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THE DEMOCRAT.

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Father Time.

Above the world I sit and sail
Moving on, moving on;
The things I pass no more avail,
They hide their years, decay and fall,
While I keep moving on.

Down on the world I look and smile,
Moving on, moving on;
The scythe I bear smites all the while
Cuts as it may for good or guile,
While I keep moving on.

Over the world I glance my eye,
Moving on, moving on;
Good deeds mature, the hopeful try
The just alone shall never die,
While I keep moving on.

Around the world I sit and roll,
Moving on, moving on;
Ripening fruits for sacred goal,
Perfecting hopes of the dying soul
While I keep moving on.

Beside the world I sit and hear,
Moving on, moving on;
Sounds of joyous daybreak rear,
Filling the space around the sphere,
While I keep moving on.

Above, around all worlds I ride,
Moving on, moving on;
Watching in all the swelling tide
Of human love and human pride,
While I keep moving on.

When stars go out and worlds stand still,
Alone I'm moving on;
Obeying God's eternal will,
I cease not when all else is still,
But yet keep moving on.

'mid Time rolls on,
Ever on and on;
Above the earth and o'er the sea,
'Mid lightning's flash,
And thunder's crash,
Moving toward eternity.

—[Wm. A. Wheildon.

A Thief Among the Bees.

The Holden brothers, Roswell and Frank, went to California from a New England town, in 1881, for the benefit of Roswell's health, upon medical advice; and subsequently they found themselves engaged in the business of bee-keeping near Los Angeles—for circumstances, accident rather than design, led them into it.

The children had inherited a constitutional tendency to pulmonary diseases, which had already begun to develop itself in Roswell. Indeed, he had become so far an invalid that his friends deemed it unsafe for him to set off on so long a journey alone. After many family deliberations, it was arranged that Frank, and Ellen, their sister, should accompany him, and run in one winter, if not longer, in the west.

As their means were limited, Frank and Ellen began, soon after arriving in California, to look about for some way to earn a living. Roswell, too, as his health improved, wished for something to do; and at length they were, by chance, led to buy thirteen hives of bees of a lady who—herself formerly an invalid—had been employing her leisure in apiculture, but now was about returning to her home in New York.

With these thirteen hives the young Holdens entered upon the honey-producing business early in 1882. For a year they resided in the vicinity of Los Angeles, but finding that the bees, as the number of swarms increased, were unpopular among their neighbors, they were led to move from so thickly inhabited a district, and lived for a time near Mojave.

Thence, however, early the following spring, they again moved to a tract of unoccupied country farther back among the mountains, in a kind of long defile, or crooked valley, inclosed by a wooded range on either hand, but which, from the great abundance of wild flowers, affords good pasture for bees. Here they are at present dwelling, and it is from a number of letters from them to their friends at home that the present sketch is compiled.

The weather there is so favorable and the climate so mild that bees require but little feeding with artificial sweets, though, of course, more honey can be produced for market if, at certain times of the year, the swarms are thus provided with food.

The hives are arranged so that drawers, or boxes, when filled with honey by the bees, can be withdrawn, and empty ones substituted in their places.

Swarms of bees vary in size and in industry as honey-gatherers. Some swarms produce in a year not more than twenty pounds that can prudently be withdrawn from them; some, indeed, from certain causes, will not even gather enough honey for their own support. Other swarms produce forty or fifty pounds, and still others much more.

The Holdens have now between two and three hundred hives, having made it a rule so far to keep all the new swarms which come out, though a few have escaped. The care of this numerous colony occupies all their time and attention, and they hire two Indian girls to assist them to watch the numerous sub-colonies which they have established in different parts of the valley, generally within a mile of each other. For it will not do to have all these two hundred swarms, or more, collected near one spot, on account of the pasture supply of flowers being overfed, and the bees having to go too far.

The whole number of swarms is divided up into groups of ten or fifteen hives, and these are often shifted from place to place as the season passes.

For moving a sub-colony to fresh pasturage, the boys have a platform set upon four wheels, and drawn by two steady mules. Then, after the bees have entered the hive at night, they are closed in, and the hives are transferred to the platform. Very carefully then, and slowly, so as not to jar the hives too much, the transportation of the colony to the distance of a mile or two is effected.

At the time of this story,—some time in March or April of last year,—the Holdens had pastured out ten hives at a point higher up the valley than any they had previously occupied. In point of fact, the new pasture was in a branch of the main valley. Hither they had come up from their bee-sheds next below, two miles distant, with a load of hives, and built a "rest" for them near two large oaks—great trees with wide-spreading branches that nearly touched the ground—on the north side of the intervale, at the foot of the mountain.

It was a favorable location, for on the south side the bees had the entire valley, well stocked with flowers and flowering shrubs, outspread before them; and so secluded did the place seem that the young apiarists judged it entirely safe to leave the bees to gather honey here, unguarded, for a few days at least.

Having seen to it therefore, that the hives were well placed, they returned down the valley to their shanty-house, where their sister and the Indian girls looked after the few simple domestic affairs of the household. In fact, it was quite their custom thus to colonize a new pasture, and thus they had met with few losses. Honey in small quantity, had been stolen from them on one or two occasions and once a number of deer, in their flight across the valley, had upset three or four hives.

But on this occasion they met with a mishap; for on going to the place two or three days afterward, to see how their swarthy "Italians" were prospering, Frank found one hive upset, and another of the ten missing altogether. From the latter circumstance, as also from certain marks and traces in the grass, resembling footprints, he at once concluded that some thief had "jumped" the hive.

A few days before they had heard the report of a gun several times, faint and at a distance, and had conjectured that there was a hunting party, either of whites or Indians, on the other side of the mountain.

"Some of them have probably been spying about and got their eyes on that row of hives," was Frank's thought.

Whether the rogues would rest content with the honey of one hive, or come back after more, was what no one could guess. The brothers, however, deemed it prudent to expect them again, and would have gone up and drawn the remaining hives down to camp, if the two Indian girls had not been sent down to the postoffice—a little settlement twelve miles away—with the mules, to get the mail and a stock of groceries.

Roswell therefore proposed that, after supper, they should take a little shelter tent which they had, and go up to the new rest, in order to pass the night where they could guard the hives. For by this time the older brother had so far recovered his health as to be the stronger of the two.

As Ellen did not like to be left entirely alone she proposed to accompany them. They accordingly set off, taking along the tent, three blankets and a Winchester carbine.

Arriving at the rest just at dusk, they pitched their little shelter tent near the trunk of one of the oaks already referred to, and in such a manner that the ends of the drooping branches nearly or quite concealed the tent from view.

The night was warm and the place was quite dry. Accordingly they did not kindle a fire, but made themselves comfortable with their blankets under cover of the tent and the sheltering foliage of the tree.

They had really no serious expectation that the thief would come back; and after a time all three of them fell asleep, for Ellen Holden had become quite accustomed to this free, out-of-door life. They slept thus for three or four hours.

During the early part of the night there was a moon, but the moon set toward midnight; the stars, however, gave some light, though everything was rather misty and dim. The now somnolent and quiet hives reposed on their rest, a few yards from the tree and the tent.

At length the sleepers were suddenly roused by a heavy thump, followed by a grating noise and a deep humming sound from the hives.

They all started up and listened intently.

"Something's afoul of the bees, Ros," whispered Frank.

Roswell, starting up, took the Winchester and peeped out amongst the oak branches. What looked like a tall, "slouching" man was in the very act of taking one of the hives in his arms, despite the loudly buzzing bees. As Roswell stared in astonishment, the sturdy pilferer did actually clasp his arms about the hive and raising it off the rest, started to walk slowly off with it.

"It's some Indian, I guess, by the looks of him," muttered Roswell, "I don't just like to fire at him; he don't seem to have any gun. But let's wait for him and give him a good threshing."

Frank, agreeing at once to his proposition, snatched up two stakes which they had cut for the tent, and handing one of these to his brother, who laid down the rifle, both young men ran quickly, but stealthily, after the heavily-loaded thief, who was shambling awkwardly across the open ground, beyond the rest.

The grass was thick and soft, and they were not long closing in with the marauder.

"You scoundrel!" yelled Frank, "lug off our honey, will you?" and drawing off with his stake, gave the thief such a tremendous whack across the back and shoulders as to knock him half-forward over the hive.

"Take that!"

Drawing off again, he was about to repeat the dose, and Roswell on his part was just getting in a blow, when the supposed "Indian" suddenly came round on all fours and give vent to a growl which made the whole valley re-echo.

It was a grizzly! and as he growled, he rose on his hind legs and "lunged" at Frank.

Prodigiously astonished, Frank gave a long jump backward—not so far, however, but that one of the ugly creature's paws raked along his right side and sent him rolling over and over again on the ground.

Roswell, too, had executed an almost equally long leap backward, and ran plump into Miss Holden who with commendable foresight, had come quietly after her brothers, with the Winchester in her hands.

"Here, quick, shoot!" she exclaimed, thrusting the loaded piece into his hands. Turning on the instant, Roswell fired one, two, three, four shots into the bear, now in the very act of lunging again at Frank, and with such effect that the animal fell, roaring and whining, unable to rise for another lunge.

A few more shots finished it.

Frank, though considerably bruised and shaken up, was not seriously injured.

"Ellen," exclaimed Roswell, turning to his sister, when the bear had been fairly floored and Frank had picked himself up, "Ellen, you're a brick! You got round just in the nick o' time!"

"Well," said she laughing, "when two fellows go after a grizzly with a couple of sticks, it's a good plan to have a Winchester not far behind."—[Youth's Companion.

Ventilation of Bedrooms.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, who has been preaching that bad ventilation of sleeping rooms and poor and monotonous food are the great causes of phthisis, treated of that disease at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, taking many of his examples from England. Wherever population is dense, and sleeping rooms ill-aired or overcrowded, consumption prevails. Dr. Bailey reported that in the Millbank Prison there were, out of one hundred deaths, forty-five from this disease. According to the illustrious French doctor a room in which a consumptive person sleeps is reeking with contagious germs, if the air he exhales is not carried off.

But how to get rid of it in ill-built houses or very cold weather, when it is as dangerous to open windows as to keep them shut? To meet this difficulty Dr. Brown-Sequard showed the Academy an apparatus of his invention. A reversed funnel, the shape of a lamp shade, is placed at the end of a tube, so arranged in its curves and angles that when it is placed beside a bed the reversed funnel will be above the sleeper and draw up the air he breathes. The other end runs into the chimney of the room. If there is none it is taken through a heating apparatus to an air-hole. The heat is great enough to burn the disease germs.

The Pig and the Lady.

A Lady who was Passing along a Lane came upon a Pig rolling in the Mud and called out in disgust:

"Wretched Creature, but what a Miserable Life you must lead!"

"On the Contrary, no one takes more Comfort," rejoined the Porker.

"But you roll in the Mud."

"Just like a Pig. Had Nature intended me to boss a greenhouse, I should not be here."

Moral: The above happened a hundred years ago. All the pigs of today want to be Canary Birds.—[Detroit Free Press.

Backing a Horse.

"Did you ever back a horse, Darringer?"

"Only once, Bromley."

"Did you win?"

"I lost $50. I backed him into a shop window on Chestnut street.—[Boston Budget.

"HIGHBINDERS."

An Outgrowth of Chinese Life in San Francisco.

Secret Societies for Purposes of Murder and Blackmail.

The Highbinder societies in San Francisco number about fifty. They are an outgrowth of the life of the Chinese on this coast, as none of them were organized in China. When the coolies first began to flock here in great numbers, allured by the offer of high wages to work on the Central Pacific Railroad, the lawless element among them saw the opportunity for blackmail and general depravity, and began the organization of the societies that have proved the source of most of the Chinese crime committed on this coast. There were already in existence then what were known as the Chinese Six Companies. These were societies formed for the mutual protection of members, for aid to the sick and destitute, and, most important of all, for the transfer to China of the bones of those who died. The companies represented the two districts of China which contributed the greatest number of coolies to this country, and no Chinese ventured to come to this country without joining one of these companies. The companies did much good in early days in enforcing order, and in punishing any crimes of its members, but of late years their power has been so much encroached upon by the highbinders that little remains.

Nearly twenty years ago the first highbinder society was founded. It was known as the Chee Kung Tong, and it was regularly incorporated. This parent society is very wealthy. It owns a handsome brick building on Spofford alley, in the heart of Chinatown, and here are the headquarters of the officers, the large meeting room, and the Joss, before which all new members are initiated and all oaths taken. One enters the door, which bears plainly in English and Chinese the name of the society, and ascending a flight of stairs reaches the main audience room, where state councils of the society are held. This is a handsome apartment fitted up in the celestial style, with heavy old oak ranged around the wall; a large table stands in the centre directly under a costly lamp, while Chinese paintings and mottoes from Confucius and other moralists cover the walls, for your highbinder is nothing if not moral. Near the head of the stairs is an enormous boxwood tablet, let into the wall, on which are engraved the names of the 1,200 charter members of the fraternity, with the sum of money that each contributed to found the institution.

At whatever hour of day or night one may enter this room, he will find in the small rear office some one to inquire about his business, and to answer any questions. It seems that the Chee Kung Tong boasts of over 4500 members in this city alone, while throughout the United States, South America and Cuba the roll amounts to 15,000. In all it has 390 branches scattered over this great territory, but each reports to the parent society. Every six months four "headmen" are chosen by election to conduct affairs, and under them are thirty-three "hatchet men," or active police, who are under oath to obey implicitly any order of the headmen. The Chee Kung Tong for many years was the most influential of the highbinder societies, but many of its most active members have started other associations, and now the palm of supremacy in local power is disputed by the Ga Sin Sea and the Bo Sin Sea.

Whatever may have been the principles upon which Chu Kung Tong was founded, it is now carried on mainly for purposes of blackmail, like all the other highbinder organizations. Many reputable merchants have been forced to join these societies, to escape the exactions of highbinders, but the leading spirits in each are men who recognize no allegiance to any government, and who obey no laws but those of their own making. Over the halls of most of these societies floats no flag but that of their order, while not even the command of the consul general—the virtual representative of the emperor—could stay any order that had gone forth.

The power of these societies, therefore, is very great, and no earthly authority can stay their vengeance. What this vengeance means may be seen from a typical case. We will say that a Chinese, through jealousy or other motive, kills another Chinaman, and that he and his relatives refuse to make good the loss to the dead man's kindred by a money payment. Then the society to which the murdered man belongs issues an order proclaiming the murderer and putting a price on his head. Every Chinese in the country is warned against harboring or aiding in any way the fugitive under pain of the vengeance of the society. The proscribed man can not get any assistance in this country, and he is unable to escape, as every avenue is closely watched. Payment of the fine imposed, suicide, or death at the hands of the hatchet men are the only alternatives. A more perfect system of terrorizing the timid or the obstinate was never devised, and the Chinese who have escaped the death sentence by disguise and flight may be numbered on one's fingers.

In conversation with Lee Ah Fook, who is the head man of one of the strongest of the highbinder societies, he smilingly admitted that murder was one of the fine arts in which his society excelled. He explained the method of initiation and the penalties that followed the breaking of any of the rules of the order. The neophyte who is to be initiated is taken before the great joss of the society, and kneels before the burning punk and incense in the sacred bowls that adorn the altar. An attendant, with face concealed by a hideous mask, holds a naked sword to his neck while a second presses the point of another weapon to his neck. In this position he takes the oath which binds him to obey without question any order of the society's authorized leaders, even though the order be to murder his best friend. Corporal punishment is frequently inflicted here also, and torture is applied to extract evidence from witnesses, precisely as it is in China today.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Keeping the Oyster's Mouth Shut.

Oysters cannot be kept without a thorough knowledge of their habits. They feed twice in a day of twenty-four hours—and then just at that stillness preceding the turn of the tide. At no other time, except when feeding, do they open their mouths. When taken out of the water they naturally attempt to feed at regular intervals, and as soon as their mouths are open the liquor is all lost, the air takes its place, and the oyster is covered with a thick coating of slime. This is the first stage of decomposition, after which the oyster is of no account. Just so long as its mouth is shut it is fit to eat, and a means by which this can be accomplished has been the study of some enterprising men for a considerable length of time. In 1881 Mr. A. A. Freeman of Philadelphia shipped to Denver, Col., some oysters with their mouths fastened by means of the patent wire spring Yankee clothespin. Upon their arrival in the latter city the oysters were opened, and were found to be in an excellent state of preservation.

Mr. Freeman immediately set about finding some device less cumbersome than the Yankee clothespin. He finally hit upon a practicable plan. When the mouth of the oyster is closed, it feeds upon the liquor in the shell, and will keep thus for a considerable length of time. Mr. Freeman's plan is to fasten the oyster securely around the mouth with a stout wire. This is done by the hand and a pair of pincers, and as it can be done very rapidly, great quantities are wired every day. Mr. Freeman has established at Oxford, Talbot county, the American Patent Lock Oyster Company, with headquarters at Oxford and office at Philadelphia. Already he has shipped car loads to Detroit, San Francisco, and other cities, with satisfactory results, and some are even on the way to London. He is now completing arrangements to send next season shipments to Paris, Rome, and other cities, and if the attempt proves successful, the American oyster will be eaten in its natural condition and with much gusto all over the world.—[Baltimore American.

Tea Drinking in Russia.

In Russia tea is drunk as beer is in Germany or wine in France. It may be called the national beverage, and there are especial saloons or restaurants all about, both here and in St. Petersburg, for tea drinkers, both rich and poor. The truly Russian restaurant is very different from the European ones. The waiters are all attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and are always all men. There is generally a large barrel organ, which gives out the latest airs. It is wonderful how much tea a Russian will drink. The writer entered one morning one of these restaurants with a young Russian. Tea was ordered, and one glass followed another with the Russian until he had drank seven. He said he had often drank eleven, and that fifteen were not too many for an old hand. The tea is drunk alone or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the hand. A peculiar kind of bread or roll is eaten with it.—[Albany Journal.

A Wonderful Grapevine.

Mr. A. F. Tift has upon his place in Key West, Fla., a wonderful grapevine covering a great trellis. This vine bears four crops every year. The grapes grow in exceedingly compact clusters, many of them weighing as much as eight pounds and the vine is literally loaded with bunches. It is a native of the West India islands, probably of Jamaica. As an illustration of the dense nature of the bunches, the grapes grow so thick upon them that the center grapes frequently cannot reach the sunlight to mature. The outside grapes can be picked off as needed, and the mass of grapes beneath the outside layer left to ripen.—[Chicago Times.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Paper containing ligneous substances, such as straw, wood and jute, is rapidly discolored by electric light. The yellowing is due to the phenomenon of oxidation.

Germany experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in every but three while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be worthless as supports.

The old idea that sufferers from heart disease should avoid physical exertion has been dispelled by Prof. Oertel, who has successfully employed regulated exercise in the treatment of some forms. In a large proportion of cases, the nutrition of the cardiac muscle, need the muscular system generally, is thus improved.

After many years of experimenting, with the object of increasing the speed of vessels and lessening their draught by a change in the formation of the hull, a Pennsylvania inventor has succeeded in constructing a boat which he claims fulfils the desiderata so long sought, and is in entire accordance with true scientific theory.

A singular freak of nature originally discovered in Western Australia is likely to remain unexplained. It consists of nine fine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft, and one on each side of the seventh pearl. A suggestion is that a fragment of seaweed in the shell of the oyster formed the frame on which the cross was built.

The most convenient way to fumigate apartments where there is diphtheria is to drop a small pinch of sulphur upon a hot stove, if there is one in the room. If there is no stove in the room a few coals on a shovel or other convenient utensil may be carried into the room and the sulphur dropped on the coals. A little experience soon enables anyone to determine how much sulphur to burn in each room.

Attention has just been called in a scientific paper to two races of men that must soon become extinct. It is confidently predicted that at the present rate of decrease the Maoris of New Zealand, now reduced to less than 45,000 men, from 100,000 in Capt. Cook's days, must have disappeared by the year 2000. The Laplanders are estimated not to exceed 30,000 in numbers, and are gradually becoming fewer.

Dr. T. Langdon Down, inquiring into the cases of idiocy, has found that intemperance of parents is one of the most considerable factors in producing the affection. His view is confirmed by some French and German investigators, one of whom, Dr. Delasiauve, has said that in the village of Coremon, whose inhabitants were in its vineyards, "an years' sobriety enforced by vine disease, has a sensible effect in diminishing the cases of idiocy. Nervous constitution and consumption exercise important influence.

A Wealthy Woman in Rags.

As Roscoe Conkling, Joseph H. Choate and William M. Evarts were leaving the court house in New York City, after a big trial the other day they encountered a decrepit old woman in the corridor. She grimaced and the eminent jurists raised their hats and bowed with courtly dignity. A half-dozen big tenement houses, a bundle of government bonds and shares in an uptown savings bank represent the old woman's worldly possessions, and yet she can neither read, write nor cipher. She is the best known character in the offices of the city government. When the late William M. Tweed first came into power "Aunt Sally," as she is called, used to peddle peanuts and apples in the various offices. By careful economy she had saved a little money. Tweed, who would do anything for any one he took a liking to, advised Sally to put her little savings into a "pipe," which he promised would turn out well. Sally made several hundred per cent. profit on her investment. In those days every politician owned a high silk umbrella. Sally made it her business to become acquainted with every politician, lawyer and office-holder of consequence, and at stated times visited them to collect discarded hats, umbrellas and other articles of wearing apparel. She carries on that business to-day in connection with her peanut and apple trade. The hats and umbrellas she repairs herself, and sells them often for half their original cost. Coachmen, hack drivers and colored dudes are her best customers. Her income from this source alone is very big. She gets several thousand dollars yearly to her fortune. Her age is a mystery. Some of the old-timers say she is over a century old, and that she is a witch. She dresses in rags and always pleads poverty. The records in the Register's office show that she is worth at least a fifth of a million.—[Mail and Express.

A Young Egg.

Batchelor B.—Why, Mary, that's a very small egg.

Mary—Yes, sir; but it was only laid this morning, sir.—[Life.

Some Days of Days.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!

Some day, some day of days, then we may meet.

Peradventure the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's ice chill
To touch with icy vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill

Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And deep the garment wear

Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

Lying my eyes now, thinking how I will be,
How, face to face endowed
Will slip as long consumed,
Forget the dismal hole

Of years, years dark, separating sea

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting
The past with all its fears,
The loss and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,

Shall vanish in the rapturous first meeting.

—[New Orleans Picayune.

HUMOROUS.

In months of rain, we love that months of rain shall be happy.

"My first pardner in my last," said a soldier, who was just starting in business.

It doesn't abbreviate a three months' note to have the interest make a minute of it.

If there is any one who should be respected in slumber it is the man who snores.

At midnight Young Bacon (darling Miss Ada, I'll die anything for you, Miss Ada—Reply): Well, go home.

Customer: "I should like to look at a fat goose." Shop boy: "If you'll wait a minute, mister, you will be here directly."

Nothing is more annoying to a young man who has a bunch of keys at the end of his watch chain, then to be asked what time it is.

"I'm goin' to leave, maam." "What for? I am sure I have done all the work myself, in order to keep a girl." "Well, mum, that work's not done to suit me."

Mrs. Papinjay—Now, dear, you won't forget, will you, that to-morrow is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding day? Mr. Papinjay—Dunno. Guess I'd better tie a string around my finger.

Teacher—Cohn, what are your boots made of? Boy—O, leather. "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots, and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

"George, there is a sadness and melancholy in your eyes to-night, and your cheeks seem blanched." "Yes, Naomi, I am far from being happy." "Confide in me, dearest. Let me share your sorrow. Have the buffetings of this cruel world cast a gloom over your soul?" "Well, not exactly, but you see these shoes are new and they pinch like the deuce."

Just tack this legend on your door
For those who're going through it,
"Please take this door along with you—
As far as you can do it."

A Unique Farm Lease.

A doctor in Kent county, Delaware, leased his farm last year. An ironclad lease was drawn up, but at the end of the year the tenant was unable to settle his account. An attempt to secure himself developed to the doctor the fact that all the goods of his tenant were covered by a chattel mortgage held by some one else, and the doctor was "left." He again leased his farm, and here is a copy of perhaps the most unique lease on record. The names given are fictitious:

"I, John Smith, do hereby rent my farm, consisting of 240 acres, more or less, to Abel Youngman for the year 1888. I, on my part, agree to do the best I can, and I hope God Almighty will let Abel Youngman do the best he can."

Distilling Gold.

It has long been known that gold is to some extent volatile at high temperatures, but it is evidently far more volatile than has hitherto been believed. Mr. Crooks mentioned incidentally at the last meeting of the Chemical Society that he had found gold to boil violently when heated in the oxyhydrogen flame, and, in fact, to be so volatile that there would seem to be no doubt that it might be distilled in an apparatus similar to that employed by Stas in distilling silver.—[Athenæum.

Choosing Live Fish For Dinner.

A correspondent writing from Russia says that in the dining room of one of the large cafes of Moscow there is a pool of fresh water in which fish of various kinds and sizes swim about. Any patron of the restaurant who may wish a course of fish for his dinner, goes to the pool, picks out the particular fish which strikes his fancy, and in a jiffy the waiter has captured it with a dip net and sent it out to the chef.