

FLOWERS THAT DRUG.

Familiar Blossoms That Are Fraught with Danger for Those Who Are Uninitiated.

The majority of people think that the tulip has no smell, and this is true of a great number of the fashionable, variegated kinds. The old self-colored sorts, however—particularly those of a deep crimson hue—have a powerful odor which is dangerous when inhaled. This odor is of saffron flavor, and affects many people in a very peculiar manner. If breathed deeply, it has the effect of producing light-headedness, which continues for some time, causing the sufferer to do and say all manner of remarkable and ridiculous things. Its influence often lasts for an hour or two, and is followed by deep depression.

Another common flower whose odor has evil properties is the poppy. This is doubtless due to the quantity of opium which the blossom contains. Numbers of individuals—especially young ladies of highly-strung temperament—complain of the drowsy sensation which comes after walking through a field of these flowers, and afterward of violent headaches, and a disinclination to move about. In Asia Minor, where the poppy is grown in vast quantities for the purpose of extracting the drug, tourists are frequently incapacitated for many hours after inspecting a poppy plantation, and two cases of death among English tourists were traced to the same cause last year, says London Answers.

All flowers grown from bulbs are dangerous in rooms where there is illness. Although bunches of flowers are invariably taken as presents to patients, such blossoms as hyacinths, lilies of the valley, tuberoses and even daffodils and narcissus should be carefully avoided. The perfume is as dangerous to a person in a critical state of health as a dose of morphine would be without possessing the benefits which that drug sometimes confers.

Perhaps the most remarkable effect which any garden flower has on the human body is that which follows the handling of the particular variety of primula known as obovata. Experienced gardeners are always careful to wear gloves when potting this plant, as should there be a slight scratch or prick on the hands or fingers, evil results are almost certain to follow. The first noticeable result is a slight itching of the hands and arms, and this precedes the breaking out of a skin disease which frequently extends to the body. It dies away in the autumn, when the leaves fall, and by Christmas the sufferer is free. But the primula has by no means finished its deadly work. When spring comes again, and the sap rises in plants and trees, the dread disease makes its reappearance, and continues all through the summer. This continues for many years—frequently for the whole of the victim's lifetime—and there is no known remedy for it, although years of the most rigid dieting have in some cases produced a diminution in its violence.

If blood-poisoning by the primula obovata does not take this form, it brings about the still more dreaded erysipelas. Cases of poisoning through eating the berries of the belladonna, or deadly nightshade, are all too frequent; but there is the gravest danger in even handling this attractive plant. It is a very common practice in the country among parties of young people to pick the berries and flick them at each other with the fingers for sport. Then when heated by the fun and fustillade, the face is sometimes mopped with a handkerchief upon which the fingers sticky with the juice of the berries have been wiped. Should but just a little of this get into one of the eyes, a fearful calamity may ensue. Iritis, or paralysis of the iris of the eye, which invariably results in blindness, has been known to come on, and against this dread disease medical skill has, as yet, proved unavailing. This, too, is in the face of the paradoxical fact that treatment with tincture of belladonna is the one usually adopted in the elemental stages of iritis.

The dainty heroine who is so often to be heard of as idly plucking to pieces the petals of a flower must beware which blossoms she chooses for the purpose. Lilies, geraniums, rhododendrons and peonies are likely to set up festers, with consequent loss of finger nails, if treated in this way.

A Fault of Eyeglasses. The ophthalmic surgeon in the Richmond hospital, Dublin, has noticed a rather singular effect of wearing eyeglasses of that kind which derive their support from pinching the bridge of the nose. Their weight proved sufficient to displace the lower eyelid scarcely more than a hundredth part of an inch, but enough to cause a flow of tears. Few noses are so shaped that there is any danger of such a result following the use of eyeglasses, but the possibility is worth considering. Spectacles give the wearer a somewhat older look than eyeglasses, but are not likely to induce the trouble here described.—N. Y. Tribune.

Very Provoking. "Maria, I believe the baby has swallowed one of the ping-pong balls. Isn't that awful?" "Terrible, George. Just to think of our swell neighbors coming over to play this evening and we a ball shy."—Chicago Daily News.

DRESS IN AFRICA.

How the Natives Regard the Clothes the White Men Give to Them.

They tell in West Africa of a fine old fellow, a convert to Islam, who came into one of the settlements of Sierra Leone one day with his son, when both were astonished by the appearance of a civilized native arrayed in a swallow-tail coat, a tall silk hat and a standing collar. Turning to his son the astonished old man said: "Look here, boy, if you ever forget Islam and become Nasara (Christian) you may come to look like that."

Every now and then lantern slides are shown in our churches and Sunday schools of the boys and girls at mission stations in tropical Africa togged out in clothing such as American boys and girls wear in a far colder climate. Somehow the little things to their unaccustomed garb do not look comfortable, says the New York Sun. The New Africa, published in Liberia, said recently that among the natives of the interior one of the most effective arguments against Christianity is the European dress. The educated blacks in West Africa are beginning to protest against the practice of introducing European clothing among the natives.

The Weekly News of Sierra Leone recently asserted that the health of many of the young women along the coast was being impaired on account of the notion they had imbibed that it is pretty to have a small waist. The writer assures the women that they cannot expect to escape the perils of childbirth if they persist in tight lacing. He adds:

"The forms of our aboriginal women are beautiful. Many of them resemble in shape the classic statues that are seen in European picture galleries. This is the shape of our aboriginal sisters who have no perils of childbirth." Another article in the same newspaper said awhile ago that out of every 1,000 children born in Freetown 400 die within the first year of their existence. The paper attributes this great mortality largely to the practice of tight lacing among the women who wear European clothing.

TIPPING IN ENGLAND.

Experience of a Michigan Man in That Country—Practice Carried to the Limit.

"As Americans we are all down on the tip system for principle," said a Michigan man who has spent years abroad, to a Detroit Free Press man, "but we must not forget that it is maintained as a principle in Europe. I would almost venture to say that no government over there could run for a week if tips were abolished. It's the regular thing everywhere, but I think they have more nerve in England than elsewhere. For instance, when I arrived at the old town of Chester I had to tip the porter who identified my baggage. A boy called me a cab, and I tipped him. I paid cabby regular fare, and tipped him besides. At the hotel the barmaid, the chambermaid, the tapster and the bootblack had to be tipped. I got shaved and paid the usual rate and a tip in addition. When I tipped the waiter I walked out to view the town, and a woman directed me to an old burying ground and held out her hand for a tip. I couldn't enter without tipping the sexton, and to look at the old register meant a fee and another tip. There was a woman to show me the oldest graves, and the tip came in again. As I traveled over the ground of the dead I encountered a well-dressed man leaning over a moss-grown headstone, and we bowed to each other and entered into conversation. He spoke of the ancient dates and the queerly spelled names, and I was turning away to pass on, when there was a twinkle of his fingers.

"You don't mean it? I gasped. "The usual thing, you know," he replied, without a smile. "But what have you done to deserve a tip?" "Excuse me, sir, but this is the grave of my great grandfather, and you'd have missed it but for me." "I came down with a coin," laughed the tourist, "but I took care not to ask anybody who did the undertaking at that funeral. He probably had living descendants, and every one of them would have expected a tip!"

Uncle Sam's Volcano. Uncle Sam, in his album of attractions, has for years been able to exhibit as varied an assortment of magnificent scenery as can be found in any country on earth, and since the annexation of Alaska and Hawaii he has added the only scenic attraction which was lacking—the volcano. Since the first of the year Mount Redoubt, in Alaska, has been in a state of violent eruption, and during that period large rocks, white with heat, have been seen to fly from the crater and be carried, in many instances, for miles.—Four-Track News.

Doctor for a Milk Company. The latest addition to a staff of a fully equipped London milk company is a doctor. He is specially employed to watch over the company's infant customers. What is one baby's milk to another baby's poison, and this company's doctor is there to prescribe how much and of what strength the daily tittle shall consist. No charge is made; the perplexed mother sends a postcard or calls the company up on the telephone, and round comes the doctor.—Chicago Chronicle.

Backward and Forward. A glance backward is the only way to look into the future.—Atchison Globe.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Wolf's business is expanding right along. It's funny, too." "Why? What business is he in?" "Contracting."—Indianapolis News.

Miss Oldgirl (worth a million).—"No, sir, I will never marry you. Now, I trust I've made myself plain." Cutting Hint—"It's entirely unnecessary, I assure you."—Detroit Free Press.

Faithful.—Lady (district visiting).—"Your wife is always hard at work, and you seem to be always idling. Do you ever do anything to support your house?" Rufian—"Yus. Orleans-again fit!"—Punch.

"Yes," said the matinee idol, "I am a broken-hearted man with but one object in life." "And what is that?" "To earn enough money to pay my divorced wife her alimony—confound her!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Told Everybody.—Henchman—"You told me that if I would vote for you, you would give me a job. I can prove it by many witnesses." Politician—"I don't doubt it, my dear sir; I told everybody the same thing I told you."—Ohio State Journal.

An Insinuation.—Proprietor—"Why did Miss Elderly leave the hotel?" Clerk—"She claims that one of the other boarders insulted her." Proprietor—"In what way?" Clerk—"Asked her if it was really true that George Washington ate the cherry tree."—Chicago Daily News.

A Home Opinion.—"Maria," he said, "I don't think I'd care to be president of the United States—it's a hard job, and subject to so much criticism!" "You're right, John," was the reply. "It's lots better that you should run for the legislature, where they won't pay any more attention to you than we do at home!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A TOOTHLESS WHISTLER.

The Old Watchman Lost His Last Tooth and a Serious Complication Followed.

Villages in all parts of Germany still maintain "night watchmen," who act as guardians of the community, and carry when on duty a long lance, something of the nature of a Halberd, in their hand, as they perambulate their beats during the long, dark hours of the night. They also have a whistle with them, with which they proclaim to the non-sleeping inhabitants and to prowling men and beasts what o'clock it is, says the London Telegraph.

It is only a very few years ago that the large cities dropped their "night watchmen," but many of the smaller towns in the provinces still employ their services. At a townlet in Posen, near the Silesian frontier, one of these old watchmen had ceased to blow his whistle when the clock sounded the hour. The burgemeister could not comprehend the negligence, and the delinquent was summoned to his presence to account for it. At first he was at a loss what excuse to make, but, on being pressed, he declared that a few days before his last remaining tooth had dropped out, and that consequently he could produce no sound from his beloved whistle. The burgemeister could think of no remedy; nor could he punish the watchman. A council was called to deliberate, and the subject for discussion was laid before the meeting. At first profound silence reigned. Finally one of the members of the council rose and said he had heard of the possibility of replacing human teeth by artificial ones; adding, that to the best of his belief there was a man in Breslau who undertook to do this. He said he could not vouch for the truth of what he had heard; but he really had been told that this was the case! A long discussion ensued, with the result that the watchman was told to go to Breslau and get a new set of teeth.

In due course the old man returned to the scene of his duties provided with the needful. The following night the burgemeister sat up to hear the result. To his astonishment there was no sound of the whistle at ten o'clock, nor at 11, nor even at midnight! The next morning he summoned the watchman, to whom he expressed his indignation. "You have got your teeth now," said he; "why do you not whistle as before?" In a tone of humility, the old chap replied: "Yes, I have got a new set of teeth, but the doctor told me I must put them in water over night!"

What Flimsy Men Not Read. To read the newspapers is evidently a serious misdemeanor in one of the countries of the east. The Finland Bulletin, which in previous numbers has had to place on record the suppression or suspension of a large number of newspapers in Finland, states that within the last few weeks a Finnish newspaper in Viborg was suppressed for good, one newspaper was suspended for four months, another for three months, three papers for two months and one for one month, while five papers received warning. It is further stated that the Finnish Telegraph Agency, an institution that corresponds to the Press Association in this country, has been arbitrarily forbidden to carry on its business. That these measures are part of a deliberate policy to suppress freedom of opinion and the dissemination of news is made quite clear by an extract from a report recently prepared by Gen. Kaigorodoff, one of the provincial governors appointed by Gen. Bobrikoff. The general complains of "the people's habit of reading newspapers, their cheapness and large circulation."—London News.

A Relief. Weary Willie (waking suddenly)—W-Where am I? Prayed Fagin—Yer here;—and dere's a terrible thunderstorm outside, and de barn's jess been struck by lightning! Dat's wot! "Oh! Wot a relief! I-I wuz dreaming dat I wuz married!"—Puck.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR 20.

The Distance a Letter May Travel Nowadays with a United States Stamp.

Now that the Danish West Indies will become an insular possession of the United States upon the completion of the diplomatic negotiations for their acquisition, and the eastern shore line of this country practically extended over 1,400 miles into the broad expanse of the temperate Atlantic, it will prove of interest to show the postal possibilities of this country as to the carriage of a letter weighing an ounce for two cents, said a gentleman familiar with postal affairs, reports the Washington Post.

I venture to say that even an off-hand statement of these remarkable possibilities cannot readily be given. Having occasion to go into the question recently I made a new calculation, which is approximately correct. It is based upon the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, as an eastern starting point. Upon the completion of the negotiations American post offices will be established in the islands. We will proceed to the recently established post office at Point Barrow, Alaska, well within the arctic circle, on a parallel far above the northernmost shores of Iceland, and not so very distant from the north pole itself. Thence we will take an aerial journey to the tropics of the south seas, at Manila, and then home again to St. Thomas.

From St. Thomas to New York it is 1,428 miles; to San Francisco, 3,315 miles; from San Francisco to Unalaska, 2,035 miles; from Unalaska to Nome, about 1,000 miles, and thence to Point Barrow, overland, 420 miles, or a total of 8,288 miles from our most eastern Atlantic post office to our northernmost post office amid arctic ice. The revenue cutter, which will visit Point Barrow this summer, when the ice is out of the Arctic sea sufficiently, and which will carry the supplies for the new office, will go around the western shores of Alaska through Behring strait, and the total distance will be somewhat increased. Actual distances in this remote region cannot be stated with positiveness, but these figures are not far out of the way, and are based upon official data.

Returning southward, overland part of the way, it is approximately 1,500 miles from Point Barrow to Unalaska; thence it is 2,016 miles to Honolulu; from this island in the sea it is 3,337 miles to Guam, and from that island 1,406 miles to Manila, or a total of 8,459 miles from our arctic post office at Point Barrow to our southern Pacific post office of importance.

And now for the homeward leap. It is 7,941 miles from Manila to San Francisco via Guam and Honolulu, and 4,743 miles from the Golden Gate city to St. Thomas, and the complete circuit, as here outlined, approximates 29,431 miles, which a letter might travel, under certain conditions, for two cents under the American flag.

TRAMPS' GATE-POST SIGNS.

Marks Used by the Hobo Fraternity to Inform Members Concerning the Innates.

The rude drawings hardly need a key. When on some white gatepost I found the sketch of a gun, I stole further down the road; I had a strong objection so early in my career to being riddled full of holes by some intrepid farmer. The outline of a dog of warlike proportions, with wild eyes and ferocious teeth, was wont to make me go breakfastless. My summer wardrobe was not in condition to allow of further mutilation. If I felt brave enough to kick a yelling cur, I sauntered in recklessly at the gate which bore a portrait of a toy dog. Once past him, one could usually get a bite, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. A big round "O" did not make one wild to approach the premises it adorned; it generally portrayed a hostess with a nature of adamant. A single "X" stood for a cross saw, which with small manipulation might earn a meal; two X's made a tramp of none too vigorous make-up go farther down the road; it suggested considerable wood cutting in exchange for a meal.

The sign every tramp looks for anxiously is a crudely drawn table with a lopsided coffee cup and a plate upon it. Beyond that gatepost dwells a sweet, simple, motherly soul, who will welcome the most dilapidated hobo into her spotless kitchen and set before him a good square meal. She may sit beside him inquiring as to the safety of his soul and she may give him a mother's gentle advice. Or she may have a story to tell, tearfully, of a wayward boy, lost somewhere in the great world, and all the fee she asks for her gracious hospitality is a simple request that in the wanderings of her guest he may look about for her absent boy and give him a loving message of a mother's longing and watching.

The Secret Out. "It's all right for a man to accompany a few friends on a fishing trip occasionally, I suppose," said the druggist, "but I don't see any occasion for joining a fishing club." "You evidently fail to appreciate the advantages of thorough organization," replied his friend the doctor. "Now, when our club goes on a fishing excursion we have a complete understanding under the constitution and by-laws." "How's that?" inquired the pill compounder. "When we get back from the trip," replied the M. D., "every mother's son of us tells exactly the same story."—Chicago Daily News.

MEANS A DEAD MAN.

How the Name, "Peter Douglas," Came to Have That Significance in the Army.

"In garrison life 'Peter Douglas' means a dead man—that is, officially, not really dead," observed an army officer to a Washington Star reporter. "It had its origin at Fort Monroe a quarter of a century or more ago, though there are a number of officers who knew the original 'Pete' and quite a number more who knew the facts in regard to his case. One of the leading officers of the artillery service to-day, then a lieutenant, was sent from Governor's Island, in New York harbor, to Fort Monroe with a detachment of 19 soldiers. They came down by sea, and the first night out the soldiers got on to a barrel of fine whiskey which was in the hold, and by the aid of a gimlet and some straws the most of the 19 men were in a very hilarious condition before midnight. On the second night out some of them tackled the barrel again, and in a short time they were again intoxicated. Among the number was Peter Douglas. When the time came for them to land at Fort Monroe Peter Douglas could not be found. It was generally thought he had fallen overboard, or, while intoxicated, had jumped overboard. Anyhow, the lieutenant turned over but 18 men. He reported Peter Douglas as having been drowned, and the record was made accordingly. Three days afterward, when the ship that brought the party down was unloading some freight at Charleston, S. C., Peter Douglas crawled out of the hold, looking somewhat the worse for his experience. After bracing up, he managed to work his way up to Fort Monroe, where he supposed he would join his company, but on presenting himself to the officer in command there he was told that, as the record there had shown that Peter Douglas had been drowned, they were required to consider him dead, even if he was not dead. Douglas admitted that he was pretty nearly dead, but that he had managed to pull through. Anyhow, he was not admitted to the quarters in the garrison, and was told that he had better move along; that he was out of the army as surely as he had ever been in it. But Peter did not go far away. That evening he met some of his comrades, three in number, from Governor's Island, and they celebrated his coming to life in a true soldierly manner. The celebration was in the guardhouse, and the next morning the house the next morning was vacated, though Peter Douglas had been reported dead a few days before, he was very much alive. Two days afterward the names of the four were sent to the officer in command as a preliminary to having them court-martialed and punished for disorderly conduct and other violations of the law of the garrison. The officer, who was a strong advocate of the power of record, ruled, that, as Peter Douglas had never entered the garrison, he could not be court-martialed, and that, in fact, Peter Douglas was dead beyond resurrection. He was, therefore, turned out and again told to move on, but as he did not realize that he was dead he did not do so. He hung around the garrison for some time, but finally wandered away and got back to New York. Officially he has remained dead ever since, for the record has never been changed. The officers preferred to let him remain dead and out of the army than to try to reform him by court-martial, for he seemed to be beyond reform."

Stockton's First Effort. An Essay That Won a Prize for the Young Writer—His Notes on Musicians.

Death claimed Frank R. Stockton when he was preparing to begin work on a new novel. For about a month subsequent to the publication in book form of his "Kate Bonnett" he had been engaged in plotting another story, and he had taken a cottage at Atlantic City so that he might continue his labors on the new volume through the summer months. Not a line of the projected story had been put on paper, however, when the writer passed away, says the Philadelphia Press.

Stockton was a writer, somewhat immature, of course, when less than 15 years old. And it was about that time that his first literary effort found its way into print. This article was on "The Sublimis in Nature," and Mr. Stockton in after years never wrote anything in that vein. "Franky" Stockton, as he was then, read the essay to a periodical in competition for a prize, and his paper outshone all the rest. As compensation he got a book, a reference work, which told him how to do things without knowing anything about them. In other words, it was trying to make everybody an expert in everything. Such a lot of useful knowledge was a great thing for a boy of Stockton's temperament, and he read and reread the book. Besides, it was encouraging. He had obtained something valuable for a story.

TALE FROM THE TALMUD.

A Hebrew Writer's Contribution on the Curiousities of the Oriental Bible.

Under the title, "A Dive into the Sea of the Talmud," Henry Hlowizi writes in the Era: "Yam-Hattalmud, 'The Sea of the Talmud,' as some of the thousand and one authors of that most bewildering of oriental literatures call it, is an ocean wherein the whale that entertained Jonah in its stomach for a few days is considered one of its smaller creatures. A larger fish is the one which a Talmudic voyager chanced to pass in a ship in the heart of the mighty waters." Flying with the velocity of a discharged arrow, the vessel consumed three days and nights in its passage between the upper and the lower fins of that monstrous prodigy. "And we were sailing with the wind," adds the narrator. Another specimen of that kind, having been killed by one of those small marine creatures of whom the big ones are in dread, was thrown ashore with appalling results. For its carcass destroyed 60 cities; 60 other cities lived for three months on the monster's meat, while the populations of 60 more settlements looked out for their future wants by putting a goodly quantity of that fish in salt; from the fat of one of its eyeballs 300 vats were filled with oil, and from its bones were, a year later, the 60 ruined cities restored. Dangerous as this appears, things would look much more serious had not Providence in the beginning emasculated the Leviathan and killed his mate, lest an increase of that prodigious species should undo the world. The female Leviathan, however, like the mate of the Behemoth, who eats up the grass of a thousand mountains in a single day, has been preserved in salt for the enjoyment of the elect in the blessed era to come. As to the eyes of the living Leviathan, they equal in dazzling brilliance the splendors of the rising sun.

Large Naval Budgets. The German naval budget this year calls for about \$50,000,000, while Great Britain asks for about \$155,000,000.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Shortly after the present James Gordon Bennett was born (in 1842) his father started the Sunday edition of the New York Herald at the same time announcing "James Gordon Bennett, Jr." as editor.

Col. William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," has given to Capt. Charles Christy, an old comrade in the early scouting days, a ranch of 160 acres on the Shoshone river, near the national park in Wyoming.

While demolishing an ancient church at Lalinde, near Perigueux, some workmen found an egg, apparently in a perfect state of preservation, embedded in the mortar of a wall that had been standing for fully 800 years. Stonewall Jackson's dying words were: "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." "We will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees on the opposite side." He was derisious, and, like Napoleon's, his mind, as it feebly fulfilled its last office, was with his military past.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of the Utah man who was not allowed to take the seat in congress to which he was elected because he was charged with being a polygamist, had arranged to attend the woman's club convention in Los Angeles. Learning that she might meet with the same treatment there that her husband received in Washington she did not go to the convention. Mrs. Roberts is president of the Author's club of Salt Lake City.

Writing in Leslie's Weekly Harry Beardsley describes Andrew Carnegie as "a little smiling, white-haired man, unaffected in manner, with nothing whatever imposing in his bearing, without what is commonly called a 'presence,' or, in essence, we might say, 'front'—a man so disinterested that he is conspicuous in contrast with other men and women surrounding him. He seems so small, so gentle and modest that you look in vain in his conduct at that time for some of the forceful personal traits which he possesses—traits which he has exercised to thrust himself ahead of those who were in the race with him."

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Later on in life, after he had graduated from the high school, and was working as a wood engraver, Mr. Stockton came before the public again through a newspaper. A member of his family, who conducted a column on music in the Press had occasion to go out of the city, and left Frank to carry on the work. Mr. Stockton immediately announced: "The present writer is a substitute and doesn't know much about music," and started in to tell funny stories about musicians, to tell about musical instruments that never were and to give his fancy free rein. "The publishers, I believe, were sorry when I got back," said the relative for whom Mr. Stockton substituted, "for the music column was fast becoming one of the popular features."

Amazon Ant Gardens.

Dr. E. Ue contributes to Engler's Jahrbuch (30, Beiblatt) some interesting observations on "ant gardens" in the Amazon region, where they abound on a large number of goody plants. They are generally spherical in form and about the size of a walnut. They are formed by several species of ant, which appear to collect the seeds of many different plants and to sow them in these nests, covering up the seedlings with humus where they begin to germinate. In the structure of these "ant epiphytes" the foliage and the roots display characters which especially adapt them for the situation in which they grow, and promote also the protection of the ants themselves in their nest. Quite a number of the epiphytes were found by Ue as denizens of the ant gardens and nowhere else.—Science.

Fortissimo.

Uncle John—What are you going to do when you are a man? Erving (the clergyman's youngest)—Well, I shall be a charcoal man or a minister. I've got to holler.—Brooklyn Life.