

OPENING A HOSPITAL.

ALL SECTS AND RELIGIONS IN A JERUSALEM CHARITY.

Turks, Christians, Jews and Greeks Unite in Putting the Sisters of Charity in Charge of the Building and Its Work—An Impressive Scene.

A most interesting article of The Journal des Debats describes a remarkable scene which took place in Jerusalem. The need of a municipal hospital for the reception of all the sick of the city had long been felt in Jerusalem. The pasha, an excellent man, has just carried out this important work, which had already been begun by his predecessor, Rabouf Pasha.

But whom to put in care of the sick Jewish nurses—for half the population is Jewish, and 14,000 more Jews from Russia are expected. Or Mussulmans?—or Greeks or Armenians, Copts or Catholics? The question long remained without a solution.

Finally the president of the municipal council, accompanied by two Effendis, presented himself before Sister Zion, superioress of the Daughters of Charity, and asked her to give some of her nuns for the service of the hospital. She at once asked from her superiors the permission to accept the invitation, and a few days later the municipality itself came to thank the sisters for their consent, and beg them at once to arrange the house for the reception of the sick.

There was no time to lose. In early May they received their notice, and on Sunday, May 10, the opening was to take place in presence of Ibrahim Pasha and the seraglio—that is to say, the council composed of a member of each nationality, the heads of all the religions and the municipal council.

THE PRESENTATION.
For three days and three nights the nuns had no rest. At midday on Sunday the nuns were all summoned in order to meet at 1 o'clock in the large reception room. At 1 o'clock the pasha arrived in state and all the dignitaries took their places. But the superior and the sisters, where are they?

A carriage is heard approaching. "Here they come!" At once a serenade began, and a thousand voices cried aloud, "Long live the Sisters of Charity!" The soldiers presented arms; the crowd pressed forward, so that the dragomans had difficulty in making a way for the sisters. But at length they ascended the main steps, preceded by the dragomans.

On their entry all arose. "You are welcome, sisters," said the pasha in excellent French. "I am too much astonished at the appearance you have given to this house, in which you have been working for only three days, to be able to congratulate you as I ought." "Your excellency, we have done our duty," said Sister Zion. "I am delighted," replied the pasha, "and we can only congratulate ourselves on our choice." The whole meeting testified to their profound sympathy and agreement. "Do you find anything wanting, gentlemen, or is everything as you wish?" said the pasha, turning to the authorities.

"For my part," said the grand rabbi, "the most beautiful thing I see in the hospital is the Sisters of Charity. For five years we have watched them at work, and they have never fallen short of their professions. They have been mothers and sisters to all, whosoever they might be."

AN INTERESTING SCENE.
"Long live the Sisters of Charity!" was the cry on all sides, in the wards, the corridors, etc. All were full of emotion. After the presentation the pasha returned to the divan to take part in a Turkish religious service. "Allah! Allah!" cried out the assistants, opening wide their arms and invoking blessings on the sisters and the sick.

The military doctor, on being presented to Sister Zion, said, "Sister, I beg you to employ all your influence with the pasha to obtain me eight beds, so that my poor sick soldiers may be properly nursed."

Sixteen doctors of the city who had been invited to the opening were presented by the physician of the hospital to the pasha and the sisters. The rabbi, the Mussulman and Schismatic chiefs came also to address their congratulations to them. Finally the president of the municipal council assembled all the personnel of the establishment before the sisters.

A moving scene then took place. He caused all to swear respect to the sisters—first of all the medical staff, then the pharmacists, the nurses, cooks, gardeners and porters. Each came up according to his rank and swore in his own language and in manner what was asked.

When the last had retired the president said: "Sisters, I confide this house to you. You are at home. I need not beg you to act as mothers among your children."—Tablet.

A Monster Vessel of Olden Times.
Ptolemaeus Philopater, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, is said to have built a vessel 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, and 80 feet to the top of the poop. She had four helms of 60 feet; her largest oars were 56 feet long, with leaden handles, so as to be more easily worked. She had two prows, two sterns and seven rostra or beaks. On both poop and prow she had figures of men and animals that were fully 18 feet high. She had 4,000 rowers, 400 cabin boys or servants, 2,820 marines to do duty on deck, besides being provided with immense stores of arms and provisions.—St. Louis Republic.

An English gentleman, not a poet and not recently deceased, always wore in a braided necklace about his neck the long, beautiful hair which he cut from his wife's head during her illness. The doctor insisted that the hair must be shorn, and the husband allowed no one to cut it but himself, that he might preserve each shining strand.

CHINESE ORCHESTRAS.

REMARKABLE INSTRUMENTS OF EAR SPLITTING BANDES.

Descriptions of Some of the Quaker Looking Instruments from Which Chinese Musicians Extract Delectable Melody. Prices of the Musical Devices.

The ordinary Mongolian orchestra, such as is to be found usually dispensing tunes for the delectation of the Celestial ears at the Chinese theaters in this city, is composed of ten pieces, and each player has his peculiar instrument, on which he is an adept. He also performs upon it with an apparent stoical indifference as to the scores of his fellow musicians.

Thoroughly to equip an orchestra with proper instruments entails a cost of \$69.50, which amount any nervous householder who has ever had the misfortune to reside within earshot of one at practice would be willing to advance twice over in order to have it moved on. After purchasing the instruments players are needed, and their services vary in price, according to ability, experience and reputation. The Mongolian musician values his ability at from \$1 to \$2 per night, but if he has climbed the ladder of fame he will demand from \$5 to \$20 per night.

The drum, in the estimation of the Chinese musician, is the most important instrument, which opinion is shared likewise by the juvenile American. A Chinese drum costs twelve dollars, and has much the same appearance as a keg constructed of light wood, covered with cowhide. This instrument is beaten with a pair of heavy wooden sticks, and produces a booming sound, which grows extremely monotonous when it is continued for several hours.

THE CHINESE GONG.
The alarm, or taps, is a Chinese musical device of peculiar construction. It consists of a framework of wood, upon which is set a conical top of hard wood covered with calfskin. Projecting from the top of the frame is a hollow square the size of a cigar box, covered with rawhide. Sounds are produced by striking the top, which emits bass notes, and the projecting hide covered square with drumsticks. This tuneful instrument costs \$3.50.

The cymbals of the Chinese are of hammered brass, similar in design to those used by American bands, and cost eighteen dollars.

Brass gongs shaped much like a tambourine are used by Mongolian musicians in the makeup of their orchestra. A first class gong can be bought for fifteen dollars.

A gong of concave form and of very light weight, that gives forth a tingling sound, is another orchestral instrument. It costs \$2.50. Mongolian fiddles are of peculiar construction and emit sounds which, from a musical point of view, are as inharmonious as the instrument is unsmooth in appearance. Divested of its strings a Chinese fiddle has the same appearance as a mallet, with the handle long and flattened to about an inch in width and an eighth of an inch in thickness.

In the lower part of the handle are inserted two keys, one above the other. To each of the keys are attached two strings of horsehair or catgut; the other ends are firmly wound about the mallet head. What varied and discordant sounds are produced when the Chinese fiddler runs his bow across the strings! And besides the Chinese have the temerity to ask \$7.50 for such a device.

THE BANJO, FLUTE, ETC.
The banjo of the heathen may be very appropriately likened to a small size frying pan with a very long handle. The drum is covered with snakeskin drawn tight. Three keys and four strings complete the instrument, which is sold for five dollars.

The bass banjo is the size of a large sized snare drum and about half the depth. Four keys and the same number of strings are used. The sum of \$2.50 will buy one for ordinary use.

A Chinese flute is purchasable at seventy-five cents, if of ordinary make and without ornamentation. It has ten finger holes and gives vent to shrill and discordant notes, which delight Chinese ears but grate upon those of the Caucasian.

In some cases Chinese orchestras contain several flutes, who, when together, appear to vie with each other in the emitting of the most dismal and shrill tunes that ever lacerated human nerves.

The clarinet is to the Mongolian what the cornet is to us. Its evident use is to add variety to the clamors of the drums and cymbals and the discordant sounds of flute and fiddle. It is a sort of mediator between all those revolutionary instruments, and has a tendency to veneer the discord, which apparently is the basis of all Chinese music.

The Mongolian ear has become inured to such strains, and to the child of the Flowery Kingdom it speaks of home, tragedy, love and revenge. So long as he does not take summary vengeance upon his musically inclined fellow countrymen let him enjoy to the full the agonies of sound which Mongolian orchestras produce.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Red Hair the Fashion.
The one thing absolutely de rigueur is red hair. Blonds and brunettes seem to have been wiped off the face of the earth so far as Paris is concerned, and there is hardly one woman in a hundred who cannot boast of locks the shade that Titan loved. A wonderful preparation is to be had which works the transformation. It is put on at night and the head bandaged in many folds of cloth.

In the morning comes the harrowing moment. The swathings are removed, but such are the peculiar properties of the compound that no one can tell beforehand whether the hair will turn out the desired hue or purple or green. If it is red the color stays for a month or two, and if it is green nobody knows what happens, for the wretched victim retires to the country, not to be seen again for at least a year.—Paris Letter.

Fossil in the Stomach of an Arab.

The London Lancet has just recorded a remarkable case, which adds one more to the list of those which have been placed on record to show what a man will eat in order to satisfy the cravings of his stomach and the pain he suffers when he is starving.

The body of an Arab, who was stowed away on a ship which had just arrived, was found in the hold, and was conveyed to the Seaman's hospital at Greenwich, where a post mortem was made.

The physicians noticed that the body was greatly emaciated, and on opening several hard bodies were observed in the intestines. The alimentary canal was thereupon opened, and in it they found the following objects, which practically turned the man's intestines into a sort of museum.

The articles were: Twenty iron buttons, three cog wheels, apparatus portions of a watch; a 2-inch screw, which was bent double; a 1 1/2-inch screw, six pieces of a lock, the largest being half an inch long and half an inch broad; a circular piece of brass, several pieces of iron wire, some bits of brass and lead and two key taldies on a ring an inch long. The weight of these various articles in mass amounted to exactly half a pound.

Persevering Sparrows.

The time of one housekeeper has been pretty well occupied this season trying to break up the business of a pair of sparrows who have determined that they are going to raise a family in a particular spot under the roof of her side piazza. The first nest was removed and some wire screen drawn across the opening, but the birds picked and pulled away enough of it to wriggle their little bodies through sideways, and built again. She swished them out this time with the garden hose, but in a little while another nest was located and four eggs deposited in it.

The drowning out scheme was tried once more, but the birds didn't seem to mind, and investigation showed that they had rooked the nest over so that it shed rain like an umbrella, and only a little hole was left under one side for them to crawl into. With the perseverance of her sex the lady pulled the nest down for the third time, and this week the birds began cheerfully on nest No. 4. It is pretty hard work to discourage an English sparrow.—Springfield Homestead.

A Real Summer Dangler.

To talk of guarding against cold in summer seems absurd, and yet it is as necessary as in winter. Where the climate is changeable a hot day is often followed by a cool evening, or a sudden rain storm chills the air, or a cold wind springs up, grateful after the heat, but dangerous to those who are thinly clad unless they are protected from it by proper covering. Cotton is a good conductor of heat and allows it to escape rapidly from the surface of the body. As soon as the surrounding air becomes cooler than the skin it steals the heat which the body requires for its own needs. A fresh supply of heat must be produced, and thus the system is overtaxed to supply the demands of the robber. Flannel is a bad conductor and guards the tender body more faithfully, retaining the heat.—Elizabeth R. Scovill in Ladies' Home Journal.

Finished His Story.

On Jan. 15 two laborers were at work on a railroad running into Indianapolis. One was telling a story, and while bending over he was accidentally struck on the head with a hammer by his companion and his skull was fractured. He was rendered unconscious, and remained in a comatose condition until last Friday night, when Dr. G. D. Sturtevant, of Indianapolis, trepanned the skull, and immediately upon removing the pieces of skull from against the brain the man continued the story which was started five months before and had lain latent in his brain during all this time.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hair Turned by Lightning.

A curious instance of the blanching of the hair was recently reported by the Philadelphia Times. At Petersburg, in the course of a thunder storm, a laundress named Ellen Barnes stood watching the storm from the door of her house, when she was struck by the lightning and knocked senseless. Though unable to speak for hours after being resuscitated she recovered and was apparently unharmed by the shock, except that a part of her hair was turned a dazzling white. The line of demarcation separating the black hair from the white extended about an inch and a quarter to one side of the middle of her head.

Furniture, 50 Cents; Dogs, \$11.

One of the assessors relates an odd experience in Bucktown, near Indianapolis. He called at the house of an old woman whose furniture was valued at fifty cents. Under the law he had to place the value at one dollar, which would make her tax a fraction over one cent. As he was about to leave the house he discovered that the old woman was the happy owner of six dogs, on which she was assessed \$11.—Chicago Mail.

The jewels of that ill fated queen, Marie Antoinette, whose tragic death glorifies a frivolous life, are now on sale in London. The price of a single pair of earrings is \$65,000, but the stones are of wonderful brilliancy. A large pointed drop, cut in facets like the pendants of chandeliers, is suspended from a large circular diamond by a tiny silver pin, diamond headed.

Don't go to the beach on a hot day with the expectation of lowering your temperature. It is hotter at the seaside than in town, except when the wind blows from the east, and in that case it is easy enough to keep cool in town.

One of the south's most successful evangelists is William Evander Penn, who has just finished a great revival in Mississippi. He is a man of sixty-three and has been constantly preaching day and night for sixteen years.

No Obstructive Wires in Paris.

It should be noted that the question how to dispose of wires—a question that makes so vast and so continually recurring an agitation in all American cities—never comes up at all in Paris, and is seldom mentioned in any European city. There are absolutely no obstructive wires in Paris. The government has purchased the telephone as well as the telegraph system, and all the wires for these services are placed in the subways of sewers. The wires of the electric companies are buried under the sidewalks. Armored cables are laid in simple conduits, or even in the bare soil, without the slightest difficulty from any point of view.

In crossing streets it is forbidden to break the paving, and underground connection is made from the manholes of the sewers. The whole city of Paris will have been laid with a network of electric lighting cables a few months hence, and traffic on the sidewalks and in the streets will have suffered a minimum of obstruction, while no injury whatsoever will have been done to pavements. All these minor questions of practical municipal engineering that we in our cities are attacking in a fumbling, rude, original way, headless even of the experience of our nearest neighbors, while densely and contentedly ignorant of the experience of foreign cities, have been thoroughly solved in Europe.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

Sisters to Marry Brothers.

Clerk Bird in the orphan's court yesterday granted marriage licenses to two pretty girls, who are sisters and who are going to marry two brothers. The parties are Amelia Louise Wilke, aged nineteen, who will wed John Somershoe, aged twenty-five. This couple are residents of Olney. The other pair are Agnes Theresa Wilke, aged seventeen, who will become the wife of Alexander Somershoe, aged twenty-six, a resident of Franklinville. The young ladies were accompanied by their mother, who, with a beaming smile on her countenance at the prospective happiness of her children, gave her consent to the coming nuptials.

The clerk said that the nearest approach to an incident of this kind was some time ago, when a man came in and got a license and shortly afterward another man came in giving exactly the same name and getting a license to marry a woman of nearly the same name as the other. Mr. Bird asked a few questions and discovered that the applicants were father and son, and that neither of them had been aware that they were courting sisters until they found it out at the license office.—Philadelphia North American.

After the Jewelers.

Captain Porter's determination to treat as counterfeit money all money that is gilded and made into scarf pins or any kind of ornament has roused the ire of jewelers generally. Several dealers called at the secret service office and protested against Captain Porter's strict interpretation of the law, and the editor of a journal devoted to the interests of the trade gave him a scolding. Captain Porter said his views had not changed a particle, and he straightway swore out a warrant for the arrest of Charles Korup, Korup has a place at 345 Clark street, and he was caught with some gilded nickels in his possession the edges of which were milled. Korup was held in \$500 bail by Commissioner Hoynes. Captain Porter says he will continue to arrest all jewelers having this class of goods in their possession.—Chicago Tribune.

Razors Buried with the Dead.

In making the excavations for the new Trinity Lutheran chapel, on North Sixth street, beyond Washington, it became necessary to remove the remains in several of the graves in the old cemetery. In one of the graves, which had been there seventy-four years, a perfect skeleton was found, under the head of which was a razor, the handle of which had rotted off. In the early days of the century it was customary to bury with the body the razor which deceased had used during life. The skeleton was in a good state of preservation. The contents of the other graves simply consisted of a little dust. Among the old graves is that of General Francis Swain, who was in the revolutionary war and who died in 1820.—Reading Telegraph.

Climbing Mount Hood.

It is about time that parties were being made up for excursions to Mount Hood. It used to be a regular thing for parties to be made up to climb that mountain about this time of year, the month of July being generally considered the most favorable month for making the ascent. For some reason such parties are not so common of late. Since parties spent the night on the mountain and burned red fire there on the evening of July 4, the ascent of the mountain is not looked upon as much of a feat.—Portland Oregonian.

Mr. Hood's Bad Case of Blues.

T. H. Hood, a citizen of Frankfort, Ind., has been subject to epileptic attacks, and, in consulting a young doctor by the name of Perkins, decided to take his treatment, which consisted of a small pill to be taken every night before retiring. In a short time he began to turn blue, and today he is as blue as indigo. His entire body is blue, with his face and hands a deeper hue. The doctors can ascribe no cause for the change, and the best skill has failed to restore natural color.—Cor. Cleveland Leader.

An Utterly Death.

Isaac Dixon several months ago came to this country from England and went to work as a laborer in a rolling mill at Passaic, N. J. He drank ice water to excess Thursday and died Saturday as a result. Since then it has come to light that had he lived seven months longer he would have received a large estate in England. Why he came here and hired out as a laborer no one appeared to know. He was to be married within a few weeks to a young lady of Paterson.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elisee Reclus' Prize.

It is now more than ever probable that the Academy's biennial prize of 20,000 francs, which the Duc de Broglie declined will be awarded to M.—or, as he prefers to be called, Citizen—Elisee Reclus. The special committee has decided already in his favor. The only objection to the choice of this hard working savant, who is just on the point of bringing out the seventeenth volume of his immense work, "La Geographie Universel," is to be found, of course, in his political opinions, which are frankly communistic and anarchical.

He is, moreover, not only a theoretical but a practical advocate of "freedom in everything," for some years ago he gave his two daughters in marriage to their suitors with no other ceremony than that of linking the hands of the couples and giving them his paternal blessing. M. Reclus, however, has abstained from all active share in politics for the past twenty years, so that it is not thought likely that the Academy will be influenced by his previous history, and its members probably will vote the £800 to the learned man who is aptly described by his intimates as "a lay monk."—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Trying Days for the Fat Man.

These are the days when the man who tips the scales at 250 and wears the largest sized collar has a delightful time on the cars.

He boards the train with a genial smile—for all fat men are jolly and are born for the express purpose of laughing their way through this vale of tears.

In a few moments, however, he does not feel half so gay. He fans himself with his paper, but that only gives the perspiration a chance to assert itself in large globules and play tag down his neck and chase itself across his rubicund face.

He must have the window up, so he makes a grab for the side spring and the lifter. But the window stays right where it is. He is now hotter than ever.

He wades in muttered expletives. He anathematizes the railroad corporation.

He turns nervously in his seat, but his clothes tick to him like a porous plaster. He tries to make a dignified swoop for the ice water tank, but he bumps into seat after seat and is forced to make a dozen apologies, each serving to make him madder.

And thus he pursues his tortuous journey with wheezes of disgust, while he sweaters and melts and continues to try to keep cool.—Albany Argus.

Large Herds of Wild Animals.

Though wild game has been decimated in number within the past few years by unscrupulous hunters, it is not all gone yet. Still it is even rare to see even an antelope close to the city, though now and then a small band of blacktail deer will come down from the hills to drink at the city springs, or a stray elk may be seen between here and Sheep Mountain. On this account the sight witnessed by Charles Bock, who came in from North Park, was an exceedingly interesting one.

When just this side of Pinkhampton, near the Mountain Home ranch, about thirty-five miles from Laramie, he saw four bull elk, ten deer and a herd of antelope, so numerous that he could not count them, grazing altogether in a little park close by the roadside. He did not disturb them and they paid no attention to his presence, so he took a good look. It reminded him of a visit to the zoological gardens in some eastern city to see such a number and variety of animals congregated together in so small a space.—Laramie (Wy.) Republican.

Good Plot for a Farce.

The following singular will case comes from Hamburg. Some years ago there died in Schleswig, Germany, a government official named Nielsen. Some little time before he died Nielsen bequeathed to his man servant 20,000 crowns and to his cook a like sum, on the condition that if either of them married the 20,000 crowns should revert to the other. As soon as the old gentleman died, however, the happy possessors of this fortune went to the altar and were married. The couple then took up their residence in Hamburg, where they have resided for the last six years.

Recently there arrived from Copenhagen a relative of Herr Nielsen, who by their marriage considered the spirit of his relative's last will and testament had been departed from, and demanded the restitution of the 40,000 crowns. The matter is now before a court of law.—London News.

Queer Places to Swarm.

An Italian organ grinder at Eighth and Main streets had a rather novel experience. When he started to grind his machine a swarm of bees suddenly poured forth from the barrel and fairly made the Italian dance to keep out of their way.

The swarm then took up its quarters in the electric light globe just overhead, and when the electric light man came along to clean that globe there was another scene similar to the first. He succeeded in dislodging the insects of industry, however, and the last seen of them they were wending their flight heavenward.—Kansas City Journal.

Rats in a Mulberry Tree.

Rats have taken possession of a large mulberry tree along Frankford creek. They eat the ripe, luscious berries and drive off all birds, but when disturbed by the approach of a human being they drop headlong from the branches of the tree to the ground and run off until the coast is clear for their return after more berries. Seven sleek rodents were seen to drop from the tree in succession yesterday.—Boston Record.

Apparently the wheat crop of 1891 will be the heaviest ever harvested in this country. Not only is the condition of the crop better than in many years past at this time, but the acreage is the largest ever known. Experts estimate the probable crop at between 530,000,000 and 540,000,000 bushels. The greatest yield aitherto was in 1884, when 513,000,000 bushels were gathered.

The Cities Help Pay.

"The country towns generally manage to make the city pay the freight," remarked a prominent wholesaler the other day. "When they build their churches they often send delegations to the city after subscriptions, and their civic and military organizations and charitable institutions are never backward about striking the city business or professional man for assistance. But the latest scheme is to make the jobbing houses in the city help pay for the Fourth of July celebrations in the various villages where they have customers.

"The jobber receives a letter from the subscription committee to the effect that his customers, Messrs. Doe, Roe, Jones and Smith, will consider it a favor if he will do something toward the celebration. The letter says that the celebration will call a great many people into town, and of course the sale of his goods will be increased, for special pains will be taken to push the sale of the goods purchased of those who help the celebration by subscription.

"It is a species of blackmail that the jobbers must wink at, and the result is he sends his little check for five or ten dollars, at the same time bolting his wrath. You can see that if he receives similar letters from four or five towns the draft upon him is not small, and that he pays tribute to four or five of them in an assured fact, as I have letters to prove. There are very few lies on the country subscription committees, I can assure you."—Utica Observer.

A Story of Love and Marriage.

The statement of the marriage license clerk in Covington to a young lady yesterday afternoon was one that would disappoint even an ardent lover of the male persuasion. She applied for a marriage license, and was told in cold, judicial accents that it was not yet leap year, and that it was a custom, sanctioned by the laws of Kentucky, that the gentleman in a marrying affair should call for the license and do the necessary oath taking. She was somewhat abashed, but soon recovered her serenity and went on to explain. Her name was Leonora Schloenker, she said, and the gentleman to whom she was to be married was John J. Ruby. It was almost impossible for him to leave his occupation before dark, and then it would be too late to get the license. Therefore, she had consented to come over and secure the paper.

It seemed a deserving case in the eyes of the clerk, and he proposed a plan to circumvent the difficulty. He agreed to hold the office open to a certain hour and secured the promise of Judge Shine to be present at the appointed time to perform the marriage ceremony. Miss Schloenker went back to consult Mr. Ruby, who was more than delighted with the arrangement and readily assented to the proposition. Last evening they met and went across the bridge, and a half hour later returned husband and wife.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Designs on Our Money.

The director of the mint, authorized by act of congress, has recently issued a circular of congress to artists inviting them to submit "new designs of authorized emblems or devices to be prepared or adopted for the coins of the United States." This on its face is highly to be commended, for our coinage at present is calculated to make the judicious weep and the lukewarm patriot sympathize with the strictures of the foreigner on our degree of civilization. The criticisms on our coinage could indeed be applied with equal force to all our moneys, for the treasury notes, with their wealth of turning lath tracery and their sign painter's lettering, are no better than our coins. The one excuse for their existence has been the difficulty which they were supposed to oppose to counterfeiting; but this, it appears from late developments, is largely imaginary, and their ornate ugliness is therefore without extenuating circumstances.—Scribner's.

Practical Philanthropy.

A sound scheme of philanthropy has been carried out with good results by M. Felix Delenze, a gentleman of fortune in Paris, who some years ago, left of wife and children, adopted sixteen orphan girls. These he installed in his fine but desolate house under a suitable staff of governesses, and had them educated carefully under his own supervision. Two of the girls, now grown to be women, were happily married last year, three more, attended by one of their companions, were wedded at a triple ceremony this spring, and two have taken the veil. Each girl is presented with \$4,000 and an excellent trousseau on her wedding day, but as the magnificent fortune of their benefactor is not to become their property they are brought up with no luxurious tastes or extravagant expectations.—New York Sun.

California's Lack of Song Birds.

In the autumn the society organized for colonizing foreign song birds in this state will commission a practical dealer to select and purchase as many song birds in Europe as the money at his command will permit. The money is being secured by contributions, and is being paid in gradually. The absence of song birds in California is a misfortune. The presence of song birds in California would be an everlasting enjoyment. Golden Gate park should be alive and merry with them. They would be an attraction there as beautiful as the many budding flowers, the graceful trees and the smiling landscape.—San Francisco Post.

An Old Venetian Ship Launching.

Admiral Canavaro, commander of the Venice arsenal, has arranged that instead of the Sicilia being baptized in the usual way, by having a bottle of champagne broken on its bows, the ancient custom of the Venetian republic shall be revived. That is, that a gilt ring shall be attached to the vessel's prow in such a way by the godmother that when the ship is launched the ring shall be the first thing to touch the water, this fulfilling the "wedding of the sea."—London News.