RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.

A St. Paul Archæologist's Collection of Curious Specimens, Gathered During a Year's Tour in the Northwest and Southwest.

Mr. T. H. Lewis, a St. Paul archæologist, has lately returned from a tour of exploration of almost a year, and he brings with him some rare and valuable specimens obtained from the ancient mounds that are scattered about in almost every section of the Southwest and Northwest. Undoubtedly he has now the largest and most valuable private archæological collection in the Northwest, and the reports of his season's work are regarded as most valuable contributions to scientific records and history. Mr. Lewis has surveyed 1,250 mounds during the past year—125 of which were effigies—and eight or nine fortified points and forts. His travels embraced explorations in Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Arkansas. He brings back with him, as the result of his tour, a large collection of drawings of effigies and curious relics of the days of the mound builders. In the line of effigies he discovered a mound in Southeastern Minnesota, the outlines representing the form of a fish. The few fish effigies that have been described by explorers heretofore have never shown the fins; but Mr. Lewis' discovery has the fins very accurately marked, being the first ever noted by archæologists. Its extreme length is 109 1-2 feet, the greatest width 36 feet, from end to end of fins. Mr. Lewis considers this one of the most interesting and valuable effigies ever discovered. Another one represents a frog—the only perfect specimen ever described. It is 98 feet in length, 94 feet in width between the tips of the fore legs and 95 feet between the tips of the hind legs. The body of the largest bird effigy is 28 feet from beak to the end of the tail, and 121 feet from tip to tip of the wings. Another of a bird is the most symmetrical of any surveyed, the length from the tail to the tips of the wings being exactly the same. A drawing of a rattlesnake effigy, found on Lake St. Croix, in Minnesota, shows a length of 448 feet, the section of the mound representing the head swelling out to a width of fifty-three feet. Three mounds at the rear end denote that number of rattles. The effigy is very well developed to show the natural proportions of a snake. Another interesting and striking effigy was found a short distance west of St. Paul. It is a group of five mounds, bearing the appearance of large birds in motion in the air, with wings extended and necks stretched forward. Three of them are directly in line—as geese fly—one a little to the left, and the other a little in advance, bearing off to the right. Mr. Lewis says that it is one of the best and most natural effigies he has ever discovered or seen described. The shape of the mounds is different from any that have ever before been discovered in the way of bird effigies. The highest point is near the upper portion of the wing, the slope of the wings being proportioned so as to show which way the long feathers run. These described are only the more striking ones of the 125 effigies surveyed.

In the matter of archæological relics—dug from the mounds mostly by Mr. Lewis himself—there is a collection that to enumerate each object would require a column of space. The curious specimens embrace a wide variety of drinking vessels, bowls, dishes, plates, dippers, agricultural implements, pipes, shell beads, axes, arrow heads and chisels, made of different materials, clay, mussel shell, stone and copper having been principally used. The Minnesota collection was secured principally in the southeastern part of the State. There is a large drinking vessel, basket-shaped, the handle setting off from the vessel four or five inches. The only opening is a small aperture on the top of the handle. Another drinking vessel is painted a deep, glossy red, the color being well preserved, except on the handle, where it was evidently worn off by usage. This is polished very nicely, and evidently belonged to a nabob's outfit, It stands upright, the handle being much smaller than the bowl. Another vessel, similarly constructed, is painted in two colors, red and yellow, there being ten stripes of each color on the bowl and four of each on the neck. Irregular, wavy lines of color ornament another. Still another drinking vessel has ten double circles painted on the bowl, with crosses in the center, and three double circles, with crosses in the center, on the upright neck. Evidently these were intended as evidences of extraordinary artistic talent. A round, open-topped vessel has handles modeled to represent a woman's face and head; inside the hollow head are substances of some character which rattle when the vessel is shaken. There is a large circular dish, with a grooved top, fashioned something after our modern models; several forms of plates, also of modern design; several oval-shaped, open top cooking vessels in which to heat water, the handles being representations of beaver, duck and owl heads. One cooking vessel has three short legs attached to its bottom; a dipper has a handle modeled after a beaver's tail; another a long, strong, thick handle; there are no two dippers that are similar in design, showing a rage for something new and novel among the people of that time. One water vessel and a cup show evidences of modern construction—the former having a perforated base and the latter having a regular chimb around the bottom. A hood-top drinking vessel—the neck running up and being fashioned after the head of a hooded woman—is a curiosity. The only opening is under the front of the hood, where the face should be. All these described are made from clay and pulverized mussel shells. There are also specimens of agricultural implements—hoes, spades, etc.—some made of chert (a species of flint), others of the shoulder blade of the buffalo; the latter are highly polished. There are also a number of discoidal stones (round stones, having the form of a disk), celts (shaped like small tomahawks, and supposed to have been used for skinning animals); clay pots, nicely ornamented with lines and dots; copper axes (one weighing one and a half pounds), arrow and spear heads, stone axes, lead ore and shell beads. A stone paddle, fourteen inches long, Mr. Lewis says is the largest ever found in the United States, the greatest length heretofore noted being six and a half inches. Mr. Lewis also has four two-handled clay pots, there having been only one more found in Minnesota of which a record is known. Copper chisels, ceremonial pipes, pestles, stone hammers and dozens of other relics go to complete the collection. One large two-handled cooking pot—made of clay and mussel shells—deserves special mention. It was found in Northeastern Iowa, which is considered pretty far north for such a specimen. Its symmetry is perfect, the sides being fluted and ornamented with diagonal lines. The diameter across the top is 13 1-2 inches; across the center, 18 inches; depth, 13 inches. This was probably used as a wash tub or punch bowl—or likely both. Mr. Lewis starts out again in a short time for another southern tour. If Minnesota should ever construct a suitable fire-proof building, it is the intention of the gentleman to present the State with a magnificent archæological collection.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

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—A clerk in Indianapolis was arrested for embezzling one cent.

IN THE JURY BOX.

How Good Men and True Greet the "Dread Summons"—The Distinctly Marked Peculiarities of Jurors.

Perhaps there is no time in the life of an active business man when he is more tempted to rave at his clerks, stamp with rage, and utter curses loud and deep, than at the moment he runs up against a little piece of paper properly signed and countersigned and endorsed "Jury summons." The unfortunate recipient of this unwelcome insignia of citizenship grasps his hat, rushes wildly from his office, makes his way rapidly over to the Court House and stalks dejectedly into the court room where the summons in peremptory terms announces his presence as being "required." He is somewhat consoled when he espies his friend, and his business competitor C., both of whom, as he rightly concludes, are for the office his brothers in misfortune.

Scattered about the court room are perhaps fifty men of various nationalities and ages. They are all jurors in embryo, and are waiting for the Judge to open the court. When His Honor appears and takes his seat on the bench thirty-five out of the fifty men get in a row, filing Indian fashion up to and from the judicial bench, whisper all sorts of excuses and touching stories of domestic affliction and financial peril into the sympathizing judicial right ear.

It is plain to be seen that each one of the thirty-five is arefully considering how he can best attain the object which they all seek—viz., immunity from the jury box. Many of the excuses are frivolous, some are legitimate and not a few are palpably "trumped up." Sometimes a juror is excused upon his mere statement of fact, but as a rule they are sworn to answer such questions as shall be put to them by the judge touching their right to be excused. The judicial examiner probes the anxious applicant sternly.

Once bound down to the jury box the juror becomes the type of a class. He is no longer a broker, a merchant, a bank president or a saloon keeper. His natural identity is lost, and he is part and parcel of the machinery of justice. To be sure, he eats and sleeps like other men, but then he thinks and acts only like a juror. His status is not firmly established, however, until he begins to develop a peculiarity. This done, he becomes an object of interest, especially to the lawyers.

The characteristics of jurors are distinctly marked. It frequently happens that the same persons sit as jurors from term to term. Whether because they like it, have nothing else to do or sit for pay, or whether it so happens that they are "drawn" with malice aforethought, it is hard to tell. But somehow or other lawyers are getting to know the jurors. They are able to lean over to their clients in the court room and describe the peculiarities of each one of them. The foreman is recognized as a model juror for a good case, but too sound for a poor one. The second juror is the proverbially obstinate specimen who invariably insists that he is right and the other eleven are pigheaded fools. He is a first rate man to have in the box if a disagreement is wanted. The third is marked down as always having a leaning toward the plaintiff's side of the case, while the fourth is known as an easy-going, "happy go lucky" sort of an individual, ready to go with whichever one the "other fellows" favor. Number five is the inquisitive juror. He is always asking questions of the witness about matters which the lawyers have kept carefully in the background. His brethren in the box respect him, but the lawyers regard him as an irritating thorn. Number six is much given to argument and contention. He is always ready for a fight in the jury room, and, being somewhat "glib," is generally able to hold his own.

Seven is an unknown quantity. He is possessed of a great veneration for judicial learning and discernment and goes with the judge, if the judge inadvertently exhibits a bias. Eight is remarkable for nothing except it be a fondness for the newspapers. He will peruse his favorite paper regardless alike of the most startling testimony and the flowery eloquence of counsel. Number nine is attentive, conscientious and analytical. He weighs the evidence on both sides, scrawls all day in his note-book and votes according to his convictions. He is looked upon with suspicion, and is frequently challenged. Ten is the silent juror. He watches the proceedings with expressionless countenance, is unfathomable, and therefore dangerous. Eleven, on the contrary, is as open as the sky. He sides with his favorite lawyer, and is always ready to laugh when that legal luminary makes a good hit. He can be counted upon as prejudicial for one side or the other long before the trial is finished.

Number twelve is the last man in the box, and he is likewise the last man to make up his mind what he ought to do, He is pleased with the appearance and bearing of the plaintiff, but, on the other hand, he is thoroughly impressed with the justice of the defendant's case. In this dilemma he awaits the first vote and then chimes in with the majority.

After the jurors have listened to a great mass of conflicting testimony, been talked to and pleaded with by the lawyers and gravely instructed by the Court, they are led away by the court officer, who carries a portentious looking key in his hand, and are marched into a little ten-by-ten jury room. The key grates in the lock, the officer retreats down the stairway and the twelve men "good and true" are left to the joint contemplation of bare walls and the case under consideration. The bare walls look so cold and gloomy that the unhappy jurymen at once devote themselves exclusively to the case. Granted that all the elements constituting a well ordered jury exist, quick justice is meted out, and it oftentimes happens that a loud pounding on the door announces to the officer who has just left that the jury are ready with their verdict. At other times boisterous language and voices raised high in angry contention show too plainly that the obstinate juror has got himself hopelessly entangled with the conscientious juror. Then the judge goes away, instructing them to hand in a sealed verdict in the morning.

When the morning arrives the judge finds the jury in their seats, looking haggard and worn. The obstinate juror is sullen and defiant, while the foreman tells the judge that they have not been able to agree. The lawyers look disappointed, the litigants despairing. The jurors, if they are discharged, file sheepishly out of court, collect in squads in the corridors and vow vengeance against the obstinate one, who trips jauntily away, happy in the knowledge of a duty well performed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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—Among other idealistic dresses is an oriental creation of gold silk and cream tissue, figured with green palm leaves woven into the sheen-like fabric, the leaves being in clusters, the corsage, loopings of the skirt and hair all being furnished with pendants and borderings of oriental pearls, with marvelously beautiful effect. Its sister dress is of a new material, embossed with wild roses, combined in lace net in the same design, with edge to match, the looped back and train being of the embossed fabric, while the front is formed of the lace in underskirt and most artistically draped over apron.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

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—Brides on the Island of Sicily are compelled to have their eyebrows shaved off immediately before the wedding ceremony takes place.

VENICE.

Bill Nye Tells of His Experiences in the Best Watered Town in Europe.

We arrived in Venice last evening, latitude 45 deg. 25 min. N., longitude, 13 deg. 19 min. E.

Venice is the home of the Venetian, and also where the gondola has its nest and rears its young. It is also the headquarters for the paint known as Venetian red. They use it in painting the town on festive occasions. This is the town where the Merchant of Venice used to do business, and the home of Shylock, a broker, who sheared the Venetian lamb at the corner of the Rialto and the Grand Canal. He is now no more. I couldn't even find an old neighbor near the Rialto who remembered Shylock. From what I can learn of him. however, I am led to believe that he was pretty close in his deals, and liked to catch a man in a tight place and then make him squirm. Shylock, during the great panic in Venice many years ago, it is said, had a chattel mortgage on more lives than you could shake a stick at. He would loan a small amount to a merchant at three per cent. a month, and secure it on a pound of merchant's liver, or by a cut-throat mortgage on his respiratory apparatus. Then, when the paper matured he would go up to the house with a pair of scales and a pie knife and demand a foreclosure.

Venice is one of the best watered towns in Europe. You can hardly walk a block without getting your feet wet, unless you ride in a gondola.

The gondola is a long, slim hack without wheels and is worked around through the damp streets by a brunette man whose breath should be a sad warning to us all. He is called the gondolier. Sometimes he sings in a low tone of voice and in a foreign tongue. I do not know where I have met so many foreigners as I have here in Europe. Wherever I go I hear a foreign tongue. I do not know whether these people talk in the Italian language just to show it off or not. Perhaps they prefer it. London is the only place I have visited where the Boston dialect is used. London was originally settled by adventurers from Boston. The blood of some of the royal families of Massachusetts may be found in the veins of London people.

Wealthy young ladies in Venice do not run away with the coachmen. There are no coaches, no coachmen and no horses in Venice. There are only four horses in Venice, and they are made of copper and exhibited at St. Mark's as curiosities.

The Accademia delle Belle Arti of Venice is a large picture store where I went yesterday to buy a few pictures for Christmas presents. A painting by Titian, the Italian Prang, pleased me very much, but I couldn'nt beat down the price to where it would be any object for me to buy it. Besides, it would be a nuisance to carry such a picture around with me all over the Alps, up the Rhide and through St. Lawrence County. I finally decided to leave it and secure something less awkward to carry and pay for.

The Italians are quite proud of their smoky old paintings. I have often thought that if Venice would run less to art and more to soap, she would be more apt to win my respect. Art is all right to a certain extent, but it can be run in the ground. It breaks my heart to know how lavish nature has been with water here, and yet how the Venetians scorn to investigate its benefits. When a gondolier gets a drop of water on him, he swoons. Then he lies in a kind of coma till another gondolier comes along to breathe in his face and revive him.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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EDUCATED TO DEATH.

The Evils of Over-Cramming in Public Schools Illustrated.

Ten million children are educated in the public schools of the United States at an annual expense of nearly one hundred million dollars.

In every respect these figures are astonishing. They show how liberally the "palladium of our liberties," as the Fourth of July orator always calls the school system, is supported, and also that it includes nearly one-fifth of our total population.

These figures may well attract attention, and especially that of parents. It is the most natural thing in the world that in such a vast system there should be constant emulation and rivalry not only between scholars, but scholars and teachers, to surpass every other school.

In this lies a great danger, that of educating the children to death. The recent exposition by the York (Pa.) *Daily* of the amount crammed by rote into the children in that town is one instance out of thousands, and no one can doubt that the dry facts given to the York scholars would produce mental indigestion in grammar-school children and tax their abilities too far. In the daily papers of this very week in which the York story is printed appears an account of a bright young girl of Brooklyn, who was ambitious to be the head of her school. Encouraged by fond but silly parents, she worked constantly, gained her aim and has just become an intellectual and physical wreck. The other case is that of a boy who succeeded in all of his studies but one—Latin; for failing in which both his teachers and father reproved him. To save further humiliations to himself, and any repetition of his father's action, he was accustomed to steal out of bed in the dead of night, and apply himself to his Latin until the gray streaks of dawn warned him of the danger of being discovered in his undertaking. As a consequence the lad's nervous system gave way under the strain, and though he succeeded in his object, it is a serious question with his doctors whether he will ever be restored to even tolerable health.

Are not these instances enough to illustrate the evil of over cramming in the public schools; or if they are not enough can they not be supplemented in the experience of any reader?

Fathers who think first of their money-making and mothers who think first of social duties too often neglect the first of all duties—that to the children—and in this neglect comes the strain of the schools. Every father and mother should see that their children are not forced to study too hard. Above all they should use their influence to do away with the pernicious habit of study at home. Overwork is the great complaint of Americans. When it comes to having over-worked children the prospect is terrible for the future. We have too many "diseases incidental to modern life," and of these many are traceable directly to the public school. They educate the children to death, and instead of demanding more studies or more time for study every man and woman who has a child at school should try to see that the system can be so modified that the poor children shall only need to study not much more than half the time they do now, and that will be almost too much for the little ones.—*Philadelphia News.*

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—Women intend to make as good a showing of their work as possible at New Orleans; but however excellent their "exhibit," may be it will not include the results of their best work of all, which is found in happy homes, well-ordered households and well-trained sons and daughters.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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—Er boy is mo' active den er man. Er colt prances mo' gaily den er hoss, but he is de soones' ter fall off de bluf an' kill hisself.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

A Pathetic Romance Told by a Passenger on a Western Train.

She was poorly clad, and shivered as she sat down near the stove and wrung her blue, rough fingers to warm them. The passengers all felt sorry for her, for she had a kind, benevolent face, and seemed to be grieving about something.

"I wonder—I wonder—I wonder if I will get there in time," she mumbled over and over again. "Poor boy! He was always so good to me, and I wonder if I will be with him when it comes?"

"Tickets?" said the conductor.

The old woman opened her basket and was a long time looking over it, although she searched diligently, and when she got through she looked very white and sad, and softly said to the conductor:

"Stop the train and put me off. I bought my ticket yesterday and put it in my purse, but I have forgotten my purse and left it at home. O! sir, I am so sorry, but I was going to St. Louis to see my poor boy who worked in a foundry until yesterday, when a great wheel fell over on him and crushed him so badly they say he will die; but I have forgotten my pocketbook, and now I will never see my poor boy again in this world. Put me off, but I don't know how I will get back home or go on," and the pleasant ridges on her face were drawn up into corded lines, and the blue veins stood out in great knots, and she clenched her bony fingers in agony, as the tears started from her eyes. The passengers were all looking on, and when the conductor passed on as if he had lost his mother, his great hand grasping his punch tremblingly and his eyes brimful, a quiet, big-hearted passenger whispered to him and then went through the coach ahead of him, asking for half-dollar subscriptions, but the passengers would not give, and as the train slowed up at the next station the conductor walked up to her and gently put his hand on her shoulder.

"Never mind," she said, swallowing a big lump that kept coming up in her throat, "I'll get off peaceably," and her frame was convulsed with a shudder, and as the brakeman opened the door to call the name of the station, the snow-burdened air came in and blew off her bonnet and she uttered a sharp cry as the conductor pressed her back into her seat and said:

"Don't get off, mother. Your fare is paid clear through to——" He stopped and said, in deep agony of mind:

"My God!" and as the passengers gathered around, he completed his sentence. "Her fare is paid clear through to Heaven," and as the passengers looked on her glazing eyes, her agonized features resumed their wonted pleasantness, for she was traveling on a pass written in letters of living light and had reached the end of her journey and met her son, who had died an hour before. The conductor and brakeman tenderly lifted the vacant tenement of her soul and complied with the request to put her off at the next station. A pretty girl that had been flirting began to cry and a woman and baby took it up and joined the pretty girl, and one by one the rest of us united our tears with theirs, and the fat woman hugged the brakeman of our coach, and so we went on our way, all feeling better for what we had seen.—*Through Mail.*

HE SKULKED.

The Meanness of His Enemy in Not Giving Him Half a Chance.

Riding out from Chattanooga towards Bridgeport on horseback I came across a native who had a seat on a rock quite a piece above the road. If he hadn't rattled a stone down just as I came opposite he might have escaped undetected. He had a gun across his knees, and I called to him:

"Pretty good hunting around here?"

"May be," he answered.

"What do you find?"

"Nuthin' yit."

He seemed so cranky that I was about to ride on, when he rose up and descended to the road. He didn't look a bit good-natured, and he held his shotgun in a very careless manner as he said:

"Stranger, you mought have come frum Chattanooga!"

"Yes."

"You mought have had company part o' the way."

"Yes. A man on a mule rode with me as far as the forks, half a mile back."

"Man with reddish ha'r—long nose—whiskers on his chin—swears a good deal?"

"That's him."

"And, hang him, he turned off, did he?"

"Yes—took the right-hand road."

"Jist like him—jist like the onorery 'pessum he is! Stranger, that 'ere feller shot my father more'n two years ago, and he was the game I was waitin' fur! He's got three different roads to go an' come by, and jist as sure as I'm watchin' one he'll go by t'other. He's fooled me all summer long in this way, and I'm gittin' that desperit that if I miss him to-morrer I shall have to go up to his clearing and take a shot at him as he sots in the door smokin' his pipe! Stranger, what's yer real, downright, Christian opinion of a man as will put another man out of the way as he has me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nothing New Under the Sun.

That there is nothing new under the sun must surely have been the reflection of those who read the strange story of robbery at Portsmouth, which is described in this morning's papers. Some thousands of years ago King Rameses of Egypt—as described by Herodotus—got a builder to build him a secret treasure-house to which the King alone could find an entrance; but the astute builder left a loose stone and helped himself at the treasury when he liked. About ten years ago, it appears, a gentleman named Milligan, residing near Portsmouth, being of primitive ideas, thought that a "secret drawer" would be safer than a bank, and instructed a workman to make him a receptacle of this nature. Into this drawer, when constructed, Mr. Milligan poured some hundred sovereigns, and never afterward inspected the store until last year. In the early part of this year Mr. Milligan put two hundred more sovereigns into the drawer. The builder of the drawer seems, however, to have been struck with the same idea as the Egyptian architect of the treasure house, and went and helped himself as he liked, and to such an extent that he has during the year purchased some houses in the neighborhood. Unfortunately the tales end differently; for, when the son of the Egyptian builder eventually secured the princess and half the kingdom, the English builder has merely found his way into the hands of the police.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—There are nineteen known metals valued at over $1,000 per avoirdupois pound. The most costly is vanadium, which is said to be worth $10,000 a pound. Of these nineteen metals only one is produced or used to any considerable extent, and this is iridium, which is valued at $1,000 per pound. It is sometimes, but very sparingly, used in electrical experiments.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. And 'tis just as well. It saves a great deal of gossip.—*Boston Courier.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Certain doctors insist that hydrophobia is simply a disease entirely of the imagination.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Times is so hard that I feel like holding up a stage," murmured a half-famished prospector. And then he added musingly, "but what 'ud be the use? Nine out of ten of the fellers wouldn't have a cent, and the tenth 'ud have a gun."—*Beaver Opinion.*

—Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, a Presbyterian missionary to China, has the only four-wheeled vehicle in Pekin—an ungraceful but useful covered depot wagon, built in Ohio. The natives are amazed at its wheels, so light and yet strong.

—A family of twelve children now residing in England can count up their aggregate ages to the figure of 972 years. The youngest is seventy-nine and the oldest is eighty-nine, the average for each of the twelve children being eighty-one years.

—The pawnbrokers of Boston are considerably agitated and fear a loss of patronage in consequence of an order issued recently by the police commission compelling them to send to headquarters at the close of each day a description of each article presented to them, the amount of money loaned on the same, together with the name and description of each person offering it.—*Boston Globe.*

—The camphor laurel, a native of China, and the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, seems to have been introduced successfully into California, one tree in Sacramento having attained a height of thirty feet. The wood, every part of which smells strongly of camphor, is light and durable, not liable to injury from insects, and much favored by cabinet-makers.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Oscar Wilde said the other day, in his lecture at Glasgow, that nothing distressed him more than to see in a paragraph that such and such a color was going to be fashionable next season, and he held that it would not be more ridiculous to read in a musical magazine that "B flat" was going to be a fashionable note. I certainly think that if "B flat" can not possibly make itself fashionable, "A flat" can, and very often does.—*London Truth.*

—A little strip of sidewalk about five feet wide in front of the United States Court House in Boston is constantly the refuge of the street peddlers of bouquets who wish to evade payment of the license fee which the city ordinances require. As the strip is the property of the United States, they can here bid defiance to the police, but it not infrequently happens that their eagerness to sell lures them out, and then, if caught, they are brought to court and fined.—*Boston Journal.*

—"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, and must take a rest." "That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post." "If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, could'nt you?" "Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop all my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?" "Easy enough. Stop advertising!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—This is a Laramie, (Wy. T.) criticism of a Western actress: "And Stringham—the sublime and beautiful Sadie—how shall we find words to characterize her? She was a symphony in red. She had rouge enough on her face to paint the town, the general effect being hightened by a crimson dress of antique design. She repeated several times that she was ready to 'beg from door to door to save her starving child,' and that's about what she will have to do if she depends on the stage for a living."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE EARTHQUAKES IN SPAIN.

The Horror of That Christmas Night Described by One of the Sufferers.

The clearest idea of the horror on that Christmas night, when the first two shocks in quick succession occasioned nearly all the distress, was given me by a Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Cuirassiers, whom I met at the King's headquarters at the Alhama baths. This officer said he had permission to spend the Christmas holidays with his family at Alhama, and had a few friends to dinner. After dinner the friends left, and he sat talking with his wife and children, five in number, when suddenly one end of the room rose up three feet. The shock threw the whole family to the floor, with the lamps and other articles on the tables and shelves. They remained in total darkness, dazed and wondering what had happened. Presently he supposed it was an earthquake, and called to his wife and children to come into the street. He reached the street door and the street was in total darkness. The air was filled with the dust of the crumbling buildings. Afraid to go out, he stood shivering and undecided, when a second shock came and the kitchen fell in, killing two servants. A piece of wood fell upon his wife, breaking her leg. He then carried his wife out over piles of ruins. The narrow, dark streets were so changed by the debris that it was hard to recognize them. He reached the open fields, where he found that many had preceded him. He left his wife with friends and returned for his children. He brought three the next trip and then the other two. All the way, while crawling over piles of ruin, he heard the cries of those who had been caught and could not extricate themselves. Every voice was familiar. He met neighbors telling each other of the loss of relatives and friends. The horror of such an experience was unparalleled.

The night was spent in the open fields, shivering on the ground, entertaining fears and suffering grief, terror and a horrid uncertainty, for not even at daylight did they learn the full extent of the loss sustained throughout the city.

As I followed my guide I was regaled with recitals as, "Here two bodies were dug out." "A man and wife over there." "Four children on this side;" "One man was caught in the doorway and could not get out—he died shortly after being removed"—until the tale became too harrowing to listen to. Arrived at the outskirts of one part of the town, where the houses are built on the edge of a cliff, almost perpendicular and forty-five feet to the first plateau, the officer pointed to the one of which the gable end had disappeared. "There," said he, "two girls were in the kitchen when it was shaken down. Both rolled with the debris to the bottom of the cliff. Where you see that pile one was killed; the other, thank God, escaped without injury," and taking off his hat, he piously crossed himself. "This girl has since become a heroine, and all visitors to the ruined city are constantly importuned to allow themselves to be introduced."

Passing around under the edge of the mountains he showed me where a number of houses had been built under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, now buried with all their inmates. Many bodies are still remaining under the ponderous rocks. The odor is pervading and sickening to the passer-by. Far down in the valley were huge bowlders, many of them fully as large as an ordinary seaside cottage, which had been hurled from their position on high, in many instances passing the cliff over the intervening houses and tearing up the ground where they struck, at least fifty yards from the base of the cliff.—[illegible] *Special.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Chili is the most prosperous country in South America.

—Queen Victoria has the finest set of plate in the world. It cost $10,000,000.

—A movement is on foot in Dublin to substitute Irish names for the present English names of streets.

—Savage dogs which kill their masters are condemned to a curious form of death in Japan. They are shut up in a box with a little food and are thrown into the sea.

—A house in Craven street, Strand, London, which has over its front door a tablet bearing the information that it was once the residence of Benjamin Franklin, is now a boarding house.

—Two cases of the successful joining of divided nerves have been reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, function being restored in one case to a nerve which had been divided for fifteen years.

—On the spot in High street, Oxford, on which Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake, there is now a small brass cross, over which hundreds of drays pass daily, not five per cent. of whose drivers ever heard of the fires of persecution once kindled there.

—In France newspaper men often fight duels, it is supposed, for the purpose of bringing their papers into public notice, but these duels are rarely fatal. Indeed, so uncommon are fatalities in French duels at present that of 545 duels fought since 1869 but eight have resulted fatally.

—The second thimble centenary has recently been celebrated at Amsterdam. The first thimble was made in October, 1684, by a goldsmith, Van Benschelton, whose idea in the manufacture of the pretty conceit was to protect the finger of his lady love. The English were the first to adopt the new invention.

—Nine million square miles is certainly a mighty measure, being forty-four times bigger than France and and seventy-three times larger than the combined area of the British Isles. Yet this is said to be the measurement of the expanse of territory embraced in the "geographical basis of the Congo" which the International African Association claims.

—In Scotland, as in England, they regard theft as a good deal worse than murder. At the High Court of Judiciary in Edinburgh the other day a man was condemned to two months' imprisonment for having knocked his wife down and kicked her unto death. The next prisoner was convicted of having stolen a letter containing two half-soverigns and sixty stamps. He sentence was five years' penal servitude.

—A native chief in Fiji presented himself for baptism. "How many wives have you?" said the missionary. "Seven," said the chief. "Oh, that won't do; can't baptize you till you have got rid of six of them." A month later the chief came again, saying: "Me all right now; you baptize me now. Only one wife now." "What have you done with the others?" said the missionary. "Oh," said the cannibal, "Me's eaten ebery one of 'em."—*Ben Brierley's Journal.*

—The place where William Tell shot the apple from his son's head—provided the incident ever really took place—is now called Altorf, and is one mile from the head of Lake Luzerne. The side of the tree under which, Schiller says, the boy stood, is marked by a huge square monument sixty feet high, the sides of which are adorned with paintings that are more suggestive than artistic. On the spot where Tell stood is now a large white statue of the Swiss patriot in the act of drawing his bow.

SACRED BREAD STONES.

How the Zunis Prepare the Wafers Which Enter Into Their Religious Observances.

For no art or industry within the range of the domestic duties of Zuni, is so much care and instruction bestowed by the old women on the young, as for every process in the making of the he-we or wafer breads. Year in and year out, too, while these lessons are being plied, it is told how the famed and beloved "Goddess of the White Shells" taught not a few of her graces—and some secrets—in connection with the daily occupation which forms their theme. Of the secrets, a chosen few old women of the tribe are keepers. With many a mysterious rite and severe penance, they quarry and manufacture the enormous baking-stones on which the flaky toothsome he-we is made. Garrulous enough, mercy knows! are these old crones on most other subjects; but they guard with a sphinx-like jealousy such of their methods and observances as add prestige to experience in their occasional calling. The usual number of old women making up a party of "stone finishers" is four or eight, rarely more. Four days previously to the tempering of the stones they retire to an estufa or lone room, there to fast and engage in certain ceremonials, in which crooning traditional chants and repeating rituals play an important part. During these four days they never come forth unless at rare intervals and for a very short time (and then under the protecting influence of warning head-plumes) that they may not be touched by the uninitiated. Yet, during the intermissions of their religious observances, they prepare great cakes of pinion gum, carefully wrapping them in strips of cedar bark, and in other ways make ready for the work at hand. On the morning of the day succeeding the last night of their vigil, they repair in single file, headed by a particular clan-priest—usually a "Bauger," who on no account touches one of them—to the quarry. Before lifting the stones, before even quarrying any of them, they recite long, propitiatory prayers, casting abundant medicine-meal to the "Flesh of the rock." With other but shorter prayers the fire is kindled by the old priest, who uses as his match a stick of hard wood with which he drills vigorously into a piece of dry, soft, root, until the friction ignites the dust of its own making, and to the flames thus generated offerings of dry food are made. The stones are then brought and when warm enough, placed over the fires, being constantly anointed with pitch and cactus juice, which they greedly absorb, so that they at least seem solid masses of carbonized substance rather than gritty rock. From the beginning to the end of this tempering process never a word is spoken aloud nor the least excitement or sprightly action indulged in. Sounds uttered would penetrate the grain of the rock and, expelled by heat or conflicting with the new "being" (function) of the stone, split, scale or shiver it with a loud noise. So also, the evil influence of undue passion or hasty action would alike be communicated to it—with blighting future effect.—*Frank Cushing, in the Millstone.*

—The blood of the lower animals is commonly colorless. It has, however, a blueish cast in crustaceane, reddish, yellowish or greenish in worms, and reddish, greenish or brownish in jelly fishes. The blood is colorless in the muscular part of fishes; that of birds is of the deepest red. The red liquid which appears when the head of a fly is crushed is not blood, but comes from the eyes. In vertebrotes the blood is red, except in one species of white-blooded fish.—*Philadelphia Press*

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