

## THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

**A Splendid Record During the Past Year—Many Persons Saved from Drowning.**

The operations of the life-saving service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, are described at some length in the annual report, which has just been published in a volume containing more than four hundred pages. The service is still in the same able hands that have brought it through many trials to its present efficient state. Summer I. Kimball is the general superintendent and Capt. James H. Merryman, of the revenue marine, is inspector of life-saving stations. There are 203 stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the gulf, and the great lakes. Of these more than half (105) are on the Atlantic coast, between the top of Maine and Cape May, 47 are between Cape May and Key West, 5 are on the gulf coast, 10 are on Lakes Erie and Ontario, 13 on Lake Huron and Superior, 16 on Lake Michigan, and 7 on the Pacific coast. As a very large share of the shipping comes into New York harbor, and is thus brought close to one of the most dangerous coasts, a large number of the stations are situated where they can assist distressed vessels bound for or from this port. There are 79 stations on the coasts of Rhode Island, Long Island, and New Jersey. There is one river station at the falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky., and the writer can testify from his own experience to the promptness and spirit with which the members of that crew hasten to the relief of boats endangered by the falls. The usual complement of men at each station is six surfmen, one of whom is the captain in charge; but some of the stations have seven and some eight men. On the Atlantic coasts the season in which the stations are manned is from Sept. 1 to April 30. In the words of the report, "there were 256 disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations during the year. There were on board these vessels 2,206 persons, of whom 2,196 were saved and only 10 lost. The number of disasters involving the total loss of vessels was 56. The estimated value of the 256 vessels was \$3,319,550, and that of their cargoes \$1,384,905, making the total value of the property involved \$4,704,455. Of this amount \$3,352,760 was saved and \$1,351,695 was lost. Besides these, there were 115 instances of accidents to small craft, as sailboats, rowboats, etc., in which were 233 persons, all of whom were saved except one."

"There were 82 disasters in the vicinity of New York, in the territory covered by the Third and Fourth districts, on the Rhode Island, Long Island and New Jersey coasts. The total value of the property thus endangered was \$1,697,165, of which \$1,007,120 was saved and \$690,045 was lost. The number of persons saved here was 715, and the number of persons lost, one. The total loss of life within the scope of the service is the smallest ever reached since its general extension, except in the year 1880, when but nine persons were lost. The assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes during the year was larger than in any previous year, except the last preceding." Between the date of the adoption of the present excellent system, Nov. 1, 1871, and June 30, 1885, there were 2,918 disasters to vessels, endangering 25,093 lives, and \$51,763,694 worth of property. The total number of lives lost was only 457, and the value of the property lost \$15,485,765, showing that more than 70 per cent. of the lives endangered were saved. Eight of the ten lives lost in the last year were in the wreck of the Norwegian bark Lena, under circumstances that made it possible for the life-savers to render assistance in time. The Lena struck on the southeast bar of Hog Island, Virginia, on Dec. 27, 1884. She was bound from Natal, Brazil, for Philadelphia, with a cargo of sugar, and had a crew of nine men. The story of the crew's noble efforts to rescue her captain and sailors is full of excitement. She was discovered at 4 o'clock in the morning. "The keeper at once ordered out the surfboat. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind blowing moderately from the north, but the sea, which was then at quarter ebb, was extraordinary. Such a fury and confusion of surf the keeper declared he had not seen for eleven years. The tide was falling fast from the beach, and the apparatus was hurriedly got ready and planted at low-water mark. All this time it had been thick and dark, but toward 7 o'clock day-light came, and showed the vessel leaping and staggering forward. The gun was at once trained upon her and the first shot fired, but her great distance from shore was at once made evident, for the line fell short several hundred yards. By 8 o'clock it began to snow. A second was fired at the wreck, which was still jumping and crashing with fearful violence, but the line fell short again, and a third shot likewise. It was now about 10 o'clock. The snow had given place to rain, but the sea continued appalling. The chance of reaching the vessel by boat was no less than desperate." But the effort was made. "For over an hour the crew boiled with almost breaking snews, perpetually repulsed, and finally, quite exhausted, was carried at least half a mile down the beach by the current, with the boat nearly full of water." The boat could not get out. "As night approached the keeper built a large fire upon the beach abreast of the wreck. An hour before midnight a fog overspread the roaring waters and the vessel was shut off from view. At 4 o'clock the next morning the keeper saw vaguely a dark spot on the sea through the heavy veiling of the fog. The surfboat was at once manned and put out through the darkness in a sea of commingled breakers and wreckage. With great effort the crew succeeded in reaching the dim mass, and found that it was the cabin and stern of the wreck. On it two men, still living, but more dead than alive, were lashed, and the lifeless body of the captain." These men were taken ashore and saved. The seven men lost had been in the rigging, and were all lost overboard, and the captain died on the fragment of the

wreck. Nothing more was ever seen of the bark except the bits of wreckage that washed ashore.

For the support of the life-saving service, including salaries of all the officers, inspectors, superintendents, keepers and surfmen, and everything required for the maintenance of the 203 stations, an appropriation of \$852,000 was made last year. And the expenditures were \$788,299.94, leaving \$63,700.06 on hand. The health of the establishment is good, judging from the item of \$23 15 expended for medicines. The entire cost of the service, it will be seen, falls about \$2,500,000 short of the value of the property saved in the vicinity of New York alone, without putting any value at all upon the lives saved.—*New York Times.*

## ENGLAND'S DRINK BILL.

**Figures that Offer No Encouragement to the Friends of Temperance.**

Once a year *The London Times* makes room for a detailed statement of England's drink bill. That statement has just appeared. It shows a reduction from 1884 for last year, but not a reduction of a character to encourage the friends of temperance. For many years the statement has been made by Mr. William Hoyle, F. S. S., but this time another member of the Statistical society, Mr. Dawson Burns, D. D., signs his name to the report. The British expenditure upon drink in 1885 was \$616,343,800, a decrease of about \$15,000,000 from the preceding year. But Mr. Burns says: "In regard to the causes of diminution, we must, I fear, look to the continued—and in some quarters increasing—depression of trade rather than to the growth of thrift and temperance in the country. With the removal of this depression we should most probably find the drink bill become heavier, and its social sequences become darker." This is a reasonable inference from the statistics of preceding years. The state of trade in England always reflects itself in the drink bill. Mr. Burns gives the footings from 1860 to 1885 inclusive, and they show this very plainly.

In that quarter of the century the drink bill has mounted from \$425,000,000 to \$616,000,000. Mr. Burns says: "The years of commercial prosperity brought with them a vastly augmented expenditure upon strong drink, and even when that prosperity began to decline the special impetus that had been given to drinking habits resisted for a time, and yielded but slowly to the stress of diminishing resources." That is to say that people began by economizing in other directions, and only cut down the drink expenditure when they were compelled to do so; even then continuing to consume largely. Of course the increase between 1860 and 1885 is partly accounted for by the growth of population, but Mr. Burns holds that allowing for this the increase in the drink bill shows a decline rather than progress in temperance. "It is clear," he says, "that the amount of the national drink bill is still enormous, being equal to the nation's expenditure for bread, butter, and cheese; it is not short of the rents paid for farms and houses in the United Kingdom; it is three times the amount spent for tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa, and is six times the amount of our expenditure on linen and cotton goods." Taking the families of the United Kingdom at six millions, the gross expenditure for drink in 1885 gives an average expenditure per family of \$102.50, or reckoning five persons to a family, \$20.50 per head. Of course, if those who do not drink at all are subtracted, the average is very much greater, rising, in fact, to \$170 per family of five persons.

This is an enormous expenditure upon drink; an enormous waste of capital to put the fact plainly, for the money spent upon drink is as a rule not only thrown away, but much worse than thrown away, being expended in the creation of a swarm of evils which would not otherwise have existed. It may well be asked what effect upon the general well-being of Great Britain would be produced by the expenditure of this \$600,000,000 upon productive industry, upon the necessities of life, upon land and horses, upon education, books, pictures, all that ministers to and develops the higher life of a nation. There can be no doubt at all that a large percentage of the poverty, destitution, ignorance, misery, which now perplexes society, would disappear if the constant leak of the drink bill would be stopped. But though there is much movement in thinking circles at this time, though social problems have never been studied more seriously, the development of luxury and gross material enjoyments proceeds even more rapidly than the evolution of patriotic solicitude and intelligence, and the example set by the rich is in no way such as to incite the poor to self-restraint. England's drink bill is a document which has for Americans deep interest, for our own expenditure in the same direction is a duplicate of that of our cousins across the ocean, and every consideration or argument springing from and relating to the one case has equal significance for the other. How to get rid of this annual record of gross indulgence and suicidal vice is the most pressing question in both branches of the great Anglo-Saxon family.—*New York Tribune.*

## Missed in the Morning.

"Are the dewy very heavy here?" inquired the guest who was waiting to be sent as near to the roof as the shingles would let him go. "I should say so," replied the brisk clerk, reassuringly; "89 and 91 have been here six weeks, with five extras a day, without showing a cent; 431 has been owing us ever since last summer, three parlors on the dining-room floor are more than a month behind, and parlor A, who has been here five weeks, borrowed \$25 of the house last night and skipped with a month's board and over \$200 on the bar books. Heavy dues! Any baggage? Pay in advance, please. Front! Show the gentleman to 986, in the annex, and if it isn't in order have it put in order right away. Change you in the morning, sir."—*Burdette.*

## HERE AND THERE.

Three young men of Boston recently rode their bicycles from that city to New Orleans, a distance of 1,700 miles. Victoria, British Columbia, is so quiet and respectable that the city council has decided to do without a jailer.

A witness who swears by the bible is not bound to kiss the book, according to a recent decision of a New Jersey justice.

Four times a month the Catholic priests of the diocese of New York meet and discuss theological subjects in the Latin tongue.

In Ohio county, Kentucky, last week John Hunter, a negro, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, his crime being the theft of \$13.

It has been asserted, and with a great deal of truth, that though we oft hear of the man who draws the big prize in lottery, we rarely meet him.

At one point of the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific the railroad describes a horse-shoe which is two and a quarter miles around, and only fifteen hundred feet across the hill at the open end of it.

Clingstone, the trotter that beat Harry Wilkes in a great race at Detroit last year, and who has made a mile in 2:14, is said to be afflicted with his same old trouble—weakness in the legs—and it is thought his trotting feats are over.

There are now in Swain and other extreme western counties of North Carolina 1,881 Cherokee Indians. They hold 73,000 acres of land by deed of trust. They are urged to go to Indian Territory, and are considering the matter.

A lake of salt water is reported to have been discovered recently near Akron, O. It is over 1,000 feet deep, and the surface is over 2,400 feet below the surface of the earth. It was discovered by parties who were boring for gas.

A Hamilton (Ont.) hotel-keeper was recently arrested for having a light in his bar-room during prohibited hours. It has since been found out that the light was a reflection from a gas-jet in a passage leading from the bar-room to the dining-room.

A New Orleans citizen three weeks ago put a double-yolked egg under a sitting hen. Last Sunday a little head came through each end of the egg, and when the shell was removed, two chicks were found. They were slightly united, but were easily separated.

Jacob Weiler, aged 62, at Lobachville, Pa., while at supper was informed that a letter containing \$1,700 back pension money had been received for him. In hurrying to finish the meal a piece of meat became lodged in his wind-pipe and he choked to death.

Philadelphia barbers are expressing discontent in a different manner from Boston members of the profession. Instead of closing business at any time the 5-cent barbers have threatened to raise the price to 10 cents, and great excitement has arisen in consequence.

A Kingston, N. Y., lawyer appeared before the board of education of that city a few days ago and asked that a \$1,000 assessment be taken from the property of a neighbor and put upon his own lot. This was such an extraordinary request that the members of the board were nearly struck speechless.

A rather odd incident occurred one day during a recent temperance camp-meeting at Spring Grove, N. Y. A hawk's nest had been broken up by some boys, and when the old hawk discovered this she swooped down into the crowd, seized a straw hat from a man's head, and bore it away beyond recovery.

The skull of a man dug up at Northborough, Mass., last year, proves a puzzle for the naturalists. Prof. Putnam, of the Peabody museum at Cambridge, says it is the most remarkable and interesting skull he ever studied. Not one of the great collection of the heads of the Peabody museum is anything like it.

The aggregate of San Carlos agency Indians in 1881 was 4,578. Two years later the official enumeration places the number at 5,000, as follows: White Mountain Apaches, including Coyoteros, 1,500; San Carlos Apaches, 1,150; Chiricahuas, including Warm Spring Indians, 450; Apache Yuma, 350; Apache Tonto, 900; Apache Mojave, 700. Supai, 214.

A code of signals has been arranged for the use of transatlantic steamers to warn one another of the presence of ice. By the adoption of this code a steamer approaching the ice region can quickly ascertain from any vessel which has crossed the Newfoundland banks just where ice was seen, and what kind of ice (whether heavy pack, icebergs, or light field ice).

Farmer Daniel Wadsworth, of Wolcott, N. Y., has established a new branch of musical education. Instead of making the hills resound with the musical echoes of "P-o-o-e-e," when he wishes to call his hogs, he merely whistles "Yankee Doodle," and the herd comes in on the run. The intense Americanism of the porkers is shown by the fact that they pay no attention to any other tune.

In the court of common pleas, New York city, Chief Justice Larramore dismissed the complaint of Patrick Clarke against Ranson Parker, Jr., brought to recover \$50,000 for injuries received while assisting in unloading an ice barge. The plaintiff's neck was broken, and he lay in Bellevue hospital two years. The peculiarity of the case made him the theme of lectures at the time by several of the doctors in attendance.

Several months ago Annie Sheely, a young Irish lass, waiting at the table of her master, Mr. Carroll, of Ireland, was insulted by one of the guests who had been drinking too freely. John Carroll, a son of the family, knocked the insulter down and followed up this bit of gallantry by falling in love with the pretty Annie. He said he would marry the girl, and the father turned him out of the house. He came to America and dug ditches for a living. This week Annie arrived at New York, and was scarcely ashore before her ditch-digging, disinherited lover spied her, and taking her before Rev. Father John J. Riordan, married her on the spot.

## A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

**What a Man with an Inquiring Mind Observed in an Hour's Drive.**

Lack of opportunity is often given as an excuse for either common, ordinary laziness, sometimes indolence of body, and often stupor of mind. Men who had rather have their wives or families support them than reverse the order, complain that they can find nothing to do. They hunt work by sitting along the river banks in summer and lounging in saloons in winter.

About the best instance of lack of opportunity lately heard of is that of a tramp who applied for food at a house one August, saying that he would like to work at his trade, but "hadn't got no chance." When quizzed as to the nature of his trade, he replied: "Show-elin' snow."

There are numerous people who would like to follow up some study, often merely as a pastime, but who offer the same old excuse, no opportunity. "I would like very much to study botany, geology, mineralogy, or natural history, but there is no chance to carry it on in town." They further urge that the specimens so necessary for illustration are not to be had without going to the country, and that takes too much time. The trouble with most of these is that they are mentally too lazy to study the technical terms which lie at the very foundation of any of these branches, and which are required in description and elucidation.

With these thoughts in mind it was determined to notice what objects of natural history might be seen in an hour's drive recently. The drive was on an entirely different mission, and the objects seen obtruded themselves unsought upon the attention.

The first living thing appeared upon the desk as preparations were being made to start. It was nothing but a cockroach, but even a cockroach is good for a "starter." To begin with it was strange that this little insect should be abroad in daylight, and that it was exclusively a nocturnal insect, and easily frightened back to its hole upon the approach of light. It is a very curious thing how animals of certain kinds increase the limits of their original homes. Those which do so are always such as are cunning in evading their natural enemies. Cockroaches escape by virtue of their ability to run swiftly. They are sprinters, all of them, and can easily distance on foot nearly every insect of their size and weight.

They are said to have come here from Asia, their natural home. From thence, also, they spread over Europe. We have a species of cockroaches in our own country, but they are well-behaved, know their place, and stay in it. Ours live in the woods, under dead wood and leaves, and never come to our houses to be pests like the eastern ones. The name of the common cockroach indicates its origin. It is called *blatta orientalis*, or eastern bug.

The blatta is an assisted emigrant. They came to us in ships' cargoes, and are in some houses a terrible pest. They feed indiscriminately upon animal and vegetable matter, and will even destroy clothing, leather, wool, and cotton. Although they have an omnivorous appetite, there are some things which disagree with them, and, seeming to be no respecter of food, their downfall lies in their appetite, as in many of their human neighbors. A mixture of red lead, corn meal, and molasses made into a batter and placed near their haunts will soon rid a house of them, as they eat greedily of the feast, which causes speedy death. Borax is especially obnoxious to the blatta, and it is said they will leave a place where it is sprinkled.

While speculating upon the great distance the cockroach was from home, a little insect ran swiftly across the desk. Its name means "silver fish." It is the little silvery insect so often seen about the edges of carpet and in musty places. It has for a long time been considered harmless, but lately is accused of eating the bindings of books and labels, or any other matter which contains paste, of which, like the cockroach, it is very fond.

In walking from the office to the stable, two more insects were seen dead upon the sidewalk—a dragon-fly and a beautiful beetle known as the caterpillar hunter. Both are of great use to man and it was with regret that their death was noted.

Everybody is familiar with the dragon fly, snake-feeder, devil's darning-needle, or whatever name it may be called. It has a large head ornamented by immense eyes, and armed with a powerful pair of jaws. Closely following are the two pairs of wings projecting stiffly at right angles with the body, dry, harsh, and rustling, but lace-like in their transparent beauty.

Then follows the long pointed body striped with green and ornamented at the extremity with two feather-like appendages.

They fly for hours over and about ponds, wheeling or sailing, or hovering nearly motionless in one spot. They are indeed beautiful.

Their food consists entirely of insects which they catch and devour. It is hard to compute the number of gnats, mosquitoes, and flies one single dragon fly can devour in one summer day. They are perfectly harmless to man, and entirely undeserving the relentless pursuit with towel or broom when one by chance enters the room in quest of mosquitoes or flies. One dragon fly will rid a room of mosquitoes in half an hour if left to his own device, and it will pay anyone not to kill a hapless wanderer which strays into his house, and whose greatest desire is not to frighten the timid inmates, but to escape to the woods, brooks, and ponds, there to kill and devour what is man's enemy and dragon's food.

The other insect found dead is not behind this one in well doing. The caterpillar-hunter is a little larger than a June bug, flatter in the body, and with a most brilliant green-gold back bordered with a stripe of iridescent pink or red.

This is a swift runner, living largely upon trees, over which it rapidly moves seeking larvae and those little green worms which do so much damage to vegetation. It is probably no exaggeration to say that one beetle will kill a

## quart of slugs and worms in a season.

The limits of space forbid the relating of a journey but only commenced, but that one need not go far for specimens, and that lack of opportunity is not the real cause of failure to pursue study of this kind.

During the hour's drive there were seen eight different species of animals, eleven kinds of birds, four of fishes, and enough insects with which to keep one cudgeling his brain to become acquainted, and some of which, if he knew too intimately, might cause him to cease cudgeling his brain and pay regard to his body.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

## NEW IDEA IN FROGS.

**John Joy's Queer Catch and His Scientific Explanation of It.**

John Joy, of this city, is a professional frog hunter, and from the first song of the acrobatic denizen of the marsh and swamp is heard in the spring, until its plaint dies away with the coming of winter, he dangles his treacherous red flannel-baited hook in front of the lugubrious songster, and yanks him in by the hundred. He is known as the champion frog catcher of Ulster County. The other day, while on one of his expeditions among the Bannekil ponds, he captured an unusually large and unusually lively frog. It gave him such a fight that it was several minutes before the hunter landed the animate delicacy. Then Mr. Joy found what had made the frog so lively. It had five most excellent legs, and three of them were on the hind end of the prize, where the legs that form the edible portion of the frog always grow. The champion brought his rare prize to Rondout and sold it for three times the price that an ordinary every-day four-legged frog would have brought him.

"I ketch'd a frog once," says Mr. Joy, in speaking of his latest capture, "that had whiskers like a cat. I ketch'd another one once that had a tail almost like a mush-rat's. 'Nother time I hauled in a big feller that only had one hind leg, and that was enough like a chicken's to have had a spur on it, but it didn't. Then there was that curious old frog I ketch'd a good many years ago, that had a head that you'd a swore belonged to a snappin' turtle, an' the nobby feller I yanked out o' the swamp with a reg'lar white streak round his neck, like a dude's collar, an' a round spot coverin' one o' his eyes that made him look exactly as if he was wearin' one o' them dandy eyeglasses. Then there was the frog I ketch'd that was so cross-eyed I was almost afraid to take it off the hook. But I consider this here five-legged frog the greatest piece o' flesh o' that kind I ever ketch'd. I'll tell ye why. It hain't no freak, that five-legged haint. It's the result o' deliberation on the part o' the frogs. Frogs is gettin' scarce, but folks has got to have 'em, an' the frogs know it. Frogs is the smartest things in creation. Now, what does them five legs on that frog mean? It means that the frogs know what they're here for, an' knowin' that their race is growin' lesser an' lesser on the face o' the earth, they're just a goin' inter the growin' o' more legs, so's the decrease in the number o' frogs'll be made up by the increase in their fat and juicy kickers. This feller I ketch'd only had five. They'll be doin' better by an' by, an' some o' these days I'll fetch in a stack o' frogs wearin' all the way from eight to ten legs apiece, an' ev'ry one o' 'em of a quality to make a frog-eater crazy. Mind what I'm tellin' ye. Frogs is (revoluntin' an' I know it)."—*Rondout N. Y. Cor., N. Y. Sun.*

## Lord Chesterfield to His Son.

(MODERNIZED.)

My son, as you are about to face the great world at college, and as I have had considerable experience in the wicked ways of life, I think it would be well for you to listen to my advice for a few moments.

You are going to college—as you know—solely to have a good time, make acquaintances, and to learn to row and play ball. Do not learn anything else except to judge horses and sail yachts, as this is an age when it is fashionable to be ignorant, and whatever is fashionable is right. It was not so very many years ago that things were different, and young people were—or tried to be—accomplished and gave evidence of having some traces of brains, but we have changed all that now, and gone in for stupidity, on the ground that only poor, low-down chaps who work for a living are brilliant and brainy nowadays.

Above all, never read anything beyond the sporting papers, as you might run the chance of being called a literary feller, and there is nothing society hates so much as it considers it an assumption that you know more than other people and of course the other people are howling mad.

Be careful to select your friends among the rich, and remember that your friends are your friends for what they can get out of you, and vice versa. Strive for mediocrity in all things and you will always be popular. If you rise to greatness in anything you will be hated. Greatness, by the way, is an unknown quantity, the result of advertising.

You will find womankind divided into two classes, the brilliant, bad and beautiful; and the good, homely and stupid. Keep away from them all if you can, but you can't. Above all, though, never trust a woman. Keep this maxim always before you, let it ever float before your mind's eye like a moral Mohammedan's coffin.

If at any time you feel a desire to get married, go and buy a horse at auction; it is much the same thing, except that in case you are "caught"—and you probably will be—you can get off with a trifling loss.

If you are ever undecided upon any important affair, ask the advice of your best friends in the matter and then do the exact opposite.

At the end of your college-course you will go abroad, and the result of the trip will be that you will learn that Americans are vulgar, English brutal, and the Continent immoral, and that the latter condition is the most preferable.

You will also be—ah, asleep!"—*Life.*

## AROUND PERUGIA.

**A Hilly Country, Honeycombed with Etruscan Burial Vaults.**

The old town of Perugia is well worth visiting on many accounts, writes a correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce*. Traveling by rail from Rome to Florence, one sees large clusters of houses perched high on the hill-side. They are crowned with campaniles and domes, surrounded by high walls, and provoke one's curiosity to make their closer acquaintance. But on consulting his guide-book the tourist finds that these elevated settlements contain few objects of interest, better examples of which can be found elsewhere. He also learns, which is as much to the purpose, that they have no good hotels. Now, Perugia is very old, very quaint, full of venerable historical associations, a center of Etruscan tombs and other antiquities, 1,700 feet above the sea, and has a first-class hotel. This modern structure occupies the highest ground of the town, and commands a magnificent view of the Umbrian valley. East, south, and west I survey all the details of a landscape of variety and beauty unsurpassed. It is intersected by the Tiber and some smaller rivers, which flash in the morning sun. Many villages are visible as brown patches among them. Assisi, famous as the birthplace of St. Francis, Mountains bound this view on all sides. Some of them are still tipped with snow, and their summits would easily be taken for clouds, if the latter were not scurrying past in the south wind. This wind will soon melt the snow, and is already making Perugia uncomfortable. As I write a haze is beginning to blot out the more distant villages. A heat-tempered man is not to be frightened by that. Only I wish the roads were not quite so white and dusty.

This country is a vast cemetery. No one can say how many races were buried here before the Etruscans passed away in their turn and left the ground honeycombed with their tombs. When one sinks a well or digs a cellar for a house he is apt to strike his spade against a rock, which gives back a hollow sound. It is the roof of an Etruscan burial vault. From this subterranean chamber the air has been excluded for more than two thousand years. I am told that strange things are sometimes seen in these tombs at the moment when they are opened, and then vanish forever. They say that glimpses are caught of old Etruscan lords and ladies sitting at banquets, and that these disappear the instant the outer air touches them. When the finder proceeds to open and examine the tomb he discovers nothing but a heap of dust in place of the vision that had startled him. These are obviously fables, for the most part. Though I believe that it is true that an Etruscan knight in full armor collapsed to dusty nothingness in precisely this way when his tomb was invaded a few years ago. We have been to see the sepulcher of the Volturni, about five miles below Perugia, and found it and its contents very strange and interesting. It is supposed to date back to the third century, B. C. A descent of some thirty steps leads down to it from the roadside. First, a chamber about twenty-five feet square is entered, and from this smaller apartments branch to right and left. The sepulcher is hewn out of the tufa rock. It is very damp and cold. Heads of Medusa, dolphins, and serpents are carved with much skill on the top and sides of this tomb. All around stand small stone urns, each one bearing in *alto relievo* the representation of a fight. One man is always killing another unless the scene is varied by the sacrifice of a bound altar. The covers of these urns are higher works of art. They are surmounted with recumbent figures of men and women. These are dressed in the costume of their age and sex, and each has in his or her hand a bowl for tears. Lifting off the cover I find inside the urn about a hat full of ashes. I run my fingers through this mass and feel fragments of burnt bones. But I am rudely stirring up all that remains of some gallant warrior or some haughty beauty, and I withdraw my hand with a sense of remorse. A great many personal ornaments of exceeding richness and grace have been taken from these receptacles, and are separately exhibited by the custodian. But if one wishes to realize the full extent of the arts and sciences to the old Etruscans he should inspect the splendid collection in the university museum at Perugia.

## Woman's Best Friend.

A hairpin is a woman's best friend. It fits a multiplicity of uses, and she is never without one. If her hair is short you can depend upon it that in a recess of her purse or a pocket of her reticule you will find the hairpin. If she buttons her shoes she uses her hairpin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? If her head itches does she scratch it with her finger? Nonsense! She whips out a hairpin and relieves herself. Suppose a nickle has dropped between the bars of the wooden foot grate in the street car. Does she soil her fingers as a man would, and then not get it? Certainly not. Out comes the hairpin, and the coin is lifted out without trouble.

If her shawpin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hairpin? If she eats a nut does she take a nutpick? Most assuredly not. The hairpin again. It is with the hairpin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book or magazine; it is a hairpin with which she marks her progress in her favorite book; if a trunk key is missing a hairpin opens a refractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton key would; with it she cleanses her fingernails and, if it is clean one, even picks her teeth. All the feats of hair-securing that she will make a simple bow-legged hairpin accomplish nearly surpasses the belief of man. Altogether, it deserves to be classed among the great inventions of the world, and the grave of the original man who created the first one could have no prouder epitaph than this: "This is the kind of a hairpin he was."—*Chicago News.*