

RED SPRINGS COMET.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

VOL. I. NO. 38.

RED SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1892.

KNIGHT & WISHART, Publishers.

Gilwin Smith spoke at an annex meeting in Ontario, Canada, the other day, declaring that the whole country was either at a standstill or declining in prosperity.

Most of the German papers of recent date contain articles upon Columbus. All agree that the destiny of the entire American continent is unavoidably bound up with and can only be accomplished through the progress and leadership of the United States.

The Azores are to be connected with Europe by cable and European weather prophets are indulging in the hope that the islands so eligibly situated in mid-Atlantic ocean may be utilized as meteorological stations. As most of the European storms come from that quarter the Chicago Herald thinks that a station in the Azores would be of the utmost value to Europe as well as to the world's commercial marine.

European nations have taken issue upon the fertile territory of their several frontiers. Now returns from Uganda who has spied out the land, and says that in isn't much for milk, and he failed to observe any honey. However, observes the San Francisco Examiner, the grass planted in its soil would grow as quickly as anything in the world, and the Nations, for want of a better word, squabble over, are the world's.

Madame Marguerite, of Italy, recently arrived in a town where great preparations had been made to do her honor, and being offered some luncheon, she said that at all she needed was a glass of water. The water being brought, she drank it and was about to take her leave when from her pocket in order to wipe her lips when the mayor, mistaking her action, bowed respectfully to her. "Your Majesty need not trouble yourself," he said, "I can assure you that the luncheon is all paid for."

The experience of Aubrey Stanton, the New York Herald's cholera-locust correspondent, has demonstrated to the satisfaction of its cotemporary, the Tribune, that the plague can be successfully resisted. The correspondent went to Hamburg and voluntarily subjected himself to the most severe tests. He drank Elbe water, slept in beds on which cholera patients had died, lived in the infected quarters of the city and took every possible risk of contagion. After this remarkable experience he has returned to Paris in perfect health, apparently having been so strongly armed against the disease as to expose himself to it with impunity. A mission of this kind has required a very high degree of courage and self-sacrifice. "The Herald" has made many things plain about cholera which were imperfectly known.

According to the New York Times it is better in that city to be a criminal than to know anything of his crimes. It drives a very forbidden picture of the house of detention, a jail where witnesses are kept sometimes for long periods of time, and not infrequently while the criminal, of whose evil deeds they are supposed to be cognizant, is enjoying his liberty on bail. There is a detail of police attached to the house as a guard. No written communications are permitted to be received by any unfortunate inmate unless they are delivered unsealed to the Sergeant in command, who, upon reading them, determines whether they shall be delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed. No persons are allowed to visit or converse with the persons under detention except with the written permission of the Superintendent of Police, the District Attorney, or the committing magistrate, and then only in the presence of the Sergeant in command.

The bravery of Policeman Griffenhaus, who stopped the runaway firehorse in Union Square, New York City, during the Columbian military parade, has been properly recognized by the Police Board, who have granted him an honor-mention and a medal. "One of our contemporaries," says the New York Press, "in commenting on this fact, remarks that 'heroism is not common in these days.' Nothing could be further from the truth. Every week the news contains accounts of men who have risked their lives in order to save their fellow men. Never before in our history have more brave deeds been done than within the past year. Engineers are performing them all the time. Firemen, life savers, policemen, are constantly showing that they have in them the elements of heroism; and not infrequently cases arise in which the ordinary citizen, who does not pursue any calling specially attended with danger, shows that he, too, has been all the time a potential hero. There is no wisdom in running down our own times. They are good times and brave times, and we ought to recognize the fact."

THANKSGIVING.

With quickened heart and with beaded head
Toss the bounty that never ends,
The great, sweet gifts of life in words,
Hope for the living and rest to the dead;
For the boundless wealth of good it spends
Ere Thanksgiving sung I said,
And most for the blessing of home and friends.

The pale years wane and falter,
And melt away like snow,
But on his holy altar
Love's fire unchanging glow;
To dear, familiar places,
Lured by its gentle light,
Come back the dear, dead faces
Out of the awful night.

Beside it, on Thanksgiving,
The kindly feast is spread,
And old, fond hopes are living,
And old, fond words are said;
Said by the long-stilled voices,
Heard by the heart alone,
And memory rejoices
In the sweet undertone.

Though years the head may whiten,
The heart shall not grow gray;
Young thoughts that thrill and brighten
Forever the smiling day,
To all our best and dearest
A loving cup we fill,
To friends that are the nearest,
To love Time cannot kill.

The heart's delight, and the feast is spread,
Blest be the love that never ends,
For the hope of the living, the rest of the dead,
Be Thanksgiving sung and said,
And most for the gift of home and friends.
—New York Sun.

A Thanksgiving Surprise.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was the close of a brief autumn day; the last level beams of the soft, tinted sunset were peeping through the plate-glass casements of the great Eighth Avenue store, and Kitty Kason, tortured with a splitting headache and wearied with the incessant buzz of questioning voices, pressed both hands over her forehead and asked herself:

"Will six o'clock never come? Will these people never go!"
The floor superintendent came up.

"Miss Kason," said he sharply, "what ails you to-day? I have heard more than one complaint. Is it simple inattention? or don't you care whether you retain your position here or not?"

Kitty looked piteously up.
"My head aches so!" said she. "But I didn't know. What can I do, please?"
"Here's a lady asking for mode-colored gloves, and you've taken out the box of blacks," said Mr. Irwin, impatiently. "Really this won't do!"

"Kitty murmured a word or two of apology, substituted the mode-colored for the blacks, and set herself to be as attentive as possible.
Headache or no headache, it behooved her to give satisfaction. She had not only herself to support, but the ailing mother, whose board she paid at a cousin's farmhouse in the Connecticut Valley. To her every dollar meant its full worth, and when she saw girl customers of her own age scattering the contents of their purses with reckless disregard, she could but wonder.

But when the crowd of shoppers had ebbed and flowed itself away, and the much-bumblers and becrumpled stock was replaced in boxes and on shelves, and the girls were departing, Kitty came to Mr. Irwin's desk.

"Well!" he said impatiently, biting the handle of his pen, as he glanced up from the big book before him.
"Mr. Irwin," faltered Kitty, "I haven't had any vacation this year. Can I have a week at Thanksgiving?"
Mr. Irwin frowned.

"You had the chance in August," said he. "No, we can't spare you at Thanksgiving, Miss Kason. Three of the girls in your department have been ahead of you in securing that time, and, as you must know, we are extra busy at this time of year."

"I couldn't go in August," said Kitty. She did not like to tell the superintendent that she had lent her salary for the month of August to poor Mary Sinclair, to pay for a sea-coast trip for her consumptive sister, that the sister had died at Ocean Beach, and that Mary Sinclair had never been able to repay the indebtedness.

How true it is that "it is the poor who are good to the poor!"
"Couldn't I possibly—"
"No, you couldn't!" said Mr. Irwin, and turned to his big books as if the case were closed.

Kitty Kason went quietly home to the solitary bed room, that she shared with a hollow-eyed stitcher in a corset factory, whose cough kept her awake half the night.

They made themselves a cup of fabulously weak tea, and nibbled at bread and butter, with a pan of clams, which

Miss Skerrett had cooked over a neighbor's stove, to give some relish to it.

They sat with shawls around them, and left the door into the hall open, in hopes that some current of warmth from the down stairs rooms might set their way.
"Oh, here's a letter for you, which I'd nearly forgotten!" said Miss Skerrett. "It got slipped under the bread plate."

Kitty opened it and read it eagerly. Then her head dropped on her hands; she burst into tears.

"No bad news, I hope!" said Miss Skerrett, who was mending the worsted gloves which had so often been mended before.
"No," said Kitty. "Nothing but what I might have expected. The old home is sold—to somebody from the West!"

"But it hasn't been really yours for a long while, has it?" said Miss Skerrett.
"Well, no!" Kitty admitted. "But as long as Squire Taft owned it, there was some chance of our buying it back. When I first came to New York, you know, Sarah, I was sure I could sell the novel I had written, and rebuild the family fortunes. I fancied it was only a matter of a year or two. Now I know what nonsense it was. No matter. I'm young, and tolerably strong. But it'll come hard on mother—poor mother!—who has kept hoping all her lifetime for things that never came. I've got to write to her, now, that I can't be at home for Thanksgiving. They won't spare me!"

Miss Skerrett shrugged her thin shoulders.
"Well," said she, "what you haven't got you can't miss. I never had a Thanksgiving!"
Kitty did not get answer. She was thinking of the red November sun, the aromatic scent of dead leaves, the sound of church bells chiming across the frosty fields, the smell of burning beech logs on the old stone hearth.

And all that night long, when poor Miss Skerrett slept and coughed by turns, and Kitty Kason lay awake and thought about Thanksgiving.
She was unusually quiet and dejected the next day.

Mr. Irwin frowned a little.
"We want our girls to be spry and smiling," said he. "The customers don't like to see a death's-head-and-bones behind the counter!"
So Kitty tried to look cheerful, while all the time she was asking herself:

"How could Abram Taft break his promise to me! How could he let his father sell the old home, when he told me I should have the refusal of it? Of course, I couldn't buy it; but the blow wouldn't have come so subtle if I had known beforehand."

Miss Skerrett was full of a new plan when Kitty came home that night.
"Kitty," said she, "you felt bad about losing your Thanksgiving. Let's have a little one of our own. A chicken won't cost much—poultry is always cheap if you wait until the night before Thanksgiving. And Mrs. Daley will let us cook it in her oven, and we could have a few roast chestnuts and two relishes, and a cranberry tart from the baker's. It won't cost so much if we join together."

"Stop!" cried Kitty. "Here's the old home. Stop, Abram, and let me have one look at it. And there are lights in the window! Look, Sarah—there's the window where I used to peep out winter nights and watch for Santa Claus's coming. There's the big flat stone where we used to play jacks-straws, and the apple tree, where the red gill-flowers grew. And, oh, Sarah, am I dreaming! There's mother coming out to the gate to meet me, just as she always did. Drive on, Abram! I—I think my brain must be going."

"I guess we won't drive on," said Abram Taft, alighting and deliberately tying the sorrel horse to the post. "Your brain's all right, Kitty. It is your mother; and you be comin' home again, just like you always did. The house's your mother's, Kitty; I decided it to her, I bought it of father with the profits I made in that Western ranch affair. I never felt quite satisfied about that foreclosure business, and this is what I call restitution money."

"But," cried Kitty, "the old furniture—the dear, tall clock and the high-topped chairs—"
"I managed all that," said Abram, simply. "I sort of planned to have it all dovetailed in by Thanksgiving Day. You see, Kitty, I know right well you don't love me; but, for all that, no one can stop me from loving you and working to make you happy. I couldn't now stand the idea of your bein' shut up in that big city store like a bird in a cage. Go in, Kitty. Don't you see your mother waitin' for you!"

"But—but you'll come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us to-morrow, Abram!" faltered Kitty, still lingering out under the lilac bushes, although her hand was tightly clasped in her mother's.

"Do you want me to, Kitty?"
"Yes, I do."
"Then I'll come!"
Back to the old hearth ran Kitty. The familiar cricket still chirped between its stones; the kettle sang the same sleepy tune over the fire.

"Oh, mother, mother," she gasped, "how happy I am! Oh, how can we ever pay Abram Taft back!"
The little, black-robed widow smiled as she took a pan of hot biscuits out of the oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.

"There's only one way, daughter, that I know of," said she. "You've sneered at honest Abram and laughed at him all these years, but now—"
"What will Mr. Irwin say?"
"What he pleases. Oh, Kitty, we are such slaves all our life long, do let us have one free moment, and risk the consequences!"
The dimples came into Kitty's cheek. "We will!" said she.

It was a stormy sunset that brooded, in its red magnificence, over the valley that night; but Thanksgiving is one of the few things that stormy weather cannot spoil; and as Kitty and Miss Skerrett stepped of the train, a gust of sweet-scented air came up from the pine glens, the leaves rustled under foot, and the red barns in the distance seemed as if it were but yesterday that she had left them.

Mrs. Copley was at the station, rubicund and short-breathed as ever.
"There's a waggin' back o' the freight-house," said she. "Wait a spell, girls, till the train's gone by. The boss, he's skerry of the cars."
"But what do we want of a wagon?" said Kitty. "It isn't a quarter of a mile to your house, Cousin Deb."
"We ain't a-going there!" said Mrs. Copley. "Your ma, she's moved."
"Moved! Oh, Deb, I know I haven't been able to be very regular in the payments of late," said Kitty, a sudden suffocation coming into her throat, "but surely—surely you haven't let them take her to the town house!"
"Wal, I guess not!" said Mrs. Copley. "Get into the waggin. You'll see!"

"Oh! but you must!" said Miss Skerrett.

"What will Mr. Irwin say?"
"What he pleases. Oh, Kitty, we are such slaves all our life long, do let us have one free moment, and risk the consequences!"
The dimples came into Kitty's cheek. "We will!" said she.

It was a stormy sunset that brooded, in its red magnificence, over the valley that night; but Thanksgiving is one of the few things that stormy weather cannot spoil; and as Kitty and Miss Skerrett stepped of the train, a gust of sweet-scented air came up from the pine glens, the leaves rustled under foot, and the red barns in the distance seemed as if it were but yesterday that she had left them.

Mrs. Copley was at the station, rubicund and short-breathed as ever.
"There's a waggin' back o' the freight-house," said she. "Wait a spell, girls, till the train's gone by. The boss, he's skerry of the cars."
"But what do we want of a wagon?" said Kitty. "It isn't a quarter of a mile to your house, Cousin Deb."
"We ain't a-going there!" said Mrs. Copley. "Your ma, she's moved."
"Moved! Oh, Deb, I know I haven't been able to be very regular in the payments of late," said Kitty, a sudden suffocation coming into her throat, "but surely—surely you haven't let them take her to the town house!"
"Wal, I guess not!" said Mrs. Copley. "Get into the waggin. You'll see!"

Abram Taft was driving. Kitty viewed him sternly, scarcely returning his nod.
"You are not vexed with me, Kitty?" said he.
"You have broken your word," said she in a low voice, while Mrs. Copley pointed out the various places of interest to Sarah Skerrett. "You did it out of spite, because—I wouldn't marry you."

"I may be a pretty mean man, Kitty," said he, "but I ain't as mean as all that. Get up, Bonny, with a lash across the old red horse's fat back."
And they drove along in silence until—

Five Grains of Corn.
The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast (by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival.

It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character, as a nation and as individuals. Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than all our thanks can pay, our table more beautifully spread than we deserve.—Youth's Companion.

No Respect for A. e.
"Is there any portion of the forel you prefer, Major?" asks the sutler's wife, bandy.

"The left wing, if you please."
"The left wing?"
"Yes, retorted the Major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first!"

No Neck in His.
The Minister—"Well, my little man, what are you thankful for to-day?"
Bobby—"That the Thanksgiving dinner's mos' ready."

Somebody has said that if Pasteur were paid a royalty on all the money he has saved to the commercial world he would be the richest man on earth.

A Cloud on the Horizon.
1892. NOVEMBER. 1892.

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

as she took a pan of hot biscuits out of the oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.

the oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.

"There's only one way, daughter, that I know of," said she. "You've sneered at honest Abram and laughed at him all these years, but now—"



MRS. PEARY PREPARING THE TURKEY.

"Now," said Sarah Skerrett, turning Kitty around so that she could look full into her eyes—"now she loves him. I can see it in her eyes. Ah, Mrs. Kason, time has taught her more lessons than one!"

And Mrs. Copley, singing the pinfeathers off a fat young turkey in the back kitchen, mused to herself.
"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that tangle came straight arter all. Me and Copley got engaged on Thanksgiving Day. It always was a lucky time."

The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast (by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival.

It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character, as a nation and as individuals. Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than all our thanks can pay, our table more beautifully spread than we deserve.—Youth's Companion.

No Respect for A. e.
"Is there any portion of the forel you prefer, Major?" asks the sutler's wife, bandy.

"The left wing, if you please."
"The left wing?"
"Yes, retorted the Major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first!"

No Neck in His.
The Minister—"Well, my little man, what are you thankful for to-day?"
Bobby—"That the Thanksgiving dinner's mos' ready."

Somebody has said that if Pasteur were paid a royalty on all the money he has saved to the commercial world he would be the richest man on earth.

A Cloud on the Horizon.
1892. NOVEMBER. 1892.

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

as she took a pan of hot biscuits out of the oven and set the steaming teapot further back on the stove.

MRS. PEARY'S EXPERIENCE.

WHAT THE EXPLORER'S WIFE SAW IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
The Clothes She Wore on the Expedition—The Home She Lived In and Food She Ate.

MRS. PEARY, wife of the Arctic explorer, has been interviewed by a New York World reporter on her trip with her husband to the Far North. We quote from the interview as follows:

"What did you take with you to wear on your expedition?"
"All my old clothes, of course. I knew that I should never have such a good opportunity to get them worn out without any anxiety as to changing fashions. That applies only to gowns. My Arctic dress was odd enough. Lieutenant Peary, as you know, had been in Greenland before, and had a good idea of the needs of the climate. Nothing but fur will give sufficient protection against the cold, and we did not make the mistake of having our fur garments made up before leaving. In addition to the discomfort of trying on furs in the spring, we knew that no furrier had sufficient disregard of appearance to make our outfit as we would order it. Instead we took on board well-worn deer skins, which I cut during the voyage to the exact shape I wanted. Then when we reached Greenland we hired the Eskimo women to sew the skins, which they do with great skill. I had an undergarment—a sort of divided skirt—made of deer skins with the fur inside. This I wore between my usual underwear and my dress, instead of extra skirts. Above the waist I had a hooded blouse of fur which I put on to go out in. I never knew what it was to suffer from cold throughout the journey."

"What kind of a house can one have when the material has to be taken so far and set up under such difficulties?"
"It was a very good house, indeed, though it had only two rooms. In one of these I had a carpet, heavy curtains, portieres and most of the comforts of a well-appointed home in lower latitudes. The other room, which was used for all sorts of household purposes, could not be made so pretty.

Together in a sort of happy family. There were seven members of the expedition, none of whom were previously known to us, but we found them very pleasant and harmonious. We had a colored boy, Matt, whom we took with us to do the cooking and other work. His first attempts at cookery were so bad that I assumed that duty myself for a few months, until he was trained into a very efficient servant. Lieutenant Peary sat at one end of the table and I at the other. We had a very jolly party throughout the long winter with its three months of unbroken night."

"What did you have to eat? I should think the fare would have been very limited!"
"Not at all. We had just the same things that you were eating down here. Most of it came out of tin cans, but that is a water necessity everywhere. We had three kinds of vegetables every day at dinner and there was always plenty of fresh meat. It was no trouble to keep it in that latitude; all out-of-doors was one great refrigerator. When we wanted fresh water we went out to the nearest glacier and chopped off chunks with a hatchet till we had enough to melt for drinking and household purposes. Under these conditions a daily bath is laborious. It is small wonder that the natives never think of such a thing as washing, even their faces."

"Did you see very much of the native life, or were you away from even such primitive society as that?"
"Oh, the Eskimos, or 'Huskies,' as we called them, were our chief source of entertainment all through the long winter. They came hundreds of miles on their sledges to see the white people and their wonderful house. In fact, we held one continuous reception. We could not have been gay at home in Washington. We always offered refreshments—coffee and biscuits—no new comers, but made no attempt after that session the white man has. The Eskimo, like most other savages, derives all his time to hunting, and lets his womanhood do the work. I have seen a whole party of them sit by and watch the women roll the heavy stones which fasten down the edges of the skin tent—the summer residence of the native Greenlanders. As a great occasion the man will occasionally hold the tent in position while his wife does the heavy work in securing it. It amazed them to see us shoulder a gun and start out hunting with my husband, but not so much as to see him spare me from any extra arduous task. 'White woman very lazy,' was the operatively expressed verdict. This, however, did not prevent one prominent Eskimo citizen from proposing an exchange of wives with Lieutenant Peary. As an additional inducement to the trade he offered to throw in his two children."

"How do you know when spring has come in such high latitudes? Is there any outward and visible sign besides perpetual day instead of perpetual night?"
"The warmth of a Greenland spring is delicious. In April before the exploring party started I went on a little journey of about two hundred and fifty miles. It was light all the time, though during the night the sun was just below the horizon. We travelled on a sledge drawn by sixteen dogs, journeying by night to avoid the strong Arctic sunshine and sleeping by day. I was wrapped in deerskins in addition to my usual fur garments, and never had a more delightful journey in my life. Talk about park driving! An Eskimo sledges on the ice plains of Greenland takes the favor out of any other way of getting over ground that the world affords!"

"Was there any vegetation around your home in McCorrick Bay, or was it all barren and icy?"
"The flowers of high latitude are exquisite, and the suddenness with which they come adds greatly to the enjoyment of them. One day you see an ice covered space, the next day there is bare ground, and two days later you begin to see green. A week afterwards the whole place will be covered with bloom. There are poppies and daisies and buttercups, all very much like our own, but smaller. It is a mistake to suppose that Arctic summers are cold. The thermometer often gets up to ninety, and eighty degrees is not exceptionally hot, even in high latitudes."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.
A door-closer is operated by gravity.
A machine is made for grooving horse shoes.
Plowing by electricity is in contemplation for a large property in Spain.

At the present time the average height of the tides the world over is only about three feet.
An incorrodible metal, which is likewise very hard, is made by amalgamating nickel with steel.

A French chemist has succeeded in making imitation diamonds that cost more than the genuine.
It is believed that diphtheria is sometimes contracted by little children while playing near the sewers when the latter are open for repairs or other purposes.

The use of minute quantities of chromium in steel to give it exceptional hardness was probably first carried out at a commercial scale by Julius Bauer, of New York.

The life of a locomotive crank pin, which is almost the first thing about an engine to wear out, is 60,000 miles, and the life of a thirty-three-inch wheel is 66,733 miles.

A California company makes a splendid article of toilet soap from the froth skimmed from a boiling compound. It is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and mineral oil.

At Baku, Russia, there is an immense oil well that "ebbs and flows" with the same regularity as do the ocean tides. It is believed to have some mysterious connection with the sea.

The lower grade of molasses sells for such a poor price (two cents a gallon), that some of the Louisiana sugar houses use it for fuel. Several of the Cuban sugar houses thus use it.

Sir John Lubbock, who probably knows more about bees than any other man in the world, living or dead, says that there is strong evidence that the queen bee has the power of controlling the sex of the egg.

It appears that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory region is essential to perfect smell. In cases where animals are pure white they are usually totally devoid of both smell and taste, and some, the white cat for instance, are almost invariably deaf.

A Boston dentist advocated hypnosis as a local anesthetic in a paper read before the New England Dental Society and hypnotized a patient there and then as an object lesson in the practice, performing a dental cutting without eliciting from the patient any manifestation of feeling. The paper was unaccompanied by drawings.

The gall of a gall-fly produced on an oak acetate, states Dr. Rathay, by their viscid secretion, a number of small ants, which he believes to be advantageous to the tree in killing quantities of caterpillars and other insects which are its natural enemies. It illustrates the value of this protection by the statement that the inhabitants of a single ant's nest may destroy in a single day upward of 100,000 insects.

It is found that masonry may be rendered impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with that element, by the application of coal tar. The latter is employed in a boiling state, in one or more layers, or it may be made to flame up before being used, the first being suitable for surfaces exposed to the air, while the second is appropriate in the case of parts intended to be covered up. This method of treating foundations is declared to be of special utility in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art, preventing as it does exhalations of water charged with lime salts from the mortar.

Electrical Rain.
Rain which on touching the ground crackles and emits electric sparks is a very uncommon but not unknown phenomenon. An instance of the kind was recently reported from Cordova, in Spain, by an electrical engineer who witnessed the occurrence. The weather had been warm and undisturbed by wind, and soon after dark the sky became overcast by clouds. At about 8 o'clock there came a flash of lightning, followed by great drops of electrical rain, each one of which on touching the ground, walls or trees gave a faint crack and emitted a spark of light. The phenomenon continued for several seconds, and apparently ceased as soon as the atmosphere was saturated with moisture.—Chambers's Journal.

A new invention is a saw-horse with a toothed dog holding the piece of timber in place, the device being pivoted at the cross legs and operating under a spring tension.