

The Chronicle.

WILKESBORO, N. C.

There are over 40,000 children attending the schools in London who are insufficiently fed.

The Southern people are advised, states the *Chicago Sun*, to raise hops as being the most profitable crop they could raise. A great many nurseries have been started this year.

The *Chicago News* thinks that "the farmers are creating a new party that will absorb the best elements of the old parties, and enter upon a career of prestige and power."

There is no end to the projections of electric railroads in different parts of the country, exclaims the *Drillers' Journal*. The electricians are the busiest engineers in the country. The business is expanding even faster than it can be conveniently kept up with.

Simultaneously with the taking of the recent census, and under Government auspices, though by a distinct process, a religious enumeration was made. From approximate figures already announced it appears that the total church membership in the United States is about 22,000,000, and is gaining at the rate of 1,000,000 a year.

The *Chicago Post* is convinced that a fortune awaits the inventor of an automatic dishwasher. It was thought the problem would solve itself when a few years ago some genius invented paper basins, platters and bowls, but neither the paper nor the pine crockery filled the bill, and half the world is still wearing her life away scraping pans, scouring kettles and washing and wiping glassware and porcelain.

Iowa has passed a stringent tramp law. It declares that any male person sixteen years of age or over, who is physically able to work, who is wandering about begging or idle and who cannot show reasonable efforts to secure employment, shall be deemed a tramp, sent to jail and put at hard work. While in jail he shall not be allowed tobacco, liquors, sporting or illustrated newspapers, cards or any other means of amusement. Tramps will give Iowa a wide berth.

Women are coming to the front in business life, says the *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*. There are nearly 15,000 of them engaged as commercial travelers in the United States. The demand for women to do clerical and office work increases all the while, and they are better paid for their work now than ever before. The graduates of the Georgia Industrial School for Girls will soon begin to increase the noble army of women who, from choice or necessity, are striving to be self-supporting.

That forestry pays in dollars and cents, observes the *Commercial Advertiser*, is shown conclusively by the fact that while France is only twice as large as Colorado, yet by taking care of her forests she was able in 1887 to export, besides meeting the home needs of 38,218,903 people, \$23,360,758 in value of the products of the forest, or nearly as much as the United States, with fifteen times the area outside of Alaska, the exports of the United States in 1887 being \$22,387,787.

The Ohio courts have decided, avers the *Detroit Free Press*, that no damages can be recovered from a railroad company for killing a cow if it can be shown that there was in plain sight of the cow a notice to look out for the locomotive. Such at least is the effect of the decision though not its precise wording. It was really the converse of the proposition, the court actually holding that the owner of the cow could recover because there was not a notice of the character described.

A striking proof of the unpopularity of the English army among the Irish is furnished by the official army statement that has just been published. This statement shows that twenty years ago out of 168,910 non-commissioned officers and privates in the army 47,151 were Irish, whereas to-day, although this force has been increased to 199,473, the Irish element among it has dwindled to 28,712. Further than this, the statement indicates a similar feeling among the Scotch, where the decline, while not so marked as in the case of the Irish, is great. In 1870 out of every thousand men the proportion was 614 English or Welsh, 97 Scotch and 28 Irish. This year the proportion per thousand is 759 English or Welsh, 83 Scotch and 145 Irish.

JOHNNY'S HANDS.
Mother—Johnny, you said you'd be on Sunday-school.
Johnny (with far-away look)—Yes'm.
Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?
Johnny—I carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Josiah an' th' whale.—*New York Weekly*.

THE OLD FARM HOME.
If you've been a happy rover
Through the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,
When at eve the sun is sinking
And the stars are faintly twinkling
You can call to mind a picture such as this:
Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.
Strange how memory will fling her
Arms about the scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years that make them
Stronger grow.
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.
Hark! The cows are homeward roaming
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
And from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.
—*Chicago Post*.

A BACHELOR'S FALL.
There was general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we learned of the coming marriage of Valentin Sancerre. What! He, that hardened old bachelor; that Parisian skeptic, who scoffed at every suggestion of matrimony; that jolly high liver, who had sworn a hundred times that he "would never be caught!" Yes, Valentin was going to enter the great fraternity, and whom was he to marry? A widow. More than that, a provincial.
We could not understand it. So, the first time I met him, I took him by the arm and demanded an explanation.
"I have but little time," he said, "and have a great many things to do, I have just come from the mayor's, and am going to the printer's—Passage des Panoramas—for the invitations. If you care to come with me that far—"
"How did it come about?" I asked him, and we started down the boulevard, arm in arm.
"The story is quite brief," Valentin said, "and very commonplace; but since you insist upon knowing it, here it is."
In the month of February I went to Nice for the carnival. I have a horror of traveling by night, so I took the eight-fifty-five train in the morning, which should land me in Marseilles at five minutes after midnight. I would pass a day in Marseilles, where my good friends, the Rombauds, of the Rue Saint-Ferrel, expected me to breakfast. The following day I would leave for Nice, where I would arrive about two o'clock in the afternoon.
At the Lyons depot there was a great crowd, but, thanks to an obliging station master, I was able to find a place in a compartment. I was alone with another traveler—decorated, of severe bearing, with an official air—whose only baggage was a portfolio. Certainly he would not go far with that equipment; and soon I should be alone—alone, the one thing that makes a railway journey supportable.
Everybody was settled; the train was about to start. Suddenly, there were sounds of a dispute at the door.
"No, monsieur, no," said a fresh feminine voice, with an almost imperceptible Southern accent; "I ordered a sleeping berth; I must have a sleeping berth!"
"But, madame, we have none."
"But I must have a place."
"And I offer you two in that coach."
"In there?"
"Yes, madame."
A little brown head was thrust in the doorway, and then withdrawn quickly, as though frightened.
"Two gentlemen are there."
"Well, madame, I cannot give you a coach all to yourself."
"Very well, I shall not go."
"As you please. The train is going to start. I have given the signal."
"Stop, stop! I absolutely must go. And here is this carriage only! Well, they will give me a sleeping berth at the next station!"
"Yes, madame, yes."
"You will telegraph?"
"Yes, yes, madame."
The door opened; in plunged the little brown head, surrounded by a halo of packages and rugs; a shrill whistle cut the air; we were off.
The official gentleman gallantly seated himself near me, so as to leave the whole side to the new arrival. Without so much as a glance toward us, all hurried and rosy with haste, she arranged her packages in the rack and about herself with the haste common to persons who have many long hours to pass in a car. Out of the corner of my eye I followed her little maneuvers, and I ascertained with pleasure that she was charming. I say with pleasure; for however proper one's intentions may be, it is always more agreeable to travel with a pretty woman than with an old man in spectacles.
The cold was intense; the country, covered with snow, lighted by a pale sun, seemed to fly rapidly by the two sides of the coach. The fair traveler, entangled to the chin in her rugs, gazed obstinately from the window on the left. The official gentleman drew from his portfolio some large papers, yellow, green, and blue, with printed headings, which he settled himself to read attentively. As for myself, comfortably installed with my feet upon a hot-water bottle, I attacked the pile of newspapers, bought at the station, to pass the time.
At eleven-twenty-one, Laroche. The train stopped. The official gentleman arranged his papers, rose, bowed and got out. Barely had he stepped down when he was received by the station-master, who called him "Monsieur l'inspecteur."
The lady traveler came to the door.
"Station-master!" she called.
"Madame!"
"You have been telegraphed from Paris for a sleeping-berth?"

"Yes, madame; I have forwarded the dispatch."
"What, forwarded it! Am I not to be given that sleeping-berth immediately?"
"Impossible, madame; we have no coaches here. You can be given one at Lyons."
"At Lyons! At what hour?"
"Five-forty-five, madame."
"The whole day, then! I cannot remain in this coach until that hour. It's impossible, I will not."
"Take care, madame, the train is starting." And the train drew out.
She flung herself in her corner, furious, without throwing a single glance in my direction. I plunged into the perusal of my tenth newspaper.
I should have liked very much to engage in conversation with her, but the pretext, the opening subject, where was it to be found? Considering the temperature, the threadbare pretext of windows to open or close was not to be thought of. What then was to be done?
My neighbor, I had discovered immediately, with the scent of an old Parisian, was a woman of the world, and of the best. To speak to her without knowing her, would have made me appear in her eyes as the lowest of commercial travelers. The only way to solve the difficulty was for me to find something strikingly original to say to her. But what? I nudged my brain in vain.
I was still searching a pretext for opening a conversation, when the train stopped.
"Tounerre! Twenty-five minutes for refreshments!" cried the porter, opening the door.
My neighbor arose, relieved herself of her rugs, which she left in the coach with her three little bags, and descended. It was noon, and her hunger evidently began to make itself felt. She went in the direction of the buffet, to the left, on the other side of the track. I followed her. I could then admire, at my ease, her elegant figure, well outlined in a long sealskin cloak. I also remarked the pretty black ringlets at the nape of her neck, her gray felt hat, and her tiny little feet.
At the entrance to the hall stood the steward. Bedecked with a velvet skullcap, he indicated with his hand and a napkin a long table to be stormed. I entered with the tide of unkempt, ungloved, hurried travelers, and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes served to me; the lady traveler took some broth at a separate table.
I got up among the first and went out to smoke a cigar on the platform. The twenty-five minutes would soon be passed. The travelers, in groups, came out of the eating-room and returned to their coaches.
I also reinstalled myself in mine. My lady traveler had not yet returned. I saw her in the little station book-stall on the other side of the track, looking at the books displayed. Though I saw her from the back, I recognized her easily by her pretty style, her sealskin cloak and her gray hat. Her hair seemed to me to be a little lighter, but that was owing to the distance, no doubt.
Everybody had re-entered the coaches; the porter shut the doors tumultuously. "She is going to be left," I thought, and I threw open the window.
"Madame! Madame!" I cried. I was too far off; she did not hear me. The whistle blew. What was to be done?
An idea flashed through my brain quick as lightning. She was going to stay there, in that horrible cold, without baggage. She should have at least her small belongings—the poor little woman! I made an armful of the three bags and the rugs, and throwing it all to a man in uniform, who was near the coach upon the road, I cried out: "To that lady yonder."
The man in uniform took the things and went toward the lady of the book-stall. At the same moment, at the opposite side of the coach—the side of the platform—the door opened and my lady traveler, perturbed, hustled by a grumbling conductor, plunged into the coach, and the train went off.
Horror! I had mistaken the traveler—the woman of the book-stall was not the one; the same cloak, same hat, same style, but not she. I had played a pretty trick.
She was barely in the coach, when she cried out: "My packages—they have stolen my packages!" And for the first time, she looked at me—with what a look. Heavens! that look—I shall never forget it.
"No, madame," I said to her, "your bundles are not stolen; they have been left at Tonnerre."
"At Tonnerre? How?"
I explained all to her. The second glance she shot at me I think I shall remember longer than the other.
"I am disconsolate, madame," I stammered; "absolutely disconsolate. But the motive was good; I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would be cold—I did not want you to be cold. I beg you will pardon me. Fear nothing for your things; they are in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph; they will send them to you right away. You shall have them, I swear it to you, even if I should have to return myself to Tonnerre to get them."
"Enough, sir," she said; "I know what I have to do," and she returned to her corner, twisting her gloves with anger. But, poor little thing, she had not thought of the cold. She no longer had warm rugs.
At the end of about ten minutes she began to shiver. Well might she draw her sealskin about her pretty figure; positively she chattered.
"Madame," I said, "I beg you, upon my knees, accept my rug; you will be ill, it will be my fault, and never in my life shall I console myself."
"I am not speaking to you, sir," she said, dryly.
I was very nervous, very excited. To begin with, I found her charming, and then I was furious over my ridiculous blunder. In short, I had arrived at a great resolution.

"Madame," I said, "accept this rug, or, I swear to you, I will precipitate myself from the window." And throwing the rug between her and me, I lifted the window and seized the outside knob of the door.
Was I determined to throw myself out? Between you and me, not altogether, I think; but it appears I looked as if I were, for she cried immediately: "You are crazy, sir, to think of such a thing!"
"The rug, or I jump!"
She took the rug, and, in a tone more softened, said: "But, sir, you will perish with cold."
"Do not disturb yourself about me, madame; I am not chilly, and even if I should be cold, it will only be the just punishment of my unpardonable stupidity."
"Say of your too great haste, for you are right, the intention was good; but how could you have taken that lady for me?"
"Because she appeared to be charming."
She smiled; the ice was broken—the ice of the conversation, be it understood, for, otherwise, I shivered. But how quickly I forgot the cold and the journey and all! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable.
She loved travel, like myself; she had been in Italy, like myself, in Spain, like myself; she dreamed of going to Egypt, still like myself; in literature, in music, in everything, the same tastes as my own. And then, think of this! A crowd of general connections. She was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savoy, with the Montbacons, above all. To think that I had, perhaps, met her twenty times in those salons, and that I never noticed her! She spoke naively, amiably, with the charming simplicity that I admired so much. A slight—very slight—provincial accent, imperceptible—a warble rather—gave to her words the light skipping of a bird. We conversed, naturally, with keen pleasure.
Though I did everything in the world to conceal it, heavens, how cold I was! At Dijon (two-twenty), my right foot was seized; we telegraphed to Tonnerre for the things left behind.
At Macon (four-forty-five), it was the turn of the left foot; we received a dispatch from Tonnerre, saying the baggage would arrive at Marseilles the following day.
At Lyon-Perrache (five-forty-eight), my left hand became insensible; she forgot her sleeping-berth.
At Valence (eight-three), my right hand followed the example of the left; I learned that she was a widow and without children.
Marseilles at last (twelve-five), I sneezed three times; she handed me my rug and said, graciously: "Au revoir."
Au revoir! Ah, I was wild!
I passed the night at the Hotel de Noailles—an agitated night, full of thoughts of her.
The following morning, when I awoke, I had the most horrible cold in the head imaginable. Would I dare present myself in that state to my friends the Rombauds? Bah! Travelers must take travelers' chances. They would take me as I was, and the next day I would cure myself in the sun at Nice.
That excellent Rombaud had invited several friends in my honor, and among the persons there was my traveler—my charmer.
When I was presented to her, an imperceptible smile played about her lips. I bowed and said: "And Tonnerre?"
"I have them," she whispered.
We sat down at table.
"What a cold, my good fellow!" cried Rombaud; "where did you get it? In the cars, perhaps?"
"Possibly," I replied; "but, to tell the truth, I do not regret it."
Nobody understood this odd remark, but I felt the soft and friendly glance of my traveler glide toward me across the table.
What more shall I tell you? The following day I did not leave Nice, and I am to be married in a fortnight.—*From the French in Argonaut.*

The True Irish Shamrock.
In Ireland only one shamrock is known, says the *American Notes and Queries*. It is an indigenous species of clover, which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover I have seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous, and is difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's Day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "whitey-brown" blossom. The information that shamrock is the Arabic word for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race. The word could have been introduced by the Milesians, or it may furnish an argument in support of the contention that one of the lost ten tribes of Israel settled in Ireland, which has been revived by the publication of a recent book.

The Queer Japs.
The Japanese books begin where ours end, the word first coming where we put the title page; the foot notes are printed at the top of the page and the reader puts in his marker at the bottom. In Japan men make themselves merry with wine before dinner, not after; the sweets precede the roasts. A Japanese mounts his horse on the right side instead of on the left. The mane of the animal hangs on the left side instead of on the right; the horse stands in the stable with his head where his tail ought to be. Boats are hauled upon the beaches stern first. The Japanese saw and plane toward them instead of away from them. Keys turn in instead of out. The best rooms of a Japanese house are always at the back and architects, when building, begin with the roof.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.
Blue seems to have superseded green. Adrian, Mich., has three thriving lady doctors.
Jackets are somewhat longer than formerly.
Long, light-weight garments will be much worn.
All sleeves seen upon the newest wraps are extra full.
Marquetry davenport sets adorn many tasteful homes.
Gold and silver slippers are in demand for evening wear.
Worsted of all the celebrated makes are in high favor.
Capes are longer and more elaborately embellished than ever.
England has 45,000 women who earn a livelihood as printers.
Bannockburn chevrons with plain or rough surfaces are worn.
Fine passementerie points play an important part in millinery.
Bismarck's wife is expert with the needle, and is a good cook.
A New York city dentist employs a lady assistant at \$50 a week.
Mary Anderson has the largest feet of any stage beauty. She wears No. 54 shoes.
Single roses having buds, foliage, and a long stem are the preferred corsage bouquet.
All the rough stuffs will be worn in woolen textures, both as cloaking and dress material.
New suede ties have a large tongue and pointed toe of patent leather and a huge gilt buckle.
A permanent library, composed solely of books written by women, is to be established in Paris.
The town of Kniazeff, Russia, has elected a woman, Mme. Alexandra Elyne, to the office of Mayor.
A lady at Benton Harbor, Mich., has 10,000 silkworms in her house, busily at work spinning cocoons.
Miss Jane Detheridge, of Kingston, Jamaica, worth \$1,000,000, has refused thirty-seven offers of marriage.
Mrs. Oscar Wild is said to be the most picturesque woman in England in the matter of toilet and posing.
Mr. Henry M. Stanley's wedding cake served as one of the "side shows" at a bazaar held in London, recently.
A binck of admirably arranged houses for working women is being erected at Bedford Park, a suburb of London.
Miniatures for brooches are being set invisibly with a circle of small diamonds and turquoises arranged alternately.
Mrs. Elliott Shepard is building, at her own expense, a lodging house for self supporting women in New York city.
An announcement comes from the other side of the Atlantic that hoop skirts will come into fashion by and by again.
The revival of bengaline is a charming fact for which lady lovers of this beautiful and adoptive dress material are grateful.
The resident physician of the New York Infant Asylum is Lucy Davis, daughter of the President of the W. C. T. U. of that State.
Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, who first brought to this country from Germany the kindergarten method of teaching, is eighty-seven years old.
There is no daintier house-gown for a girl than a nainsook empire belted high up with a three-yard sash of rose, green or brown china crepe.
The fashions of the first years of Queen Victoria's reign have served for models to the designers of many of the French gowns worn this year.
Miss Minnie Trueblood, President of the Equal Suffrage Association, of Kokomo, Ind., is one of the chief dry goods merchants of that city.
There are several women real estate brokers in Chicago. Probably the most successful of them all is Miss Emma Case, who makes an income of \$5000 a year.
Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poetess, who died recently, bequeathed almost her entire estate of \$350,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.
Rev. Sarah Gorman, of Boston, the first licensed woman preacher of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has resigned her pastorate and gone to Ethiopia to save souls.
The first colored graduate from the department of music of the University of Pennsylvania is Miss Ida E. Bowser. She is an accomplished violinist and has written several short sonatas.
Fur capes will continue in favor during the winter. Astrakhan, Persian lamb, lynx, marten and monkey pelts vie with costlier skins, and wool seal will come in for a fair proportion of regard.
Miss Tait, the daughter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, devotes her whole life to the poor of London, making her home in one of the poor streets in the vicinity of the ecclesiastical palace.
Princess Louise is now modeling a statue of the Queen of England as a young girl, intended for the Kensington People as a memorial of Her Majesty's residence in the district during her early life.
One of the successful stock brokers in London is Miss Amy E. Bell, a pretty young woman with yellow curls, who has an attractive office near the stock exchange. Her clients are for the most part women, although she numbers some men among them.
An inventory of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, made in the year 1600, shows that "Queen Bess" had ninety-nine robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns, 136 "fore parts, 125 petticoats, twenty-seven fans, ninety-three cloaks, eighty-three sate-gowns, eighty-five doublets and eighteen lap mantles.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.
The Falls of Niagara carry down 10,000,000 cubic feet per minute, equal to about 3,000,000 horse-power.
A Swede has invented a steam raft for the transportation of horses and cattle which travels at the rate of fifteen knots an hour.
Physicians claim that they have observed less hay fever, which is a kindred disease to the grippe, this year than ever before.
The mechanical appliances for handling the monster guns aboard English battle ships have lately developed most ominous defects.
An enormous flow of natural gas was struck recently at Sumnerland, three miles from Santa Barbara, Cal. The flow is estimated at three million feet per day.
The experiment of tanning leather with palmetto roots has been successfully tried at Apalachicola, Fla. The leather was as soft and pliable as the finest calf skin.
The copper mines of the whole world are being taxed to their utmost to supply the demand for copper wire and the other apparatus used in the application of electricity.
It has been suggested that the phonograph shall be used as a cash register. Every sum the cashier receives might be called in the phonograph and there recorded, as a check on the accounts.
Aparists maintain that bees do not injure growing or fair fruit. The juice of the sound fruit is inimical to their welfare; but though they will not attack sound fruit, they settle upon bruised and blemished fruit.
Experience has shown that an electric street car can be comfortably heated by the expenditure of one horse power of electrical energy. The electrical heaters do not reduce the seating capacity of the car, which is kept clear of coal dust and cinders.
A patent was issued in Washington recently for a steel fence post. It is to be made of steel tubing, seven feet high, with a neat cap and with bands to hold the barbed wire. It is said that these posts can be furnished complete for placing in position at twenty-four cents each.
Experiments have been made at Havre, France, with a luminous buoy, the invention of M. Dibos. The buoy emits the light, which is produced by phosphide of calcium, on reaching the water, and as it is very powerful, the sea is illuminated for a considerable distance around. Spectators in the lighthouses at Havre saw the glare distinctly at a distance of five miles.
Perhaps in no branch of industry have the benefits of electric welding been realized to a greater extent than in the welding of pipes for artificial ice machines, sugar refineries and general refrigerating purposes. In the old system fifteen minutes was required for each weld, which entailed the work of two blacksmiths and a dozen helpers, and frequently a serious loss of ammonia from imperfect welding. Now the weld is made in two minutes by a man and a boy, and costs two cents instead of fifteen, as formerly.
A freeman's electric hand lamp is being introduced in England. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case, similar to a freeman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided, and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours, after which it can be easily recharged, forms an important adjunct to the outfit of a fire brigade. The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for it are portability, facility in charging, the capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and extreme safety.

Talmage's Encomium on Books.
A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" in childhood gave him holy inspiration for all the rest of his life. George Law, the millionaire, declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperity. Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas, for the influence of a bad book! John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham, and said: "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes, and then I gave it back; but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, "Jack Sheppard." Homer's "Iliad" made Alexander the warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Caesar and Charles XII. both men of blood. Have you in your pocket, or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad pamphlet? In God's name, I warn you to destroy it.—*T. Do Witt Talmage*.
The Mysterious "Sixth Sense."
Dr. H. J. Bertrand, of Antwerp, has recorded the results of experiments which seem to leave it doubtful if the bat is the only possessor of the mysterious "sixth sense," manifested in the faculty of dodging obstacles without the aid of vision. Blind birds, lizards and several species of rodents appear to be endowed with a similar gift, which to some degree is shared by blind, and even by blindfolded men. A person groping his way in a dark cellar may be unable to distinguish a black patch on a white cloth held up at a distance of two feet from his eyes, but somehow or other will manage to avoid collision with pillars and projecting shelves, even without the assistance of his hands. Just before bumping his head against a wall a "pressure of air," as some of the experimenters described it, somehow betrays the perilous proximity of a solid obstacle.—*Dr. Oswald*.