflects green rays, while on the other hand, a green body reflects red rays. Therefore green is the color which completes red, and similarly red is the color which completes green. Both colors, therefore, gain in intensity.

Blue and Orange—A blue body often reflects orange rays, and inversely an orange body will frequently reflect the blue rays. Orange, therefore, the complementary color of blue, and vice versa, therefore each color intensifies the other.

Violet and Greenish Yellow—A violet body reflects greenish yellow; and inversely a greenish yellow body reflects violet. Both colors, therefore, complete each other, and intensify each other.

Indigo and Yellow—Indigo reflects yellow, and yellow indigo rays, hence they are complementary, and intensify each other.

It would carry us too far to describe all the other colors which are complementary.—*Lithographer and Printer*.

Famous Composers at a Musical. Madame Marchesi gave a few evenings ago, a soiree musicale, which was one of the most crowded and brilliant of the season. Less and Rubenstein, Saint-Saens, the composer of "Henry VIII," were among the guests. I must confess that I could not discern in the Abbe List that fat and very old man in a straight, tight-fitting coat, with large feet and a face embellished with two enormous warts, any trace of the last-killer of the last quarter of a century. He longed thick white hair, reaching to his shoulders and carefully trimmed and arranged, was really the only attractive point about his appearance. Yet this man has inspired ladies of high degree with such devoted yet humble attachment that they refused to sit down in his presence. He looked like a very large old French peasant cask astray in a fashionable drawing-room.

Rubenstein, with his short, flat nose and "tempest of wild hair," keeps his aspect as of a savage Booby, by which he became familiar and cordially hated to the music-lovers of the United States. Saint-Saens is a modest looking gentleman, with dark eyes and hair, and a fine intellectual brow. He interested me most of the three; first, because I greatly admire his works; and, secondly, he did not pose as a celebrity, as did the two other famous guests of the evening.—*Lacy Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph*.

Oil to Quiet an Angry Sea. The windows of some of the South street ship chandler's stores contain this sign: "Marine Oil."

"It is an oil specially prepared to smooth an angry sea," said one dealer. "Boiled oil or animal oil will do pretty well, but this oil will start a greater degree of cold without congealing than ordinary oils. It is a secret mixture of common oils. The demand for it has arisen through the publication by the Hydrographic office of the value of oil in a breaking sea. It has become the fashion to use oil. It is a singular characteristic, but many old sea captains boast that they are not book sailors, and take a pride in refusing to do what the books recommend and in refusing to take up with what they call new-fangled notions. They have heard about the value of oil over since whales were first captured of Nantucket, but it was not the fashion to use oil, so they let the ships sink."—*New York Sun*.

And Keep on Climbing Forever. There is not a horse, mule, or ass or bicycle in Alaska; each and all would be useless as a means of locomotion. The whole country leads toward heaven at an angle of forty-five degrees. To move on you must climb and keep on climbing forever. The Indians, for that reason, with level heels avoid the land, except as a place to sleep on; they live and move in canoes. What the gondola is to the Venetians the canoe is to the people of Alaska.—*Alaska Tribune's Letter*.

Markets of a Siberian City. The markets of Verkhaya are an interesting sight in winter time, for everything is sold in frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord-wood, and meat, hives, "bar kinds of fowl" are frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market while are propped up on their hind legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive; and as you go through the markets you seem to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls. But strange, too, even in the liquid and frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in which, with a string or stick frozen into or projecting from it, for the convenience of the purchaser, who can take his milk by the stick and carry it home swung across the shoulder. So, in a sense, which is unknown in other countries, a man can buy his drink with a stick in it.—*Central Siberia's Letter*.

The Composer and the Emperor. Weigl, an Austrian composer, had written a quartet which the Emperor Francis felt called upon to lead, only he played his part all through without taking the slightest notice of accidents, advanced, and most reverentially said: "Would your majesty grant my most humble request for a most gracious forgiveness?"—*The Argonaut*.

Pulley Thirty-four Feet in Diameter. A monster pulley thirty-four feet in diameter and eighty-three tons in weight has been made in England. The rim will have a velocity of more than a mile a minute. There are grooves for thirty-two ropes, and together they will transmit 1,250 horse-power.

Our Horse Street Railways. The 233 cities and towns in the United States that have horse street railways are 1,048,000, 34,877 horses and have 1,250 miles of track.

DAY IS OVER.

Lower and lower the light is falling— Waves of color that come and go. Yellow and purple slowly parting— Flash of pink in the after-glow; Nothing but the faded colors— Day is over!

Faster and faster from busy hollow, Night is closing on field and wood; Out of the west the late-bound swallow Hastes back to the crumpled brood. Stately-winged, the night-hawk hovers— Day is over!

Fore and fallow grow dark together, A bell in the distance sounding slow; Still the light of the rosey weather Welles up in the airy glow. Now the starsy skies declare— Day is over!

—*Donat Reed Goddard*.

ALTITUDES AND HEARTY DISEASE. The *Medical Journal* has just reported a paper read before the American Climatological association, by Dr. A. L. Loomis, of this city, which may be of vital importance to many people proposing to visit mountain resorts the coming summer. Dr. Loomis details four cases in which heart disease was brought on by a change from a lower to a higher altitude. Two of these cases were persons going to St. Regis lake, in the Adirondacks, at an elevation of only 3,000 feet. One was that of a visitor to the Catalina mountains, and the fourth had gone to Colorado. Though a relief was afforded them by a return to lower levels, they all died within four or five weeks.

As the result of his experience in twenty-six cases, Dr. Loomis concludes that the risks which one with even slight cardiac insufficiency runs by passing from a lower to a higher altitude is certainly very great; and, if the insufficiency be extensive, such change becomes immediately dangerous. This conclusion, strongly supported as it is by Dr. Loomis' data, is especially important when it is remembered that cardiac insufficiency may exist in those who give no evidence of it while at, or moderately near, the sea level.

It is well known that sojourn at the high resorts of the Swiss Alps is contraindicated for persons suffering from diseases of the heart, such as angina pectoris, aortic disease, and such changes in the blood as are due to deficiency of oxygen (calculus). It will show that ordinarily at an altitude of only 3,000 feet 174.6 grains less of oxygen are inhaled than at sea level would explain the perils which many people incur by exchanging tide water for high mountain air.—*New York Herald*.

The Formation of North America. The opinion is expressed by an eminent American scientist, in a recent lecture, that the North American continent had the beginning of its formation in islands of matter rising out of the immense ocean, which grew until they finally touched each other. Many of these islands were volcanoes that threw up matter that had formed below the surface of the water, and were larger below the water than above. The Hawaiian islands have had many volcanoes, and were much formed by them. The whole area above the sea is no more than that of the state of Massachusetts, but their combined mass is equal to the whole of New England and New York.

The original islands of this continent could easily have been made to enlarge and join each other, and to the granite rock-landmass was once erupted from volcanoes, like flowing lava.

Among the first volcanic islands were Greenland, Canada, east of Winnipeg, the Atlantic district, the Rocky mountains, and the Sierra Nevada; but as the islands rose and enlarged great depressions were naturally commenced and go on, and in this way the depressions of Hudson's bay, the Mississippi valley, and the Salt Lake and Nevada basins were formed. These depressions would fill with massive sediments, which would eventually become rocks, and the depressions would have a saucer or platter shape.—*Chicago Herald*.

Markets of a Siberian City. The markets of Verkhaya are an interesting sight in winter time, for everything is sold in frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord-wood,