

The present pope never leaves his own rooms until they have been swept and dusted, which is done as soon as he rises. He then closes all the doors and windows and takes the keys away with him.

An English scientific person has discovered that sitting down is an acquired habit. The majority of mankind do not sit, but simply squat, or, as is sometimes said, sit on their heels. This position, the scientific person thinks, is the natural one, while sitting on a chair is an artificial one.

In speaking of "pulque," the national drink of Mexico, Bayard Taylor said: "It is a kind of nectar in its way, a sort of liquid Limburger cheese." Ye gods! If nectar and liquid Limburger cheese have any points in common, what robust constitutions Jove and his accomplices must have had!

It is estimated that when the season at Saratoga is at its height 1,250 gallons of water are drunk every day. The cause of this extraordinary consumption is that water-drinking is a great novelty for most of the visitors and that at summer resorts every one goes in strong for all the novelties.

The Spanish government keeps a fierce eye upon all Cubans suspected of favoring autonomy for that island or its annexation to the United States. No open movement for a change would be tolerated. Soldiers would stam the propagandists into prison. Nevertheless, there is much quiet talk in Cuba about annexation.

While one cannot assert positively that consumption may be caused by the use of the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle, there is enough evidence at hand to warrant an energetic and searching investigation of the matter, and enough to warrant interference until the matter is definitely settled in one way or another.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech in the house of commons, delivered one sentence of 214 words, which in type made twenty-four lines. It has been remarked of it that, notwithstanding its extraordinary length and the more or less extemporaneous nature of its utterances, the sentence was perfectly clear and not in the least involved.

It is folly to expect anything like unanimity on every question involved in the great problem of social reconstruction. But there is no need to emphasize and be continually harping upon these differences, and still less for applying harsh and bitter language to those whose views though in many respects similar to our own, yet differ in important particulars.

The establishment of the Christian code of morals and manners was not instantaneous. It is not yet complete or universal. It probably never will be. But it is a perfect code, and they who abide by it are never immodest, because the heart informed by its precepts infallibly controls its thoughts, and thoughts in rational humans characterize expression.

Is we compare English literature of our time with that of any earlier period it is manifest that our own age has vastly improved upon its predecessors. Few who read the carefully emended English poets are aware how deep and how frequent the surgery has been which makes the least and the greatest, from Chaucer to Herriot, from Goethe to Shakespeare and Shakespeare himself, fit to be read now.

Extreme ugliness is laid down by the medical department as one of the disqualifications for French conscripts. "Excessive ugliness," according to the chief of the department, "makes a man ridiculous, prevents him from having authority over his comrades, and leaves him morbid and sensitive." To carry out such a rule a committee of "judges of manly beauty," or something of the sort, would seem necessary.

If there be any justification on earth for public flogging it is the smoking of cigarettes. The law prohibiting the selling of cigarettes to minors might be applied to every one. A person who smokes cigarettes can scarcely be said to have arrived at the age of discretion. Cigarette smoking is the concentration and essence of all the bad small known to man. The cigarette is the prototype of the glue factory.

The great tropical territory of Brazil has unlimited capacity for sugar making. At present only a small part of its sugar cane territory is under cultivation. But if, by reciprocity, Brazilian sugar were admitted here free of duty, the country within three years could supply as much sugar as Cuba, and at a cheaper rate. Brazil has now twelve million people and its population is fast increasing. Think what a market such a tropical country as this would make, not merely for our own manufacturers but for wheat and flour that can only be grown in temperate climates.

LIFE IN THE BIG SWAMP.

Wield Okafnokes Scenes—Savage Sacrifices—Shooting Fish With Arrows.

The prairie land, which covers a considerable portion of the Okafnokes swamp, is a very remarkable formation, and is, I am told, peculiar to this swamp. It is open land, entirely free from timber, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach in every direction. It has most of the characteristics of a high inland sea, except the waves. Interspersed here and there in this huge prairie are small patches of high dry ground, of variable size and heavily timbered, called cow-houses. I am unable to ascertain the propriety of this name, unless it be that the cattle, deer, and other animals seek these places for shelter and to get out of the water. The surface of these prairies is covered with a deposit of decayed vegetation that has been accumulating for centuries, and is called muck. This varies in thickness from four to ten feet, with water beneath, and below the water sand. This singular formation gives to the swamp its name of Trembling Earth. It will support the weight of the average man if he keeps moving forward; but if he pauses an instant he commences to sink, and may go through to his waist or over his head. At every step the water oozes up around the feet, while the muck will tremble and quiver for yards around.

There is something grand and even sublime to the visitor in the silent vastness of this prairie formation. It stretches away before the eye in every direction until only limited by the horizon, its perfect stillness only broken by the occasional bellow of some huge alligator, or the far distant scream of some unknown bird. Here and there can be seen the track left behind by some hunter, where possibly years ago he had laboriously poled his canoe along in pursuit of game, the path as distinct and fresh now as if made only yesterday. All around fish of endless species and sizes can be seen swimming and darting about, while not infrequently the eye may fall upon some immense alligator or snake sunning himself upon the surface of the muck and water or slowly sinking out of sight as soon as he is discovered. This description conveys a slight but at best a very imperfect idea of the prairie land of this swamp.

Upon the island where we are at present encamped are living two families, with the aged father named Cheshire. The old gentleman is nearly 80 years of age, and has spent thirty odd years of his life in this spot. At the time of the expedition sent through the swamp by the Constitution he acted as guide, and is full of reminiscences of that trip. He is a wonderful fisherman, and indeed calls himself the King of the swamp, to which position he was duly appointed and commissioned by Dr. Little, the State geologist. The two sons of Mr. Cheshire have their families here. The men attempt to cultivate small crops, but spend most of their time hunting. Their revenue is almost entirely derived from the sale of hides of alligators, deer and bears. The quantity of these that they destroy and many of their stories of hunting adventures are almost incredible. Think of a hunter shooting down four deer with a rifle, one after another, and without moving from one spot. In several of the lakes that are thickly interspersed throughout this prairie the alligators are so numerous and fierce that they will attack a man in a boat as soon as he appears among them, and shooting them by night, which is the way they are commonly killed, is sometimes attended with no little danger.

The entire armament of the Cheshire family consists of one ten gauge, ten pound double-barrelled Remington shotgun and two Winchester rifles, one thirty-eight calibre and one thirty-two. Also a small yellow pine bow, and a few cane arrows. These latter are used in shooting fish, and I feel safe in affirming that the dexterity with which these men use their rude bow and arrows will put to shame the average Atlanta marksman with his rifle. In passing over the prairie, one of the Cheshires will suddenly stop, poise his little bow, and send his little arrow flying into the water, ordinarily into a spot where you or I would see nothing, but the way in which that arrow will dance about for the next minute or two will convince you not only that there is an object on the other end of it, but that it is an object of some size, too. When your hunter quills up his arrow behold a four or six pound trout or black bass, centrally transixed, a shot that very few of our marksmen could make with a gun.—Atlanta Journal.

The Texan Cow-Boy.

Cow-boy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whisky being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct; so it is only when they reach some large city, and are not on duty, that they indulge in a genuine spree. On the ranches kept under fence they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding-time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them, there they sleep, staking their horses, and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not kept under fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, and while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in the many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free, and of the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars per month. Each party starts out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take

with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can buy. The prairies are full of game, and their fowls are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating, and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical to have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cow-boy can be found who has not the distinguishing mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the southerner is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and thin sole, fitting like a glove, and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cow-boys as a class, they are bold, fearless, and generous, a warm-hearted and manly set, with nothing small, vicious, nor mean about them, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skillful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.—Lee C. Harby, in Harper's Magazine.

A Naturalist and His Snake.

"Speaking of snakes," said an amateur naturalist to a New York Sun writer, "but for man's insane prejudice against them they would be found to be not only intelligent, but extremely sociable. When I was a boy I lived at Sheppard's Park, Rockland county, and near by was a good stream well stocked with fish. Whenever I caught a mess—which was very often—my father used to insist that I clean and scale them at a distance from the house, and my habit was to thus prepare the day's catch on the banks of the stream before returning home. One day while thus engaged a large black snake appeared from under a huge rock near by, and, approaching me, made a deliberate meal on the discarded portions of the fish. He then retired. The next day he came again, and after that he fell into the habit of waiting for me. The spot where I moored the dory from which I angled was the one selected by me for cleaning the fish, and after a few days of familiar friendship Mr. Blacksnake ventured into the dory and went a fishing with me. After that he became my regular companion, but many generations of oppression had made him suspicious of my race, and if I made a violent motion he was over the side in a second and swimming ashore for dear life like an animated corkscrew. On such occasions I invariably found him waiting for me with an appetite sharpened by his bath.

"I do not know how intimate we might have become but for the sad sequel which cut short his earthly career. One day I was called away, and during my absence two neighbors repaired to the bank of the stream with the intention of doing a little fishing from the dory. As they approached it a large black snake wriggled up to them in a confidential manner. While one of them was nearly paralyzed with fear the other raised a heavy stone and letting it fall, my harmless companion was no more. I am an old man now, but I never prized a friendship more than that, and to this day I have not forgiven the man who killed my friend."

Barnum's Lecture on the Yosemite.

"You have abandoned the lecture platform, Mr. Barnum?" The showman laughed. There is nothing mechanical in this Barnum laugh. It comes like the sunlight which breaks over a cloud. "I must tell you of my Yosemite lecture. I don't think it ever has been printed. I was one of a party of Bridgport folks that went out to that picturesque section: Like every one who has seen it we all came back full of wonder, and our neighbors listened to our tales with astonishment and doubt. A church in my town wanted some money, and I was asked to give a lecture before its Sunday-school on the wonders of the Yosemite, the proceeds to go to the church. I consented, and on the evening of the lecture the church was crowded. I had no inspiration of the theme. I began by giving an account of the organization of the party that made the excursion. I talked and talked of the trip and the incidents until I discovered I had consumed two hours of the audience's time and had gotten only as far as Yosemite. I apologized and told the people if they would come back in one week from that night I would tell them something about the valley. "They did so and I began where I had left off, at Onahwa, and at the expiration of one and one-half hours' time I had reached the gates of the Yosemite. 'When we arrived there,' I said 'we all threw up our hands and said, Great God, how wonderful!' "That was my lecture on the Yosemite Valley. No, I do not lecture now."—Chicago Tribune.

Caricatures of Southern Negroes.

It is not often that there is any dispute as to the habits of the southern negroes. We see them on the minstrel stage in strange and uncouth garbs, and we hear them playing on the banjo and bones. All this is the purest fancy, and it would be the wildest imagination if it had not been sanctified by the drunken craziness of circus performers of the old Bob Ridley stripe. Think, for instance, of a southern negro going around and proclaiming himself to be old Bob Ridley or Jim Crow. Did anybody ever see a southern negro, slave or free, going around the country with a calico coat and buttons as big as wash-tubs, with a banjo on his back and singing songs written by a white man?

Had Better Save Their Money.

A lawyer who was sent to England by the Mother hairs, who think they own \$100,000,000 worth of property over there, refuses to tell what he has discovered unless he is paid \$15,000 in advance.

IN IRELAND.

Digging Turf for Fuel and Carrying It to the Market.

In the county of Kerry in Ireland a man pays 25 cents to the landlord for the privilege of cutting a strip of turf nine feet long, three feet wide and from six to nine feet in depth, says a letter from the Green Isle. He cuts the turf in the summer months, so that it will dry during the hot weather. It is cut with a narrow spade, called in Gaelic a "sian." When cut the turf is piled in little heaps so that the moisture will evaporate. These heaps of turf have to be turned usually three times before the fuel is dry enough to be carted away and piled into ricks. As a rule, after drying, the turf must be carted from four to six miles to the home of the peasant. This is done with the aid of donkeys and horses. If the peasant happens to be a speculator, he carts the turf into Tralee or some other market town and sells it. Turf is measured by what are technically called "rails." This word indicates a donkey or horse load. The load is held in place on the cart by means of wooden frames set into mortises on the sides and ends of the cart. The turf is piled to a cone on top of the cart, and held in place by "suggans." A suggan is a rope made of straw. These ropes are also used in some parts of Ireland to hold the thatch in place. It is interesting to watch the process of straw-rope making. One man sits on the floor of a cottage with several bundles of straw by his side. He picks up a good-sized wisp of straw and makes a loop by bending it in the middle. This loop he hitches over the end of a piece of hawthorn shaped like a fish-hook and with a shank six feet long. A piece of string is tied across from the barb of the hook to the shank, and in the corner thus made near the barb the loop of straw is hitched. Another man holds the end of the hawthorn stick. Meanwhile the man who is seated keeps twisting in more straw. In the course of five minutes a suggan thirty feet long is thus made.

As the market is always from four to ten miles distant the cart is loaded the evening previous to the journey. The start is made very early in the morning. This is particularly useful in the case of the donkey, as his utmost speed is three miles an hour. There is no pressing need to be at the market before 12 o'clock, as in the smaller Irish towns very little business is transacted before that hour. Occasionally the peasant indulges in tricks when loading his cart. He conceals his load in the middle, so that while on the outside it looks to be a good, solid load, on the inside there are a good many vacant spaces. Sometimes the cart is driven by the wife of the peasant or his daughter. If it happens to be the daughter she almost invariably ties up her shoes and stockings in a piece of paper, and hides the bundle until within a mile of the market town, when she stops the donkey, sits on a stone by the roadside, and puts on her shoes and stockings. On the homeward journey, after having disposed of the load and walked around the town with the proud consciousness of being the owner and wearer of a pair of shoes, she takes off her shoes and stockings again and walks home barefooted, as she came.

A story is told in Tralee to the effect that after a collier had removed her shoes on the way homeward she stubbed her toe. As she sat by the roadside crying from pain and trying to stanch the flow of blood, she exclaimed: "Ain't it lucky I didn't have on me shoes. Shure they'd be bruk intirely wid that well!"

Big Timber in the Northwest.

Capt. E. Farnham, the pioneer lumberman, speaking of big timber, said: "I think the biggest stick of timber ever cut on Puget Sound was gotten out at the Port Gaubelle mill ten years ago. It was 140 feet in length and 36 x 30 inches square. It was shipped to China, where it was cut up into spans for bridges. I was on board the vessel on which it was shipped. The timber protruded over both the bow and stern. "What was the idea in shipping such a stick?" "Just simply to have the name of cutting the largest stick ever got out on Puget Sound." "What is the largest stick of timber that you have ever seen?" "That one was. At the World's Fair in London I had dinner in a house made from the bark of a redwood tree, which was cut in California. The house was two stories in height, and was eighteen feet in diameter in the upper story." "How large a stick do you think could be cut on Puget Sound?" "I think that it might be possible to get out one perhaps 180 feet long and 30x30 inches square at the small end. Such a stick could not be found near the coast, however. One would have to go into the interior for it. A great deal of care would have to be exercised in cutting it, to prevent its breaking when it fell. If such a stick were cut I have no doubt it would be the largest stick of timber ever cut in the world."

IN THE WILDERNESS.

Grant and Lee had their first struggle in the Wilderness, as the former seeks a new road to Richmond. Amidst dense thickets, in lonely fields, along narrow highways, in the somber forests, a hundred thousand men have fought backward and forward, from sun to sun, and now the night has come to shift the scene. There are 8,000 men lying dead on this battle ground. There are thousands more lying wounded, parching with thirst, crying out in their agony. Lee still blocks the road, but no sooner has the sun gone down than Grant begins a movement by the left flank to pass him. If you can not cross a swamp, you must pass around it. My division is one left between the two armies to hide this movement. When morning comes

An Anti-Chinese Decision.

Judge Willis Sweet, in the District court at Mount Idaho, Idaho, has decided that Chinese have no right whatever on mining lands in the United States, and that a lease of mining ground to them is invalid, and amounts to an abandonment of a claim. Measures will now be taken. If an appeal is not allowed, to oust all Chinese miners in the territory. The decision is far-reaching, and will lead to the abandonment of much ground by the Chinese.

Jersey.

One hundred and fifty-two million cork-screws are made yearly in New Jersey.

we shall be far in the rear. The ground where we rest is broken. There is forest and thicket—a narrow highway—a creek—two or three small farms, with their buildings filled with wounded men. Fifty rods in front of a log house is our picket line. It skirts the cleared land and runs away into the darker woods on a straight line. The neutral ground between us and the enemy is in a strip not over forty rods wide.

At 10 o'clock on this night, when the confusion and turmoil have grown quiet, but while lanterns flash here and there through the woods, as men search for the wounded, I am left on "post No. 7" for the coming two hours. My place is under a pine tree which stands in the cleared ground, and all along the front is the dark forest—so dark that a white horse might stand within a hundred feet of me and escape observation. It is a starlight night, but clouds are drifting across the sky and the wind comes in that gusty way which warns you that a storm is brewing at a distance.

For an hour there is no alarm. Grant is moving by the flank. Lee is moving to check-mate him. Grant has left a line to mask his movement. Lee has left a line to mask his. It has been a long terrible day. Darkness brings a respite grateful for all. We have virtually said to each other over the neutral ground: "Let us alone and we won't disturb you!"

At 11 o'clock a noise in the dark woods in front sends my blood leaping. It was the noise of footsteps breaking dry twigs. There are wounded noses wandering about, but this was not the footstep of a horse. Wounded men may be seeking our lines, but I listen vain to catch a groan or a low call of distress.

"Step! Step! Step!" The sound is on my left front. Some one is moving to get the shelter of the dark spot directly opposite. He is moving carefully, but I can follow every foot of progress.

"Step! Step! (Halt) Step! Step!" (Silence)

Is it a ghoul seeking out the dead and wounded to rob them? Is it a picket from the other line seeking to locate our posts and report how far away we are? Is it some human devil seeking to dabble in blood after the horrors of the day? Men who had brothers or friends killed in battle by daylight sometimes swore fearful vengeance and went out upon the bloody field at night to secure it.

"Rattle! Step! (Halt) Step! Step!" (Coming closer.)

If I raise an alarm here it will go up and down the line and arouse a thousand men in a moment. If I let this unknown approach me I may be assassinated. He can not see me in this gloom, but he is slowly approaching in a direct line.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Deep silence.

If he was a straggler from our lines or a wounded man he would make answer.

"Step! Step!" And now I hear him sink down to the earth.

"Who goes there?" Silence.

"Who goes there?" Silence.

I am waiting with musket raised, and finger on the trigger. I have given fair warning. Friend could ask no more, and an enemy must realize his danger. As I wait something makes a blot on the darkness. It is only a few feet away, and I fire point-blank. There is one long shrill scream of agony, and I hear a body fall to the earth, and then there is deep silence for a moment.

Feathered Pirates.

A pair of robbers, as has been their custom for several years past, recently commenced building their summer home in an elm tree on the sidewalk in front of my house, says a contributor to Forest and Stream, and the work went bravely on, with song and rapid flutter of wings. Suddenly the songs ceased and work on the nest stopped. But it was not left alone, for a band of miserable sparrows attacked, and, if possible, were more active in its destruction than the robbers had been in its construction. A few days later the robbers began another nest in a tall maple tree near by, and the work was pushed rapidly. But a few days since it was evident that something was wrong again. There was a great outcry on the part of the robbers, and an unusual chatter by pugnacious sparrows. The latter were again victorious, and at once began to demolish the nearly finished nest, which work they soon completed—straws, grass, feathers, etc., being scattered promiscuously about.

This was not all, nor the worst, for the male robin was seen hanging by a cord fastened to its neck and one wing dead, and not more than ten feet from the place where the nest had been. The sight attracted the attention of passers by, but it was so high that none cared to ascend the tree to get the bird.

Being anxious to know the facts as to the reason of the bird's death, I spied my stiff trolling rod, with a knife attached to the tip, to a long pole, and with the help of a neighbor I succeeded in cutting the string above the bird. An examination showed that a string, common wrapping twine, was passed through the wing quills, around the neck, and knotted so tightly that considerable patience was required to remove it, so that death must have been soon affected.

Rome's Water Supply.

Modern Rome is said to be the city best supplied with water in the world but ancient Rome had a supply of nearly seven times the quantity.

ALTERNATING MOSQUITO-BAR.

The Admirable Invention of a French Scientific Gentleman.

A man with a house in the country writes thus to the New York Evening Sun: "Can you tell me of any really good kind of mosquito-bar? Those used in my house last summer were heavy and whole, and yet mosquitoes would manage to get inside. I should like to go unbitten this year, if I could.

"Jerseyman." We never saw a mosquito-bar yet that wouldn't leak, says the editor in response. The costliest sort of nets often lets in just as many mosquitoes as the cheapest. In fact, the most perfect protection ever gained in our personal recollection was from a dingy old net with a hole in the side. Probably the mosquitoes thought that no sane person would ever sleep under it, and that the figure in bed was a dummy put there with intent to deceive them, and to make them waste their time.

But however inadequate all ordinary mosquito-bars may be, word comes from Paris of the invention of what may be called the alternating mosquito bar. This consists of a mosquito-net made of extremely fine copper wire, woven into a cloth which is strong and at the same time almost as pliable as a netting made of vegetable fiber. This net is made in the usual form of canopy, and falls in shining folds about the bed. In the dome of the canopy hangs a small electric lamp. Wires connect the netting with a weak pile battery placed under the bedstead, and by means of a converter are carried into the lamp.

This mosquito-bar is said to work like a charm. The lighted lamp attracts the attention of every mosquito in the neighborhood, and he comes sailing over and lights upon the wire canopy. The battery presses the button and the mosquito does the rest. M. Scherer, the inventor, says that on the first morning after his net had been put in use his servant took up 3.22 litres, or nearly three quarts of dead mosquitoes. Their limbs were not contracted, nor was any trace of burning upon their bodies, so that all the probabilities were in favor of their instantaneous and painless death. M. Scherer took special note of the body of a particularly large mosquito, of that savage species which infests Trouville a little later in the season, and observed that his features were composed and regular, and that traces of a smile could be seen on the face.

Other advantages are claimed for the alternating mosquito-bar. The electrical envelope is said to conduce greatly to invigorating sleep, and the cat will never make the second attempt to sleep on a bed protected by one of these nets. A cat in the household of M. Scherer's brother was heard to howl loudly one day and was discovered by the servants clinging to the wire curtain with a starting eyeballs and every hair erect. When released the cat bounded swiftly from the room, and, though coaxed with lobster salad, steadfastly refused thereafter to enter the electrical chamber. It is also stated that three days afterward M. Scherer's brother was reading from an American newspaper an account of the Kemmer case, when the cat jumped his back, hissed savagely and fled howling from the house. This is interesting as showing the intelligence of some cats, though without bearing on the advantages of the alternating mosquito-bar.

Arrangements are now making for the manufacture and sale of this admirable invention in America. We should advise "Jerseyman" by all means to wait and test M. Scherer's contrivance before buying any other.