sensible of nothing else. We were closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already rolling swiftly forward, making for the hills. A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about as if more than half inclined to fight. In a few moments, however, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards we gave the usual shout (the hunters' pas de charge) and broke into the herd.

A LIVELY EXPERIENCE.

We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless haste. We separated on entering, each singling out his game. My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West, and with eyes flashing and foam flying, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments I was alongside, and rising in my stirrups fired, the ball passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun. Checking my horse I looked around for my companions. At a little distance Kit was on the ground, tying his horse to the horns of a cow he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands at some distance I caught a glimpse of Maxwell. While I was looking a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer and between me and the hills toward which they were fleeing was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the rein we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear which filled my mouth and eyes and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. Presently the mass divided to the right and left, their horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else; my horse dashed into the opening. Four or five bulls charged us, but they were soon left far behind. Singling out a cow I gave her my fire, but struck too high; she gave a tremendous leap and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse and the band swept by like a torrent, leaving the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the bottom for nearly two miles. Looking around I saw only one of our hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan creeping along three of four miles distant."

These scenes are repeated, with trifling variations, daily while passing through the buffalo country; but in the wild regions, at that time, a feast was usually but the prelude to a famine, and we find our hero a few weeks later elated over the capture of a rabbit, and in February of the following year, camped among the snowy Sierras, reduced to great straits, he still writes in the same cheerful spirit and with a childlike simplicity, describing scenery and incident with a faithfulness seldom equaled, and which lends a peculiar charm to the reports of the great explorer. Under date of Feb. 1, 1843, he says:

"I have already mentioned that our provisions are very low. We have neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt has become a great privation. The poor dog which we found in the Bear valley, and which has been compagnon de voyage ever since, having become fat, the mess to which he belonged requested permission to kill him. Leave was granted. Spread on the ground the meat looked very good, and it made a strengthening meal for the greater part of the company. * * * By observation the latitude of the encampment was found to be 88 degrees, 37 minutes, 18 seconds.

"Feb. 2.—It has ceased snowing, and the morning was clear and frosty. Six or seven thousand feet above, the peaks of the Sierras now and then appear among the rolling clouds, which are being rapidly dispersed before the sun. Our Indian shook his head as he pointed to the icy pinnacles shooting up into the sky, seeming almost immediately above us. We have now begun to understand some words, and with the aid of signs readily comprehend the old man's simple ideas. 'Rock upon rock, rock upon rock, snow upon snow,' said he. 'Even if you get over the snow you'll not be able to get down from the mountains.' Crossing the river on the ice and leaving it immediately, we commenced the ascent of the mountain. The men were unusually silent, for every one knew that our enterprise was hazardous and the issue doubtful."

It was not until the fourth expedition, which Colonel Fremont undertook at his own expense, that he reached the extreme limits of privation, when animal after animal was sacrificed to save the starving band, and when all the live stock had been exhausted the wretched adventurers devoured saddles and robes in the vain attempt to sustain life. This eating was accomplished by cutting up the articles into small pieces, after which they were boiled for hours to extract the trifle of nutriment they might contain. One by one the men succumbed to starvation or cold, and in "one instance the survivors fed on the dead bodies of their companions."

Such was the school in which the first candidate of the Republican party received his training—a veritable "Rough Rider" of the early days of the West.

Possessing a will that nothing could swerve—handsome, brave, generous, a lover of freedom and justice—it would seem that his selection for the first place on the first Republican ticket was a logical result. While he failed of election he prepared the way for the success of the party, and thus proved himself a "pathfinder" in the wilderness of politics, as he had been in the solitudes of the Sierras.

Indianapolis. ALBERT MORLAN.

Pies and Shortcakes.

New York Tribune.

To improve the flavor of an apple pie sprinkle the fruit with lemon juice after it is filled into the crust, and cover it with tiny pieces of butter. Then add the sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon. Children always, and sometimes those of a larger growth, prefer a sprinkling of carraway seed for flavoring.

Some housekeepers keep in their kitchen strips of clean white muslin an inch or so wide and long enough to go around the pie tins and fasten. These they place about the edges of all juicy pies to keep them from running over.

Another preventive for running over is the use of rather deep pie tins that have a broad edge at the top. With these the bottom crust should be slightly moistened with water and the two crusts pinched tightly together below the top of the tin, leaving the crusts a quarter of an inch at the top, free from each other. Then free the bottom crust from the side of the tin all around the edge and press the two forward, separating them at the very edge. After some practice in this way the edge of the pie can be made quite decorative, and there will be less danger of losing the juice. In any case, generous ventilations must be left in the upper crust.

The genuine old hoecake which the colored Southern cooks were once so famous for, and which they literally baked on their hoes before wood fires, is made as follows: Put two cupfuls of corn meal into a bowl and pour over it enough boiling water to moisten it. Cover and let stand fifteen minutes. Then add one-half teaspoonful of salt and sufficient water to make a batter that will pour from the spoon. Bake on griddles or hoe, and serve immediately with a piece of butter on each cake. Never pile them.

To make a delicious orange or peach shortcake dissolve seven-eighths of a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Add it to one cupful of thick, sour cream. Turn the mixture into one quart of flour, with which one teaspoonful of salt has been mixed. Blend this quickly. Roll into sheets one half inch thick, and cut them out with a two-quart basin. Fry them on a griddle, browning first on one side and then on the other. Butter a cake and cover it with a layer of cut-up and sweetened fruit. Place another cake over it and repeat the process. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Is It Possible?

Washington Post.

According to Mr. Willie Winter, the approaching theatrical season is to be worse than the last in the way of immoral plays. It remains to be seen if such a thing is possible.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

TEMPTATIONS MUST BE RESISTED, AND THERE IS A WAY TO ESCAPE.

A Short Discourse by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D., Dean of Canterbury, London, England.

"And Balaam said unto the Angel of the Lord, 'I have sinned.' "—Numbers xxii., 34.

The pictures of men which, as in great, sweeping fresco strokes the Scriptures set before us, are meant for our example as for our warning. The story of Balaam is told for our most solemn warning. Like so many of the mighty narratives of the Old Testament, it is a study of temptation, and temptation in its origin, development and disastrous consequences.

A besetting sin is always the crumbling breach which constitutes for each one of us the weakest point in our line of defense against the powers of evil. The besetting sin differs in different hearts, but it exists more or less in every life, and the tempting opportunity never fails to present itself to the susceptible disposition.

To that seat of danger drag up your strongest batteries of prayer and watchfulness, for against that weakest point will the enemies hammer with their fiercest battering rams and deliver their most terrible assaults. You may be strong to resist all other tampering with or attacks upon the fortress of your moral being, but it will not avail you if you leave power to some secret traitor within you to admit your vigilant enemies by some hidden, undefended postern gate. Balaam's besetting sin was the love of gold.

He who pleads impossibility of resistance pleads a lie. No temptation ever assails us but such as is human, such as is common and natural to man; God, as the apostle says with deep and consoling truth, will never suffer us to be tempted beyond our power to resist, but will always with the temptation provide a way of escape; and whatever the temptation be, the soul's safety always lies in the cry of the alarmed moral sense in immediate resolve, in instant, inflexible, determined resistance—the "Get thee behind me, Satan," of the perfect man. That is for all of us always the one sure and open way of escape. The devil is daunted and abashed by an unflinching "No!" Had Balaam followed his better instincts, he would never have made so ghastly a shipwreck of what might have been so magnificent a career. He played with temptation, parleyed with it, tampered with it, dallied with it, let it glide snakelike into his bosom till it stung his heart. He blinded his moral sense by affecting to hesitate as to the decision of duty. "He who hesitates is lost."

A SECOND WARNING.

To all who are tempted—and every one of us is tempted—I give this as a second warning of the story of Balaam. The first is, "Be on your guard against the sin which doth most easily beset you." The second is, "As you love your life, as you value your safety, act at once and resolutely on the first healthy moral impulse."

If you prefer to wait for the side winds of compromise, be sure that sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, they will sweep you to utter ruin upon the reefs of wrong desires. A temptation determinedly routed will only return with weakened force against a strengthened enemy, but a temptation gloated over and dwelt upon and mentally rehearsed and rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue, and only with reluctant fondness half dismissed, will crouch as if it were a pampered and familiar wild beast just outside the door of the heart, certain to return with added fury upon its but half-resisting prey—terrible and with a tiger's leap.

Conscience will not stay with us to be cajoled or insulted; with terrible omen and fearful irony it smiles into sudden silence. The outraged moral sense yields to the connivance and sin is made the punishment of sin. A man wishes to be deceived and he is deceived. The heart self-hardened is left to grow yet harder, in order that sin should be its own avenger.

Remorse, says the historian, may disturb the slumbers of a man who is battling with his first experience with crime, and when the pleasure has been tasted and is gone and nothing is left of the crime but the ruin it has wrought, then all the furies take their seat upon the midnight pillow; but the meridian of evil is for the most part left unvexed and when the man has chosen his course he is left alone to follow it to the end. Since the warning accident and the sinister omens are ignored the angel removes a little further. The eyes that will not see are blinded, the ears that will not hear are stopped, the heart that will not understand is made gross, the iron sinew is stiffened in the neck which will not bend.

There is something terrible in the not uncommon spectacle of a man thus stumbling on toward the drawn sword of the Avenger, with every one but himself aware that the seeming calm in his life is but the unnatural hush before the outburst of the storm. The angels in the lurid distance are drawing their swords of flame and the forest leaves are questioning together in their terrified stillness which way the wind shall come, but the man will not take heed. There is no escaping that awful adversary. For you, as for Balaam, if you persist in conscious sin, he will soon take the stand more irresistibly, more imperiously, between the two walls in a narrow place where you must confront him, where there is no way to turn aside, either to the right hand or the left. Ultimately every sinner will have to face the consequences of his sins, and as he has sown the wind he must reap the whirlwind.

AWAKENING OF CONSCIENCE.

"The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way and his sword drawn in his hand." There is a tendency in acts of extreme wickedness suddenly to reveal the moral law in the heart in terrible and insupportable majesty, and the interior of the conscience is lighted up at once with a fierce glare and the microscopic clearness of an unnatural illumination. The guilty act operates with the power of a spiritual light within the dark chambers of the soul and creates a scene more vivid than even the midday sun could do. This is indeed so natural an effect of crime that it must be violently suppressed by many who do not show it, and the brutal force which could repress such an effort under such circumstances is one of the most horrible features in the repulsive mystery of sin. Balaam could not repress it. He bowed down his head and fell flat upon his face, and was forced to confess, "I have sinned."

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Forewarned should be forearmed. At this moment temptation is assailing and will again and again assail everyone of you. How can you be so perfectly safe, securely triumphant over the tremendous peril? Only by following the example set you by your Savior Christ when He was in the wilderness forty days tempted of the devil: "Get thee hence, satin!" It is true of everyone that the crown has fallen from our heads, for we have sinned. All who have sinned at all are evermore liable to fall into worse sins and darker developments of sin than any which they have yet committed. Seeing that we live in the midst of temptation, none of us is safe at any time, safe from anything without prayer, without seriousness, without watchfulness. God smites not willingly. His punishments are but mercies in disguise; they are but as his appeal: "O, turn ye, why will ye die?" Was not the Son of God the friend of sinners? Did any prodigal ever get up from amid the rags and swine and arise and go to his father whom that Heavenly Father did not enfold in the arms of His infinite tenderness, to whom he did not impart his free, immeasurable, glad, healing forgiveness? Cast yourself at the feet of His mercy with all your needs and cares, certain to be heard in the name of Christ, certain to be accepted for the sake of Christ, and you—even you—shall find perfect peace. "Doubt not, only believe!"

Keep the Boy Ambitious.

The American Boy.

Many of us have seen the discontented boy making a pretense of picking up stones or potatoes, or perhaps sulkily working his way across an onion or turnip field, and we know something of his value in the economy of a farm. And, on the other hand, we are all more or less acquainted with the resolute, energetic boy, whose limbs never seem to tire, and whose ambition is to do the work of a man. One such boy, who is striving to do all he can, is worth a dozen of those who are striving to do as little as possible. And yet the two boys are primarily the same.

We coax the restive or refractory horse, and do not think time wasted in training him to usefulness; and yet some of us are unwilling to do as much for the boys who are being fitted for the higher and more intelligent work of the farm. We all like good stock and good land and good seed—especially the last, for that is the secret of success. But of all seeds which yield satisfaction and prosperity, there are none so sure as the judicious sowing of reading matter and the games for the long winter evenings, an occasional half holiday during the summer, when the boy's nerves are strained and overwrought by continual hard work, and social, familiar conversation at all times. These make him feel that he has a personal interest in the farm, and is not a mere dependent, and that therefore he will come out all right.

Remember that the work is well done when the laborer's heart is in it, but when the heart strays, the work flags.

LAWS OF CHEMISTRY.

Slight Ailments Could Be Cured by People if They Knew Them.

Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

"Did you ever notice what a difference there is in people in respect to their general chemical composition?" remarked a local druggist one day last week. "Some people are decidedly acid, while others verge upon the other extreme and are strongly alkaline. You can detect the difference by a handshake. For you'll find the man who is acid almost always will have a moist palm and be light complexioned.

"It would be better for people," he continued, "if they understood some of the simple laws of chemistry. Acids and alkalis are opposites, and the effect of one is to neutralize the other. People take soda, and alkali, for a sour stomach, and the chemical action is simply that of neutralization, for the stomach in that condition is strongly acid. I know a man who is exceptionally acid, who has to take six soda mint tablets before he can be rid of such a trouble.

"You can see how a physician has to acquaint himself with the chemical composition of each of his patients. Medicines that would do for one person will not agree with others. Out West it is frequent to find much alkali in the soil. With some people it agrees, but others are annoyed by it. The man who has any surplus of alkali already in his makeup does not want to live in an alkali country. The principle runs all through the phases of one's physical life.

People who understand the principle often could cure themselves of slight indispositions without the necessity of consulting a physician. I believe the courses in chemistry in our public schools and colleges might be made more practical than they have been heretofore. The cook as well as the boarder would profit thereby."

THE LADY AND HER PASTOR.

She Liked Him, but She Got Very Tired of One Sermon.

New York Evening Sun.

She is a woman much interested in her church and she enjoys hearing and judging for herself the different ministers of her denomination. The first Sunday after her arrival in early June at one of several New England towns she proposed to visit before settling down at the seashore for the summer she went to church, of course. Who should occupy the pulpit but her own clergyman, whom she hadn't supposed was within a hundred miles of her, and what should he do but preach the identical sermon that she had heard him give the Sunday previous in New York, his text being, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" Both the clergyman and the woman as they laughed politely over it after the service agreed that the coincidence was curious. The next Sunday found the woman in another New England town. She went to church, of course, when Sunday came, and who should arise in the pulpit but her New York clergyman. "What Shall the Harvest Be?" he announced as his text, and, sure enough, it was the same sermon. It was with a rather sickly smile when he greeted the woman after service that the clergyman remarked that the coincidental plot seemed to be thickening. The woman stayed a fortnight in this place, but two Sundays later she went to church in another town. She almost rose from her seat when into the pulpit marched her New York clergyman. It was the same old "What Shall the Harvest Be?" sermon, too, and, appropriate for the summer as it was and capital sermon as it was, the woman could but feel a certain familiarity with it. She spared the minister's feelings this time and slunk away after service without speaking to him. So she did the next Sunday at the seashore town, where she was to stop for several weeks, when with mingled emotions she saw her minister in the pulpit and heard him deliver his "What Shall the Harvest Be?" sermon. For the rest of the summer the woman refused to go to church. She well knew that the minister, with his one sermon, that so evidently was all he had with him, couldn't remain more than one Sunday in one place, but after those previous experiences discretion seemed the better part of valor. On her way home to New York last week the woman stayed over Sunday in Boston. When the cousins she was visiting suggested church she accepted with alacrity. It had been so long, she said, since she had darkened a church door—and the joke was too good to keep—she told them why. In the pulpit of the Boston church was a familiar form; to paraphrase, the ministerial villain still pursued her. It was the last straw when he announced his text as "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

"I shall see you in town at our own church next Sunday, Mrs. Blank?" observed the clergyman after service as the two commented rather guardedly, it must be confessed, upon the strange fate that had led them to follow each other around all summer. "Yes," said the woman; then—the temptation was too great—"upon one condition—that you promise not to preach your 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' sermon."

BOY AND MAN.

An Antagonism That Accounts for Certain Tragedies.

New York Mail and Express.

There exists in nature an eternal grudge. It lies between boy and man. Whenever a boy can get even with a man he is going to do so. In this simple matter lies the whole truth about the horrid tragedies too often occurring on surface lines of cars where a boy is the first victim and the motorman the secondary. It is probably true that every boy living on the line of a cable or trolley car knows, with all the keenness of a boy's knowledge, that the motorman is personally responsible for his life and limb, and that in case of an accident the company's employe is promptly arrested as a preliminary to still more disagreeable proceedings. Think a moment of the joy to a boy of more or less depravity to realize that he holds the fate of the motorman in his own hand! This joy of power prompts him to tease the man by risking himself on the tracks. The man retaliates with strong words; the boy is gleeful at the discovery of his ability to annoy his enemy, and tries more and more daring experiments. Any one who has ever ridden on the front of a car must wonder how a motorman knows a teasing, laggard boy from one who really does not see or hear the approaching car. Long experience shows that the boy intends to get out of the way just as the wheels are on him, and after he has given the motorman a disagreeable sensation. And on this type of boy the motorman counts; otherwise he would never make his trip on schedule time. But there comes a time when the boy is not playing tricks, and then follows a tragedy. And the blame can only justly be laid to the eternal grudge between boy and man.

Memory and the Full Moon.

O Nights of silvery memory—O Nights!—
Here at this casement (as of old) I stand,
And greet the moon at full, flooding the land
With mystery and unmeasured dream delights.
But they who with me gazed on those green heights—
Distanced in moonlight—while the night wind bland
Rare incense from deep forest altars fanned—
Ah, whither gone, with giddy seasons' flights?

Intenser than of old thy burning orb,
Thou planet lone in star-forgotten skies!
Each ray from thee with tender purport smites;
Say, didst thou not those love-lit souls absorb,
Wherefore thy splendor aches against mine eyes?
O Nights of silvery memory—O Nights!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's Bazar.

FLORIDA'S SUNKEN CAVES

UNUSUAL FEATURES CAUSED BY THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

Description of a Sink Which Became a Lake, Whose Water Is Nearly 350 Feet Deep—The "Big Jug."

T. R. Baker, in New York Times.

Much interest is generally associated with unusual features of the earth's surface, and this is especially true if these features are connected with things and phenomena below the surface. Caves, especially deep and extended ones, and those affording opportunities for adventure, are interesting to everybody; many a person considers it prominent events in his life to have visited the famous Mammoth and Luray caves. The Grotto del Cane, of Italy, containing a stratum of carbonic acid over its surface, has become famous the world over, and many a tender heart has pitied the poor little dog that the old chemical text-books tell us the cave attendant would lead into the place just to show how the little fellow would become asphyxiated, and that the man could go on in safety.

Sinks or sinkholes, as geologists generally designate them, are conical depressions in the surface of the ground, and are commonly caused by the falling in of caves. They always occur in limestone regions. Limestone is a soft rock, and therefore easily worn away by the action of water; hence many limestone beds become filled with fissures, holes, caves, etc., due to the eroding action of the water passing through them. When a cave of considerable size is near the surface, its roof will eventually, on account of this wearing action, become too weak to support itself, and fall in, and the hole thus formed will be a sink.

In places where sinks are of common occurrence a farmer is not surprised to find that a section of his wagon road has dropped a few feet during the night, or that a new sink has formed in one of his fields. The resonant sounds sometimes heard where country roads lead over limestone rocks indicate caverns that may fall in at any time and drop the passing traveler into the hole.

Most sinks have dry bottoms, but some of them contain water, especially those found at low levels. The sinks of coast regions, therefore, generally have water in them, and some of them are so large that their water areas are frequently called lakes.

FLORIDA AN ODD CORNER.

The State of Florida is an odd corner of our domain. It has many peculiar and interesting geological as well as physiographical features. It is well known to geologists that beneath the orange groves, melon and sweet potatoe fields, indeed, under the entire sandy surface stratum of this peninsula, at a depth varying from a few to a hundred or more feet, is an immense bed of erocene limestone, the solid foundation upon which Florida surface material rests. This is known to be very pervious to water, and in many places to be honeycombed by cavities, caverns and various other characteristics of the eroding action.

In evidence of this Florida well diggers inform us that in sinking wells into this rock their drills frequently make sudden drops, falling at a single drop from a few inches to several feet. These eroded places must contain lakes, wells, and streams innumerable—streams that vary in magnitude from tiny rills of wandering water to small rivers following courses many miles long through the dark passages. It is obvious therefore that conditions very favorable to the formation of sink depressions exist in this bedrock, hence sinks are numerous in Florida, and they are found all over the State.

In Alachua county there are probably more sinks than in any other part of the State; indeed, they form a conspicuous feature of the surface of that region. It is in this county, seven miles north of Gainesville, that the very large sink known as the "Devil's Mill Hopper" is found. This is regarded as the great natural curiosity of the region, and is quite a resort for picnics and tourists. The "Big Jug" is another sink in the same county, remarkable on account of its occasionally draining completely a large connected lake, leaving the bed, containing thousands of acres, a great prairie. And it was in Alachua county that a few years ago the earth gave way under the track of the Southern Railway, and the night train pitched headlong into the hole thus formed, which was about seventy feet deep, completely wrecking the engine and cars. Fortunately, however, none of the passengers was seriously injured.

THE DISAPPEARING STREAM.

An interesting feature of some Florida sinks is that they serve as drainage reservoirs for creeks and rivulets. A notable example of this is a sink in Orange county into which a large stream flows and disappears completely without causing the water in the lake to rise.

But Florida is noted especially for her deep sinks, and following is a description of a very deep one, said to be the deepest one in the world, which was recently explored and measured by the writer and several assistants. It is in the lake region, about four miles northwest of Orlando, and contains a small lake presenting a beautiful surface and picturesque surroundings.

Some people living near the place associated considerable mystery with the sink on account of the supposed depth of this lake, and this mystery was increased by crude soundings made by curious visitors, and the speculations to which these soundings gave rise. One person did not reach the bottom with a hundred-foot line, and another, failing to find the depth, came to the conclusion that the water was so dense at the great depth reached by his line that it prevented further descent of the weight, and hence that the bottom could never be reached; others were sure that the hole had no bottom.

It may be interesting also to state that in regard to the age of the sink, random local opinion fixes its origin at quite a recent date. According to this opinion a fine orange grove included the place within its area, and a portion of the grove was therefore swallowed up when the sink was formed. The place is pointed out where the house stood that was occupied by the owner of the grove. The absurdity of this opinion becomes evident when it is known that there are pine trees nearly two feet in diameter growing in the sink and that one hundred years would probably be required for the trees to grow to this size.

A short time ago a small party from the scientific department of Rollins College, equipped with a long tarpon line and heavy weight for plummet, standard thermometer, some engineering apparatus, etc., visited the sink for the purpose of solving the mystery of its depth and making a general scientific exploration of the place.

DEPTH OF THE SINK.

By means of a raft hastily constructed of dead bay trees found in the basin and launched upon the lake, with two of the party aboard, the water-hole was sounded and found to reach the great depth of 349.6 feet. Mud was obtained from the bottom by means of hollow cylinders with incurved edges attached to the sounding weight, and a sample of water was secured from near the bottom by sinking a bottle provided with an automatic piston valve, essentially a tube attached to the bottle with a cork so adjusted that it would be forced inward by the water pressure, admitting water into the bottle.

The shape of the water-basin was determined by further sounding. It was found to have a somewhat conical form at the top, and to descend with a tolerably uniform diameter, but with many cavernous and shelving irregularities.

The diameter of the sink was found to be nearly 400 feet, and the diameter of the lake within it 163 feet. The part of the basin not containing water is covered with saw palmettoes, bushes, and some pines and other trees. In the sandy banks of the dry part of the basin are frequently occurring deposits of a sandy clay, and of disintegrating sandstone, and shelving sandstone projects into the lake for a considerable distance below the surface of the water. There are several springs in the basin near the margin of the lake, and it was estimated that the constant inflow from them would be equivalent to a stream of water about three inches in diameter, flowing at the rate of five miles an hour.

The level of the water within the sink was found to be nearly thirty-one feet below the water level of the nearest lake, about 500 feet from the sink. As the waters of the lakes in the region stand at about the same level, this great difference of level indicates that the sink water has no connection with these lakes.

The water obtained from the bottom of the sink lake contained a large amount of air. It was found to be 2.1 degrees harder than a sample from the surface, and 3 degrees harder than the spring water running into the lake. This difference in hardness is due to contact of the water at the lower part of the lake hole with limestone.

As to its origin and geological features, the sink does not differ essentially from other sinks found in Florida and elsewhere. It must have been formed by the wearing away of subterranean rocks, causing the forming of a cave, and the falling in of this rock.

The great depth of the Orlando sink indicates merely extended and deep erosions into limestone beds. The water flowing into it must be carried away by channels worn through the limestone, and may reappear again as springs at a lower level, or in rivers, or even in the ocean. That it goes to the ocean is, however, improbable, as the level of this water is from sixty to seventy feet above the sea level.

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

Aftermath of an Old-Time Intrigue of King Humbert's.

Marquise De Fontenoy, in Baltimore American.

It now turns out that the reason why the late King left no will was because he did not wish to place on public record what he had done, in a financial sense, for the Duchess Eugenia of Litta, between whom and the widowed Queen a most dramatic meeting took place beside the deathbed of Humbert. If he had drawn up a will, he would have been obliged to have given an account of the stewardship of his private fortune, and this would have not alone exposed the duchess to obloquy, but likewise have deeply pained Queen Marguerite.

The Duchess of Litta, who is now in her sixtieth year, and who was famous in the latter sixties as the most beautiful woman in Italy, bore to Humbert a son, who made his appearance in the world only a few months after the birth of the present King. The boy, who was given the name of Alfonso, and who was the very image of Humbert, died as an officer of the cavalry five years ago, whereupon the duchess sold her jewels and all her art treasures in order to build and endow an annex to the hospital at Milan. King Humbert himself, who attended the young fellow's funeral, devoted two millions of francs to the foundation of a children's hospital at Milan in his memory. The duchess thereupon withdrew to her country seat, which bordered on the Royal Park and country residence of Monza, and Queen Marguerite never liked Monza on this account, going there as little as possible for fear of meeting the duchess.

During the night following the assassination, the duchess, on learning of the tragedy, forced her way into the palace, and, penetrating into the private apartments of the Queen, threw herself at the latter's feet, entreated her pardon for the unhappiness which she had caused her, and humbly besought her Majesty for permission to see the King.

Queen Marguerite, with that generosity which is among the most admirable features of her character, raised the now white-haired and sadly broken duchess from the ground, kissed her in token of her forgivieness, conducted her by the hand to the bed on which Humbert lay dead, and withdrew, leaving the duchess quite alone with the murdered monarch for several minutes. She then returned to fetch her and accompanied her to the entrance of her apartment, bidding her a kindly farewell. Two days later the duchess was requested, in the name of the new King, to withdraw from Monza. But at the same time she received a message from the widowed Queen, in which the latter asked her to believe that she herself had nothing to do with th order, and that feeling that she (the duchess) alone was able to appreciate the extent of the loss which she (the Queen) had sustained, she was imbued with the kindliest feelings towards her, and felt a comfort in knowing her near.

The old duchess, however, had no alternative but to obey the mandate of the new King, and she left, as requested, and is now staying at Marienbad. Nor will she ever return to Monza, having given directions for the sale of her residence and of all her belongings there. Nor will the widowed Queen return to Monza, which she has never liked much. She will from henceforth make her permanent home in the royal palace of Turin, to which all her belongings are being transferred. It is a mistake to imagine that Humbert was a stranger to the duchess in late years. He always remained her friend to the last, and when in Rome scarcely a day passed without his going to see her. For the last ten years, however, his relations with her were as platonic as those with Queen Marguerite ever since the birth of the present King, in 1870.

I may add, in conclusion, that King Humbert inherited debts to the tune of $5,000,000, contracted by his father. He refused all offers of help on the part of the government and of Parliament to pay them, declaring that it was a matter which concerned no one but himself. Not only has he liquidated them in full, but he likewise leaves behind him a private fortune of $10,000,000, over and above the private estates of the royal house of which he is the chief. Indeed, so successful was he as a financial administrator that one can only deplore the fact that he should have considered himself debarred by the terms of the constitution from applying to the finances of the nation his own personal management, in lieu of that of cabinet ministers, who reduced the country to the verge of ruin.

Armenian Shepherd Song.

One by one the stars arise
In the meadows of the skies;
One by one, all white and still,
Rest my sheep on yonder hill.
Now I lay my crook away,
Toil is over with the day;
Kneeling at my frugal board,
Break the bread and bless the Lord.

Lord, look on me and on us all
And make us blest,
And send us rest
At this and every evenfall!
All the day, afar from me,
They have wandered wild and free;
All the day I followed still,
Rock to rock and hill to hill,
Calling down the gorges deep,
"Come ye back, my wandering sheep,"
Till at eve I brought them home,
Safe in fold, no more to roam!

Lord, do thus much for me and all,
And when we stray
From Thy good way
Oh, fetch us home at evenfall!

—Frederic E. Weatherly.

A COLLECTION OF BIBLES.

Rare Old Prints Gathered by One Man—Ancient Specimens.

Boston Transcript.

In the western part of the State there lived until recently a gentleman of wealth who made it his hobby to collect specimens of early printing, and particularly early editions of the Bible and parts of it. On account of his death and the breaking up of the old home this entire collection has now got into the hands of the present possessors, who have just finished arranging them. As is well known, the first complete Bible printed in English is what is known as Cloverdale's version, which was issued on the 4th of October, 1535. The second version is usually called "Matthews's Bible," and was brought out under the superintendence of John Rogers, the first edition being issued in 1537. This is mainly made up from Cloverdale's version and from Tyndale's version of the New Testament, previously issued. John Rogers, for some reason, assumed the name of "Thomas Matthews," and it is on this account that it is know usually as "the Matthews Bible." It was probably assumed to conceal the fact that a part of his Bible was Tyndale's translation, whose writings had been condemned by the English authorities. Of this Matthews Bible there were two reprints made in the year 1549, fourteen years after the first complete English Bible had been issued. Copies of both of these editions of 1549 are included in the present collection. One of these was printed by Day & Seres, and is sometimes known as "the Bug Bible," on account of the peculiar reading of a verse of the Ninety-first Psalm. This edition is not only one of the excessively rare early Bibles, but it is peculiarly interesting, from the fact that forty-nine of the engravings are impressions from the identical wood blocks used in the Bible of 1535. It is also famous for containing some notes which are said to be in no other edition, and some of which, in fact, were severely criticised as being even indecent.

After these the number of editions of the Bible began to rapidly increase, and each had, as a rule, some special mark to distinguish it from its rivals, and anything like a collection of them is of the greatest interest to the student, either of Biblical literature or of early printing. One of these especially worthy of note in the present collection is the last folio edition of what is known as "the Great Bible." This was printed in Rouen in 1566. It does not resemble any previous issue of the same Bible, the text being in larger and more heavily leaded type.

Again, there are at least three specimens of the Genevan Bible, more commonly known as the famous "Breeches Bible," so named on account of the peculiar rendering of the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis. These three copies bear the dates of 1592, 1607 and 1610. The one printed in 1607 is a small folio in size and is very curious as containing the family record in manuscript of a seventeenth century owner.

The famous "Baskerville Bible" of 1763, known as one of the handsomest Bibles, typographically, ever issued, is also represented by a very fine copy; and in marked contrast to this in size is a copy of what is known as "the Thumb Bible" (not half as big, by the way, as a man's thumb), which was issued in 1776.

Of the new Testament many specimens are shown, editions of 1605, 1616 and 1631 being all represented.

There is also a very curious double volume containing the New Testament, Psalms (with music) and Book of Common Prayer. This is spoken of as a "double volume," although in reality there are three volumes in it, but it is so bound that two volumes are reversed, one opening from one side and the other from the opposite side. They were published in 1616 and 1617 and are bound in full pigskin. The size of the volume is 4½ by 2½ inches.

Bibles and Testaments are not the sole attraction of this gathering. The curiosity hunter will be interested in looking at a copy of John Calvin's Cathechism, printed in 1597, as well as a curious specimen of black letter printing in the way of an imperfect copy of "Latimer's Second Sermon to the King," printed in 1549. There is also a copy of an excessively rare edition of "Latimer's Sermons," published in 1571. This came from the library of George Livermore, a well-known Boston collector, whose library was dispersed at auction some years ago in this city. It contains his autograph, and at the sale of his library sold for $126. Another edition of these sermons bears the date of 1637.

Again, there is a rare old black letter edition of Fox's famous "Book of Martyrs." This is in three volumes folio, published in 1741. Also a beautiful specimen of manuscript work in the days before the art of printing was known at all. This "Roman Breviary" is written entirely on vellum, with the initals and decorative work done beautifully in colors. It comprises over 500 leaves of vellum and over fifty beautiful illuminated initial letters. It is one of the gems of the whole collection. Bibles and sacred literature did not occupy the entire attention of the collector, as there are some beautiful specimens in other lines to be seen with them, notably a handsome copy of the genuine fourth folio of Shakspeare, issued in 1685.

On Self-Preservation.

New York Tribune.

"We are very inferior to animals in some ways," commented a well-known physician. "Man is endowed with reason, but he is almost entirely deficient in instinct. I think I may say he has only one instinct that may properly be classed as such, and that is for self-preservation. I have known wonderful instances of this even in very young children. One of my patients has a child of six, a strong, healthy little thing, full of vitality, who, to her mother's horror, one day fell over the baluster in the second story. The baby, who had certainly some monkey in her composition, threw out a leg and arm as she fell, and literally clung on the outside by the railings until she was lifted up from her dangerous position by her terrified parent. That children will generally swim just as the animal does if thrown into deep water is well known, and any number of other examples might be cited apropos of self-perservation. But this seems, as I say, the only human instinct. I know of no other."

From the Quiet.

Now the roads, hushed with dark,
Lead the homeward way,
I will rest; I will hark
What the weeds can say:
Wondering in the afterglow—
Heart's-ease of the day.

I have seen Joy take leave
In a bitter guise;
Griefs have had a smile for me,
When I met their eyes.
Shall I know with what new gift
Life may make me wise?

Be it savors of the dusk
Soothe my care in me,
Or the trees, that bid me wait
What the hills foresee,
There the fields bide in peace
Harvest yet to be.

O the wiser way of them!
Doubt has nought to say:
Shall I reason deeper, I,
Molded from the clay?
Rather will I trust the dark,
Heart's-ease of the day.

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in September Atlantic.

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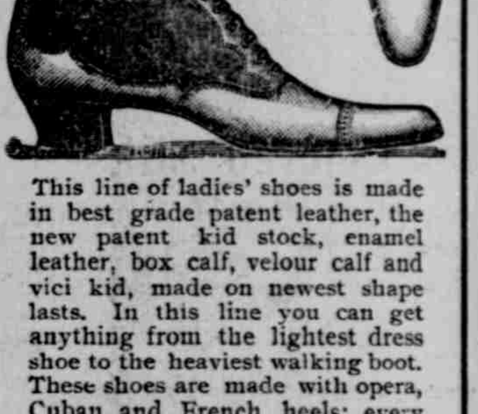

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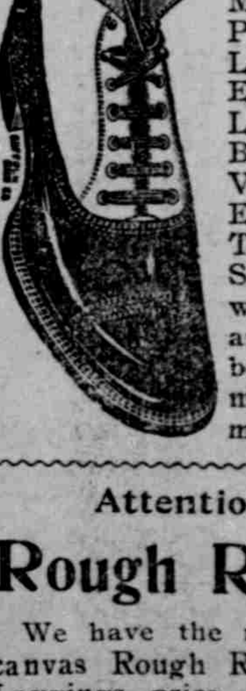

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