WHAT AILS THE SICK MAN.

COMPLICATED ILLS THAT THREATEN DEATH TO THE PORTE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Vienna, July 12.

"The war-cloud in the Balkans" has for years been a sorely overworked factor in the news of the day. Whenever other topics of interest were lacking it has always been possible to conjure up some threat against the peace of the world in that much-troubled quarter. Many of those scares have been entirely fictitious. It is a far cry to Stamboul, and an imaginative correspondent or an ingenious editor could evolve from his inner consciousness the most elaborately alarming plots and counterplots without fear of contradiction. The state of affairs in Bulgaria, Servia and Turkey is really bad enough. But if half that has been said were true, the whole peninsula would have been a military graveyard years ago. Without doubt, however, the drift of affairs is steadily, irresistibly and unmistakably toward the bad, so far as Turkey is concerned; and so bad has the condition now become that the end cannot be far off. The dismissal of Prince Bismarck from office removed the only effectual guarantee of a peaceful settlement of this hopelessly involved Eastern Question. The Ottoman Empire, in Europe at any rate, is in a desperate plight, and the most desperate feature of it is the apparent apathy of the Porte and its unwillingness to do anything for its own preservation. Do not imagine, however, that this passive attitude is voluntarily assumed by the amiable and well-meaning gentleman who lives in the Yildiz Kiosk, or by his Ministers. It is forced upon them by the greater power that stands behind them, the fanatical priesthood of Islam. Christian Europe says the Sultan must do so and so. The leaders of Islam says he must not, under peril of his throne and his life. And between the two, the armies of Europe and the priest-led mob of Islam, the Porte is between the devil and the deep sea. No wonder it lets things drift to destruction as they please.

By no means the least important of the troubles of Turkey are of a financial nature. For many years the Empire has been overwhelmed with debts. Not until now, however, have its creditors become menacing in their demands for settlement. Russia now declares that the long-delayed war indemnity must be paid at once. If it is not, she will take forcible steps to collect it. Now for the Porte to pay the indemnity is as absolute an impossibility, financially, as it would be for a penniless tramp to buy out the Rothschilds. Moreover, if it were financially possible, there is the Sheik-ul-Islam declaring that if the Sultan pays a single penny to the giaour, his head will be forfeit. And then there is Bulgaria, from which comes a large proportion of Turkey's revenue. M. Stambuloff, the energetic and patriotic statesman who manages the affairs of that principality, declares frankly that unless the Porte concedes certain Bulgarian demands, that tribute will be paid no more; while Russia declares that for the Porte to grant those demands will be a casus belli. That is, the Porte must pay the indemnity or there will be trouble. But it can get money only from Bulgaria, and only on certain conditions. And if it complies with those conditions, there will be trouble.

For some time the Sultan and his Ministers have been holding numerous conferences and the representatives of foreign powers have been similarly busy. They have all been considering plans for a change in the stewardship of the State debt. Particularly in German quarters it is stated that the English creditors anticipate the transference of the administration of the public debt to the Ottoman Bank. To this the German creditors are naturally opposed, and have taken steps to prevent it, in connection with which opposition is the journey to Berlin of their delegate, Herr Gerlich, Secretary to the Legation. M. Aubaret, the delegate of the French creditors, goes hand-in-hand with his German colleague. At present the debt is administered by the Council of Bondholders, an institution which the Porte has long been anxious to get rid of. Despite the opposition of Germany, there now seems a probability of the administration being given over to the Ottoman Bank. This bank, it is supposed, will establish a separate department for the new administration, and Mr. Vincent Caillard, it is rumored, will be placed at the head of the department. Mr. Caillard, who at present fills the chair of the Council, and is the delegate of the English bondholders, is, though young, an experienced man, and is believed to be one of the chief promoters of the idea to abolish the Council. But regardless of the fact of the Ottoman Bank having upward of $25,000,000 at its disposal, and of Sir Edgar Vincent, a man of impartial sympathies and high attainments, being the director-general, the new combination, in the opinion of the Germans, would not afford the same security which the international administration of to-day offers the Turkish creditors.

Should Russia proceed to extreme measures, it would undoubtedly be in Armenia, upon the borders of which province she has for some time been massing troops, and where an invasion would be greatly facilitated by the state of disaffection and semi-rebellion into which the once loyal Armenians have been driven by misrule and outrage. The Porte professes to look upon the disturbance at Erzeroum as of little importance and only of local significance. Yet 20,000 troops have just been ordered thither; and Russian agents are to be found among the leaders of the insurrection. Nor are affairs in Crete by any means adjusted. A serious complication of difficulties still exists relative to the collecting of the tithes among the refractory mountaineers. The changes brought about by Chakir Pacha last autumn with a view to righting traditional wrongs in the extortion of tithes have met with great disfavor among the Christians and Mahometan islanders. Strong objections were raised against the payment of tithes in cash. The provincial government referred the question to the Porte; and its decision was favorable to the popular demand, namely, that in accord with individual inclinations the tithes might be paid either in money or kind. The local authorities accordingly hoped that the decision of the Porte would meet with general acceptance, and that no further difficulties would arise. In this they were disappointed. A large number of tithe-payers—about 400—declared their determination to desist from paying tithes in future under any circumstances, and in order to escape the application of force on the part of the authorities withdrew to the Skafi Mountains, where they have formed into bands, depending on the exercise of their predatory propensities for a livelihood. Dschevad Pacha has taken energetic measures against the malcontents by commissioning Hassan Bey, the colonel of the gendarme force at Canea, at the head of 112 gendarmes, to proceed to Kiscamos and Omalos, and, in the event of an emergency, has placed a battalion of the Nizam Infantry under his command. Hassan Bey has the reputation of being a man not to be trifled with, and the recollection of his former successful exploits in other provinces of Turkey in subjugating formidable bands of banditti will, it is sanguinely believed, serve to intimidate the insurgents.

In the extreme west of the Empire the state of affairs is no less deplorable. In old Servia a Servian Consul is murdered in the street. In Macedonia robberies of all kinds are committed in the broad light of day, and robbers penetrate the Christian villages and levy head-taxes on the defenceless inhabitants. The few troops in Kossovo are no match for the brigands, and therefore fail to put an end to the disturbances. The Arnauts attack the native Slav population, who are believed to be incited to rebellion by Servian emissaries. In Macedonia, populated by countless heterogeneous nationalities, a veritable Sabbath of witches, under the auspices of divers agitators, has been established. Serbs and Rumanians, Bulgarians and Greeks, swarm, through their countless emissaries, the territory on both banks of the Wardar. The chief agitators are stirred up by Russia. It has now come to light that a secret diplomatic agency for the Balkan Peninsula has been organized in Bukharest, which is under the superintendence of M. Hitrovo, the Russian Minister, resident there. This agency is at work not only in Rumania, but in Bulgaria, Macedonia, Greece, and the other Balkan States. The fruits of their labors are ripening fast.

Meantime, Bulgaria is getting on well. To counteract the Russian propaganda in Macedonia, M. Stambuloff proposes to send some Bulgarian bishops and priests thither, who will be political agents in disguise. He has asked Turkey's permission to do so, and now awaits the answer, which is likely to be yes, despite the remonstrances and threats of Russia. The execution of the death-sentence on the traitor Panitza has undoubtedly done much to strengthen the Bulgarian Government, and to discourage further Russian conspiracies. There seems no doubt that instead of Prince Ferdinand abdicating, as the Russians say he will do, he will very soon be proclaimed King, and Bulgaria be proclaimed an independent nation. It is no secret that Prince Ferdinand has been both affectionately and acrimoniously urged by his French kinsmen of the House of Orleans to withdraw himself from Bulgaria. The Comte de Paris, having a political game to play in France where public opinion is strongly Russophil, feels hampered by his connection with a cousin who is to the Czar one of the most obnoxious of all living persons. Prince Ferdinand, however, has come to the conclusion that his French cousins have never done so much for him that he need trouble himself much about the imbroglios which they call their family policy. Prophecies are reckless. But it seems almost certain that before the year is out the world will hear of King Ferdinand of independent Bulgaria.

SAVED BY A CHECK-BOOK.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE SURVIVOR.

DISASTROUS EXPERIENCE OF A GREENHORN IN CLEARING A FLORIDA HOMESTEAD.

"I had been a clerk in a city store ever since I was old enough to work, and I was green. There is no doubt about that in my mind now, though I spurned the thought then. I had sold the stony little farm on the bleak Vermont hillside, which had come to me after my father had worried himself into his grave trying to get rich on it, and had landed in Florida, full of guide-book opinions of the balmy climate, the fertile soil, the clamoring market for sub-tropical fruits, and the ease with which they could be raised in that "land of the cypress and myrile."

"I took up a homestead on the long, narrow strip of land that divides the Atlantic Ocean from the Indian River. I did not go to see it before 'entering' for it at the Land Office, because I knew that was unnecessary. The guide-book said that strip was wonderfully fertile, salubrious and easy of access. I found a good many home-teads on it not yet occupied, and I wondered a little that a greater rush of settlers had not been made for it. However, I set this down to my own good luck in being so early in the field, and figured on selling off enough of the homestead in a year or two to pay for a fine house on what I retained for my own use.

"I reached the spot by sailboat from Titusville, at the head of the river, and was delighted to find that I had neighbors, not far away, to the north and also to the south. They were 'crackers.' That is the name which one native Floridian applies to other native Floridians whom he does not like. They had orange groves, to be sure, but they did not seem to be growing rich on their crops. This I attributed to their shiftless method of agriculture. Instead of clearing their land of the big pine trees that cumbered it, they merely girdled the trees, and left them standing, dead and bare; a constant menace to passers-by and to the young orange trees which were planted among their roots, as well as an eyesore on the landscape.

TACKLING PALMETTO ROOTS.

"I determined to cut my trees down, in the good old New-England fashion, clear the land thoroughly, and raise vegetables between the rows of orange trees till they were old enough to bear a golden harvest. First I set to work on the underbrush, and then came my first experience with palmetto roots. If there is one thing more exasperating than another to get out of the ground, it is a palmetto root. A palmetto as high as your waist, with a stem as thick as a baby's arm, will have a root as big around as a boy's leg and as long as the whole boy. This root runs along just under the surface of the ground, sending down a fringe of tough fibers into the subsoil, that holds it like the suckers of an octopus.

"But the most exasperating thing about it is that when you have dug down and got a fair hold on the thing, with your hands, if it's a little one; with your hoe (a big strong, heavy affair, made for the purpose), if it's a middle-sized one; and with a chain attached to a mule, if it's a big one; the pesky thing breaks off in joints about a foot or two long, at the first good pull; and you have to hitch on all over again.

"Well, by the time I had two acres of palmetto roots pulled out and a wilderness of big trees down on top of them, my back was almost broken, my ready money all gone and no prospect of a crop in sight. I had come down in the early fall and now it was about Christmas. The season had been a pretty dry one and the logs looked so full of sap that I thought they would burn, though too green to burn fast. So I set them on fire.

"That was the most disastrous fire I ever lit. I forgot that the sap of these trees was mostly resin. The way the flames crept along through that mass of underbrush and leaped up every resinous pine tree it met was terrific. I fought it as long as I could move a limb and then dropped, exhausted and despairing, and watched it roar off through the woods like an evil spirit that I had raised and was powerless to control. It was sundown when I gave up the fight and I could do nothing more that night. Too wrought to eat, I drank freely from my little store of whiskey and threw myself on my couch.

"The liquor and the exhaustion made me sleep far into the next day, and I was awakened a little after noon by loud knocks on my door. Opening it, I was confronted by five or six big, rough men, all armed with shotguns and with an unpleasant look on their faces. They strode into my cabin and shut the door behind them.

"'Stranger,' said the spokesman, gruffly, 'you have started a fire here in your darned Yankee ignorance of farmin', and all the good we've done is to burn the rawsun and the tar; got a lot of green trees, and now we've got a lot of black logs on our hands that are a deuced sight meaner to handle than ever. Yer deuced fire has spread into the groves of yer neighbors, where the dead trees were still a standin', and they have been burned to the ground, as anybody but a natural-born fool might 'a' knowed they would, and our orange trees is ruined with them. Such varmint as you isn't fit to live in this country. Say yer prayers, mister, for we're going to plant you before we go back.'

THE CHECK-BOOK DID IT.

"I was terribly frightened, for I could see they were in dead earnest. My teeth began to chatter, but a bright thought struck me. I had deposited some money in a bank at Jacksonville on my way down, and had a check-book with some blank checks left in it, though the money had all been drawn out long ago.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am clearing this place for a Northern syndicate, who are going to make extensive plantations here, and I can pay you on the spot for your losses, caused by my ignorance of Florida forests, and I assure you that such a thing will not happen again.' With this I whipped out my check-book, took up a pencil and prepared to write with as much show of confidence as I could muster under the circumstances.

"I had been pretty free with the five or six hundred dollars I had brought down with me and so the story of the Northern syndicate seemed to them to be likely enough. The word syndicate, anyway, seems to have an awe-inspiring power down there. The idea that a syndicate might be penniless seems preposterous. But it was the bank checks that overwhelmed them—checks on a real national bank were something they had heard of, but never handled before.

"You may be sure they swindled me awfully in making up the estimates of their losses, but I was not disposed to be pettifogging, merely making enough objection to allay possible suspicion. So I drew a check for each man, big enough to buy his whole farm five times over, and they went away laughing to themselves at my gullibility.

"As soon as they were out of sight, I packed into my boat all my outfit, set every stitch of sail and reached the nearest town by the next night, sold my outfit for enough to buy a ticket North and did not breathe freely till I felt myself well beyond the reach of those simple 'crackers,' whose groves I had ignorantly ruined, and in whose hands I knew my life would not be worth an hour's purchase when they discovered how I had escaped their just indignation."

REASON FOR PROTESTING.

From The Washington Post.

There is a story told of a young physician of this city who was connected at one time with the Emergency Hospital, which has caused many a smile at his expense. He had not long been stationed at the hospital when a woman was brought in suffering from a severe scalp wound. The blood was welling out in great jets and was fast dyeing her golden curls a rusty red, and the doctor was engaged in hastily clipping her hair, when his patient exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, don't!" Thinking he might have hurt her, he said, "Oh, never mind; that's all right." "No, it's not," responded the lady with some warmth, "for you are cutting my wig." And so he was.

EXCELLENT MAIL SERVICE IN GERMANY.

From The Lewiston Journal: foreign letter.

And by the way, an excellent feature of German mail service is its package delivery. The German mail yesterday brought me ten pounds of cherries from Hanover and ten pounds of writing material from Berlin—all for twenty-four cents, twelve cents on each package. And another service which I want to see more generally done by Uncle Sam in America is the daily rural mail service such as Germany has. Though I am seven miles from a railway a German official brings my mail twice daily, English and German daily papers, and so on. When our American country people, farmers and so on, can have free mail delivery daily at their own doors, they will read the daily papers, keep abreast of the prices current and the news, and the young people will be more contented because better informed. Then extend the package post to the country districts and see how easy it would be to have reading from circulating libraries and other conveniences from the city for a few pence. Nothing is more needed by American farmers than better mail facilities. Why don't the Farmers' Alliance, the Grange and the general public insist on more for the country mail?

"OLD DOG HOOD."

NEWFOUNDLAND "SILERS" OFF FOR THE ICE.

HOW THE "WHITE-COATS" ARE CAPTURED UNDER THE GLEAMS AND GLANCES OF FLICKERING AURORAS ON "THE LABRADOR"—WILD ADVENTURES ON DRIFTING PANS AND PLUNGING HUMMOCKS.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

St. John's, Newfoundland, July 8.

Not until a Newfoundland boy has been on a "swile-hunt" can he be said to have attained his majority. He may be allowed to vote, and to get married, but no native Newfoundlander who wishes to enjoy the public confidence will fail to win the distinction which comes from braving the perils of the Labrador ice. This is a peculiar glory, and it is as keenly enjoyed by those who achieve it as ever the Olympic laurel was by a Grecian athlete. The sealing industry is of great value to Newfoundland. For nearly a century its proceeds have amounted annually to more than $1,000,000, a sum well worth while to a little colony of only 180,000 people.

The Atlantic seal is a very different creature from the noble and intelligent animal over which the United States and Great Britain are now so carnestly contending. Our seal, the Pribilof seal, is prized for his soft and heavy fur. But "old dog hood" and his cousin, the "harp," are not fur-seal at all. Their coat, except during the first six months of their lives, is composed of stiff, rough hair. It possesses no commercial value whatever. The skin is useful, and more useful still is the thick layer of fat beneath the skin. Shoes, harness, leather legs, purses and portmanteaus are produced from the hides, and one of the most valuable commercial oils is extracted from the fat. Fortunately the "swile-hunt" begins and ends before the coalin appears, and consequently before the codfishery opens, so that both can be pursued by practically the same body of men with any sacrifice of resources. The great effort of the hunters is to capture the very young seal, those that have been born only a few weeks before. During the winter the seal live on the Grand Banks, where they enjoy an abundant food supply. Early in January they start north to meet the Arctic ice, which in vast "pans" or islands, is being borne southward by the swift Labrador current. They do not land at all. They select the smallest and largest islands, and there give birth to their young.

The ice is drifting in vast fields, thousands of square miles in area, toward the Labrador coast. It is in this latitude that the sealers meet it and enter upon their perilous adventure. In the old days when sailing vessels were employed the start from St. John's was made on March 1. In no maritime service has steam more completely overmastered the earlier devices than in battling with the ice on a seal-hunt. The great danger lies in having both wind and current adverse and perverse, and then a sailing vessel is helpless. She can neither accomplish her mission nor defend herself against the fearful movements of the icy monsters around her. But the heavy timbers and powerful engines of the steam fleet are competent in all probable emergencies, and they have gradually usurped the place of the schooner. This change has rendered legislation necessary to save the seal from extermination. The steamers were able to carry such large crews and to hold such heavy cargoes, and to make so many trips to the ice in a season, that the Newfoundland Parliament has been forced to provide regulations for the sealers. No steamer is now permitted to start before March 25, nor to make more than one trip. The excellent results of these laws are clearly observable in the increase of the seal herd, which a few years ago had become ominously small.

St. John's bustles with activity in the week before the hunt begins. The streets are crowded with men from the "outports," looking for "a berth for the ice." They carry a roll of bedding, a long heavy stick, which they call their "gaff," and a long, sharp knife. They are as warmly clad as their financial position permits. A single suit of clothes is all they require, as it stays on their backs without change until they return. This and the butchery they engage in do not contribute to their lovely appearance as they disembark. The windward side of them is much the pleasanter to occupy. The hunt is conducted on shares. It is a pure speculation. If it is successful the men come off with snug little fortunes to their credit. But if they do not happen to hit the breeding grounds, and there are some failures every year, the experience is both painful and unprofitable. The "fo'c's'le" of a "siler" presents a sorry spectacle. No one who entertains a prejudice in favor of cleanliness can afford to go near one. However decent it may be when the ship clears, it is dreadful enough when she returns. Overrun with vermin, reeking with blood, greasy and malodorous, it is more fit for the occupation of jackals than of men. But the seal-hunter does not seem to mind it, and the content with which he slumbers on a mound of bloody skin and fat strikingly illustrates the adaptability of the human animal to his surroundings. The men live chiefly on biscuit and tea sweetened with molasses. This does not seem a nourishing diet, and yet they all return with muscles of iron and frames as stout as the timbers in their ships.

It only takes two or three days to reach the floating ice. And then the question is where to find the seal. Their position the year before is no criterion to go by. They are wherever the ice is best and safest, and the ice moves in obedience to the laws of current, wind and storm. It may be to-morrow a hundred miles from where it is to-day. The sealers take great chances, therefore, if they fail to enter upon their work of slaughter so soon as they catch sight of their victims. This is a consideration of so much importance that the men are apt to inquire before they ship concerning the religious convictions of their sailing-masters. They do not like to go out under the authority of a captain who objects to working on Sunday. The Newfoundlanders are an exceedingly religious people, and the question how far they are entitled to follow up a sealing opportunity on the Sabbath day has held a conspicuous place in the theological discussions of the island's clergy. One reverend gentleman prayed himself into great popularity a few years ago by interceding with the Almighty in behalf of Sunday sealing. On the Sunday before March 22 a service is held in every church for the special benefit of the sealers who are about to take their departure. This eminent divine, in invoking a Providential blessing on the hunt, took occasion to remind the Lord that it would not be the fault of the men if they stumbled upon the seal on the Holy Sabbath day. He suggested that they ought in mercy to be delivered from the temptation which such an incident would be sure to give rise to, and then he urged that if, in the wisdom of the Lord, the seal were to be overtaken upon the sacred day, and if the men, forgetful of their duty, and heedful only of the hungry mouths at home, should fall into error, it might not be treasured against them in their Heavenly accounts. This prayer went to the hearts of the "silers" and they voted its maker a just and worthy man.

Consternation seizes the seal so soon as they catch sight of their human foes. This is apt to be a considerable while before the men catch sight of the seal. In fact, the chorus of fear which is borne by the wind into the hunters' ears, is one of the first signs that they are approaching a "seal patch." Soon, however, the black spots on the ice appear in the distance, and the ship is thrown at once into the wildest confusion. Crattily, like a cat charging a bird, she moves through the ice-field, creeping along until it is plain that the men can safely reach their prey. Then she lays to, and at once a swarm of hunters, two or three hundred of them, spring upon the ice, and, with gaff and knife, they rush at the "white-coats." The shouts of the men, the low but never-ceasing grinding of the ice, like distant thunder rumbling in the sky, the infuriated roars of the mother seal, and the terrified, pitiful cries of their cubs, for all the world like the sobbing of a child in distress, produce a confusion of sounds that is dreadful to hear.

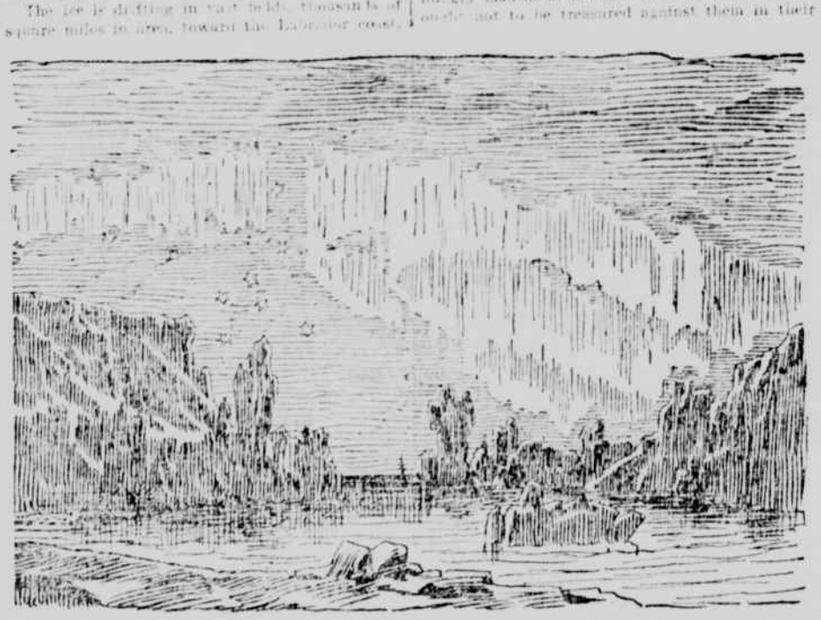
It is the young seal, the cub, that was born only from three to six weeks before, that the hunters are after. The skin is then in its finest condition. The coat is white and almost fur-like, and the heavy lining of fat directly under the skin by which the carcass is protected against the cold, contains its greatest percentage of oil. A single blow with the gaff on the "white-coat's" nose is enough to stun, and often to kill, him. That delivered, the hunter whips out his knife and in another second the skin and fat are stripped away and the poor little creature's carcass is left steaming, bleeding and quivering on the ice. The skin, after it has been taken off is called "the pelt." The process by which it has been acquired is known as "sculping," undoubtedly a corruption of scalping. The pelt of a white-coat in his best condition is about three feet long, nearly as wide, and it weighs about forty pounds. When the hunter has got five or six pelts he strings them together and drags them over the ice to the ship. It is not unusual for a vessel to accomplish in a single day all that it has come so far to do. From 30,000 to 100,000 seal are often found in a single "patch," and so quickly can the hunters work that they often load to the gunwales within ten hours.

This, of course, is a lucky, though not an unusual voyage. But in the chance of getting it a thousand risks are run. The chief of these is stormy weather. Nothing more fearful can be imagined than the action of the ice under the influence of raging winds and raging seas. Vast islands of ice, hundreds of square miles in area, are lifted on the crests of mighty waves and dashed against each other, breaking into a thousand blocks with a roar that would drown the voice of ten Niagaras. Shooting this way and that, they are often piled upon one another in a colossal and fantastic monument, more huge and grand and weird than any castle of old, lingering thus for a moment, and then sent by the impulse of another wave crashing into an iceberg or spinning across the glacial sea into the mists beyond. Resistance to such forces as these is utterly impossible. Many a noble ship has been ground into splinters between the ice or sent in an instant to the bottom by a blow from one of these dreadful batteries. The escapes of sailors in such perils are often incredible. Sometimes in the worst storm by skilful navigation or good luck, or both, they contrive to keep afloat. But often they are forced to the desperate expedient of abandoning the ship and taking to the ice. The chances, of course, are all against them, but it has occasionally happened that by springing from "pan" to "pan" they have contrived to reach land. The ordinary stories of the perils of the sea, shipwreck, famine or fire, are tame indeed compared with the stories these seal-hunters can tell of their experiences "on the Labrador."

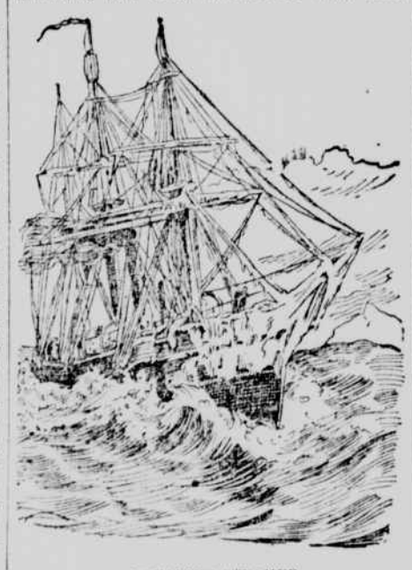
Scarcely less interesting, if less animated, are their tales of the ice-fields when gentler influences prevail. To hear them describe, in their odd dialect, the scene produced by a mellow moon or a flickering aurora as they lighten the icy wilderness with a gentle glow or a wild, gleaming radiance, is to see in one's mind a picture of majestic beauty or startling grandeur. If a moonlight on the sea or on the placid bosom of an inland lake is so grateful, think what it must be on a limitless expanse of moving, shapeless ice! There are meadows of silver stretching into space. There and there, and there, cathedrals, modelled by sprites and builded by giants, with golden domes and spires, from which the yellow light unceasingly flashes as though they had been cut from one vast topaz. Off in the distance runs a line of blue water leading into the worlds that may not be seen—a way for spectres! All around are shapes that one would rather not personify, but about which the imagination lingers helplessly. Dwarfs they seem to be, and goblins, centaurs, and hideous gnomes, now shrouded in mysterious cloaks, now decked out in the wildest finery with shoulder-knots and plumes and garments spangled with light, embroidered, embossed, emblazoned. The moonlight flowing over these strange appearances, ever changes their form, and the restless water gives them motion, two attributes that seem to claim for them many others. These scenes are even more remarkable when the yellow and red aurora blazes its fierce radiance among them, creating colors and shadows so bright and so dark that one finds it difficult to believe his senses and to realize that the element of design is wanting from such an extravagant display.

L. E. Q.

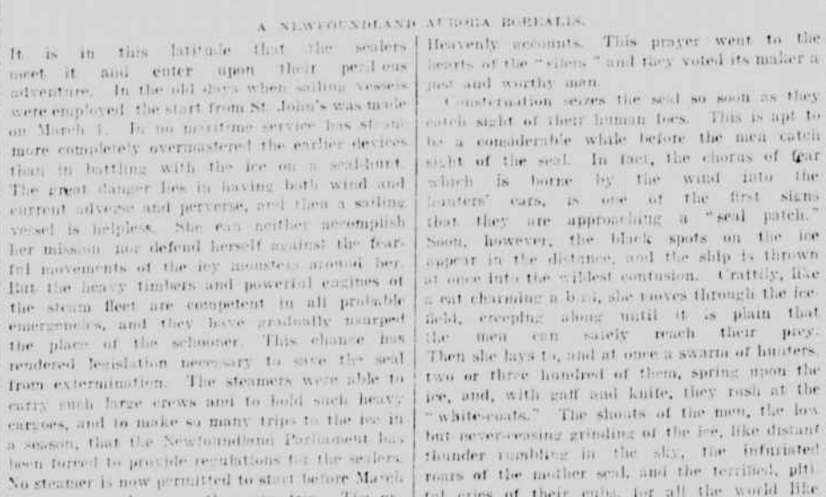
SEAL HUNTERS AT WORK ON THE ICE.



A NEWFOUNDLAND AURORA BOREALIS.



A SEALING STEAMER.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.

WHY HE COULDN'T MAKE THE ARREST.

HE WAS A POPULAR CONSTABLE AND WOULD NOT INJURE HIS REPUTATION.

"Am I the constable? Well, yes, but why do you want to know? An arrest? Umph! that's a serious matter. Now, see here. If you can avoid making an arrest you'd better do it. People in this village don't like to be arrested. You see, it makes me unpopular, and I was made constable because I was popular. Making arrests hurts my political future."

"But I caught this man in my house helping himself to whatever was handy," said the helpless city man who had moved into the country.

"Well, take my advice; don't arrest him. Who was he?"

"His name is Stillman—Bob Stillman, they call him."

"Don't arrest him."

"But I will."

"He's the toughest man in this village. He runs the town."

"I don't care."

"But if you do he'll break your windows and throw stones at you."

"Then I'll have him arrested again."

"See here," said the constable, earnestly, "I don't want to arrest that man."

"You must."

"say," he said, appealingly, "the last time I tried to arrest him he broke my nose and threatened to lick me more the next time he saw me. Can't you fix it up some way?"

"Can't do it."

"But I can't arrest him. He can lick me."

"Aren't you a constable?"

"Of course, I'm the constable of this village," with great dignity, "but do you think that I want to get everybody down on me?"

"What's a constable for if he can't arrest ruffians and breakers of the peace?"

"What's a constable for?" he repeated, scornfully. "Don't you know? Do you suppose that I don't know the dignity of my position? I was elected by this village to protect their property and lives."

"Why don't you do it, then?"

"You aren't reasonable. If you just think a moment you will see the position I am in."

"Don't you ever make any arrests?"

"Not many," doubtfully.

"How do you make a living, then? Where do you get your fees?"

"Oh, being constable ain't my regular occupation. I'm a whitewasher."

"Are you the only constable in the place?"

"Certainly, sir. I don't need any assistance. I understand my duties perfectly. I am the best constable the village ever had."

"Well, you must arrest that man."

"I tell you it's a great mistake. He's a terror, he is. Besides, I have a terrible headache. Won't next week do just as well?"

"No."

"Besides I can't arrest a man unless I have a warrant. It ain't fair, you know. People would get mad at me."

"I'll get a warrant, then. Where's a justice of the peace?"

"Oh, he's out of town."

"Where?"

"He's away on his vacation. He won't be back for some time."

"Who is taking care of this town anyway?"

"I am, sir. Haven't I explained that I was the constable?"

"But you won't arrest a thief."

"Now, look here, Mister. Haven't you any intelligence at all? Can't you see that if I try to arrest Stillman he won't vote for me next year? It seems to me that that is plain enough. Be reasonable about it. A constable must look ahead just like any other man. Why, sir, I ought to be Councilman if I make a good record. Do you think it's fair to ask me to sacrifice my future? Do you want me to run the risk of getting licked for a fee of $3? It's an honor to be constable now, but do you suppose that if I made myself unpopular the people would show their confidence in me by re-electing me? Ain't that reasonable?"

Perhaps it was, but at any rate the city man turned and went home.

BOUND TO PAY A COMPLIMENT.

From The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

While at the races last week Mr. Guest, the well-known turfman of Kentucky, remarked: "Do you know what this sands spot in here reminds me of? It reminds me of a fellow's farm that I saw once down in Kentucky. It was a terrible sandy place, and so poor that you couldn't raise a disturbance on the place. I stopped there one day, and, of course, I wanted to say something complimentary about the place, so I said to him, 'Colonel, I declare you have got the finest place I ever saw to scour knives.'"

CRICKET AT HOME.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PLAYERS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

London, July 23.

While the unhappy baseball war divides the athletic world of America into two hostile camps, the national game of England bowls merrily along, more popular than ever before. The recent exhibition of baseball by American players here undoubtedly aroused much interest in that game, and has even led to the formation of a few "nines." But for obvious reasons there is not the faintest possibility of baseball ever rivalling the popularity of cricket, or even approximating to it, any more than of cricket supplanting baseball in America. The superb new pavilion at Lord's is, I suppose, the finest "grand stand" in the world. It is more than a mere pile of seats. It is a handsome and substantial structure of stone, four stories high; a complete club-house for social and athletic purposes; and with thousands of well-arranged seats at the side and on the roof. And thither greater and more distinguished throngs than ever before are repairing this year, to see the matches between the favorite clubs.

The most eminent English cricketer of the present generation is, of course, William Grace, M. D. He is also notable among players by the fact that he is the only English cricketer of prominence who wears full whiskers and a flowing beard. The others almost universally wear only mustaches, or are smooth faced. A few add tiny side-whiskers, reaching to the bottom of the ear, or a little bit of goatee under the lower lip. Burton, of Middlesex, has full whiskers, but clipped so close as to be scarcely distinguishable. But the gigantic Dr. Grace alone has his face adorned with a patriarchal beard that hangs in wavy masses almost to his waistband. Gigantic he is both in skill and in stature. He is, I should say, considerably above six feet in height and 250 pounds in weight; yet as nimble as a fairy. Now, at forty-three years old, with twenty-five years of playing behind him, he still holds unchallenged the championship that has popularly been awarded to him since sixteen years ago.

Dr. Grace really seems to have been born a cricketer. Even while a lad he sprang into the front rank. In the week in which he completed his sixteenth year he scored 170 runs and 56 not outs for South Wales against the Gentlemen of Sussex, and that year his average in first-class matches was fifty-seven for each innings.

At seventeen he was chosen to play for the Gentlemen of All England against Surrey, and in the following season he made 224, not out, for England against Surrey, and 173 for the Gentlemen against the Players of the South. In a famous contest in 1871 he completed thirty-five innings, and scored a total of 2,739 runs, an average of 78. It is generally considered, however, that the year 1876 saw him at the height of his career. He made 400, not out, for the United South against Twenty-two of Grimsby and the District, and in three successive innings completed the enormous total of 839 runs, and was once not out. Starting with 344 for the Marylebone Club against Kent, on Friday and Saturday, he scored 177 for his county against Nottinghamshire on the following Monday, and 318, not out, against Yorkshire on the Thursday and Friday. In the great series of games between the "Gentlemen" and the "Players," or, as Americans would say, between amateurs and professionals, he on eleven occasions played innings of three figures; he alone exceeded 200 runs in a single attempt, and three times made over 100 in each of two meetings at Lord's and the Oval. The distance at which he stands from other players, past and present, is sufficiently proved by the fact that nobody else has played more than two innings of 100 each for the Gentlemen or the Players. If further proof were needed, it would be found in the unprecedented performances of Mr. Grace in three times playing two innings of three figures each in a single match. Add to all this brilliancy in fielding and his ability as a bowler and his claim to rank as the most remarkable all-round cricketer of any age must be absolutely unquestioned. The younger generation of players admire and applaud him; but they can hardly understand the terror he excited among opponents when approaching the height of his fame. Within a few years he completely revolutionized cricket. He was largely instrumental in overthrowing champion counties; he deprived the Players of the superiority which for years they had enjoyed over the Gentlemen; mainly through his efforts the representatives of the South were enabled to triumph over the North; and, with his famous brothers, he raised Gloucestershire from insignificance to the foremost position in the cricket world.

The story is told that as Dr. Grace and "Johnny" Briggs were walking out from the pavilion at Lord's one day to take their stand at the wickets, a small child remarked to its father, "Pa, who's that big man?" "That's Dr. Grace, my dear," answered the fond parent. "And who is the little man?" continued the infant. "Oh, that's Briggs." "And is Briggs Dr. Grace's baby?" said the youthful inquirer. "Johnny" Briggs is physically as near a dwarf as Dr. Grace is near a giant. But after Dr. Grace he is one of the foremost cricketers of England. He is a quiet-looking little man, with a round, chubby face and a little bit of a mustache. But his slow, left-hand bowling abounds in the most effective "curves," as a baseball crank would say, and he is a brilliant and powerful batsman. But the finest professional batsman in England is Shrewsbury, of the Nottingham Club. His style is most finished, and there is no one who is so sure for runs as he. Gunn, of Nottingham, is the next best batsman and perhaps the best fielder in England.

A FEMALE BULL-FIGHTER.

From The London Globe.

The heroine of the hour just now in Lisbon is a German girl, Fraulein Johanna Maestrick. Fraulein Maestrick was born near Berlin, but went with her parents as a child to Portugal. When she was seventeen an impressario, struck with her size and beauty, offered to train her as a female bull fighter. The agent sent his pupil, who is not yet twenty, to compete at the show of female beauty which took place this spring at Lisbon, where she carried off the first prize. The advertisement proved an excellent one, for ever since the impressario has been bombarded with letters from persons of all classes, wishing to know when the beautiful "Torera" is to make her debut.

She has not yet appeared in an arena, but last week she came out in a trial fight at Oporto. A huge crowd collected to see the unusual sight. The young lady quickly laid two bulls in the sand, and rode off followed by a band of music, amid thunders of applause. Crowds of people collected before the windows of the hotel at which the "torera" was staying, and far into the night she was obliged to appear on the balcony in response to their calls for her.

SUBURBAN ARCHITECTURE.

From The Hartford Courant.

The reign of the square-box house is over, and beauty as well as utility is considered in building the most unpretending dwelling. Perhaps a milder theological regime has something to do with this abandonment of the four-roomed, attic and lean-to New England home, where grim religion was preached in the best parlor, and people sat Sunday afternoons on slippery hair-cloth sofas, and read Allen's "Alarm." The man of small means no longer confines himself with getting the most room for his money when he builds his house. He wants it pretty and attractive. The danger is that in trying to put the decoration upon it he considers essential to its proper appearance, he gets all ornament and nowhere to eat and sleep. All around Hartford and other New-England towns are a multitude of little, new suburban homes, costing from $800 to $1,800, and one may count on his fingers those that do not boast a bay window, a tower or two, rounded bases, Ionic columns, a cupola or a tiny upper porch too small for the youngest baby to take his airing on, while shingles are turned up-side down, and, of course, painted in contrasting colors. We are far from deprecating the reaction in favor of beauty instead of ugliness in building one's home, but common sense should be exercised in this breaking out into aestheticism. A tower should be a point of observation, a porch a place to walk and sit upon, Ionic columns should support a certain character of building. The advantage of a plain, square house is that it may be added to as necessity suggests, while these little cut-up affairs have come to stay, and there is nothing to do about them when the family grows too large but to pull them down. It is true that so sensible and practical a statesman as Thomas Jefferson built his house with such generous verandas that there was no space in the bedrooms to put a bed. So he was forced, after Monticello was completed, to knock out the upper windows, hoist up those useful articles by pulleys, and after they had arrived on the second story, to build out side-wall excrescences in which they were placed. But this is the kind of bay-window we quote as a warning, not as an example, to the New England house-builder. An ornamental tower overlooking the man in his shirt-sleeves eating his supper in the back-yard is an inconsistency we cannot countenance.

THEIR COMPLACENCY IN MODERN ATHENS.

From The Boston Herald.

A smile as big as a barn door adorns the Boston countenance when it reads of the social aspirations of some of the people who have gone to London this season. It appears to the self-assured Bostonian that society in that vast town is nothing if not democratic, and he no longer wonders at the attraction it possesses, when everybody who isn't anybody succeeds without difficulty in getting in there.