A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go Teach me, Father, how to go Softly as the grasses grow; Hush my soul to meet the shock Of the wild world as a rock; But my spirit, propt with power, Make as simple as a flower. Let the dry heart fill its cup, Like a poppy looking up; Let life lightly wear her crown, Like a poppy looking down, When its heart is filled with dew, And its life hearins anew. And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be Kind and nations as a tree Teach me, Father, how to be Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent,
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.
—Edwin Markham.

Miss Salome's "Fresh-Air."

"Two?" the minister's wife said. She held her pencil suspended, waiting. "Mercy, no! One's all I can manage, and more too," groaned Miss Salome.

"I couldn't get my sleep out last night dreading it—but I promised your husband; you can put me down. My life's insured!

Both women laughed gently over the little pleasantry, but it was Miss Salome's face that straightened to its customary sober lines first. The face of the minister's little wife "took" naturally to laughing curves, and held them persistently after the real occasion for them was over. The people of Sweetwater said it was a wonder the mother of six little children, all of 'em "cases,'

ever felt inclined to laugh. "I've got the 'T' all made, Miss Sa-Iome. I don't see how I can make 'T' into an 'O'! Besides, one would be so lonesome; aren't you most afraid so? Think of my little Jerry or my Ted or Mistress Mary being ff somewhere

alone!" The pencil waited, still, and the minister's wife looked toward Miss Salome with arch questioning. She could see beyond her the broad stretch of prim lawn and the lilac bushes fringing it. It looked like such a beautiful chance for fresh-air children. And the house -the minister's wife sighed softly, remembering the crowded little parson-

"Shall I write the 'wo' after the 'T'? -or I could write 'hree,' you know!" Miss Salome laughed, but not with

yielding in it. "Write 'O-n-e,' " she said, "and after my name you can put in a parenthesis -'And the Lord have mercy on her

soul!"" It was early July, and hot waves of clover-sweet sunshine crept into all the open windows. There was scarcely a breath stirring. In the cities, the tenement-house people gasped for their breath, and the little babies were borne away in tiny pine coffins. The minister's wife was thinking of the babies as

she rose to go. "My list is counting up," she said. "I shall send it tomorrow. I don't care to wait any longer. The accounts in last night's paper were heart-breaking, Miss

Salome-the tiny ones are dying so!" "I don't read the papers in the hot waves" Miss Salome said briefly. "I make fans of them then!" She followed her caller through the cool, dim

hall to the front door. "You've said a girl, of course?" she called after her. "Of course you understand I can't have any boy traipsing

round?" I said 'one little girl,'" the "Yes:

minister's wife answered quietly. The children-Sweetwater's sharewould come the last week in July and

stay a fortnight, the city missionary wrote. They would be the forlornest waifs of the street, and no one was to expect perfect manners or clothes. Miss Salome stayed awake oftener after the minister's wife read her the letter. There were plenty of times when she railed bitterly at herself for ever

promising. On the long-dreaded day, she walked to the station to meet the train and her fate. The minister's little wife joined her half way. She had a determined look in her sweet, tired face.

"I'm going to bring home the left-

overs," she said. "There are most always one or two. Somebody gives up sionaries can't resist the temptation to out on the piazza! It breaks my heart to read about the poor little suffering things." She was not thinking of Miss Salome's big, empty rooms-she was

thinking of the terrible, crowded rooms in the sweltering city tenements. Miss Salome would not let herself think of Then the train swept in and the little

waifs trailed out on the sunny platform and stood about uncomfortably. The minister's wife sorted them out busily, her list-these two to Deacon Spooner. those two to Mrs. Witherspoon-one to the Wetherell's one to the Greenes. one to Miss Salome—but Miss Salome's was a boy! They were nearly all boys. The one or two girls were mere babies, and Miss Salome had specified no ba-

"Dear me," murmured the minister's perplexed little wife, gazing up and down the disreputable little ranks in search of a girl to fit Miss Salome. A touch on her arm made her turn.

"Never mind about me," Miss Salome was saying, with humorous wrinkles round her eyes; "I can get along. I wasn't really hankering."

"But there'll be too many to go round, Miss Salome. I haven't dared to count, but I know there are more than enough. And so few little girls -I do believe Miss Trent made a blunder and sent us the wrong consignment! Poor little things!"

There were three left-overs, even after Deacon Spooner took an extra boy and the Greenes took two. "I can squeeze two in, but I can't child was transfigured-made over

pered the minister's wife in despair. She went up to the solitary boy that He stood shuffling his bare feet stol-

"I'll go wid her," he said suddenly, releasing a hand to indicate Miss Salome's retreating figure. And without further warning, he darted down the | near to loving the little lonely child. platform in close pursuit. At the street crossing he caught up.

"I cotched yer," he cried breathless, on de roof all right."

Miss Salome stood still and ran her keen gray eyes over the lean, patched, unlovely little creature. Something in his cheerful confidence in her making room for him touched her. O, yesyes, yes-there was room enough. There were five, six rooms. He would not need to sleep "on de roof." But this terrible little unwashed boy-it was not easy to associate him with one of her immaculate beds, as white, ev-

ery one of them, as he was black. "Did you ever take a bath?" she

asked abruptly. "Take a wot, ma'am?"

The lean, brown face expressed utter unacquaintance with the word. "Ah-why, bath. Did you ever wash vourself?"

A minute's wrestle with memory and then a kindling of new-born pride in

the brown face. "Yer bet! I washed me face w'en me pal got t'rowed down an' I went ter de hospjital ter see him. I didn't go wid no dirty face, naw!"

Miss Salome gasped, helpless before such an experience. It was unconsciously the meeting of the two ways, in her mind, and she took the one that would lead them home together.

"I'll keep him long enough to wash him up, once, any way," she thought

grimly. Miss Salome's "case" was an unusual one, if she had but known it. The city missionaries who rounded up the little waifs for their outing in the country made strenuous efforts to send them to their benefactors clean, at least, and as whole as they could make them. But this grimy little mortal who had adopted Miss Salome was an exception. Taken into the ranks at the last minute, there had been no time to make

the best of him. They walked on together, the boy's bare feet paddling unevenly beside Miss Salome. She stole a covert glance by and by at the alert, unchildish face.

What could he be thinking of? "So you had a 'pal'? What is a pal?"

she asked. "Oh!—well, a pal's a pard, yer know. Yer goes into trade wid him an' shares de winnin's, see? Yer sticks by him t'rough t'ick an' t'in; yer don't never

go back on yer pal. naw!' "And your pal is dead?" The change in the boy's face was wonderful. Miss Salome marvelled at

it. Mingled joy and tenderness struggled through the grime for equal expression. "Mickey, dead? Yer bet he ain't! He's gettin' well-yer can't kill Mick-

ey! He's comin' out er de hospital in a week, Mickey is." They were close to Miss Salome's great white house, and further conver-

sation was interrupted. "Come in," Miss Salome said, at the And, in silent awe, the city waif paddled in, his soiled little face lifted to

the great purple tassels overhead. "What's them?" he whispered, after

a moment.

"Lilacs," Miss Salome answered briefly. It was another argument in the boy's favor. To think he had never seen a lilac bush! (Miss Salome called it "laylock.") She felt her heartstrings freshly tugged. It does not take a great while to wash even a little gamin's face that is

a stranger to the operation. But the cleansing over, still the boy tarried. Miss Salome did not invite him-he staved. He was perfectly happy in a novel way. He went about the big front yard on tiptoes, at first, as if he were afraid of crushing the grass with at the last moment, or else the mis- his little calloused brown feet. And when inadvertently he trod on a great smuggle in one extra at the end. I | red clover head, Miss Salome saw him shall bring any little left-over home, if stoop and "set" its broken stalk with I have to make a field-bed for my boys splints of herd's grass. He took plenty of time, and his thin unchildish face was puckered gravely. "I shall let him stay his time out,"

murmured Miss Salome; and that night-it was the first night-she sat up to mend his clothes. When she carried them back, a little less out at the elbows and forlorn, the boy was fast asleep and the moonlight was caressing his face as it lay in brown relief among the white pillows. It could not have kissed more tenderly the little face of a child who was loved, checking them off as she went down whose mother bent over him. The light in Miss Salome's unsteady fingers flared and half roused the waif. He opened his eyes and regarded her in stupid terror.

"Lemme 'lone-I ain't doin' nothin',' he muttered, shielding his face as if from a blow, then sinking away into sleep again. Miss Salome uttered a soft sound of pity in her throat. The tug at her heart-strings tightened.

fore Miss Salome, rolling back his sleeves energetically. He beamed up at her with a friendly grin. "Yer gotter brush an' som' blackin', ma'am? I kin shine yer boots com-

The next day, the boy appeared be-

plete—that's me perfeshion. An' I'll give de stove a coat, too. Yer won't mind, ma'am?" He waited wistfully. It was his only way of acknowledging his devo-

tion to his adopted mistress. Several days went by uneventfully. Then Miss Salome took the boy to town and fitted him out with new clothes. That day was eventful. The

squeeze three-I simply can't!" whis- | new. Even his little uncouth tongue seemed to partake of the softening influence of the patchless, natty trousers nobody could squeeze in, and patted and the little brass-buttoned coat, and his little grimy hands compassionately. | the strange street dialect sounded less offensive in Miss Salome's ears. She was proud of her fresh-air boy, and her heart-strigs, tugged so often and so persistently, vibrated with gentle steadiness. The lonely woman was

Then came the rude awakening when one morning Miss Salome found her bird had flown, tricked out in his proud satisfaction. "I'm goin' 'long o' youse. Der ain't new plumage. The ragged old clothes no room now'eres else. Ain't dere were smoothly folded on a chair. There It stands on a piece of Reading railroom in your tenement? I can bunk was nothing else save a freshly blackened stove and shining shoes at Miss posite Shawmont. For three years he Salome's door, to tell of his having

been there and gone. Miss Salome stood a long time beside the heap of folded clothes, torn between anger and grief. She had never felt so keenly the one way or the other in all the fifty-seven years that spanned her quiet life. The clothes-if he had only left the new clothes behind instead of the old!

That would have helped so much. "But it wouldn't have been near so human," sighed the poor woman drearily. "Then I should have been entertaining an angel unawares. No, no, let him wear 'em back to his slums, but don't let him ever darken my doors again from this time forth and forever

more!' Still, she left the little ragged clothes unmolested. It takes time for heart-

strings to recover themselves. Two days after the waif's disappearance, Miss Salome saw a strange little figure hobbling up her walk, to the accompanying tap of crutches. She had never seen the boy, but the clothes! She adjusted her glasses hastily and nodded as she looked, They were several sizes too large-the trousers and the sleeves were turned up, and the coat was lapped until but one row of brass buttons was visiblebut the clothes were the ones Miss Salome had bought for her fresh-air

The little figure hobbled nearer, and an eerie gaunt little face looked up frankly at Miss Salome.

"It's me-I'm Mickey," the child explained at once. "Jerry sent me-Jerry's me pal, yer know. He said as I could wear de clothes-he t'ought.

youse wouldn't mind?" The upward inflection at the end was intense with wistful interrogation. Mickey propped one crutch under his arm and ran his thin white fingers up and down the coat front admiringly.

"Ain't dey dandies? Jerry was a reg'lar toff, but I guess I'm too little to fill 'em out-it takes the stuffin' out o' yer ter bunk at de hospital a mont'."

He drew close to Miss Salome and

touched her dress gently. "Jerry wanted I should ax yer if yer'd be willin' ter swop-he said ter tell yer I were a tip-topper chap 'an him-but he lied. Jerry's a brick! He give me de clothes an' made me come, cos I'm his pal an' goes lame.

Dat's Jerry." The child in the overgrown clothes seemed to shrink to a baby's size as Miss Salome looked at him out of dim eyes. The other child's face-Jerry's-

peered over his shoulders at her. "Yer won't mind, ma'am?" it seemed

to say wistfully. "I say, ain't it prime here?" Mickey said. "Dere's grass you kin step on, lilac bushes that framed a gateway. an' flowers on de trees, an' de house is painted fit ter split! Dat's w'at Jerry let on here'd be-Jerry said he bet 'twere like w'at de mission chap and innumerable objects to those alsaid goin' to Heaven'd be. If—if yer ready so numerous. The Singhalese wouldn't mind, could I bunk on de grass, ma'am?"

> wife called on Miss Salome again. She pointed out of the window to a little figure in the grass and smiled. "Still here?" she said. "Yes," Miss Salome said briskly, "I'm going to keep Mickey till he's

Two weeks later, the minister's little

strong again. He's coming on-you'd be surprised to see him eat now! And Jerry---' Miss Salome's face broke into mel-

low curves-outriders of a laugh. The minister's wife wondered why she had ever thought it a plain face.

"Jerry went off as brown and fat! You know, I sent for him to come back after he ran away and 'swopped' himself? He's been here two weeks with Mickey, and he's just gone today. He said it was necessary for him to go back and 'settle up his business'!" The laugh had arrived and Miss Sa-

lome gave herself up to it luxuriously. "Such a boy! Yes, we're going into partnership together, Jerry and I, after that. We're going to be-pals!"-Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gen-

The cost of the public schools of greater New York for the year 1901 will be \$17,710,078. The number of pupils in the schools is estimated at 408,112. So that the average cost for each pupil is \$43.39. In 1890 there were 230,931 pupils, the total cost was \$6,000,639, and the average cost per pupil was \$25.98. The expense of the public schools has, therefore, nearly tripled in ten years, while the average cost per pupil is nearly \$18 a year more. This increase is partly due to the municipal consolidation and partly to the Davis law, which has increased the average salaries.

The Hessian fly probably ranks next to the chinch bug as a farm pest in the United States, and its ravages in other countries have long been known and appreciated. While its first scientific description was by Thomas Say in 1817, it had been for many years recognized as a pest in wheat and had received in this country the popular name of Hessian fly in the belief that it had been introduced by Hessian soldiers during the war of the revolution.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.-Mirabeau.

SCHUYLKILL HERMIT'S HOME

to his house the other day and to celeon a stump in front of his doorstep and viewed his handiwork with a smile of

His house is the delight of his life. way property near the river and ophas been working upon it. From an island above he brought boatload after boatload of river clay and baked it into bricks in a rudely constructed kiln, says the Philadelphia North American. With a pointed stick he carved and modeled some of the clay into images. Slowly the walls grew to completion. Above the door is a mysterious coatof-arms and the initials V. F. The

chimney port rises on the wings of a white-robed angel, and about the main doorway are pilasters of the apostles looking sternly out along the road.

"My father lived along the Rhine and I must stay by the river," said the hermit. "Its ceaseless motion is com-

Valentine Fulbas, the hermit of the | the sixteenth century. The Dalada Schuylkill, finished the latest addition | Maligwa, the Temple of the Tooth, has been year by year enriched by the brate the event sat in his shirt sleeves | offerings of the countless throng of pilgrims who do homage to the relic by offering gifts of gold and silver ornaments, coins, jewels, vestments for the priests, fruit and flowers. The latter are at all times a graceful feature of this worship, for as none care to appear empty-handed before the altar of Buddha, there are few in all the throng of worshipers who have not some flowers to offer. Among the legendary acts of devotion we are told of one who is said to have offered six millions of blossoms in one day to this rapacious tooth. Another daily offered, it is said, 100,000 blossoms all of one sort and a different flower each day.

Externally the famous Temple of the Tooth is not conspicuous, being within the precincts of the old palace, and partly concealed by the Audience hall and the Pattipuwa, but the whole is inclosed by a moat, with some very

ornamental stone. Buddha's tooth is the central shrine



HERMIT FULBAS AND HIS HOUSE.

pany to me. As for my house, it is fin- | of the great altar in the temple. Upon ished, and I will rest. I will live here the altar stands an octagonal cupola always, for the railroad said I could have the ground until I die. As for slender pillars. In front of this are my images, they are my own. I know what they mean, but you never will, for I will not tell you. Some persons call me a hermit. It kept me occupied —it kept me from thinking."

BUDDHA'S TOOTH AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP

In Ceylon, the Isle of Flowers, the Buddhist religion is so amalgamated with the Hindoo mythology which Buddha sought to obliterate that the practical result of his teaching been to add one more god-himselfstill place a servile reliance in their



TOOTH OF BUDDHA. devil-priests and many barbaric practices are indulged in in the name of

religion. There is a curious blending of faiths supposed to be entirely antagonistic one to another. Especially is this brought out at the greatest annual festivity of Kandy, assumed to be a great Buddhist ceremony, whereas it is really all in honor of several Hindoo gods and goddesses, the Buddhist's part being simply the nominal loan of a relic -in truth, the loan of an empty shrine. But seeing that the relic in question claims to be no less a treasure than that of a veritable tooth of Guatama Buddha, and is the object of unbounded reverence to all the many millions (somewhere about 400,000,000) who worship him, and a relic for the possession of which bloody wars have been fought, and incredible sums of money offered, it is perhaps not to be wondered at the priests took good care to lock it up securely before allowing its shrine to join in the procession of relics of the Hindoo gods.

It is said that Kandy, where the sacred tooth is preserved, owes its very existence as the mountain capital to having been taken there for safety in Weekly.

of solid silver and gold, supported by three miniature crystal dagobas or bell-shaped relic shrines, each resting on a square base, and two golden candlesticks with lighted candles. In the small dagobas on either side are displayed priceless jeweled objectsroyal gifts. Within the central shrine, which is of the purest crystal, lays a large golden lotus blossom, from the heart of which, upheld by a twist of gold wire, is upraised the worshipful piece of yellow ivory, which to the unquestioning eye of faith actually

passes for a human tooth.

Marriage Customs in Sumatra. Women do not have a bad time of it, on the whole, in the island of Sumatra. The husband settles a marriage portion on his wife when he marries her. He is a liberty to get a separation from her if he wishes it, but in that case he is bound to give her her marriage portion and any property which she may have brought into the marriage contract untouched. The wife does not live in the same house as her husband, but has a separate establishment, at which her husband visits her every evening. If there are children, says a writer in the March number of Womanhood, the boys are taken away from their mother, and live with the father from their fourth birthday. The girls live with their mother till their marriage, which takes place at a very early age. When the daughters marry, a small house is built adjoining the mother's house, in which they live. If a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untorn by the wind, the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.

The Real Waldersec. Count Waldersee, the representative of the German aggressiveness in China, has had to bear the blame of so much brutality credited to German soldiers, and so much warfare against unresisting Chinese, that his name promises to be used by the judicious to scare children into good behavior. For how much of what we have disapproved in German doings in China he is really responsible it is not possible to say, but until he went to China he was regarded as one of the most civil and respectable persons in Europe. Gen. Wilson, who saw him in China, was most agreeably impressed by him, and deprecated the idea that he had countenanced atrocities. His wife, as is well known, is an American woman, and Americans who have visited her at home have brought back admiring reports of the count, who is pictured as a courteous and agreeable gentleman, who, after a fashion that is less prevalent in this country than it once was, regularly reads prayers every morning before the fact of this precious bit of bone his assembled household.—Harper's



The sight of a person in convulsions

is terrifying, but in the great majority of cases the sufferer is in no immediate danger. Whether or not the convulsion foreshadows a serious ending depends upon a variety of causes. As a rule, convulsions are more serious in adults than in children, especially very young children. Two things are necessary for the occurrence of convulsions: First, an unstable condition of the nervous system, the predisposing cause—and secondly, some exciting cause sufficient to disorder the weakened nerve centers. The instability of the nervous system is more pronounced in children than in adults, and seems often to be hereditary, the members of certain families being more prone to fits than others. Certain chronic diseases of nutrition, such as rickets, are associated with an irritability of the brain and spinal cord, and convulsions are peculiarly frequent in children suffering from such diseases. Convulsions in children are very common at the onset of one of the acute fevers, such as scarlatina or measles. At that time the convulsions have no special significance, but when occuring later during an attack of scarlet fever, they may point to the existence of kidney disease. In whooping cough convulsions are sometimes produced in consequence of deficient aeration of the blood, owing to a partial collapse of the lungs. In children convulsions are perhaps most commonly the result of some disorder of the digestive tract, caused by the presence of indigestible material in the stomach or bowels, or of intestinal worms. Inflammation of the ear is another common exciting cause of convulsions, but teething, which is blamed for so many fits, very seldom causes convulsions, unless the eruption of the teeth is exceedingly difficult and painful. In children, as in adults, convulsions may be due to hysteria or to epilepsy. They may be caused by a great shock to the nervous system, such as a severe fright. Meningitis or a tumor of the brain may also cause them, both in children and

in adults. Whatever the cause, it will be safe to put a child with convulsions into a not too hot bath—say at a temperature of about ninety-six or ninety-seven degrees. Nerve sedatives are usually prescribed in the hope of preventing a second convulsion, but the cause, if discoverable, must of course be re-

ARMORED MOTOR CAR. One of the latest war devices is an armored motor car designed by an English engineering firm. It is intended for use in the time of war in protecting railways, and during peace to serve as a pilot for ordinary trains, for inspecting the road, or for the sending of dispatches. The car is propelled by a seven horse-power water-cooled motor, which is entirely automatic in action. It produces its own igniting spark by means of a magneto-electric machine, can be started in a minute, and is fed either and proved that the sound really does by petrol or ordinary petroleum, come from the proboscis; and then, Owing to the absence of any open

flame no danger from fire or explosion



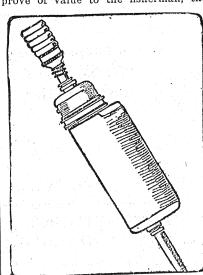
AS THE CAR APPEARS. exists. The armor is constructed in

two parts-the under and upper parts the latter being of a crinoline shape. The under part of the armor, protecting the machinery, is constructed of heavy nickel-steel plates. Owing to the great care in the design and the construction having been used the car runs almost silently and without vibration, thus enabling accurate aim even while traveling at a high speed. Sufficient room has been allowed for about 40,000 rounds for the ordinary machine gun of 303 type, and the oil tanks contain sufficient fuel for 200 miles. At night searchlights may be used in connection with the engine. The total weight of the vehicle, complete with armor, is 28 hundredweight. The car carries a one-pound Maxim gun and a small machine gun is manned by one officer and two or three men, and is capable of a speed up to 30 miles an hour. The idea is that a coal, which costs about 25 cents per railway line extending over 500 miles | 220 pounds to manufacture. Peat is could be held by 25 of these cars.

KITES IN SEARCH FOR POLE. Capt. J. C. Bernier of Quebec, who is one of the adventurers now planning | chemicals and pressed into brick shape. a fresh attack upon the North Pole, thinks that, even if he fails to reach the pole, or its immediate neighborhood, he can at least bring back photographs of inaccesible places and scenes by employing kites carrying photographic cameras. Within a few years past photographs of the earth's surface taken at high elevations by the

aid of kites have become comparatively common. Capt. Bernier believes that the method will prove practicable in the Arctic. He also intends to dispatch small balloons each month carrying records of the progress of the expedition, hoping that some of these balloons may drift far enough to the south to be picked up by vessels or in inhabitated lands.

IMPROVED FISHING REEL. There are a number of reasons why the improved fishing reel shown in the accompanying illustration should prove of value to the fisherman, the



WINDS UP THE LINE EASILY. chief of which seems to be that the reel does not project from the side of the pole to prevent packing in small compass. Then the winding mechanism is operated by reciprocating the casting instead of turning a small crank, and the inventor claims improvements also in the drag and linelaying mechanism. The reel proper is mounted on a rod passing lengthwise through the reel and is revolved by a system of gearing at one end of the casing, the train of gears being in turn actuated by the reciprocating motion imparted to the reel casing by the hand. The line enters the casing at the end and is guided in winding on the spool by a sliding eyelet, which prevents kinks in the line when it is desired to pay it out rapidly. As the reel forms a part of the pole, it is not necessary to detach it and pack it away by itself when the day's sport is

ended.

THE TRUMPET OF A MOTH. The late Professor Moseley, the English entomologist, maintained that the noise produced by the death's head moth comes from the insect's proboscis, and is caused by blowing air

through it. Recently Professor Poulton employed a stethoscope in the examination of a living specimen of the moth, in the presence of the Linnean Society,

by showing that the sound ceased when the end of the proboscis was dipped in water, he supported Professor Moseley's opinion that a blast of air was the cause of the noise.

CANADA'S NICKEL PRODUCTION. Although nickel was not discovered in paying quantities in Canada until 1887, it is said that that country now produces 40 per cent of the world's supply of nickel. The deposits of the metal are in a district near Sudbury in Ontario, covering an area of about 70 miles by 40. The ore contains about three per cent of nickel and about an equal quantity of copper, together with considerable iron and sulphur. The nickel and copper are not extracted in Canada, but in the United States. One mine has already reached a depth of 1.100 feet.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

We Are Far Ahead. Americans are twenty years in advance of other nations in the art of bridge design and construction. The steel of which a bridge is made represents about half of its cost. Steel is now made in the United States at much less cost than in any other country.

Light and Silk Worms.

M. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated astronomer, has been studying the effect of colored light on silkworms. White light yields the maximum and blue light the minimum production of silk. Next to white light the purple of the red end of the spectrum gives the best results.

A Substitute for Coal. A workman in a German chemical works has invented a substitute for the basis of the fuel. It gives out great heat, burns with a bright flame and leaves no slag and only a small quantity of white ash. The peat is dried,

The largest gulf is the Gulf of Mexico, which has an area of about 800,000 square miles, double that of the Bay of Bengal and nearly one-third the area of the United States.

Some people don't know very much, and what little they do know they are not altogether sure of.