

### THE REIL REDSKINS.

#### A Party of Them Captured by the Mounted Police—Fears Entertained for the People at Fort Pitt.

Winnipeg dispatch of the 10th: Late news from Battleford says fourteen persons in all were killed by the Indians on Frog lake. A party of forty Indians approached Fort Pitt, and as it was thought they were going to make an attack fire was opened upon them at long range by the mounted police in the fort. Two Indians were killed and the others hastily retreated. Another report, which comes from Gen. Middleton's party, says that fifty rebels were taken prisoners at Battleford—whether Indians or half-breeds is not known. Battery and the Queen's Own arrived at Swift Current to-night. Ample supplies for an advance are on the way there from Winnipeg. The Hudson Bay company this afternoon received another dispatch from Prince Albert, stating that the balance of Carlton which was not consumed at the time it was evacuated by Irvine and Crozier has been burned by the rebels. Archbishop Tache was interviewed this afternoon by the Winnipeg press. He said: "If the rising is confined to the half-breeds it will not amount to anything at all. I feel sure they would not attack any one, as they play the roll of defensive, but if it is a general rising, they appear for what they would do, but I know they would run. If the Indians rise generally the whole aspect is changed. There will be no end of trouble. It will be perfectly horrible, but I keep hoping they will respect my body. I would advise the government to at once send a strong force of troops and deal with them by no half-way measures. The Indians are by nature cowards, and take as much delight in scalping a woman or child as a man, but if you can overawe them they are soon rendered submissive. When I say deal with them by no half-way measures, I do not mean to slaughter them by the thousand, but if they continue to act in the manner they appear to be doing it may be necessary to make an example of them."

Continuing, the archbishop said: "I am very much surprised at the Indians rising, because even in the darkest moments they are always friendly to the whites. Ever since I came to this country I have never known these Indians to be other than friendly to our missionaries, and also to the Hudson Bay officials; indeed, to many whites. I have always contended that the half-breed was the link which bound the Indians to the white people, and the moment that is broken the bond is severed and there is no knowing to what distance the Indians may go. In my opinion, I feel, I am deeply sorry for him. I think he may be misjudged. He usually counsels constitutional measures, but if he has really incited the Indians to rebel and rise, he has incurred a great responsibility. I do not think of which he can never be aware. I could not excuse him for that act." The Sixty-fifth battalion, from Montreal, arrived at Winnipeg this morning and went west for Calgary this afternoon. The Ninth battalion, from Quebec, is expected to-morrow. Col. Smith's battalion will leave in a day or two and Scott's as soon as its equipment is complete. The telephone line to Battleford has been repaired and is working to-night. Inspector Atody, with the mounted police, made a raid on the half-breed camp near town last week and captured ten men and a number of women and children.

### MISS ADA SWEET.

#### The Fair Pension Agent Who Refuses to Go—The Action of Commissioner Black.

Washington special: Pension Commissioner Black is a sad and lonesome man if there is one in Washington to-night. He has been raked over the coals yesterday and to-day by the secretary and president in a way to caution him forever against the folly of asking a woman to resign a public office. It is said at the interior department that the first thing Mr. Lamar did Monday was to send for Mr. Black. When he came he told him in calm and dispassionate but terribly strong and cutting language, that he had done an act which involved the whole administration in trouble. The secretary surprised and convinced Gen. Black at once by showing him the folly of writing to an official of the president's making for a resignation. "Don't you understand," the secretary is reported as saying, "that there are forces that must be observed even by a pension commissioner. The president of the United States made Miss Sweet a pension agent. It will require the action of the president of the United States to remove her. Any proposition from you looking to her removal should have been sent from this office, and from here sent in the proper manner to the executive." The president has taken no action whatever on Miss Sweet's case. Col. Lamar says the reference by the president of Miss Sweet's telegram to the interior department without consultation is a serious matter. This action was taken by President Cleveland in accordance with his rule to refer all papers received by him relating to changes in office to the proper department. A prominent civil service reformer, who is an intimate friend of the president, to-day said: "The president is as yet in no way responsible for anything that has been done in the matter. He had no information as to what was contemplated, and the time has not yet arrived for him to take any action. Nothing can be done without the president's approval, and to suppose that he will suspend Miss Sweet and designate her successor without reason is to suspect him of treason to his principles, and a breach of faith and promise, which there is no just ground for believing him capable. If Miss Sweet is suspended, it will be because there are good and sufficient reasons. If there are no such reasons she will remain undisturbed." Some men who thought a week ago Black might be elected to the senate from Illinois, now say he is no longer a possibility. Stalwart republicans say, however, that Black will make capital out of the affair. A good many democrats who got the cold shake when they came to Washington for offices admire a man who shows such directness in getting the republicans out that he ignores the president and goes right at the work himself. Miss Sweet is complimented on all sides for her shrewdness in reporting Black to the president.

### MARRIAGE OF MIDGETS.

#### Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb Wedded to the Count Primo Magri of Italy.

A New York dispatch of April 6th gives the following account of the marriage of Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb: Mrs. Charles S. Stratton, known better to the world as Mrs. Tom Thumb, to-day assumed for the second time the ties of marriage, being united in wedlock to the Count Primo Magri of Italy, a gentleman of about her own dimensions who has won some distinction in variety shows. It had been decided to have the wedding take place quietly in church and admit only invited guests. A list was made out of a sufficient number to comfortably fill the church of the Holy Trinity. The ceremony took place at 3 o'clock this afternoon. At 2 o'clock the throng was so dense that traffic was obstructed until fifty policemen cranked a passage. The crowd was entirely made up of women and girls. By 2:30 o'clock all the seats in the body of the church and by the galleries were filled, and long lines of guests began to form in the aisle and along the walls. A few minutes before 3 o'clock a carriage rolled up before the church door, and there was tremendous cheering from the crowd as the bridegroom descended the steps accompanied by his bride's bridesmaid, Miss Lucy Adams, who is no larger than Mrs. Tom Thumb. Count Magri wore a correct wedding costume and beamed with pleasure. Five minutes later Mrs. Tom Thumb and Mrs. Stratton entered upon the arm of Mrs. Newell, husband of Mrs. Stratton's sister, the late Minnie Warren. The Stratton's sister was obliged to stand guests in the church were the little people go upon the aisle. The Rev. Dr. Wilber F. Wat-

kins was waiting. There was a hush as the bridesmaid and the best man stood aside and Dr. Watkins read the Episcopal marriage service, the Count putting the tiny ring upon his bride's finger with affectionate devotion. As soon as the sentence of the clergyman made them man and wife Count Magri threw his arms about his wife's neck and kissed her. There was laughter in the church when the little clergyman stooped over and kissed the little bride.

### A LONG JOURNEY.

#### That of American Missionaries Bound for Interior Africa.

The United States consul at Sierra Leone, under date of February 21st last, informed the state department of the arrival there of Dr. Wm. Taylor, American bishop for Africa, together with Dr. Somers and Mr. Chatelaine, on or about the 24 of January, on their way to Liberia, where they stop for a short time before proceeding to St. Paul De Loando. There arrived also at Sierra Leone, on February 19th, another party of missionaries on their way to Loando. They intend to proceed toward the interior of Africa in the hope of meeting a party starting from the eastern coast. Sixteen of these people are children, the two youngest being fifteen months and the others twenty-three months old. Should they arrive at Loando they will have to make a voyage of over 8,000 miles from New York via Liverpool. They propose going 1,000 miles at least into the interior.

### Red Cloud on the War Path.

Washington special to the Omaha Herald: Dr. T. A. Bland says to-night: "Since the arrival of Chief Red Cloud in Washington we have received letters from quite a number of white men of prominence residing in Sioux and Cherry counties, Nebraska, and other localities in the vicinity of Pine Ridge reservation urging us to do all we can to aid Red Cloud in his efforts to secure the removal of Agent McGillivuddy and the appointment of an agent that will be satisfactory to the Indians. These men say that should Red Cloud fail in his mission an outbreak may be expected, as old Red Cloud could not longer hold his warriors from removing the agent by violence, which would precipitate a conflict that would probably be disastrous to that whole country. They think that if the chief should, on reaching Valentine, Nebraska, on his return, report that the secretary would not remove McGillivuddy, it would create a panic among the settlers of northwestern Nebraska, and a general stampede from that country."

### A Massacre in China.

From information brought to San Francisco by the steamer Oceanic it is learned that the Shanghai Mercury says that the viceroy of the Yunnan and Kwee-Hong provinces has issued a decree commanding the destruction of all Roman Catholic converts. The decree also orders all Roman Catholic converts and all origins to be killed. Reports have reached Shanghai that several Roman Catholic settlements have already been destroyed and several hundred converts killed. The village of Kin-yang, which is two days' journey from Tali, is reported to have been destroyed and four converts and two priests killed. The only reason which is assigned by the Chinese viceroy for the massacre is that the Roman Catholics were going to revolt against the Chinese government.

### Plot to Assassinate a Governor.

A special from Coshocton, Ohio, says the Democratic Standard of that place, gives private information of a plot to assassinate Gov. Hoody last Monday. It says the governor received through the mail a small wooden box, from one end of which hung a string. The governor's suspicion being aroused he caused the cover of the box to be removed. A carefully arranged infernal machine, loaded with dynamite, slugs and spikes was disclosed to view. The string was so adjusted that it would pull the governor would have caused an explosion and doubtless lost his life. It is said the authorities are at work on the case and for that reason the facts have not before been made public.

### Death of Richard Grant White.

Richard Grant White died of gastritis at his house in New York on the 8th. He had been ill all winter. Richard Grant White was born in that city on the 23d of May, 1822. For nearly thirty years he has been constantly before the public as a writer of magazine and newspaper articles upon literary and art matters. He was also the author of the articles on Shakespeare and Shakespearian literature in both Appleton's and Johnson's encyclopedias.

### The Plan of the Mormons.

The Salt Lake Tribune is authority for the assertion that a leading Mormon bishop has declared that the priesthood has concluded that it would be cheaper to buy a statehood for Utah than endure the annoyances the polygamists are now being subjected to by the enforcement of the laws. Among the laity this is now considered to be the plan of the Mormon campaign.

### On the Bench at Eighty-Eight.

Sir James Bacon, with whom the office and the designation of vice chancellor will pass away into the history of our judicial system, holds gallantly on to the bench, though, as the papers have already reminded us, he has entered his 88th year. Perhaps the circumstances that next August he will have completed the fifteen years of judicial service necessary to entitle him to the retiring pension of nearly £4,000 has something to do with this determination to forswear for the present his well-earned leisure. For, the rest, there is no reason why he should retire yet awhile. His voice, it is true, has lost its distinctiveness, but his intellect is as vigorous as ever. His judgment in the Weldon case the other day was clear, complete, convincing and intelligible as well to the lay as to the professional mind.—London World.

### An Untrustworthy Man.

Colonel Bottleham, the man whose newspaper does so much toward shaping the political sentiment of the south, entered his office the other morning and asked if the editor had come. "No, sir," the o.k.-keeper replied; "we have just received a word that he is dead." "Why, confound his picture, he promised to be down early this morning and write an article about the wonderful growth of our circulation. I am tired of fooling with untrustworthy men, and hereafter I shall edit the paper myself. Dead, indeed!"—Arkansas Traveler.

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

She steers the stars through Heaven's azure deep;  
She lifts the laden eyelids of the morn;  
And wakes the lonely shepherd from his sleep;  
She scales the dizzy ledge where torrents leap,  
And hangs the bloom upon the bristling horn;  
She sits for hours in solitude forlorn,  
With downcast eyes, where hapless lovers weep.  
When Spring comes up the vale in Winter's trace  
She plucks the blossom from the bud's embrace;  
She binds the golden girle round the bee,  
And lends the lily's luster to the pea;  
She curves the swallow's wing, and guides its flight,  
And tips the dewy meads with twinkling light.

She rides, she revels on the rushing storm,  
She suns her pinions on the rainbow's rim,  
She laves in mountain pools her sunny limb,  
As sweetly chaste as Dian, and as warm;  
In summer fields she bares her blushing arm,  
And sings among the reapers. By the dim  
Light of autumnal moons, her tresses swim  
On gaies Leathan, with assuasive charm.  
Into the chamber of the alchemist  
She peers,—or, through some half-closed  
lattice, sees  
Her lover by the waning night-wind kissed,—  
Or, mingling with the spirits of the mist,  
Dances at will along the darkling seas.  
—J. N. Matthews, in The Current.

### CARLETON LEIGH'S FOLLY.

How it rained that day! From morning to night one unceasing down-pour swept along in blinding gusts. The wind came walling over river and valley, sounding dreary and desolate to the inmates of Leigh Manor House, set on the hill amid its groves of maples which were just budding in the early spring-time of the year.

Carleton Leigh threw down the book he had been reading, arose from the sofa with a yawn, lit a cigar, and with his hands in his pockets sauntered to the window. In front spread out a pale blank of driving rain, and farther on the avenue of trees that led from the broad highway to the mansion, through whose branches he could see the river in the valley below, and the roofs and steeples of the distant village. Overhead the dismal April sky, leaden and sunless, spread far and near, above and below, all was dull and desolate.

"It's a terrible storm," he said after a time as he turned from the window to the elegant room with its carpets and tapestries, bronze cabinets and rich upholstered furniture, all lighted up by the cherry blaze that burned on the marble hearth.

"Do you suppose our friends will come, Carl?" asked Mrs. Leigh, glancing up from her embroidery.  
"I sent James an hour ago with the carriage, and I hope they will not disappoint us. We are getting lonesome here. Cousin Ellice's gay laugh will make the old rooms merry. Are you acquainted with her friend Miss Armitage?"

"I used to know her, though we were never very great friends. I think there is Creole blood in her veins. She is very beautiful, but I always thought her a trifle vain and deceitful. I am almost sorry she and Ellice are such good friends, and that she is coming here."

"Fie, Lillias," said her stately, six-foot, handsome husband. "The more the merrier, and I am glad she is good looking. I detest homely, dowdy women. I should never have married you if you had not been passably fair. I believe they called you a beauty in those days, and I don't see that you have faded very much, though yoked to such a tyrant as myself."

Lillias Leigh blushed like a girl. She was indeed a pretty woman, and she looked very sweet and graceful that afternoon in her stylish dress of purple velvet, and her brown hair sweeping in short curls from its coiffure upon her neck. She was only 23, and they had been married only three years.

"Oh, you flatter," she said smilingly, "doubtless you think I shall be jealous of Miss Armitage, but I shall not, Carl. I know my husband, and now promise me that you will treat our friends with due courtesy. You are disposed to be a little brusque sometimes. Now for my sake do not be rude."

He drew himself up with an air of mock gravity. "I flatter myself that I shall make as agreeable a host as you may desire, and if Miss Armitage is very very handsome, why, I—may—whew! there is the carriage now."

Carleton Leigh was hardly prepared to see so superb a beauty as met his eyes when Maud Armitage stepped from the carriage into the hall like a bird seeking safety from the storm. And as Ellice Beaumont introduced them in her easy, nonchalant way, "Cousin Carl, my friend Miss Armitage," and he held for a moment the small warm hand and glanced into the dark lustrous eyes, he was thrilled with a power and a magnetism such as he had never experienced before.

After supper when the lamps were lighted and they all adjourned to the parlor he had time to study her. How different she was from Cousin Ellice, who was a small, lively thing, running over with laughter. Maud Armitage was tall and queenly, with a voluptuous languor that told of Southern blood. Her eyes were very dark and lustrous, her face almost pale with just a faint sea-shell tint on either cheek, and her hair, neither brown nor black, but of a pale gold which she wore like a coronal upon her head, might have rivalled the glow and splendor of the fabled Lillith. Each shining strand was a fairy chain to bind as with the gyves of a slave the heart of a man.

She was a brilliant conversationalist, and Carl, who had some talent in that direction when he chose to exercise it, soon found himself engaged in a most delightful discussion with his lovely guest. At a late hour they separated, and as Carl took his wife's arm and walked up to their chamber it suddenly flashed into his mind that until that moment he had not been cognizant of Lillias' presence once that evening.

The days and weeks passed at Leigh Manor House. The June roses were showering their rosy leaflets down

over the lawn which sloped to the river, like an expanse of emerald velvet; the apple trees had just lost their mantle of pink bloom, and morning and night the thrushes sang from the maples—a whole orchestra of mad, bewitching music. Very merry were the doings at the mansion—boating on the river, riding in the park, playing croquet or tennis in the garden, and playing and singing in the dim, shadowy parlor, or talking on the piazza in the soft moonlight. Carleton Leigh thought it was the happiest summer of his life.

He scarcely realized, though, how powerful an influence Maud Armitage had obtained over him. He simply knew that he was best content when in her company, that the sunlight was brighter when she rode with him, and the evenings more delightful as she sang her old ballads with an art and a sweetness that held him spellbound.

He was drifting, drifting with the tide, and yet he knew it not. Only one was conscious of it, and she only in a vague, uneasy way—the wife who felt that he was changed. Someway she feared more than she knew, and her fair countenance began to wear an anxious, foreboding look, and sometimes the soft brown eyes were full of tears.

Carl noticed his wife's changing looks one day, and very gravely asked if she was ill.

"No, Carl, I feel quite well."

"But you are pale, and you are losing flesh. See how thin you are, Lillias!" and he slipped the diamond ring up and down the slender finger that he remembered at one time had quite filled the golden circlet.

"It is the hot season perhaps," she said, turning away her head.

"You ought to go out doors more. Won't you go boating with us this afternoon?" asked Carl, solicitously.

"No, thank you Carl; I do not care to."

"Then come out and play croquet on the lawn with us, Lillias."

"I never play croquet, you know," she replied with a sigh.

"Hullo, Sir Cavalier!" cried Maud's silvery voice, "so you are making love to your wife while your guests are suffering from ennui! Don't sit here like an owl, but come out into the sun."

She laughed gayly and went out, and he arose and followed her. In her company he forgot the momentary thought that had troubled him.

That afternoon they took a row up on the river. Carl, Maud, Ellice, and Guy and Stella Vincent, two young folks from a neighbor's house. Never had Maud appeared so queenly, never had her conversation been so brilliant. She fairly fascinated them all by her scintillations of wit, her quickness of repartee, her rare faculty for story telling. And poor Carl admiringly listened while through his brain flashed the thought, "If I was free I could win this glorious creature. Why cannot Lillias be as brilliant?"

It was nearly dark as they walked up to the house, and the grounds were dim in the twilight shade.

"Stella, Guy, you must see Lillias' rose tree," cried Cousin Ellice. "It is a wonder," and she led them to a distant part of the garden.

"I am tired," said Maud. "I think a little music will cheer me. Mr. Leigh, shall I not sing to you?"

He bowed, murmuring some gallant speech, he scarcely knew what, as she flashed her sorceress eyes full upon him.

The piano stood in a far off, shadowy corner of the long high parlor, and her white hands sparkling with rings went straying over the keys with mastery skill. It was no schoolgirl jingle; every note breathed fire and passion, flames from the hot burning Southern heart of the proud beauty singing. She had a rich, clear voice, full and plaintive, and was a perfect mistress of it.

It was an Italian opera that she sung full of love and passion, and of music, too, and she played it from memory. Carl went and stood by her side, and gazed down upon the imperiously beautiful face. The bewitching spell of her music and her beauty, and the dreamy stillness of the hour fairly intoxicated him. He felt that he could have fallen upon his knees there and worshipped her.

She finished the opera, and the jewelled hands went wandering tremulously over the ivory, the long black lashes veiling the dark lustrous eyes. Finally she stopped, whirled round on her stool, and said, with one of her bewildering smiles:

"I am going away to-morrow, Mr. Leigh. So you must prepare to bid me good-bye."

"Going away?" he gasped. "O Maud, where?"

"Home—down South. I am tired of this northern climate and the cold hearts in it. Oh, my beautiful Louisiana! that any one should prefer this country to you!"

Carleton Leigh turned white a moment, and then a hot flush swept over his face. He grasped one of the soft lily hands and kneeling cried:

"I cannot let you go. Stay here, Maud, and be the sunshine of my life. I never knew till now what a paradise you have made this world to me. Will you go and leave me when I—oh, God, what am I saying?"

Maud Armitage placed her other hand in his and stooped forward, gazing with her beautiful eyes upon his strained, passion-heated face.

"You love me, Carl?" she breathed. He raised both hands to his lips raising kisses upon them till they were as flushed as her cheeks.

"Love you! Great Heavens, I— The merry laugh of Ellice and the voices of their friends on the piazza at this instant startled them both. Maud turned suddenly to the piano and struck up a lively air. Carl arose and lighted the lamps.

Two hours later he lighted a cigar and wandered mechanically out among the garden paths. He came to a little summer-house, and with a sigh entered and sat down on a rustic seat. His brain was in a whirl; he could not think clear, and he sank into a stupid reverie.

He was aroused by the sound of a voice—her voice; it thrilled him all over like a draught of wine. The soft rustle of feminine garments pass-

ed near him and he heard Maud say: "Ellice, I shall conquer. If you had not interrupted us I should have won his confession to-night. But I know that he loves me. I told him that I was going away to-morrow, but I shall stay a few days longer now."

"Is it worth the while, Maud?" asked her companion, half reproachfully. "You do not love him, and think how much sorrow you may cause."

"No, I do not love him," returned the syren, her voice as silvery as ever. "But I have sworn that Lillias Gates' husband shall bow at my feet. When I have disgraced him and wounded her my work is done, and not till then."

"Had hoped you would change your mind, Maud. It is a wicked thing. You will not prosper."

Maud Armitage laughed one of those light silvery laughs which had been so captivating heretofore to Carleton Leigh, but which sounded like a mockery to him now.

"Wicked! What of it? It will only serve him right for being false to so fair a wife!"

He heard no more, and for a moment he was like one stricken dead. Could she be so treacherous and had he been so vile! Thank Heaven that he was warned in time. The syren should not triumph over him; and his wife, his deeply-injured, dearly-loved wife, should yet be proud of a husband's devoted love. How would he not atone for his late infatuation—the sin of the last few weeks. He felt as though he could crawl in the dust to that injured wife's feet and crave her forgiveness. What had he been thinking of? He must have been insane.

There was a sudden noise and outcry at the mansion, the flashing of lights and the hurrying of feet. Wondering what the matter could be, Carleton Leigh arose and walked slowly up the path. On the piazza he came face to face with Janet, the chambermaid.

"Oh, Master Leigh, poor mistress is dead entirely. She is lying on the carpet while as a corpse, and there is not a breath in her body."

Carl did not stop to ask any questions. The blanched face and wild eyes of the girl told that she spoke what she thought the truth; and with a strange look on his marble face he sped up stairs to his wife's room.

"Lillias! Lillias!" he cried, bending over the stricken figure that lay so white and helpless on the floor. "Oh, Lillias, speak to me."

But the wife answered not, and though he chafed the chilled hands and addressed her by a hundred endearing names there was no motion, no response, till the old family doctor arrived and tried the potency of his restoratives.

"She had a shock. Something has been wearing on her brain and nerves," said the grave, gray-haired physician. "She is very ill, but by the grace of God she may recover."

"Save her life, and my fortune is yours. Only save her."

"I cannot promise. It rests with God, but I shall do my best."

After the doctor had gone Ellice and Maud came to the door of the dim chamber and knocked. Carl looked out.

"I shall not go to-morrow, Mr. Leigh," said Miss Armitage. "I will stay with Ellice and nurse poor Lillias back to health."

He made a fierce, passionate gesture, which, with the black sternness of his face, made his visitors recoil.

"Traitor and viper," he hissed, "you are the cause of this. This house no longer needs you. Depart with the morning, and never let me see thy treacherous face again."

He closed the door in their faces. Neither had words with which to answer him. With the morning they left the mansion.

Lillias Leigh lived, lived and that was all, for she never went out from the house again. She was a helpless invalid all her life. But no woman ever had a more devoted attendant a more careful watcher than she had in her husband. He gave her all his time, and never murmured nor repined at her weak complaints and petty exactions.

He is a white-haired old man now, and his wife is still alive. She has no other nurse and needs none. Carleton Leigh has atoned with the service of a life time for the folly of an hour.—H. Maria George, in Chicago Ledger.

### Rhine Timber Rafts.

The timber rafts of the Rhine are a noticeable characteristic of that river. They consist of timber felled in the mountain forests and brought down to the Rhine by the Neckar, Main, Moselle and other rivers. The single logs are first hurled down from the heights into the mountain torrent, then a few are tied together, and as they float down the streamlet grow like a snowball, till in the Rhine itself they are made into huge floating fabrics, which are carefully navigated to Dorech and sold. A raft has often eight or ten small houses on it and from 400 to 500 workmen, rowers and pilots. The vast pile is steered by means of immense oars, and is so constructed as to twist like a huge snake in the narrow channels. The sale of a single raft at the end of a voyage often realizes about \$150,000.

### Bacteria as Food.

All kind of food, says Prof. C. F. Chandler, contains bacteria and other micro-organisms. Nothing is richer in bacilli than ordinary hay, from which they are never absent. Humar beings are never free from them. They occur in the body in life; they are constantly found in saliva, and the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal exhibits myriads of them in a state of activity. They are found upon the surface of the skin, in the bronchial passages, and in fact wherever air, water or food are brought in contact with the body externally or internally. Pasteur recently read a paper, by Duclaux, before the French Academy of Sciences, in which he claimed that the presence of bacteria is indispensable to the germination of seeds and also to the digestion of food.

### Telephonic Profits.

One of the reasons advanced for the failure to reduce telephone tolls is the impossibility of making a bare living. In connection with this the following from the Utica Herald is full of interest: "The American Bell telephone company reports that for ten months to January last its earnings were \$3,067,554 against \$2,295,549 for the preceding year. For the same period its expenses were \$687,378 against \$820,163. The company declared dividends for ten months in 1884 of \$1,440,315 against \$1,051,479 for the preceding year. In the former year the dividends came very near to 50 per cent of the total earnings; in the last ten months of 1884 the dividends were nearly three-fourths of the earnings. For the capital actually paid in the dividends are monstrous. The users of the telephones can reckon that 70 per cent of all the moneys which they pay to the parent company are for dividends on inflated stock, without any just consideration."

### A Remarkable River.

Endeavors were recently made to explore the remarkable River Reka, which rises in the Austrian Province of Carniola and disappears in a series of caves known as the Karst Caverns. At a spot some twenty miles distant a stream called the Timavo pours out of a hillside, and there is reason to believe that this is identical with the Reka, which thus flows twenty miles underground. The party engaged in the recent explorations followed the subterranean course of the Reka about one furlong, and passed six waterfalls, until they reached a seventh fall, which it was impossible to get over without the construction of special apparatus, as the river has no bank at that point. The explorers employed the magnesium light to illuminate the dark course of the stream. One of the caverns through which it runs is large enough and lofty enough to hold St. Peter's Cathedral, at Rome.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Petrified Forest.

Visitors to the petrified forest near Corizo, on the Little Colorado, begin to see the signs of petrefaction hours before reaching the wonder. The road at a distance of ten miles from Corizo enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semicircle, and this is enclosed by high banks of shale and white clay. The petrified stumps, limbs and in fact whole trees, lie about on all sides; the action of the waters for hundreds of years has gradually washed away the high hills round about, and the trees that once covered the high table-lands now lie in the valley beneath. It covers a great area, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres.—Boston Journal.

### A Severe Winter.

People living along the shore of Lake Ontario, in Wayne and Oswego counties, New York, state that this has been the severest winter known here since 1854. A survey of the ice field on the lake at Sodus Point was made on Monday. It covers a greater area than ever before known there. There is almost solid ice for two miles out from the shore, and for the first time teams have been able to travel on the ice, while Sodus Bay is almost completely covered with ice of the average thickness of 2½ feet. All entrances to the harbor are frozen fast and are covered by huge drifts of snow. The view of the ice and snow upon the lake and bay is one of unusual grandeur, and the scene is visited by scores of people daily.—Trenton Gazette.

### An Abandoned Hulk.

Among the ships lying in "Rotten Row" in the New York Navy Yard is the dismantled frigate Colorado. When she was built she was considered the finest piece of Naval architecture of the most formidable man-of-war afloat. She was sent to the China Station with a picked crew and set of officers selected for their wealth and good breeding. She was the pride of the American squadron in the China seas, and filled the fleets of other nations there with admiration and envy. From Corea to Singapore she was known as "la belle frigate." But that was years and years ago. Now her glory is departed; she is a ruined hulk, and the Government can't even sell her for old timber.—Boston Herald.

### A Finland Girl's Ordeal.

When a Finland girl wishes to leave the country she has to go first to her clergyman and partake of the sacrament and procure a letter of recommendation from him; next, to a physician, and obtain from him, after an examination, a certificate of permission to remain absent a certain specified number of years. This certificate costs her about \$20. If she returns promptly at the end of the time prescribed, all is well, but if not, her name is erased from the book in which it has been entered, and she is considered as having violated her contract with the government and loses her citizenship forever.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Monster Aerolite.

The San Francisco papers report that a monster aerolite struck the earth in the foothills east of Chico, Cal., a few nights ago. It is described as prismatic in form, over 30 feet in length, and about 2 feet through. After it struck it cut a gutter 2 feet in depth through the hard lava rock for a distance of 200 feet before it rested. The metal somewhat resembled copper in color, but is so hard that a finely tempered cold-chisel will not mark or scratch it. The story looks a little fishy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Only Tacks Needed.

I am determined to learn at what hour my husband comes home nights, yet, do what I will, I can not keep awake, and he is always careful not to make a particle of noise. Is there any drug which produces wakefulness?—Wife. No need to buy drugs. Sprinkle the floor with tacks.—Exchange.