The Wolf-Charmer.

These was sorrow and great trouble in the household of Michael Tronski, the fiddler of Arontra, a small village in Austrian Poland. He had fallen that morning from a ladder in the course of mending the thatch on his cottage roof, and was now lying in bed, groaning and helpless, with a broken arm and collar-bone. Worse still, there had been been sickness and death in me now while she is sitting up waiting had been heavy sickness and death in the family. Doctors' bills and other expenses had swallowed up all the poor violin-scraper's savings. Now that he was laid helpless on his back, destitution and starvation stared him and his children in the face.

"Do not take on so father dear," said Marscha, the fiddler's little daughter, as she moistened the sick man's lips with water in a vain attempt to allay his burning thirst. She was only twelve years old, but her mother's early death had made it necessary to be womanly very early. She had helped the doctor that day, as he sat her father's broken limb, with a courage and quiet presence of mind that had won his highest praise.

"No need of any other nurse so long as you are with him, my dear," he said. "Only see that he is kept quiet and his mind easy."

"His mind easy! Yes, that was easily said," thought poor Marscha, who knew that there was no more food in the house than would serve for that day and the next, nor any money to buy more. Her poor father had, as she knew, reckoned on earning enough to keep them for weeks by playing that very evening at the wedding feast of Janosz Patusta, the richest farmer in the animals, and was now hopelessly im-neighborhood. Still the brave girl re- prisoned with a wolf! The creature, neighborhood. Still the brave girl resolved to do her best.

"My children! My children!" he kept moaning. "Everything gone! Neither food nor money in the house, and I lying here like a log unable to earn more! My poor, helpless children, what will become of them?"

"Dear father," said Marscha, "God will provide for us, 1 am sure. Mother always told me not to be afraid. And then there's Iwan."

"Iwan, yes," said the old man bitterly. "Iwan could have taken my place to-night if I had not been such an obstinate ass, and insisted upon him learning carpentry instead of fiddling. I was determined that my son should be something better than a fiddler, forsooth, and never would let him learn. all starve.'

"No, we sha'n't." replied Marscha. "I made enough bread yesterday to last over even the dumb brutes. At last h s as for two days yet, and neighbor Brig-

m le walk, h's violin slung lightly over his shoulder, and his hands in his pockets rattling his gains? He kept whistling from time to time to give expression to his pleasure, as he thought of his father and Marscha and wee toddling Anna.

ing blithely homeward on hs three-

"Oh, if mother were only alive!" he thought, "how pleased she would be! Poor father need not want anything now. There's enough here for that clever little sister of mine to keep house for me. I am later than I thought I should be when I left home. This wood will cut off a good quarter of a m le if I cross it."

With a boy's thoughtlessness he left the beaten track, and turned aside into a pine wood near. The sudden darkness startled him at first, as the faint light of the waning moon could not penetrate through the thick branches. But confident that he could find his way and regain the high-road again at the other side of the wood, his eagerness to reach home prevented him from turning back. He contented himself with picking his steps carefully. Suddenly the ground seemed to give away beneath him, and he was precipitated into a deep pit. He was stunned for a moment, but the earth at the bottom was soft and no bones were broken. Picking himself up his first thought was his father's precious violin. If that were broken, then indeed would the measure of their misfortunes be full, and his carelessness would have done it. To his great joy it was uninjured. Then he began feeling about the walls of the pit for a means of escape. Suddenly something met his eyes that nearly froze his blood with horror. Two glowing points like redhot coals glared upon him out of the darkness around. Iwan comprehended the matter now. He had fallen into one of the pitfalls dug to entrap wild he felt, was confounded and terrified for the moment by the noise of his fall. But he was convinced that it would soon recognize the helplessness to de-

fend himself of his comrade in misfortune, and would make a breakfast of him in shorter order than it took to think of it all.

Iwan's breath came thick and fast, but he was not one of those who easily resign hope. He called to mind the old ballad of how a valiant Danish chief was taken in battle by his enemies and thrust into a cavern full of serpents and other deadly reptiles; how he had been allowed, as a last boon, to take with him his harp of seven strings; fand how he had played upon it for a night and a day using his feet when his He is well avenged now, and we shall fingers failed him. So long as he play-all starve." hurt, so great is the power of music enemies were moved and opened to him ison doors.

"Iwan Ironski is down there with a wolf. If you don't make qu ck work of the brute with your gun he'll soon make short work of poor Iwan."

"The fiddler's son! How ever did he get down there?"

Without waiting for an answer he ran to the pit and looked down. The bow had just fallen from the poor boy's nerveless fingers. Forgetful of the danger of taking his eyes off the creat-ure, he stopped to pick it up. Freed from both spells that had held it hitherto, the wolf gave a wild growl and sprang at him. Iwan gave himself up for lost. Then a shot from the hunter's gun, directed by his practiced eye, made the monster harmless forever.

Iwan was taken out of the pit nearly as dead as the wolf from sheer exhaustion. A little brandy from the hunter's flask revived him. Then the wagoner gave him a lift as far as the village.

It was a proud moment and a happy one for him when, after telling his story, he emptied the cuntents of his pockets into his wise little sister's lap, and heard his father, with tears of thankfullness, calling him the staff of his old

"And now, father." he concluded, "you will not forbid me any more to practice the fiddle, I am sure."

It is needless to say what was Michael's answer.

My story ought by rights to end here. But there is a sequel to it, for all that, which I think I must give, although Iwan never encoutered another such thrilling adventure as that which followed on his first entrance into public

It was not long after this that a handsome carriage drove through the vilage, and stopped at Carlovitz, the carpenter's door. A pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman got out. It was Count Forback, from the castle, the great man of the place. He asked to see Iwan Tronski. Iwan came forward with quiet self possession.

"Stephen Hurla," said the Count, "has been telling me a wonderful story of a boy who charmed a wolf into patience by playing the violin to him the whole night. Is this true, and are you he?"

Iwan bowed. "Not the whole night, my lord; only a few hours," he said modestly.

"And quite enough too in such grisly company," answered the nobleman, smiling. "You must be a plucky youngster. My daughters were so deighted with the story when Stephen told it that they gave me no rest until promised to try to get you to play to the pores. The heart was about the them too. I don't think they will be more difficult to charm than the wolf. What do you say? If you will come back to the castle with me, I will make t worth your while, for your sick father's sake.'

"I will come willingly," answered Iwan, "if my master will spare me. But indeed, sir, I am but a very poor had suddenly closed up the small cells player, as I have had to learn all I know and prevented respiration, in exactly

HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE.

Doath of a Fine Hippopotamus at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia.

The zoological garden has met with another misfortune, says The Philadelphia Times. El Mehdi, the popular hippopotamus, is dead, and the soc ety is out about \$5,000 by his loss. He died last Thursday, a post mortem was held on him on Friday, and his carcass was presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences vesterday. He died of fatty degeneration of the heart. El Mehdi was one of the finest specimens of his species in captivity. He was 5 years old, and was imported by the society direct from Egypt three years ago. Up to the time of his death he was apparently in the best health-eating, drinking, and taking his usual exercise in his tank without evincing the slightest indisposition, and was growing so fast that arrangements had been made to enlarge his tank.

A few minutes before his death he had been bathing, and when found dead his body was half in and half out of the water.

His keeper had not been away from him ten minutes when his attention was attracted by a terrible commotion in the elephant house, where the hippopotamus was kept. When he arrived at the house the elephants were loudly trumpeting and lashing the heavy iron bars with their trunks, and old Pete, the rhinoceros, was tearing around his apartment at a terrible rate, snoring like a wild bull and furiously beating the bars with his head. As soon as it was ascertained that the buge animal was dead, Supt. Brown was notified and Dr. Chapman sent for. On Friday morning, by the aid of block and tackle, ten men raised the carcass to a truck and conveved it to the barnyard of the garden, where Dr. Chapman dissected it.

The huge carcass which was nine feet long, four feet high, and over a thousand pounds in weight, was turned over on its back and the throat sl t to ascertain if it had choked to death. The wind-pipe was found to be all right, but when the heart was reached the condition of the blood revealed the fact that death was caused by heart disease. Dr. Chapman then took the the contrary, it was not coined until heart and lungs out, and found that the left side of the heart was covered with a blubber, which choked up all size of a beef's heart, six inches in diameter, weighing about five pounds. The right side of the heart where the blood was received was in a healthy condition and fresh looking and red; the left side, from which the blood was pumped into the lungs, was completely covered with a small blubber, which

FACTS ABOUT SILVER.

-Where the Most Famous Mines Are Found.

Silver, next to iron and gold, is the most extensively diffused metal upon our planet. It is found frequently in a natural state, though never chemically his private conversation and in his ev pure, being invariably mixed with gold or copper, or sometimes antimony, arsenic, bismuth, quicksilver or iron. It is distinguished by its whiteness, its brilliant luster when polished, its malleability, and its indifference to atmospheric oxygen. It is remarkable for its beauty, and is ten times heavier than water. It does not appear to have been in use before the deluge. Moses does not allude to it before that event, but mentions only brass and iron; but in Abraham's time it had become common, and traffic was carried on with it, and its value was eight to which was a picture of an old woman one of gold. "He was rich in silver and gold, and bought a sepulcher for a small silhouette of Hop-o'-My-Thuml his wife. Sarah, for 400 shekels of silver" (\$250). It was not coined, but blots. At the back of the old woman circulated only in bars or ingots, and was always weighed. Silver usually takes precedence in the scripture whenever the metals are mentioned conjointly. "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter to the importunate beggar. "but such as I have give I unto thee." Silver is first mentioned in Genesis xxiii., 15; but where it was first found is unknown to us. It was extremely abundant in ancient times. "And Solomon made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones" (I Kings x., 27); Cyrus heaped up silver as the dust' (Zachariah ix., 3). In the earliest times the Greeks obtained silver from the Phoceans and Laurians. The chief mines were in Siphnos, Thessaly, and Attica. In the latter country the silver mines of Laur an furnished an abundant supply, and were generally regarded as the chief source of the wealth of Athens. They ceased to be worked in the second century of the Christian era. The Romans obtained the most of their silver from the very rich mines of Spain, which had previously been worked by the Carthagenians and the Phoenicians, and which, though abandoned for those of Mexico, are still unexhausted. The most important use for silver among the Greeks was for money. At Rome, on

B. C. 260. Silver, in its relative value to gold, has varied greatly at different times. In the days of the patriarch Abraham it was eight to one; B. C. 1000 it was twelve to one; B. C. 500 it was thirteen to one; at the commencement of the Christian era it was nine to one; A. D. 500 it was eighteen to one; in 1100 it was eight to one; in 1400 it was eleven to one; in 1545 it was six to one; in 1551 it was two to one; in 1600 it was ten of Chinese. Your, etc. to one; in 1627 it was thirteen to one;

in 1800 it was fifteen and a half to one.

COX'S LOVE OF FUN.

The Use of Metal Among the Ancients | The Spontaneous Wit of the Ex-Min ister to Turkey.

> A Washington correspondent of Th Cleveland Leader writes: The wit o Sunset Cox is spontaneous. It is t part of his nature and it crops out it ery action. His private correspondence is full of funny things, and the man who could publish facsimiles of Cox': letters would make a big hit. He illus trates his letters to his friends with fun ny sketches, which he does rapidly it pen and ink, and which shows him to be a humorist with the same artistic faculty for the ridiculous as was pos sessed by Thackeray. Sam Cox wil take an ink-blot, and with the end of : wooden toothpick he will turn it into t picture of a man, a woman, a dog, or anything else that his fancy dictates I received a letter from him the other day on the back of the envelope o balancing a man on her hand. It was and a witch, and it was made of inl was a little picture of a goat looking very belligerently at the old woman, and the whole adorned the back of a letter treating of legislative matter. Jusbefore Mr. Cox went to Turkey he was sitting one day in the speaker's chair. Mr. Carl sle had been called away and had asked him to take his place. The Chinese bill was under discussion, and it took pretty close watching to keep the house in order. Between the strokes of the gavel, however, and ir looking at the galleries he caught sight of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who, in company with one of the Washington society belles, was listening to the discussion. He at once took his pen and wrote Mr. Miller a letter which he illustrated with sketches.

> HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.-MR. MILLER: observe your Shakspearian brow shining afar in the gallery. You are inter-ested in the case. Old Confush! Give us a lyric gush on him as you did on the heathen Chinese. Bret Harte did not get his worst side or his best.

> S. S. Cox. In response to this Joaquin Miller wrote a note to Mr. Cox, in which he made a complimentary allusion to his appearance in the chair. Miller is 5 worse writer than Cox, and his manuscript rivals that of Horace Greeley in its illegibility. A few moments after the letter had been sent the following was received:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.-Dear Walk-in: 1 can't tell whether you say I look lonely or look lovely. As there is a young and fair lady by your side it is a question which outvies the 406,000,000,000,000

P. S.-I have seen Mr. Miller's autograph just now. It looks inebriate This letter is signed with a gavel, under the head of which is a grotesque picture of a Chinaman, and besides which is the word zip.

atta gave me some m lk this morning. I am going to get you some now."

"My poor, motherless child!" muttered the man. "May God help us, as you say! Where is Anna?"

"Brigatta took her home with her to be out of the way, as she is so little. Drnk, dear father," and she held the cup to his mouth.

At this moment a tall, handsome boy cntered the cottage, with grief and dismay on his face. Marscha made him a sign to controle himself. He made an answering sign and slowly approached tears to his own eyes had not the sense the bed.

"Dear father," he said, "I have just heard of your terrible accident, and my good master let me come to you at sonce to see if I could help."

"No, my boy; there is nothing to be done-unless." he corrected himself, "Carlovitz would let you go over to Janosz Patusta, at the farm, and tell that his dangerous fellow-prisoner was him that I cannot play the violin tonight at the wedding. There is nobody in the village whom I can send in my place. We shall soon know what starving means.

"Father," said the boy, eagerly, and with a certain confusion of manner, "let me go instead of you." "You," said Michael-"you! What

could you do! I never allowed you to learn even how to handle the bow."

"But I learned for all that," replied Iwaz, blushing deeply. "Don't be angry with me, father, but I used to practice in the evenings, after work was and I could not hear any more music.' "My poor boy!" said Michael. "But

let me hear you play."

Iwan took his father's violin, and played a slow, plaintive air upon it. cellently done.

"I could not have believed it possible," said his father. . "You will be a better player than ever I have been, I can see that. Yes, you may go to Patusta's, and tell him I sent you to take my place. I am sure he will make no difficulty if you play to him half as well as you did to me just now. You are not afraid of the long walk?"

"I? No, indeed," smiled Iwan. "Keep your mind easy, Marscha," he continued, turning to his pale, anxious little sister. "I'll be back to-night somewhat late, perhaps, with my pockets full of coppers, with a little silver he knew would be the most piercing, mixed with them I hope. But it's a accompanying them by a shrill cry at good bit of a road, and I must tell the top of his voice. Carlovitz not to expect me to-night. So good-bye, father; good-bye, Marscha!" And off tipped the light-hearted boy.

At Patusta's farm all was bustle and excitement, The first feelings of dis- and his father's resolve not to make appointment on learning that Michael him a fiddler was well-known, "you've could not come himself to the wedding, chosen an odd place in which to pracand had sent so young a substitute, were quickly allayed on hearing the anasterly manner with which the lad handled his father's bow. The most of rade. Run for a gun," panted the boy, the guests had heard of the accident, still fiddling desperately.

"Why may not I take a leaf out of that old Danish book?" thought Iwan, quickly unslinging his fiddle and bow. 'A violin is as good as a harp any day. If I can manage to keep the brute off until daylight. somebody is sure to be

passing on the road or the owners of the trap will come to see if there is any booty. He drew the bow across the strings

and commenced a slow, melancholy tune that would have brought the of desperate danger been the feeling uppermost in his mind. The awful beast gave a long howl.

"You like music?" thought Iwan. "All right, Master Wolf, you shall have plenty of it."

His eyes were now getting accustomed to the darkness, and he perceived an enormous gray wolf whose gaunt sides spoke of a hunger which would afford him small hope of escape should his music not succeed in exercising the hoped-for charm over it. He played on with the energy of dispair. Although it was early spring, and the snow nearly all melted away, it was still bitterly cold. The poor boy's fingers soon got so chilled that they could not long hold the bow. Still he fiddled bravely on, his terrible companion only giving vent from time to time to an uneasy growl, alternating with a long, melancholy howl. These sounds, however horrible over, on Carlovitz's old fiddle. I was in themselves, were pleasant to Iwan's so unhappy after you sent me away, ears, as showing him that his music was having the desired effect. But the hours went past, the dawn was breaking, and the poor boys hands were so benumbed that he noticed, to his horror, that the tones were getting broken and Then he changed the key and rattled off a lively dance tune. Both were ex- "God help me," he thought, "if I get quite powerless before anyone comes to my help! My poor father

and Marscha! what will they say if I never come home? And 1 thought to make them so happy with the money that I have earned to-night!"

This thought nerved his arm once more. But he felt it could not be for long. His strength was leaving him fast.

It was now broad daylight. The rumble of a wagon was heard from the road. Hope put new life into Iwan's bow. He drew it across the strings so as to produce the highest notes which

The rumbling ceased. In a few minutes a kindly, weather-beaten face was seen peering over the mouth of the pit. "Well, my lad," said the man, recognizing Iwan, whose passion for music tice forbidden arts. How came you here?"

"Don't stop to ask. Look at my com-

"Mercy on us! You have an un-

bridge and fell 116 feet, yet there were the earliest times to the present day ended, about two in the morning, the ment another man appeared. He had the idea that she would enjoy the pleas-The mother was very slowly trying several survivors of the wreck. It was has a mounted to \$300,000,000.-Boston gun on his shoulder. It was Stephen ure he had experienced saving, with boy was dismissed with not only the promise of payment for his night's Hurla, the owner of the pit. He came co eat. Little Chap was eating with- a mixed train of freight and passenger Gazette. innocent enjoyment, "Ba, ba! how good out trying. Finishing his meal he laid cars. The conductor was on top of one work, but the pocketful of money of work, but the pocketful of money of "What is that?" he said. "Who is If somebody would invent a snow-shovel | it is !! ' lown his fork, and with a look worthy of the cars at the time the accident ocwhich he had spoken to Marscha, of with a bigger blade and less backache, we That the Asylum of the Universe is of immitation, said to his mother, curred. He went down with the train "Now that is what I call coming in . "Why don't you put a little vim into but was not seriously hurt.-St. Paul know of at least one young man who would be still susceptible of improvement it which the greater part was not copper, fiddling down there in my pit?" but shining white silver. Who so charming now as Iwan, strid- the nick of time," cried the wagoner. 1 ?"-The Advance. Globe.

in secret."

"I have heard of that too, my boy," said the Count, who was himself a musical enthusiast, "and I respect you for your energy. Carlovitz, will you give me the boy for to-night?"

The carpenter's consent was readily given to the great man. Iwan in his Sunday best-and a very modest best it was-rode in a carriage for the first time in his life, scarcely able to realize his good fortune. On arriving at the castle he was given in charge to the housekeeper, who petted and made much of him, and told him stories of her master's and the young ledies' goodness.

At length he was summoned to the drawing-room. He was dazzled at first by the lights and the grand dresses of the ladies. But they were all so kind that he soon took courage. A violin was now put in his hand. Iwan played his very best, and his hearers were delighted. At the end of the evening the Count took him aside.

"My good lad," he said, "it is plain to me that you have a wonderful talent for music. It would be a thousand pities to neglect it. Should not you ike to be a great player?"

"Oh, yes sir!" cr.ed Iwan, his eyes sparkling.

"Then listen," said the Count. "It would be an easy thing for me to take you from your present employment, and pay for your teaching at the Conservatory of Vienna. But when I was a lad my father taught me that it was of no use being helped by others unless I should try to help myself. This I am sure you will be willing to do. Here is tank. She took to it kindly, however, my plan. Will you be willing to be guided by me?'

"I will do anything you tell me," said the grateful boy.

"It is this, then." The Count put a gold piece into his hand, "This is your payment for the pleasure you have given us this evening. I see you have a large stock of national Polish melodies at your finger-ends. I take great interest in them, and should like to make a collection of them. If you will come here once a week and play over to me as many as you can recollect, you shall have the same sum each time. Lay it by until you have enough to start upon, and your career is made. Is it a bargain?

Iwan kissed his hand, and returned home a proud and happy boy. Every week for many months he went to his kind patron's castle, and played to him not only the airs that he had known all his life, but others which he took pains, with his father's help, to collect from far and near. Soon he had earned enough for his further maintenance and studies. He entered the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, and with the best instruction that most musical of cities could give, became one of the first violin-players of the day. It is red gold now, instead of coppers and silver, which he sends from time to time to his loving and beloved sister Marscha, to help to keep house with for his

the same way that the disease acts upon human beings.

The brain was remarkably small in proportion to the size of the head, weighing only one and one-half pounds, but was in a perfect condition. It was taken away by Dr. Chapman for a closer examination. The hide on most parts of the body was one and a half inches thick, but as flexible as rubber and without a blemish. Under the fore legs and the upper part of the breast it was as white as snow and as soft as kid, being less than half an inch in hickness. Dr. Chapman attributed the disease to worriment occasioned by confinement, as the animal, excepting his heart affection, was in splendid condition, his digestive organs being especially healthy. Yesterday after-

noon six stalwart keepers, assisted by Snakekeeper Thompson. the artist of the garden, and Headkeeper Byrne, moved the hand-some tapir Carrie into the vacant apartment of the Hippopotamus.

Keeper Pendergast broke down completely and cried like a boy when he removed the two large wooden balls w th which El Mehdi used to amuse simself while in the water. Next to old Pete, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus was Keeper Pendegast's favorite. If old Pete should die the keeper said his heart would break. The tapir was rather shy of her new quarters at first, and carefully felt her way down the steps into the tank. Her old tank was very small and shallow, and she was considerably surprised when she went in over her head in the new and had been in but a few minutes before she had reconciled Keeper Pendergast to his loss by her funny antics, one of which was jumping two or three feet out of the water and diving out of sight. Before night the two wooden balls had been returned to the apartment and Carrie was knocking one of them all around the tank. Carrie will occupy the tank until the arrival of a new hinpopotamus, which the society will enleavor to procure.

Dr. Chapman said that nine-tenths of wild animals in confinement are subject to heart disease, although all animals have their peculiarities. The elephants are heir to many diseases, but the most

should have been survivors of the Vermont Central accident. It looks as if a

It maintained the latter ratio until 1872, when it began to rise, and in 1876 it attained to twenty to one; it soon after gradually decl ned, then advanced again, and on the 1st day of August, 1886, reached the highest point ever known, twenty-two and one-quarter to one, since which time it has gradually declined to twenty to one.

S lver, as regards its mines, is represented in every portion in our planet. The richest silver mine in the world is Potosi. It is situated on an elevation of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. in a region of perpetual snow. It has always been worked in a very rude manner, yet it has already produced \$250,000,000, and shows no signs of exhaustion. The highest silver deposit in the world is on King Solomon's mountain in Colorado, 14,000 feet above the Pacific ocean. The largest nugget of silver yet obtained was dug up in Arizona, and weighed 43,200 ounces, valued at the same number of dollars. The annual product of the silver mines of North America is estimated to be \$85,-000,000. Their total product has amounted to \$4,835,000,000, more than one-third of the entire product of the world from the earliest times to the present day. The silver mines of Mexico were wrought long before Cortez revealed them to the eyes of Europe in 1513. Their annual product at the present time is estimated to be \$32,000,000. Their total product has amounted to \$3,900,-000,000. In 1850 Nevada was not reekoned among the silver-producing countries of the world. In 1867 she could proudly point to an annual product of \$13,000,000, but it has declined to \$6,-000,000 at the present time. The total product of silver in Nevada has amounted to \$352,000,000. The annual product of the silver mines of South America is estimated to be \$26,000,006. Their total product to the present time has amounted to \$2,440,000,000. The annual preduct of the silver mines of America is estimated to be \$111,000,-600, and their total product has amounted to \$7,325,000,000, more than three-lifths of the entire product of the world from the earliest times to the present day. The exports of silver from the United States' since 1848 has amounted to \$451,746,771. The annual product of the solver mines of Europe at the present time is estimated to be \$13,000,000, and their total product has amounted to \$3.628,000,000. The annual product of the silver mines of Asia (including Australia, New Zealand

and Oceanica) is estimated to be \$1 .-950,000, and their total product has amounted to \$1,687,950,000. India has often been represented as destitute of silver, but we have statements from Sir Roderick Murchison that the Kula valley is so rich in silver ore that it could yield a large product for future ages. The silver country of Vasours comprises the mountainous regions between the Beas, Sainji, and Parbutti rivers. The mines, though hitherto worked, are almost forgotten. The

Southern Landscapes.

One never hears of a tourist going a a second time to bask in the splendors of tropical scenery. The reason for this is because, not to put too fine a point upon it, there is no tropical scenerv. The South has its magnificent magnolias, with their dark-green, glossy leaves and dazzling white flowers, its pines and its palmettos, its fragrant orange trees, its never-fading flood of moonlight turning night into day, and the phosphorescent sea into a blazing mirror; but it has no scenery. The general aspect of every Southern landscape upon which my eyes have rested, from Charleston, S. C., to Pernambuco, in Brazil, is that of a gray colorless, dead and dying waste of vegetation, in which there is nothing attractive or even tolerable. The magnolia, separated from its natural associates of gray moss and dead creepers, and transplanted to the lawn, becomes a splendid tree with the landscape gardener's care; but a single tree is not scenery. Considered singly there are many beautiful flowers, shrubs and trees in the hot latitudes: but collectively, in its natural state, the Southern forest is a dreary, sun-burned jungle. It cannot for a moment be compared to the brightness and freshness of our Northern deciduous trees, or even our perennial pines .- Detroit Free Press.

Royal Manners.

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We hear a great deal about the polish due to foreign travel, but it is a self-evident fact that some persons need that advantage more than others. Although majesty is supposed to hedge a king to the extent of protecting his person, it does not preclude criticism of his manners, and it therefore may not be indiscreet to quote a traveler's opinion of the improvement wrought in the Shah of Persia by an absence from home. Says Dr. C. J. Wills:

The king's first visit to Europe tended, for the time, to civilize hirn, but before a year had expired he wanted to execute his prime minister.

The king now, as a rule, returns salutes; before his visit to Europe he did not. He now looks with pleasure at the pictures in the illustrated journals. When he last crossed the Caspian, he slept on the floor of the ladies' cabin. under the table, and on the table he put his boots.

Once it was a pleasure to the "Asylum of the Universe" to fill a boat on one of the large tanks of his numerous country places with the grandees of his kingdom, elad in gala costume, and tc go into fits of laughter, as the boat sank, and the pillars of the empire crawled out muddy, wet and bedrag-

They say that on the last visit of the clear fall of fifty feet for a railroad and knew of the great troubles that same is the case with the Manikarn old and infirm father and sister Annie. chancy companion, and no mistake," king of kings to Europe, when tasting one after another had fallen on the train would kill everybody in the m nes, hitherto known to be incalcu-E. M. Traquair, in Harper's loung fiddler's family. General sympathy cried the man, now perceiving the brute. and sucking a stick of asparagus, as he ably rich. The annual product of the coaches. Several years ago a train on People. "Hold on a bit longer. I will be back sat between two royal ladies at the dinwas roused. The dancing, the happisilver m nes of Africa is estimated to be the Shenandoah Valley branch of the ness, and above all Iwan's lovely music, in a jiffy." ner-table, he offered the half-devoured Baltimore & Ohio road went through a \$50,000, and their total product from opened their hearts. When the ball He was turning away. At that mo-The One Thing Needful. butt to the more august of the two, with

common and fatal is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally d.e from bronchial affections and heart disease; fehnes, such as lions, tigers, leopards, etc., suffer most from dysentery and heart disease; while the canine tribe. such as wolves, foxes, etc., don't seem to be subject to any disease except pure cussedness. The only thing to be feared in the wolf tribe is too much sociability. It is unsafe to keep more than a pair together, otherwise they would eat each other. Miraculous Ascapes. It seems almost impossible that there