Pittsburgh, Penn., is going to have a hospital for sick horses, 900 acres of land having been leased for that purpose.

There are fifty individuals and firms in New York City whose aggregate wealth is estimated by careful judges to aggregate fully $1,000,000,000.

The question as to what is the exact mechanical equivalent of heat has long puzzled engineers. The latest experiments show that 1 pound of water raised 1 degree Fahrenheit is equal to 1 pound lifted 769 feet.

The new dynamite gun, recently tested by United States authorites, bid fair to create a revolution in modern gunnery. An iron tube contains a fifty-pound charge of dynamite, and the latter can be safely delivered against the side of a ship at the distance of one mile, shaking or wrecking anything contrived by human hands. Of what avail, asks the Cultivator are the iron-clad navies of the world against the dynamite gun?

In 1878 capital punishment, which had been abolished in Iowa, was re-established, and it was provided that the jury should decide in murder cases whether or not the death penalty should be paid, but that no convicted person should be executed until at least one year's confinement in the penitentiary. A wife murderer who was recently convicted is the first person condemned to death in the state under the new law.

As a profession the practice of medicine seems to be pretty lucrative, at least in large cities. The late Miss Wolf used to pay $20,000 a year to her medical attendant. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart paid an average of $32,000 to three physicians. Mrs. C. Vanderbilt pays her doctor $10,000 a year and Mrs. William Astor pays $16,000. Mrs. Ellis, an American lady, physician to the Queen of Corea, receives $15,000 a year. At a meeting of the New York County Medical Society two white-haired physicians with whom a reporter talked agreed in saying that at least one-half the practicing physicians of New York received incomes of $5000 a year and upward.

The potato bug made two simultaneous appearances in Germany this year, one in Saxony and one in Hanover. The German Government at once had men at work, who carefully picked all the bugs and larvæ off the plants. The stems of the vines were then cut off and placed in baskets lined with sacking, which were thoroughly soaked in benzine oil and buried deep in the ground. After this the land was plowed 12 or 14 inches deep and well harrowed, and the surface picked over for any insects that might be on it. Finally the land was saturated with benzine oil. In one case eight acres and in the other three-quarters of an acre had to be treated in this way.

A perfecting press, such as most leading newspapers are printed on, is an expensive and intricate piece of machinery. The cost runs up among the thousands of dollars and it consists of many delicate parts nicely adjusted. At the same time it exerts a tremendous mechanical force when in operation, and is not a thing to be trifled with. Imagine the sensations of a leading New York publisher one day recently, when he saw an iron wrench go crashing through his press, following the path designed for a single thickness of paper. It was the fault of a careless pressman, who had started the machine without removing the wrench, which he had been using. In an instant, so rapid is the motion of these presses, cylinders were broken, wheels twisted out of shape, thousands of dollars of damage done and, most aggravating of all, the wrench came out uninjured.

Consul Moffett, at Athens, reports to the State Department that within the past few weeks many applications have been made to him by young men for transportation to America. The report has somehow got abroad that there is a demand in America for Greek laborers; that money is to be had in abundance, and that the American Government will furnish transportation. Mr. Moffett has tried in vain to discover the source of this delusion. The people who make application are neither mechanics nor agriculturists, and would not make desirable additions to our population. They have no purpose to become citizens, but hope to acquire fortunes and return to live upon the interest in idleness. The Greek Government discourages emigration; the Greek Consul in New York has warned his countrymen of the sufferings they are likely to experience in New York, and the Greek press has spread the warning broadcast, but all without apparent effect.

Still Larger.

"So you are home from New York."

"Yes."

"Been there often?"

"This was the tenth time."

"Did the city look as large as when you first went there?"

"Much larger."

"It did? That's just the opposite of my experience. After the third or fourth time I was not at all impressed with its size?"

"Well, I stood on Broadway at Canal street and looked around me, and it seemed to me that I could never get out of the city."

"Shoo! That was a queer impression."

"Well, I dunno. I just had my pocket picked of my last dollar, didn't know a soul to borrow from and the hotel clerk was making out my three days' bill. Yes, the city seemed to be forty miles across to me."—[Detroit Free Press.

Companions.

When I set sail on Life's young voyage,
'Twas upon a stormy sea;
But to cheer me night and day,
Through the perils of the way,
With me went companions three—
Three companions kind and faithful,
True as friend and dear as bride;
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,
Cherry-cheeked and stout of limb;
Though my board was scant of cheer,
And my drink but water clear,
I was thankful, blessed with him.
One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit,
Who, though storms the welkin swept,
Waking gave me calm reliance,
And though tempests howled defiance,
Smooth'd my pillow when I slept.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,
Never absent from my breast,
Brightest in the darkest days,
Kindest in the roughest ways,
Dearer far than all the rest.
And though neither Wealth nor Station
Journeyed with me o'er the sea,
Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
Naught cared I in Life's young morning
For their lordly company.

But, alas! ere night has darkened,
I have lost companions twain;
And the third, with tearful eyes,
Worn and wasted often flies,
But a soft returns again.
And instead of those departed,
Spectres twain around me flit;
Pointing each with shadowy finger,
Nightly at my couch they linger.
Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, that I so blindly followed
In the hot pursuit of Wealth!
Though I've gained the prize of gold,
Eyes are dim and blood is cold—
I have lost my comrade Health.
Woe is me that Fame allured me—
She so false, and I so blind!
Sweet her smiles, but in the chase
I have lost the happy face
Of my comrade Peace of Mind!

Last of all my dear companions,
Hope, sweet Hope! befriend me yet
Do not from my side depart,
Do not leave my lonely heart
All to darkness and regret.
Short and sad is now my voyage
O'er a gloom-encompassed sea,
But not cheerless altogether,
Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,
Will it seem, if blessed with thee.

The Widow's Daughter.

BY SERGT. BADGER.

In the winter of 1864, while a portion of my regiment, the New York Twenty-fifth Cavalry, was at Pleasant Valley, Md., to obtain a remount, word was received by the post commander that a Confederate scout named Wm. Baxter but who was known to us as "Billy Bowlegs" was on a visit to his mother who lived between the Potomac at that point and a village in Virginia called Uniontown. There were a number of Col. Kane's "Bucktails" scouting for the Federals and making Pleasant Valley their headquarters, and as I had been detailed on several occasions for scout service, and had made a good record I was instructed to select five men and cross the river and secure "Billy" dead or alive. The fact that he was at home was fully established, and the location of the farm house was known to two of the men who accompanied me. We were ferried across the Potomac one evening at dusk just where the long highway bridge had been burned and then we had a good walk of about eleven miles to make.

Although "Billy Bowlegs" was a fearless man and a handy shot, we didn't figure that it needed five men to capture him. The country between the river and Uniontown was then overrun with bushwhackers and guerrillas, and we anticipated more or less trouble with them.

The scout had been twice captured by the Federals, and he was described to us as of slender build, medium height, fair complexion and dark eyes. Enough was known about his nerve to know that he would not be taken alive if he had any show to fight, and therefore as we approached the house about midnight from across a field we were anxiously wondering how we should get at him. If we knocked at the door he would be alarmed and have time to arm himself. If we broke it in we might and probably should find him in bed. It was a still, clear night, rather cold, and we hung about for half an hour before adopting a plan. Then we decided to break in the doors. Two of us went to the front and two to the back door, while the fifth man stood ready to receive the scout in case he dropped from a second-story window supposed to be in his bedroom. We crept softly up, and at a signal both doors were burst——. No, they weren't! Neither of them gave an inch under the pressure, and in response to the efforts we made a woman's voice called out:

"Who is it, and what's wanted?"

"Open the door or we'll break it down!"

"Wait one minute!"

She struck a light, and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door opened and a gray-haired woman of 45 stood there with a candle in her hand.

"Union soldiers, eh? Come right in," she said smiling as if glad to see us.

I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and as soon as I was inside, I said:

"Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him dead or alive."

"Oh, you have come for Billy, have you?" exclaimed a girl about 18 years of age who came running down stairs at that moment. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you see you didn't send us any word."

She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her throat, and except that her hair looked "tumbled" she looked well prepared as if she expected our coming.

"Yes, Jennie, they want Billy," said the mother as she placed the candle on a stand.

"And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!" I added in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing.

"Oh, how sorry!" laughed the girl. "If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself—never."

"We must search the house," I said.

"Oh, certainly. Mammy, you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes will do 'em good.

Well, sir, we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and the only thing we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the best I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was "dead gone" on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting:

"When the war is over I'm coming to ask you to be my wife."

"And—and—I'll say—say y-e-s." she whispered in my ear.

We got back to the ferry soon after daylight and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to he asked:

"Was the widder all alone?"

"No; her daughter Jennie was there."

"Daughter Jennie! Describe her."

"Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over."

"Bet you a farm you don't! That air gal Jennie was nobody else but that air scout, Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's clothes, and you pig heads couldn't see through it!"

He was right. I met Billy in Harper's Ferry after the war and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet.—[Detroit Free Press.

Queer Smuggling Devices.

In Paris there exists an interesting museum. Since the existence of the octroi dues which are levied upon a great variety of articles, a good many people who in other regards are probably honest enough, are induced to endeavor to defraud the revenue. In this museum are kept some scores of the most clever devices of professional or amateur smugglers which have from time to time been seized at the barriers of the city or at the custom houses throughout the country. Most of them are exceedingly ingenious, and some are, indeed, of a nature to suggest that in France even smugglers possess wit.

What appears at a casual glance to be a block of Carrara marble is really a painted sheet iron box. It arrived at the frontier in a train from Italy, along with five similar ones. A curious depression on one of the blocks aroused the suspicions of a custom house official and, upon official examination, the trick was discovered. The boxes were filled with ballast to make them heavy, and at the bottom of each lay $5000 worth of Venetian lace. A pile of innocent looking logs of firewood, such as are burned in Paris, were found to be hollow metal tubes, covered with the bark of trees, and filled with dutiable liquors. But the most amusing article in the collection is a tin footman, who formerly graced the box of a stylish equipage which passed through the gates every afternoon, bearing the eminently respectable and gentlemanly owner on his daily drive. For a while the customs officers went through the form of searching the carriage or asking for dutiable wares, but when it became apparent that the owner was simply a gentleman out for an airing with a stately coachman and an impassive, stupid footman, they took to touching their caps and allowing the turn-out to pass unquestioned. One day, after several months of this friendly capping, a jolt threw the footman to the ground before the eyes of the officers, who hastened, in honor, to stay the fast-flowing blood of the unfortunate lackey. The blood turned out to be champagne and the injured footman a tin case, in which the master of the carriage had been smuggling for months.

He Was Calm.

A youngish man, wearing good clothes and a plug hat, rushed up the steps of a Griswold street bank yesterday, hurried along to the window of the cashier, and elbowing two or three people aside, he said to the man behind the window:

"Can you give me five tens for this fifty? I'm in a great hurry to catch the train."

The cashier calmly received the bill, gave it one brief glance and then shoved it under the stamp and returned it. It was stamped with a big red "counterfeit."

"——— you!" growled the young man with the good clothes as he hurried out.

"Rats!" replied the cashier, but he was calm, very calm.—[Detroit Free Press.

Gold in a Chicken's Crop.

The farm where Mrs. Frank Seacby resides is near the river, and about two miles from George Matteson's mill. On her farm the well was cleaned out a few days ago and one or two bushels of dirt and gravel were thrown out. Around the pile of gravel Mrs. Seacoy's flock of chickens congregated and picked it over and with it filled up their hungry crops. The day after, one of those was killed for dinner. In its crop was found a good sized gold nugget worth not less than a dollar.—[Ponca (Neb.) Journal.

A WAR STORY.

The Young Confederate Soldier Who Was Lost at Gettysburg.

His Fate a Mystery For Twenty-Four Years.

A recent letter from Raleigh, N. C., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: One of the romances of the war has just developed here, in which the only son of one of North Carolina's governors figures. Governor Tod R. Caldwell during the war resided in handsome style at the quiet little town of Morganton. Of an old and honored family, he had but one object of intense affection—his son, John—a handsome lad not 20 years of age. In the winter of 1862 this only son begged to be allowed to go to the army. Entreaties were of no avail, and his father and his mother at last consented, with tears, that he might join the Army of Northern Virginia. He enlisted in the 33d Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, in Lane's Brigade, Pender's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

When the campaign opened in 1863 no soldier was more daring than young Caldwell, and he was soon promoted from the ranks. In May he was made a second lieutenant for his gallant and meritorious conduct. His regiment went into the Pennsylvania campaign. At Gettysburg he was present and in the hottest of the fight. On the afternoon of July 3, 1863, his regiment swept up a slope within fifty yards of the Federal lines, went closer yet, and bayonets were crossed. Suddenly the line moved back a little. Young Caldwell was never seen alive after that moment. He was at the front when the backward movement began. His father used all the influences of money and position to find the lost soldier, but unavailingly. The authorities refused to allow the graves to be opened. It could not be ascertained whether he was dead or alive, and the matter became one of the most terrible uncertainties. Under the strain the minds of the father and mother were nearly overcome. The father grimly nursing his great sorrow, forbade any one to mention the son's name, and the terrible story was never alluded to, even by the mother.

In 1871 General Caldwell became governor of the state. Two years later, in 1873, an ex-Confederate soldier named Lucas, from Hyde county, was elected to the legislature, and came to Raleigh. Some one told him one night the sad story of the death, or supposed death, and mystery of John Caldwell. The next day Lucas called on the Governor and told him the truth at last. Lucas was in another regiment, and had observed young Caldwell's brave bearing, as they were near together. In the terrible moment of the repulse he had seen young Caldwell shot down while separated from his men and fighting, hand to hand, a New York soldier. After hearing this story and the further details of the burial of Caldwell by Lucas, the Governor locked himself in his room and was all day in tears. He never told his wife of the revelation by Lucas, and told it only to his private secretary.

A few days ago Major Charles W. Cowtan of New York City wrote your correspondent saying that he had in his possession the commission of an officer in a North Carolina regiment, which he had picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg. His regiment, the 10th New York, held the line at that point, just after a terrible charge by the North Carolinians, in which one fair-haired and boyish officer was brave in the extreme. Major Cowtan had examined some of the dead Confederates, who so thickly strewed the grounds at the works, and near one found a worn and bloody commission, on which was legible only "John Ca"— of the name. Major Cowtan expressed a desire to return this commission if any relatives of the dead soldier could be found. The commission was found to be that of the long-lost John Caldwell. The commission was sent Mrs. Caldwell, and this blood-stained and torn piece of parchment is, she writes, all there is on earth to remind her of the dead son. For years she cherished the hope that her son was alive and in some prison. In fact, all the prisons were searched for him through the influence of Governor (now Senator) Vance. It has required twenty-four years to ascertain the true story. At the same time the commission was sent her she was first made acquainted with the facts told Governor Caldwell in 1873.

A Chinese Watering-Place.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat thus describes Chefoo, a Chinese watering-place: "Chefoo lies on the north side of the promontory of Shantung, that juts out between the Yellow sea and the Gulf of Pechele, and it has nearly the same latitude as Cape May. The Chinese town of Chefoo, which originally gave the name to the port, lies on an island opposite the present foreign settlement, miles enough away across clear salt water for none of its ancient odors to reach one. A bold, rocky point, with residences perched all over its breezy top, stands out from the low shore, and the town lies back of it and stretches off along the level ground at either side. On one side of the headland is the harbor, full of junks and steamers, the landing-piers, the custom-house and the business streets. On the other is a long, curving beach of yellow sand with a lazy surf pounding away in lines of foam, and cottages and hotels strung at intervals for two miles. Back of this water fringe of habitations there are long barren slopes running up into quite a mountain range.

"Nothing could be more unlike an American watering-place than this resort of North China, that is sometimes called the Brighton and sometimes the Long Branch of China. Both of those places would hold their sides at the absurdity of the comparison, as the only point in common is the salt water rolling on a sandy beach. The dozen of hotels are small, and it is comforting to American pride here, where everything is so absolutely and tyrannically English, that the best appointed and best managed hotel should be kept by an American woman, who has a United States flag of glorious proportions flying from a tall flagstaff in her courtyard. The salt-water bathing goes on in the most proper and decorus British way; women in modest bathing-suits that cover them down to their ankles and over their knuckles, slip into the water from their bath-houses at one part of the beach, and men in—we are not supposed to know what sort of bathing suits, if any—splash away in their own reserved portion of the beach at a different hour. Thus the everlasting British proprieties are respected and preserved.

"There are no piazza concerts, no board walk, no ocean drive and no Casino for beauty and fashion to disport itself and show its good clothes, and from the point of view of an American watering-place, one might say that there was no dressing at Chefoo. There are no roads to drive on, no carriages to drive in and no saddle-horses to be hired in Chefoo, so that by sedan-chairs or on foot is the only way of getting about. All life is concentrated in the string of hotels and cottages along the beach. Boating, of course, comes in for a great share of attention, and regattas are frequent events. There is always a foreign man-of-war or two in harbor, and the Chinese have a large arsenal and naval station at Weihai Bay, about forty miles below."

Over the Old World on Tricycles.

Harold E. Lewis and his wife of Philadelphia, have recently returned from Europe after a four months' tour on tricycles. They left New York May 28 for Liverpool. They went by rail from the latter city to Coventry, where they purchased a tandem machine and began their tricycle tour. They went up by easy stages to London, visiting by the way Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Windsor and Hampton Court. They spent ten days in London, making nearly all their journeys from place to place in the city on their tricycle. They then visited Winchester, Southampton and the Isle of Wight, and, crossing to Portsmouth, went along the coast of Chichester, Brighton and New Haven, where they took steamer for Dieppe, and thence went by way of Rouen to Paris. They spent 10 days in the French capital, and then went on to Geneva, Interlaken and Lucerne. Then they went over to old St. Gothard Pass, and, by way of Lake Maggiore and Lake Como, down to Milan. They came back along the right side of Como and over the Spluegen Pass into Switzerland again. Next they went for the usual run down the Rhine, taking in Strasbourg, Baden-Baden, Heidelberg, Mayence, Coblentz, Cologne and all the rest of them. From Cologne they wheeled on into Holland, pushing far into the North, where few tourists go. They crossed the Zuyder Zee—in a boat, of course—and rattled down the peninsula to Amsterdam.

The maximum run for any one day was made on the trip from Paris to Geneva; it was sixty-three miles. The whole journey from Paris to Geneva consumed seven days. The cost of the journey, aside from the steamship charge, averaged $6.50 a day for both.

One of the most interesting circumstances in connection with the whole story, Mr. Lewis thinks, is that only some three years ago his wife was a confirmed invalid and scarcely permitted to walk at all and was altogether forbidden to walk upstairs. Yet on a part of their return trip through the Bernese Oberland they rode up an ascent that amounted to 3,300 feet in eight miles.

Supper in New Zealand.

Soon came "huppa," or supper, which several of the women had cooked in a large pot. A large tin dish was laid on the ground and the contents of the pot poured into it, consisting of jacketless potatoes and cockles. Tea with sugar, but no milk, was served in tin cups from a large tea can. The natives used their fingers only, but they gave me a knife, fork, and tin plate. After supplying me bountifully they crowded around their dish, and it seemed a race who could devour the most in the least time. What quantities they ate! It was a wonder to me how they found room for it all. They plunged their claws into the dish, grabbed a steaming potato or a handful of juicy cockles, and swallowed them as quickly as they could. It took but a few minutes to finish the dishful. Then everybody smoked. All used clay pipes. Even the pickaninnies enjoyed "the weed."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Youthful Subterfuge.

Mattie persisted in running off to a neighbor's, and her mother said: "If you go out of that gate again, Mattie, I'll whip you."

In a short time Mattie was discovered on forbidden ground, and was led home.

"Now, Mattie, what did I tell you?"

"Mamma, I didn't go out of the gate. I climbed over the fence."—[Epoch.

His Favorite.

She (sentimentally inclined)—What is your favorite flower, Mr. Pitt?"

He (commercially inclined)—Well, we handle various brands, but there is the biggest margin in red winter No. 2.—

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The transparency of molten iron, noticed during a casting of several tons, has been recorded by Mr. W. Ramsey. It had a yellow tinge.

A petroleum exhibition is soon to be held in St. Petersburg, in connection with which the Russian minister of war offers a prize of 500 roubles for a compact and practical battery for electric lighting with incandescent lamps.

If towns were laid out with the streets in the diagonal directions, northeast and southwest, northwest and southeast, and the sun shining into all the rooms some time during every day in the year, the effect would be cheering and salutary.

Disasters to eyesight are evidently more common than is generally supposed, judging from the statement that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made annually in Germany and Switzerland. An artificial eye seldom lasts more than five years, the secretion of the glands turning it cloudy.

The Swedish count, M. Bjornstjerna, suggested more than forty years ago, in a book on "The Theogony of the Hindoos," that, as both poles must have been cooled to a suitable temperature at the same time, the earth might have been peopled from the north pole with its white races, and from the south pole with its colored races.

Observations made at the late South Kensington Aquarium upon the effect of temperature on fish, show that the dogfish, mullet, conger, skate, flounder, bass, cod, trout, catfish, pike, and carp are extremely hardy, and can exist in a temperature ranging from 34 deg. to 71 deg. The gurnard, wrasse, bull-head, sole, bream, cray-fish, blennie, perch, dace, tench, minnow, chub, roach, and gudgeon are sensitive to extremes of temperature.

Perhaps the statement may be of interest that the little screech-owl is getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in which the English sparrow has become numerous, and that the imported birds will find in this owl as bold an enemy as the sparrow-hawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since its attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not so wide awake for ways and means to escape.

Pertinently to an expression of doubt by Mr. David A. Wells in one of his articles on Mexico, as to the Aztecs having knowledge or making use of metal tools, Mr. W. W. Blake, in the "American Antiquarian," mentions as being on exhibition in the Archæological Rooms of the National Museum of Mexico, idols, beads, and engraved clasps of of gold; lip-ornaments and other articles of silver; numerous tools, weapons, and ornaments of copper; and "chopping knives" of copper, which are supposed to have been used as money.

Dogs as Sentries.

The idea lately taken in earnest in the German and Russian armies of using dogs for military purposes has been generally talked of as an innovation. This, however, as M. Meunier shows in an article in the Revue Scientifique, is a mistake. Dogs of war, it appears, were well known to the great nations of ancient times, and Greeks and Romans and Jews and Gentiles made use of the fearless, intelligent animal, whose valor is now once again to be put to the test. The Greeks had dogs in every one of their fortresses; and E. Blaze, one of M. Meunier's authorities, tells a good story of an outpost occupied by strong watch-dogs only. Opposite Corinth, facing the sea, such an outpost was situated, guarded by fifty dogs. One night the enemy began to disembark. The garrison was drunk and the dogs had to keep back the agressors. They fought like lions, and forty-nine of them were killed. The only survivor, Soter, rushed away in hot haste, gave the alarm in the camp, and the enemy was driven back.

The Romans, as every one knows, were less fortunate on a similar occasion where the geese performed the task of the dogs in calling the attention of the soldiers to the Gauls scaling the walls of the Capitol, while the dogs were fast asleep. As a punishment for the unfaithful servants a religious ceremony, at which even Plutarch had still occasion to laugh on beholding it, was thereafter annually performed at Rome. Its chief features was that some dogs were taken through the streets with great pomp, whipped at every cross-road and in every public place, and finally hanged on a cross of the wood of the elder tree, near the temple of Youth.

A Memorable Debate.

The 78th Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 4–7, was of unusual interest in view of its decisive action on the conduct of the Prudential committee in its theological treatment of candidates for mission work, and their views of "future probation." After an able five hours' debate the committee's report that it was "inexpedient" to refer doubtful cases to councils, was adopted by a vote of 110 to 19, and the resolution to investigate the committee' methods was laid on the table. Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn was elected president in place of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins who held that position for thirty years.

Why the Girl Arose Early.

Omaha Dame—What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called.

Chorus of Voices—Impossible!

Omaha Dame—But it is true; she's in love with the milkman.—[Omaha World

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