

THE LION PATH.

I dare not—
Look—the road is very dark—
The trees stir softly, and the bushes shake
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves
Here—there—
There's something crept across the road just
now!
And you would have me go?
Go there—through that live darkness hideous
With air of crouching forms that wait to kill?
Ah, look! See there—and there—and there
again—
Great yellow glassy eyes close to the ground!
Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see
The long, slow lashing of the wingy tails
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait.
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.
Afraid at first, yet bound
On such high errands as no fear could stay.
Forth goes he, with the lions in his path.
And then—

He dared a death of agony—
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts;
Long struggle in the horror of the night;
Dared and went forth to meet—O ye who fear!
Finding an empty road and nothing there—
A wide, bare common road, with homely fields
And fences and the dusty roadside trees—
Some spitting kittens maybe in the grass.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Boston Women's Journal.

Saved by a Gypsy.

An incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was told by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. The story is told as follows in the Neue Pester Journal: On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army, said the archduke, we camped in the neighborhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when about midnight I heard the sentry challenging some newcomer. My adjutant entered and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us.

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," I said. "No, your highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your highness," answered the man. "Do you see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?" "Yes, I see them. What then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They certainly would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood and has frightened all those birds."

"Very well, my lad. You can go." I at once ordered the outposts to be re-enforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.

A Philadelphia Incident.

The easy and comfortable attitudes assumed by most men riding in street cars have frequently been a source of irritation to women, and one feminine passenger had the courage to publicly condemn the practice. A sixteenth street car was scudding up town with many masculine passengers and one woman, who sat in an upper corner and whose physiognomy stamped her as a school-ma'am.

Another woman entered the car at Poplar street, and finding no vacant seat was proceeding to grasp a strap when the voice of the school-ma'am piped out, "If these men would put their legs together, there would be plenty of room!" A dead silence was followed by a stealthy shifting of nether limbs until sufficient red cushion was visible to accommodate the standing passenger.—Philadelphia Record.

Their Titles.

Shakespeare has been a mine of wealth to authors in choosing titles to their books. Tersely descriptive are "The Quality of Mercy," "A Woman's Reason," "A Modern Instance," "The Undiscovered Country," which W. D. Howells found in the great dramatist. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Shakespeare when she named one of her novels "The Primrose Path." Mr. Hardy must have been reading "An You Like It" when he called his book "The Greenwood Tree." Other writers have taken "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Hair of the Ages" as titles from Tennyson.—Journal of Education.

An Infelicitous Speech.

"Why, you're looking better already, Sir Ronald!"
"Yes, thanks to your delightful hospitality, I've had everything my doctor ordered me—fresh air, good food, agreeable society and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect."
—Harper's Magazine.

A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.
Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son.
Little Boy—No, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.—Good News.

In early times what is now Ireland was called Scotia, and its inhabitants were known as Scots, or Scots. A branch of this Scotic stock invading north Britain ultimately gave its name to all of what is now Scotland.

Golf is spoken, it seems, without sounding the "l." English folk call it "goff," and if we import the game it is only proper that we should import the pronunciation.

It is a very lazy man who will not take the trouble to reverse his cigar when he finds that he has put the lighted end of it by mistake into his mouth.

A square copper coin struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century is nearly one-half inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

A Parisian lady wears ball shoes with tiny watches set in the insteps. Presumably this enables her to keep time with her feet.

India has 40,000,000 of Mohammedans—a larger number than are found in the entire Turkish empire.

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

Our Planet Will Die Not by Accident, but a Natural Death.

According to all probability, notwithstanding all the circumstances which threaten it, our planet will die not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun in 20,000,000 years or more—perhaps 30,000,000—since its condensation at a relatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand, 17,000,000 years of existence, while on the other hand the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun to be prolonged to 40,000,000 years, it is still inconceivable that the radiation from the sun cools it and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be erased from the great book and will revolve, black cemetaries, around an extinguished sun.

Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies, such as the earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Already the moon appears to have proceeded as toward the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus, younger than us, will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat. From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transformed. On the one hand, the continents are crumbling away and becoming covered by the sea, which insensibly and by very slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe. On the other hand, the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation shows that by the action of erosion alone all the land on our planet will be covered by water in 10,000,000 years.—Camille Flammarion in Astronomie.

Dynamics.

There exists a general and deeply rooted idea that direct current dynamos of very high potential are not at all practical. The actual historical and practical facts are that the high potential direct current machines were more extensively and successfully operated when the dynamo first came into general use about 1880 than any other type, either direct or alternate. Furthermore, their number and size have largely increased, and the voltage at which they can be practically worked has been steadily raised until we now have 60 light dynamos as the standard size of large machines, generating about 3,000 volts and 10 amperes.

Arc dynamos of 90 light capacity are also regularly made by several manufacturers, and 130 or even 125 light machines are built and used. I happen to know of one station where there are four arc dynamos rated at 125 lights each which run every night with a load of from 100 to 105 lights. These machines must generate about 5,000 volts each. No great practical or other difficulty is found in operating arc machines, except that of danger to persons, but this is merely due to the high potential and does not depend very much upon the type of machine or character of current.—Cassier's Magazine.

He Lost His Case.

"Judge Emerson, one of the most eloquent men Illinois ever produced, was once taken down completely in a speech at Decatur," said E. F. Layman, an attorney of Chicago. "He had a case in which there were some peculiarly pathetic circumstances, the rights of a young girl whose property had been squandered and who was reduced to destitution being involved. Judge Emerson made the most of it, and as he closed his speech a solemn hush had fallen over the courtroom.

"Tears stood in the eyes of the jurors, and even the judge coughed sympathetically and hid his head behind the trial docket. His opponent, whose name I have now forgotten, saw that the spell had to be broken in some way, or his case was lost. Arising slowly to his feet, and in a voice of deep solemnity, and with slow deliberation, he said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, let us continue these solemn exercises by singing the one hundred and fifteenth psalm.' A roar of laughter followed from the audience, and Judge Emerson lost his case."

A Little Learning.

We have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things. It would be far better to have plenty of both, but the sophism of those who use this argument is that they represent the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be made between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food and absolute ignorance or starvation, common sense gives its decision in the homely proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."—New York Ledger.

The Oldest Dressmaker's Bill.

Most likely the oldest dressmaker's bill in the world has been discovered on a Chaldean tablet, dating 2800 B. C. It has an entry of "92 pure vestments for the priests." Among the items are "10 white robes of the temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, 10 collars of the house of his lady, 10 pair of gold collars, two white robes and four scented robes." Also "two winders," probably scarfs for binding about the waist.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Depends.

"Papa," said Johnny, who has recently joined a debating society, "is it correct to say 'The noes has it,' or 'The noes have it?'"
"It depends, my son, on whether you are talking about a vote or about a cold in the head."—London Punch.

HER ATONEMENT.

Faithful Story of a Wealthy Woman's Theft, Confession and Restitution.

I heard a little story today that makes it seem conscience, Christianity and self-abnegation are something more than mere words, after all, and it is so nice, too, to hear such a story of a distressingly rich woman. The heroine—and she is a genuine heroine—none other could do as she did—is the wife of a magnate, whose wealth is incalculable, whose income is incalculable. She lives in one of the most gorgeous mansions of the metropolis and is famed for her piety and charity. But she was not always rich—indeed she once was actually poor. When she was a girl at boarding school, she had probably less pocket money than any of her classmates. One time a collection was taken up among the girls for a most worthy and needy object. Our young heroine longed to help, and she was so ashamed not to be able. A schoolgirl's pride is a distorted, disproportionate sentiment anyhow. So, in a moment of temptation and weakness, she stole \$5 from her chest, who was the richest girl in school. The latter, with the happy carelessness of a petted child, who has more than she wants, never even missed the money at all. The end of the term came, and the girls all went home. The rich girl never returned. She became lost to the ken of her former schoolmates—all save one, who remembered her with agonizing and conscience quickened distinctness.

Finally, in the course of many years, our poor heroine had become the wife of one of America's richest men, and one day she heard that the girl she had never relinquished the search for was poor, ill and a widow, with little children. She hunted her up, invited her to come to dinner, and without telling her invited also 20 of the friends whose friendship and esteem she most valued, among them her pastor.

After dinner, to every one's amazement, she had every servant summoned to the drawing room. There, before her most cherished friends and her paid subordinates, she confessed her petty pilfering of 30 years before and ended her confession simply, "But I will pay back the money tonight." There wasn't a dry eye in that stately drawing room when she finished, but only very few who listened to her self-abasement knew that the widowed friend took home \$1,000 for the pilfered \$5, and besides a promise of education and subsequent care for her three little children. Don't you think my heroine had in her the spirit of the early martyrs—or, indeed, I believe it a higher type of soul?
God bless her!—Mollie Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

The Skeleton of Another Tall Man Recently Discovered Near Mentone.

Fresh discoveries of human remains, probably prehistoric, were found this week on the Italian frontier near Mentone. Two years ago the skeleton of a man more than 8 feet high was unearthed at the same spot under the direction of an English archaeologist. Workmen in a cave recently uncovered several slabs of stone which seemed to form a part of a dolmen. The earth contained many bones of animals, broken evidently, for the extraction of the marrow, and there were indications of fire close by. Several small, pierced shells which once formed a chaplet and a row of stag's teeth were near at hand. The skeleton of a man 6 feet 2 inches in height was lying on its back. The legs were crossed below the knee. The right arm was extended and bent backward toward the head. The hand was clinched. The left hand was placed under the head. The same position has been frequently observed in early neolithic burials. A fine crystal of carbonate of lime beside the skeleton was probably a talisman. Further excavations in the cavern revealed innumerable bones of animals, notably a fine vertebra of a mammoth. Still another find is a flint implement, which appears to be of paleolithic age.—Paris Letter.

To Be Tried For Mailing Bible Quotations.

A case of unusual interest in which the United States is prosecutor and Anthony Beerpass is defendant will be tried soon in the United States court. Beerpass was violently enamored of Celia Grassby. In a fit of anger and jealousy the lover wrote Celia a very objectionable letter. The girl promptly turned the letter over to the proper authorities, and Beerpass was arrested for sending obscene matter through the mails. He acknowledged sending the letter, but claims he cannot be made to suffer for it, as every sentence in it is a quotation from the Bible, which he readily proved. The defendant says that, as the Bible is mailable matter, he had a perfect right to use the mails for transmitting a few quotations from it.—Trimble (Tenn.) Correspondent.

Incidental Marriage.

There was no fuss and flummery about the wedding of a Portland woman last month. She had a job washing floors at the city hall, and one morning appeared with her hair and mops as usual. Along in the forenoon she surprised the janitor by announcing that she was going out for a few minutes to get married, and in just 45 minutes she was back, the ceremony all over, and the nuptial kiss duly attended to, and resumed her scrubbing. She probably appreciated the fact that sometimes it is easier to get husbands than employment.—Lewiston Journal.

Changes in the French Language.

The French academy has announced that 1,200 changes have been made in the French language. Among others is the uniform formation of the plural—e. g., materiaux will become materiaux, voix will be voix. The ph will give way to f, as in philosophie, making it filosofie. These alterations, it is said, are to go into into force immediately.—Journal of Education.

A ROYAL KID.

Bulgaria Went Wild With Joy Over the Visit of the Baby Prince.

A man of 84 years and a boy of as many hours are the two most conspicuous figures in Europe today. One, it is feared, must soon close one of the most remarkable public careers of this or any other age. The other, born in a palace, may some day sit upon a rather shaky throne. All Europe has smiled indulgently over the extravagant welcome with which Prince Ferdinand and his subjects received the wee bit of humanity at Sofia. The royal youngster must think this world an awful humbug.

Before he had a chance to enjoy his first meal he was frightened half to death by the firing of 101 cannon under his window. He had hardly donned his swaddling clothes before he was condemned to be "Bearer of the Collar of the Order of St. Alexander." The poor child would have howled in protest, but the royal decree informed him that as the chief of three regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery no such weakness would be tolerated. Some ordinary infant indulgences might be permitted him as prince and duke, but as a full fledged "Knight of the First and Fourth Class Military Order of Valor" he must preserve the stern dignity of his rank.

It was a hard week for him. In the first place, the palace yard was thronged night and day by his singing, dancing, affectionate subjects. His royal daddy, in spite of the nurse's protests, persisted in dangling him at a window several times a day, to the frantic delight of the cheering crowds. The whole principality took a week's holiday, and the rejoicing was so spontaneous and unrestrained that the nation found the spectacle a welcome relief from the solemn croakings about war.—New York Sun's London Letter.

THE NICKEL STEEL GUN.

Interest at the Government Ordnance Shops Over the New Method of Assembling.

The force at the Washington ordnance shops has nearly completed the assembling of the first nickel steel gun for the navy, and the result is awaited with interest. The ordnance officers have been engaged some time in the construction of a furnace for heating the tube of this gun, which is of 8 inch caliber. The furnace will apply the heat to the gun in a horizontal instead of in a perpendicular position. The jacket, the piece of metal which fits over the base of the tube and gives it greater strength, will be forced over the tube while the latter is kept beyond the expanding influences of the heat by the constant application of a stream of water.

The delay in assembling the gun, the forgings of which have been ready for some time, has been caused by the difficulty in securing a pyrometer, a delicate instrument for registering the fearful heat of the furnace. This instrument has been received, and everything is ready for the assembling of the gun. There is naturally much interest among ordnance experts over the result of the new system of putting great guns together, for, if the proposed method is a success, it will take the place of the old way, which required a good deal of shifting of heavy weights and the use of a shrinking pit.

There is also much interest in the trial of the nickel steel gun. It is expected that it will prove stronger and of longer life than the simple steel gun.—Washington Star.

Died While the Doctors Quarreled.

Here is the latest episode of Parisian life. The cold weather of late has been rather severe on the simian population of the gay capital, and it was keenly felt by Maurice, the orang-outang of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. When Maurice fell ill, it was decided by the managers of the Jardin that inasmuch as Maurice possessed far more resemblance to a man than to an animal, a regular doctor should be summoned, and accordingly the services of a physician were invoked. On his arrival however, the doctor declared that, as the patient occupied an intermediary place between the quadrumanes and the humans, its treatment should devolve upon a veterinary surgeon, who, however, hesitated to assume the responsibility on the ground that Maurice was more human than beast. While the discussion was in progress between the two medicals the monkey died.—Boston Herald.

An Archbishop on Suicides.

The archbishop of Canterbury, at a church convocation the other day, entered a strong protest against the growing tendency to what is called "codding suicides."

He protested against the conventional verdict of temporary insanity in order to grant a Christian burial. In spite of the repugnance to speak ill of the dead, suicide is becoming too prevalent, and a healthier public sentiment against it should be encouraged. He urged that newspaper headings, instead of being "Romantic," "Pathetic," "Interesting," should be "Revolting Self Murder."—London Exchange.

Wants a Convict Wife.

Warden Weyer recently received at the penitentiary a letter in which the writer asked "if there is a young girl in your prison the age of 16 or 17, 18 or 20 years who can be taken out by marrying." The writer asked an answer and signed the name of John Mobley, adding the names of his father and mother and the information that he was born in Wilson, N. C. No address was given to which an answer to the letter might be sent.—Baltimore Sun.

Prescott Eccentricities.

Things are being run with a rather high hand in not the best localities in Prescott. The kicking in of doors and the seizing against their wishes and dragging around of women by men loaded down with six shooters is bound to result in bloodshed.—Prescott (A. T.) Courier.

NIAGARA NOW IN HARNESS.

The Greatest Experiment Ever Made in Electricity Is Being Put to Test.

At last Niagara falls have been harnessed, and the dream of engineers for years has been realized. One of the greatest engineering enterprises ever undertaken in this country and by far the greatest experiment ever made in electricity has been put to the test to decide whether \$4,000,000 have been poured into a hole in the ground or whether this sum has been planted in fruitful soil to bring forth a hundred-fold.

The object of the company which undertook the stupendous task is to catch the immense power of the fearful crush of water of the great river and turn it to utilitarian purposes. If the water which rushes down the penstocks 140 feet turns the wheels below and sends back up to the surface 5,000 horsepower from each wheel, the day is not far distant when every wheel in New York west of the Hudson river shall be turned with power from the falls, and a mighty current shall be transmitted probably as far west as Chicago, and it may be as far south as Baltimore.

The tunnel, through which 500,000 cubic feet of water will flow each minute when it is used to its full capacity, is a gloomy place. It is 31 feet high and is horseshoe shaped, being 18 feet 10 inches wide at the widest part and 14 feet 5 inches at the bottom. Since Oct. 4, 1890, when N. B. Gaskell, who was then president of the Cataract Construction company, dug the first spadeful of earth for the tunnel, 17 men have been killed in the tunnel, 8 in the wheel pit and 2 in the work outside. While the tunnel was being dug some 1,500 men were kept busy, and the payroll ran as high as \$69,000 in one month.

Dr. Coleman Sellers of Philadelphia has had charge of the work during all the late years of its progress and supervised the great test, of which the telegraphic reports in the press have given ample account. The realization of what was once a scientific day dream will add new luster to the glowing achievements of the closing nineteenth century.—Philadelphia Press.

STATESMEN'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Kate Field Says Our Senators Would Be Lost Without Trousers Pockets.

"Do you prefer side or slant or top pockets in your trousers?"
"I don't care, I'm sure. All I want is pockets that I can get my hands into."

This was the conversation I overheard the other day between a tailor and his customer, and I was reminded of it an hour later as I looked down upon the floor of the senate chamber and watched our grave and reverend lawmakers going through their work. In the middle aisle, carrying on a triangular debate, were Senator Proctor and Senator Gorman, each with his left hand in his trousers pocket, and Senator Allison with both hands similarly incased. They were presently joined by Senator Bruce, who had his right hand pocketed, while Senator Lindsay strode from the Democratic over to the Republican side, with both his hands in his pockets, almost running into Senator Lodge, who was carrying his in the same way.

I could not help thinking of the old story of Daniel Webster and the button on his jacket, which he always used to twirl while making his best recitations in school. It is said that a little girl who had long stood next to him in his spelling class, and who was ambitious to pass him, contrived one day to snip off this button, and at the next recitation, when Daniel felt for it and found it missing, he was so overcome that he missed the world to him, and his clever rival went to the head of the class. Suppose some malicious person, bent on destroying the comfort and dignity of the senate, should contrive to have the trousers pockets of all the senators sewed up over night, what would become of American oratory and legislation the next day?—Kate Field's Washington.

Picture Owners Getting Tired.

The owners of works of art not only in England, but throughout Europe, complain of the injustice of the increasing demands for the loan of their treasures for international, national and local exhibitions, says a New York Sun correspondent. The pictures just returned from Chicago are wanted immediately for Vienna and then for Antwerp. English owners are openly talking of refusing. To refuse to lend seems churlish, however, and might prove damaging to the reputation, not merely of individual artists, but of the British school. On the other hand, if the owners lend whenever they are asked they never have possession of their own pictures. The Royal academy will probably soon consider the dilemma.

Buddhism in Paris.

A fresh propaganda of Buddhism is being undertaken in Paris, says a correspondent. It is asserted that 30,000 Parisians now profess the ancient religion. Many well known women describe themselves as eclectic Buddhists. A little volume gives a summary of the doctrines of the new creed. It has just been printed, and large numbers have been bought by wealthy neophytes and will be distributed next week among all classes. The converts are not expected to desert the churches of which they are members. The copies of the book have been bound in black morocco, gilded to resemble prayer books.

Her Faith Led to Death.

Mrs. William Seidentopf died Saturday from the effects of a dose of poison, which she spread on a piece of bread and then deliberately ate. Mrs. Seidentopf was a Christian science believer, and it is thought that she ate the poison to prove her faith. Even after the agony resultant from the action of the poison had begun, she refused to allow a doctor to be called and was beyond hope of saving when one was summoned.—Council Bluffs (Ia.) Dispatch.

DEATH THROUGH A KISS.

While Caring for His Grandchild the Old Man Inhaled a Hair Which Killed Him.

It was a joyous company of young, middle aged and aged people who congregated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Larkin in Susquehanna, Pa. They met in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, who had passed their allotted three-score years and ten and were still in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Several sweet faced, laughing grandchildren were present to contribute their share of sunshine to the occasion. Little 5-year-old Mary Edwards, with her bright blue eyes and light tresses, was there. After kissing her grandmother affectionately she sprang upon her grandfather's lap, exclaiming, "Grandpa, I have lots of kisses and a bear hug for you."

Then the old man pressed the sweet face of his favorite grandchild to his, fervently remarking: "God bless you, Mary. No company would be complete without you. You are the embodiment of sunshine itself, and I trust you will grow to be a noble woman."
"Tell me how much you love me, grandpa," said the child, "and then I will give you the kisses and the bear hug."

"I cannot tell you how much I love you, child," answered the old man, "but I can assure you it is a big lot."

Then Grandfather Larkin imprinted kiss after kiss upon the ruby cheeks, and the child, delighted at the manifestation of affection, returned the compliment, and then, throwing her little arms about the old man's neck, gave the promised "bear hug." She then crawled down from grandpa's lap and busied herself for a time among others of the company. An hour later, and just before the joyous party were about to partake of dinner, the same little Mary approached her grandfather, remarking, "Grandpa, I want to give you one more kiss before dinner, and then I want you to sit by me at the table."

The old man smiled and lifted the little girl in his arms. Two minutes later he felt a tickling sensation in his throat and realized that in returning the last kiss a hair had caught in his mouth and been sucked into his windpipe.

This immediately produced hard fits of coughing, and before relief could be obtained a blood vessel was ruptured, and death resulted instantly.

Consternation reigned for a time, and the aged partner of the unfortunate septuagenarian, overcome with grief, fell in a swoon. She rallied an hour later, but it is thought her great grief will cause her death in a short time.—New York Herald.

NOW A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Virginia City, Nev., Once Gay and Prosperous, Rapidly Falling to Ruins.

"A poet could write on 'The Deserted Village' with Virginia City as a subject and surpass Goldsmith's immortal production on the same topic," said E. L. Hearne of San Francisco to a Globe Democrat man. "The first time that I was over there the population of Virginia City was greater than that of the entire state now. Everything ran wide open. Magnificent hotels and opera halls, palatial residences, stores that would have done credit to New York, millionaires who spent money freely, maintaining a society that for brilliancy and gayety could not be equaled in the United States. I was there a short time ago. The hotels and opera houses are closed, the residences empty, the stores removed to other and more prosperous places. Dwellings that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are given over to the bats, and the broken panes of glass, the shutters hanging upon a single hinge or flapping in the wind, give a gruesome sense of loneliness. In years to come it will afford magnificent spectacles of ruins, and even now in some sections of the town there is a sense to the beholder of being in a city of the past. Millions were made and lost, and the history of Virginia City would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Savages in Modern War.

It was curious to see the effect of the seven pound and hotchkiss shells upon the Matabeles when they were retreating. On the shell bursting among them we could see through our glasses the Matabeles turn round and fire at the place where the shell had burst, thinking it was some diabolical agency of the white man. From information we received after this fight we learned that the enemy had intended attacking us at 10 o'clock the previous night, but owing to the rocket having been sent up to recall Captain Borrow they were afraid to do so, thinking that we were holding communion with our gods by shooting at the stars and bringing them down.—London Telegraph.

A Fatal Blunder.

Blunders that are literally worse than crimes are not uncommon. Such a one was committed in 1886 by a New York druggist, who, by putting up the wrong prescription, caused the death of two girls named Holtz by morphine poisoning. But the consequences of the terrible mistake did not end there. The betrothed of one of the girls, Dr. Lowenthal, whose prescription was misread, went insane. And now their father, Christian Holtz, has died abroad, where he retired, broken hearted, as soon as he could close up his large business interests in New York.—Rochester Herald.

Boston's Crowded Tenements.

In the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.81, and the average number of persons in a room 1.63. In the most instances, the average number of persons to a room was 3.30, but in all Boston there were found but 656 persons occupy tenements in which the average number to a room was three or over.—Boston Commonwealth.