MELROSE ABBEY.

The Gothic Ruin that Scott Loved.

EDINBURGH, July 14.—The etymology of the names of celebrated places is always interesting, but often dreadfully disappointing. This is especially true in Scotland, where the most absurd etymologies are glibly assigned to almost every name one hears. The monosyllabic Gaelic, with its numerous meanings attached to one and the same sound, facilitates the most daring ventures. Melrose, they say, is a compound of *mail*, bare, and *ros*, a promontory; but, as the surroundings of the abbey are neither bare nor precipitous, this etymology may safely be set aside. A more fertile spot, with verdure fed by perpetual moisture, could hardly be found. The banks and the braes exhale the odor of the sweetbrier and the wild rose, which are so abundant that they cover every nook and corner of the ruins up to the topmost portions of the roof and the tower. Add to this that the self-same Gaelic supplies the forms *meal*, *mol* in the sense of multitude or number, and that *rose*, or *ros*, is simply a rose, and one gathers the meaning "bedecked with roses," which is corroborated by the ancient shield of the town of Melrose, which displays a *rose* and the scutcheon of the Earls of Melrose, charged with three *roses* gu.

Seated upon a stone, smoothed on the top, at the corner of a heap of fragments, the favorite seat of Sir Walter Scott, and facing the chancel, I gazed upon the beautiful east window, of which the poet gave this description:

> The moon on the east oriel shone
> Through slender shafts of stately stone,
> By foliaged tracery combined;
> Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
> 'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

It is an exquisite piece of workmanship, and a sample of the skill and taste which love here consecrated to religion. The rough masonry was possibly the work of common mechanics, but the artistic decoration and garniture of fair Melrose, from floor to ceiling, within and without, is due to the gifted chisels of a generation of Cistercian Brothers, who studied nature and transcribed her beauties in stone.

The whole of the *flora* of Scotland lives here to this day in true and exquisite forms. Mr. Lockhart does not exaggerate when he writes: "There is one cloister in particular, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants entirely unrivalled, to my mind, by anything elsewhere extant—I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever. Roses and lilies and thistles and ferns and heaths in all their varieties, and oak leaves and ash leaves and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiselled with such imitable truth and such a grace of nature that the finest botanist in the world could not desire a better *hortus siccus*, so far as they go."

But this pure and true Gothic fairy structure, so light, so airy, so delicate in detail, so majestic and elevating in effect, is not confined to floral poetry in stone; it abounds in touching symbols, some more readily interpreted than others.

On the west side of the central pillar in the north transept, slightly above the foliated capital, there is a bracket supporting the groins of the roof in the shape of a left hand lightly grasping a bunch of flowers. Is it the hand nearest the heart offering the bloom and beauty and the fragrance of a virtuous and holy life to the Lord and giver thereof?

Underneath that spot repose the ashes of the unknown dead. Whose hand is meant we cannot tell, but five hundred years have neither impaired the beauty of its form nor the eloquence of its expression.

In the lofty wall of the north transept is a small, round window in perfect preservation. It is said to represent the "crown of thorns."

The south window of the chancel is of the most airy, fairy execution conceivable. Three crosses are the result of a perfectly simple and true arrangement of the tracery, and symbolize the story of Calvary.

The highest things and themes celestial fill the upper portions of the walls, and in the centre stone of the roof, in the passage through the rood screen, is carved the face of the "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief."

A gallery lighting the sacristy, or sacristy windows ran round the entire church, and portions of the bases of the balustrade still disclose the carved representations of the angelic choir.

Looking from Sir Walter's favorite point of view toward the east window of the chancel, the centre of the whole is marked as the resting place of the "heart of Robert, the Bruce." About a month before his death the heroic Robert wrote to his son and commanded him to bury his heart in Melrose Abbey, but he changed his mind, and directed it to be buried in the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. Upon his death his heart was embalmed and delivered to Sir James Douglass, who set out with a numerous retinue to accomplish the mission. In Spain the Saracens disputed his progress, and in an engagement he fell mortally wounded. The body with the sacred heart was recovered and taken to Scotland, and the heart of Bruce, agreeably with the first wish of the King, was interred under the high altar of Melrose Abbey.

Between the chancel and St. Bridget's Chapel is the grave of Michael Scott, the famous wizard. Readers of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" will recall the weird midnight scene which represents the monk and William of Deloraine in opening the grave and taking from the dead man's hand

> the mighty Book,
> With iron clasped, and with iron tooled.

Of Michael himself it is certain that he had acquired great celebrity from his experiments in natural philosophy, which in a superstitious and ignorant age were regarded as tokens of supernatural and magical powers. Thus the legend speaks of him as

> A wizard of such dreaded fame,
> That when, in Salamanca's cave,
> Him itsled his magic wand to wave,
> The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
> Some of his skill he taught to me;
> And, warrior, I could say to thee
> The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
> And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.

At the foot of the grave is a figure, the head of which is one of the old bosses. It has a weird, uncanny look, produced by some one having cut the profile into the eyes, and credulous people believe that it represents the famous wizard whose name is mentioned by Dante in the "Inferno."

According to Camden, Michael was a monk of Holme Cultram, in Northumberland, who flourished about A. D. 1290, and a ponderous tome, reputed to be his famous book, was examined by Satchells, in A. D. 1629, at Burghmuir-Bowness.

An examination of the beautiful ruin of Melrose Abbey affords one of the most lively illustrations of the singular accuracy of Sir Walter's delineations. Every adjective in his description is the result of close study and minute observation. Phrases like the "pillared arches" and the pillars, like "bundles of lances which garlands have bound;" the "still clenched postern door;" "the keystone that locked each ribbed aisle, was a fleur-de-lys, or a quarter-feuille," and

> "the tombstone's gray,
> Which girdle round the fair abbaye"

must have been composed on the spot, or at least inspired by their appearance in the pale moonlight which silvered the scene, and the fitful, mystic flashes of the northern aurora, in which the superstitious monk of the thirteenth century saw the spirit world alive:

> He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
> That spirits were riding the northern light.

In search of the best outside view of the Abbey, in the southeast corner of the church yards, my attention was called to a small red tombstone with the following ancient and striking inscription:

> The earth goeth on the earth,
> Glittering like gold;
> The earth goeth to the earth
> Sooner than it would.
> The earth builds on the earth
> Castles and towers;
> The earth says to the earth,
> All shall be ours.

Not far from this red tombstone stands one much larger with the following inscriptions on the west side of the stone:

> In grateful remembrance
> Of the faithful and attached services
> Of twenty-two years;
> And in sorrow
> For the loss of a humble
> But sincere friend,
> This stone was erected
> By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,
> of Abbotsford.

On the east side:

> Here lies the body of
> THOMAS PURDIE,
> Wood forester at Abbotsford,
> Who died 26th October, 1829,
> Aged sixty-two years.
> Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.—Matthew, chap. xxv., v. 21st.

Besides those already mentioned, Melrose Abbey gave its chancel as burying places to Alexander II., to William Douglas, the dark knight of Liddesdale, known as the Flower of Chivalry, and to James, Earl Douglas, slain by Hotspur, that is, the Earl of Percy, at the battle of Otterburne. The whole of the interior of the abbey has been used for purposes of sepulture from a very early period. Many generations of the dead of the same lineage lie here in holy ground. Washington Irving admired an inscription in the north aisle, reading thus:

> Heir is the race
> Of ye Hous of Lair.

and on the opposite side is the burial place of the Kerrs of Yair, which is now used by the Seton-Carrs of Kipriliaw. The earliest inscription on tombstones belonging to them bears date of Feb. 3, 1697, and the latest Nov. 30, 1884.

David I. founded the Abbey in A. D. 1136, which was granted by royal charter to the Cistertian order of Benedictine monks. It was the mother church to all establishments of the same order throughout Scotland. The original building was destroyed in 1322, but the new church, whose ruins proclaim its former magnificence, and delight by their beauty the eyes of all beholders, was begun to be built in 1336, but none can tell when it was finished, for it is doubtful if it was ever finished at all. In 1384 the chancel was destroyed by the English under Richard II.; it is said that the King lodged one night in the Abbey and set it on fire in the morning. Subsequent grants of his render it probable that he repented the sacrilegious act.

The monastery at Melrose was again destroyed in 1545; it is said that the English on their retreat had passed Melrose and Dryburgh, when the inmates of one of the monasteries rang the bells in token of their joy at the departure of the unwelcome visitors. It would have been wiser and better had they waited a little longer, for the tell-tale bells were heard by the English, who forthwith returned and turned the joy of the monks into mourning.

The Reformation gave the death blow to Melrose. James Douglas, commendator, took down part of the church to build a house, which may still be seen north of the cloisters. All the statues were demolished in 1649 except those of St. Peter and St. Paul, high on the west wall of the transept, which have escaped the iconoclastic zeal of the destroyers, are in a good state of preservation, and cause one to rejoice in the advent of a better day, fully as religious, but happily less bigoted than that in which the fairest and most beautiful fabrics of human skill were ruthlessly battered down in the delusion that such work was pleasing to God or conducive to the spirituality of mankind. Melrose Abbey has been the magic quarry, and there is not an old house in the village but contains in its walls stones taken from the abbey.

The present noble owners of the abbey have stayed the hand of destruction and taken great pains for the preservation of this beautiful ruin of one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture extant. J. I. MONBERT.

HOW KING KALAKAUA LIVES.

A Monarch Mercenary and Unmindful of the Interests of his Subjects.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

David Kalakaua has now been on the throne of the Hawaiian kingdom for twelve years. Previous to his elevation to the throne he was a boatman in the harbor of Honolulu, and used to pick up some money at night by playing the banjo in one of the water-front dives. He is superbly built native, but like most of the Kanakas he has no regard for principle, is profoundly selfish, and hopelessly given up to gross vices. He had a strain of the old Kamehameha blood in his veins, however, and when, in 1874, an election was held, under the force of what is called a constitutional monarchy, Kalakaua was picked up out of the gutter, and was run by the strong American missionary party in opposition to Queen Emma, who showed great partiality for the Church of England. Kalakaua's friends were the better politicians, and they were successful. For two or three years the change did him good, and he behaved well, living economically, and taking a watchful interest in the welfare of his people.

With proper advisers Kalakaua might have remained a model monarch, but he suffered from the influence of evil counsellors—adventurers who took office under him merely to further their private ends, and who suggested many ways of raising money which would illegally divert the public funds into his own pocket. One of his early attempts was to seize the fees which reverted to the crown for certain duties performed by officers of the Interior Department. He was greatly incensed when the honest head of this department refused to deliver up these fees, and declared that they were public moneys. The King has been liberally provided for, as well as most of his family, yet he is always in straits for cash. He is given $50,000 every two years for the privy purse, $20,000 a year for palace expenses, $10,000 for the Queen, and a like sum for Mrs. John Dominis, the King's sister, and the wife of the Governor of Oahu and Maui, the Governor himself receiving $7,200. Another sister of the King, Mrs. Archie Cleghorn, receives $12,000, and her daughter $5,000. In addition to these several princely allowances—for it must be remembered that the annual expenses of a native are not more than $50, as he lives mainly on poi and raw fish—the King was allowed $18,000 by the Legislature for the palace stables. This sum he used to build a private race track, stock it with horses and racing hacks, which he hired out to be run in opposition to the regular carriage companies in Honolulu. Besides all these sources of revenue the King receives a yearly rental of not less than $100,000 from the crown lands, which comprise some of the best sugar estates on the islands. The opposition party in the Legislature has tried for years to compel the King to disclose the exact sum which he receives from the crown lands, but without success.

With all this money Kalakaua is perennially in debt. He threw away $20,000 on a trip around the world he brought in a bill for $22,500, which was paid with some grumbling by the Legislature. When the coronation was projected an allowance of $10,000 was made, with the provision that if this sum was exceeded it should come out of the King's privy purse. The English coronation ceremonies cost $40,000, and the sum had to be paid, as the privy purse was empty and the King himself so deeply in debt that, for the credit of the country, the Legislature voted him $20,000 to satisfy the most pressing of his creditors. What becomes of the large sums received by Kalakaua is a mystery which no one has yet solved. He has no more idea of the value of money than had Ludwig of Bavaria. He has few expensive tastes, but he has one strong passion, which, freely indulged, drains him of all his coin. This is gambling. The Hawaiians are as fond of games of chance as the North American Indian, and the King is said to be no mean hand at our great national game of poker.

Apropos of his gambling exploits a good story is told of the minstrel, Billy Emerson, who recently spent a season in the islands on his way back here from the Australian colonies. Emerson is one of the noted poker players of the coast, and, being a jolly good fellow, the King invited him to the palace, where the two were soon deep in the mysteries of the game. How much the minstrel won is not known, but the nature of one game may be gained from Emerson's account of it the next night at the theatre in Honolulu. As "end man" he asked the conundrum, "When will three aces beat four kings at poker?" and he explained that he held the aces while the King had against him were the king of spades, the king of clubs, the king of hearts, and—King Kalakaua. This climax brought down the house, the King, who was in a box, laughing heartily at the joke. Like all gamblers, the King is generous to his favorites, but very mean to his creditors. It is notorious in Honolulu that a bill against the King is difficult to collect. How the ingenious merchant pays his debts is shown by this experience of an American merchant, who finally worried Kalakaua into paying him. He went to the palace on the appointed day and found that the King had several bills made out on Government blanks and charged up to different departments, while a small portion of the account was charged to himself.

The native population is rapidly dwindling away. Thirty years has seen it cut down one-half. In 1850, which is the first year in which any accurate census was taken, the native population is given at 91,453. It has since regularly decreased, until, in 1884, the census showed only 40,014 natives. The half-castes, who numbered only 750 in 1850, had increased to 4,218, while the Chinese, who were represented by only 300 coolies thirty-six years ago, in 1884 numbered 17,939. Of these only 871 were women. This last census gives 9,377 Portuguese on the island, 2,066 Americans, 1,282 British, 1,600 Germans, 192 French, and 1,850 other foreigners. The chief vice which has swept off the natives needs not to be mentioned. Tobacco did much to stay the ravages of this disease by their strict enforcement of the law against the sale of liquor, but the King, ever on the alert for an opportunity to coin money out of the misery of his people, secured, about four years ago, the repeal of the law against the sale of intoxicants to natives. The result has been deplorable. The tendency of the people toward drunkenness has received a geat impulse, and under the present conditions the next decade will see the native Hawaiians reduced to a beggarly 10,000 or 15,000.

Of the horrors of leprosy, which plays no insignificant part in the ruin of the native race, no one perhaps can get any adequate conception from mere description. I have seen in this city Chinese lepers so loathsome, so unspeakably hideous and inhuman, that their presence taunt one's dreams for weeks. Dr. G. L. Fitch, who served for five years as head of the Leper Hospital at Honolulu, and of the leper settlement at Molokai, recently came to this city to make it his permanent home. He has a large number of photographs of lepers in all stages of the disease, a collection probably without a parallel in this country. He is a firm believer in the theory that leprosy is not contagious, and he demonstrates the truth of his theory by the unquestioned fact that sound men have lived with leprous wives for years and received no taint, and that inoculation for leprosy has failed. A native murderer, under life sentence, agreed to be inoculated. The Doctor raised a blister on his arm and then, after making the surface raw, he had that blister taken from a sore on a little girl, a congenital leper, and also transplanted a leprous tubercule. The tubercule grew but the man failed to contract the disease.

The natives are extremely careless in regard to lepers, and they regard the transfer of patients to the Molokai settlement as an act of great cruelty. Hence it is very difficult for the physician in charge to segregate the lepers from the healthy people. This difficulty is increased by the corruption of officials, a wealthy leper receiving immunity denied to his poorer neighbor. On the settlement at Molokai there are now about 900 lepers in all stages of the disease. Good buildings have been erected, and the sufferers are made as comfortable as possible. Under the old system they were accustomed to drink liquor and hold their native dances—two practices which greatly aggravated the disease. Now they are compelled to conform to certain regulations, and they are given by the Government certain rations for their support. The Government physician calls at the settlement every week, and prescribes for such as need his services.

MAGAZINE RIFLES.

The Kind of Weapons that all Soldiers Will Yet be Armed With.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having read an article in a recent issue of your paper relating to magazine arms for military purposes, I think that perhaps a few words might be of interest to your readers on the subject of one of the latest military magazine rifles, which in the opinion of many experts is by far the best of those which have appeared before the public in the last few years. I refer to the Lee detachable military magazine rifle, which was reported as first in order of merit by the United States Magazine Board in 1882 out of a list of forty guns submitted for trial.

The Lee is original in its conception as to the location and form of its magazine, and as to the position in which the cartridges are held while in the magazine.

Nearly all other military magazine rifles carry their magazine in the form of a tube, either in the butt stock or under the barrel, and the cartridges lie in the tubes touching each other end to end, being prevented from rattling backward and forward by a strong spiral spring at the end of the magazine furthest from the receiver. It will easily be seen how dangerous a method this is of carrying the ammunition for, though all care may be taken in the manufacture of cartridges so that when they are "end on" the bullet of one may not touch the primer or cap of that in front of it, nevertheless the fact is that the force of the recoil after a few rounds have been fired from the arm will cause the bullets in the magazine to take on their points an exact moulding of the cartridge head in front. In this condition a very slight jar of the rifle on the ground would cause an explosion (which has more than once occurred), probably fatal to the soldier and certainly ruinous to the arm.

Any one accustomed to shooting on the range or to hunting will know how absolutely necessary it is to a quick and accurate aim, that the gun should come to the shoulder each time with the same balance, so that when the butt is to the shoulder it is not necessary to look all round a circle for the front sight. This evenness of swing can only be obtained by an even distribution of weight, and an even distribution of weight cannot be had in a rifle having a tubular form of magazine, for, as each shot is fired and the shell ejected, the cartridges remaining in the tube move one step nearer the gun's centre of gravity, the muzzle end becomes lighter, and the application of strength, which before brought the barrel correctly in the line of sight, will now give an elevation which will cause the bullet to fly high over the mark. Of course exactly opposite effects will result with a magazine in the butt.

In the Lee these defects do not exist. The magazine, an irregularly shaped steel box, is inserted through an opening in the under side of the receiver, immediately in front of the trigger guard, and consequently as near as possible to the arm's centre of gravity. In the magazine, of which five only are to be carried, the cartridges lie side by side, and are never at any time end on, so that the risk of premature explosion is entirely removed.

What a contrast is presented between the old muzzle-loading rate of fire, about two shots per minute, and the modern military magazine capable of showering out forty to fifty shots within the same time—though there is a great difference in that respect also among magazines. Those built on the tubular plan can be emptied with considerable rapidity, but once emptied it is easier and quicker to use the arm as a single shooter, rather than again to reload the magazine, while with the Lee the fire can be more equally maintained and more rapidly delivered. At the same time the Lee magazine fire is completely under the control of the officer, as the magazine is only attached at the word of command, and at the supreme moment when the heaviest possible fire is all important. When the magazine is withdrawn, the arm remains an unsurpassed single shooting weapon. I do not wish to be understood, however, as intimating that the whole object of the soldier is to empty his magazine as soon as possible, but it stands to reason that the more speedily the mechanism is capable of efficiently doing its work the more time the soldier will have for careful aim.

Most of the European Governments are now experimenting with magazine rifles for their armies, many reporting favorably of the Lee, but China set the example two years ago, and more than once defeated the best fighters in the French service by the use of her Lees, as admitted by the French official organ. This was the first time in history in which both forces were armed with magazine rifles.

Is it not a curious circumstance that Japan is just now in the van in the attention given by her to her navy, and China in the arming of her troops? F. A.

FIGHTING ON THE CONGO.

Five Villages Burned by the Whites and the Natives Driven Into the Woods.

BRUSSELS, July 14.—It is the policy of the Free Congo State to give unfriendly natives a very severe lesson whenever they commit aggressive acts. The news has just reached here that sharp punishment has been inflicted upon a number of villages on the upper Congo for recent misconduct. These villages line the right bank of the river for ten or fifteen miles just where the Congo reaches the most northern part of its course.

Late last year Mr. Deane, who was in charge of the Stanley Falls station, was returning up river in his little steamer. It was his habit to camp at night on the shore. One rainy night his party was furiously attacked by these natives. A number of Mr. Deano's Haussa soldiers were killed, and he himself received a severe spear wound in the leg. He undertook no further measures than to drive the hostile force away from his camp.

Early in February last the steamer Stanley, carrying 150 Haussas and several white men, on her way from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, stopped in front of the first of these hostile villages. The party had orders to drive the natives into the woods and destroy all their houses and growing crops. As the steamer drew near the large village a crowd stood on the bank, watching it with no other feeling, apparently, than that of curiosity. Mr. Deane fired his gun as the signal for the attack. The Mohammedan Haussas, who are brought from the southern edge of the Sahara to serve in the Congo State, at once fired into the crowd, and the natives fled in the utmost terror to the woods. The Haussas, still firing at the invisible enemy, leaped on shore, plundered the village, burned the long rows of clay-covered huts, destroyed the fields of bananas and manioc, and carried to the boat many captured lances and shields. The next day four more of the offending villages were laid in ashes. All the inhabitants had fled before the attacking party reached them, but in the first village several persons were killed.

As they can raise three crops a year, and their huts are easily rebuilt, the condition of the wretched fugitives was not so desperate as it might be. It is asserted in behalf of this policy of stern retaliation, that it is a mercy both to the natives and the whites to convince all the inhabitants of the Congo basin that, while the friends of the new State will be protected and kindly treated, its enemies will have to pay dearly for every injury they inflict upon it.

LITTLE PETER'S LIVELY WEEK.

Heaven Knows What the Boy Would Have Come To if They Hadn't Sent for his Aunt.

PINE SUMMIT, Pa., July 31.—Peter Moore lives on the mountain, two miles from this place. He is 12 years old. On Monday of last week he was playing "shinny" during recess at school. Tommy Shett hit him on the nose with a shinny club and broke Peter's nose. Peter had to stay home from school, and to amuse himself on Tuesday he took down his father's gun. In handling it it was discharged, and a buckshot went through Peter's left hand. The rest of the charge lodged in a calf in the yard and killed it.

The boy had to go to bed, but he was not yet knocked out. On Wednesday, while lying in bed, he discovered that his mother had left her set of false teeth on a shelf at the head of the bed. Peter got them. He tried the experiment of fitting them in his own mouth. The teeth slipped into his throat, and before they could be fished out he was nearly choked to death.

Thursday was a hard day on Peter, and he found nothing that amused him until late in the afternoon. His mother had given him an apple. He went to rummaging in the stand drawer, and found an old razor. This he pressed into service and began to peel his apple with it. During the paring process the razor slipped through the apple and chopped the end of Peter's nose nearly off.

In spite of all these little set backs, the lively boy was able to be around the house on Friday. His mother left a kettle of boiling water standing on the kitchen hearth. During the temporary absence of Mrs. Moore, Peter found recreation in jumping to and fro over the steaming pot. He had succeeded in clearing it several times when he struck the kettle with one foot and it was upset. The boiling water poured over Peter's bare feet and scalded them so the skin peeled off. He was put to bed again. Friday night it rained hard all night. The roof leaked over Peter's bed, and water got in over the plaster on the ceiling. The dampness loosened the plaster from the lath, and Saturday forenoon a piece as big as the bed tumbled down on Peter. When they dug the yelling youngster out from under the débris, he was pretty thoroughly barked and bruised.

His mother sent for an aunt of Peter's on Saturday afternoon, and she has been keeping constant watch over him ever since, and the past week has accordingly been dull and uneventful for him.

AN ELECTRICAL PANDEMONIUM.

A Pike County Citizen's Description of a Midwinter Thunder Storm at Bar Harbor.

KNOB POND MOUNTAIN, Pa., July 30.—This elevated spur of the Allegheny Mountains and the region immediately surrounding it seem so peculiarly susceptible to certain meteorological or atmospheric influences that at this season of the year they are subjected to sudden and almost entirely unheralded thunder storms, during the prevalence of which the electrical displays are frequently terrible in character. A singular feature of these storms is that they seldom extend more than a mile east of the mountain summit, although they may be witnessed from the settlements in the lowlands that stretch away in that direction; but west of the mountain and northward the storms seem to prevail in unlimited range.

The electrical phenomena present during one of these sudden storms, a few evenings ago, were so startling and unusual that the nerves of a number of particularly strong-nerved New Yorkers, who were on the mountain at the time, were badly upset, and not one of them ventured to assert that he was not just a trifle frightened. A native of the region, who was with the party, and who remarked, by the way, that the storm was the most terrific one he had ever seen on the Knob, was entirely unmoved by the awful exhibitions given by the electric current, in the air, on the earth, and about the water of the lake that is held in the wooded hollow of the mountains' crest; but he said he didn't believe there was another man in the county who would not have been disturbed by this unusual agitation of the elements.

"The only reason why I was not as scared as any of you," he remarked, after the storm was over, and its frightful phenomena were under discussion, "is that I have a distinct recollection of a snew, thunder and lightning storm, and compared with the terrific electric disturbances of that storm I have never seen a storm—not even the one just past—that could be compared to it any more than you could compare the snap of a firecracker to the bursting of a hundred-ton gun. That storm occurred thirty-two years ago last December at Bar Harbor, Maine, where I happened to be at the time, on my way to inspect the methods of some big Maine tanning establishments, in which business I was then interested. There are doubtless many people living yet who remember that remarkable winter phenomenon, and who can substantiate every word I say about it. They certainly remember it if they were on Mt. Desert Island at the time, for no one could ever forget that night.

"It had been snowing quite hard all day, and a strong northeast gale attended the storm. The day was made terrible enough by the natural course taken by the elements without needing any aid from the supernatural ones that followed. About an hour after sundown the wind fell suddenly, and the peculiar stillness that succeeded it became a matter of general remark. The snow continued falling and the weather was intensely cold. The setting of the sun was followed by a strange twilight that gave everything a ghastly and ghoulish cast. This lasted for probably twenty minutes, when it began to grow dark, and the darkness gathered so rapidly that in a short time the blackness was intense. Then the rumbling of distant thunder was heard in the west, accompanied by faint flashes of lightning. The thunder grew louder with every repetition of the sound, and the lightning became more vivid, until peal seemed to pile on peal, and the play of electricity was almost constant. The thunder shook the buildings at the Harbor like earthquakes, and the lightning, ranging from the faint bluish hue to a deep violet or purple, and presently, instead of broad flashes of light, became balls of fire. I was passing along the street as the storm approached, and, frightened by its phenomena, I asked for admission to a house which, as I learned, contained three family members. Entering, I found the inmates of the house as badly frightened as I was, and as the storm reached its height we all huddled mechanically in the centre of a room like a parcel of sheep. Suddenly there came a clap of thunder that shook the house from foundation to roof, and almost immediately a ball of purple fire crashed through a window and shattered a clock that stood against the wall—one of the tall, old-fashioned Dutch clocks. The shock did not affect any of us seriously, although they one and all declared that it numbed every limb. We all rushed out of the room in terror. The last one was hardly out when there came another clap, and the room we had left was instantly filled with a purple blaze accompanied by a peculiar snapping and cracking sound, similar to the burning off of some green timber by a rapidly moving belt, only a hundred times as loud. With the exception of the clock, not a thing was injured about the house.

"A worse frightened lot of people probably never lived than were the inhabitants of Bar Harbor on that evening. Vivid lightning rolled and whirled about, and extended itself everywhere. Scarcely a house in the place escaped a visit from the awful electric fire balls. At one house a big purple ball was hurled through one window, and, passing through the house, made its exit through another window. A box of lucifer matches, which were a comparatively new convenience in those days, lay on a table in the centre of the room. These were ignited by the electricity, but not another thing in the apartment showed that the fire had laid hands on it. Snow continued falling heavily through it all, and the mercury fell from the start. The moment the electric disturbance passed out to sea the northeast gale began to blow again with increasing fury, and did not cease until sunrise next day.

"And so always in witnessing the snow, thunder, and lightning storm on the rocky coast of Maine, such child's play as we have just witnessed in the way of electric phenomena doesn't disturb me in the least."

Progress at the Hub.

From the Boston Herald.

Young Woman—I want a three-cent stamp.
Stamp man—What for?
Y. W.—I want it.
S. M.—But what do you want of a three-cent stamp?
Y. W.—To put on a letter, if you must know.
S. M.—You only want a two-cent stamp.
Y. W.—How long is it, I'd like to know, since you left off three-cent stamps?
S. M.—About three years.
Y. W.—Good gracious! Then give me three two-cent stamps, and excuse me, will you?

WOMEN DON'T SPECULATE.

They Operate in Wall Street as Typewriters and Telegraphers Only.

The managing clerk of a big Wall street brokerage firm unbent his official dignity after office hours yesterday and chatted about the women who are more or less concerned in Wall street life. He was having his boots blacked, and after the operation was over he solemnly matched coins with the ragged boy to see whether he should pay ten cents or nothing for the work. The man won, and the boy went calmly away as though accustomed to conducting his business in that manner. He had evidently grown callous to the vagaries of luck.

"That," said the broker's clerk tranquilly, "makes nine times that I've had my boots polished for nothing." He was an easily recognizable Wall street type—a fifty-year-old face, and the talk, manners, and attire of a youth. His clothes fitted with great snugness and he wore several showy rings. About the neck he looked a bit rugged, seamed, and cracked, but his eye was bright and he rattled ahead in a high, metallic, and business-like voice.

"Women are indispensable to the street," he said, "but only as employees. All that stuff in the papers—and particularly those out of town—about women brokers is rot. There are no women brokers and mighty few female speculators. One of the city papers regularly interviews some woman whom it calls the Witch of Wall Street. She manipulates the market, according to the interview, but nobody down here ever saw her, nor does any one know who she is. The Myth of Wall Street would be a better name for her. As for the female speculators, there are not two of them to a hundred thousand operators of the other sex.

"The old happy-go-lucky days down here are gone. It is no longer possible to win by playing the market by instinct. The dashing speculators of olden times have been succeeded by studious and thoughtful men, who look into the roots of matters, and learn the causes of every fluctuation in stocks. It takes years and years of hard study and investigation. Women cannot for a moment hope to compete with such thinkers as these men, so they keep away, as a rule. At rare intervals, however, we have an experience with one of them. The wife of one of the best-known sporting men in New York came down here about two years ago and insisted on playing railroad stocks. She lost $40,000 in five days, paid up with a guilty little grin, and went home again. She's never been down here since. I had read a good deal about up-town bucket shops and half-penny brokers' offices which made a specialty of trade with women in the regions of Union and Madison squares, and when we opened our second branch on upper Broadway I spent a week up town looking the ground thoroughly over. I succeeded in finding one queer little place where women played, but no more. It was just below Fourteenth street, and it hadn't even a ticker. My own opinion is that it was a policy place in disguise. There were besides, two women's banking firms—by women behind female figureheads—who pretended to do a banking and brokerage business, but they were very transparent, merely money-lending firms, you know. So there you have the whole extent of the much-talked-of women gamblers in New York. The truth ought to be told, if only to clear the fair name of our mothers, wives, and sisters, who are, according to some of the out-of-town papers, the most rabid and reckless gamblers in New York."

"Are there many women in Wall street?"

"Thousands and thousands of them. First, there is an Amazonian army of type writers, who receive from lawyers, brokers, and business men salaries ranging from $6 to $15 a week according to their expertness. Many of them are good, brave girls, the daughters of formerly well-to-do families who have met with misfortune. They are very often ladies of good breeding and many accomplishments. The number of them who marry clerks, and occasionally the younger members of established firms, is surprisingly large. Then, too, there are very many girl telegraph operators. They are far preferable to men as far as my own experience goes, for they are neat, trustworthy, take up little room, do not smoke cigarettes or chaff with the other clerks, and attend strictly to their duties. There are innumerable feminine bookkeepers, clerks, accountants, and cashiers, and their numbers increase constantly. They have a good effect in every office in which they are employed. Men are less boisterous, noisy, and profane in the presence of the innumerable ladylike and intelligent young women employed in and around Wall street."

THE MUSIC OF THE FLUTE.

Why It is So Little Heard in the Land—A Plea for the Revival of the Instrument.

"There is no doubt about it," said William Ronnberg, the venerable John street flute maker, shaking his white head mournfully, "flute playing among amateurs has gone out of style. Worse than that, it has become an object of ridicule. The man who plays the flute for amusement is laughed at; he is regarded as a sort of a Miss Nancy, and his friends make sly remarks about his lowering rents in his neighborhood. The verse makers write what they think are funny rhymes about the toot of the flute, and so, taking all things into consideration, the boy or young man with a taste for music and a desire to learn some musical instrument is actually laughed out of beginning to play one of the best parlor instruments that is made.

"But what does he learn instead, in nine cases out of ten?" continued the old gentleman. "Why, either the ear-splitting cornet or the musicless banjo. Think of that! Instead of an instrument like the flute, with its soft, sweet musical tones, he takes a brass nuisance and blows his lungs out trying to get music out of it. Lowering rents, indeed! Well, I don't want to be neighbor to the young man who is playing the cornet. The banjo isn't quite as bad, but what music there is in its plink-a-plink-a, punk-a-punk, I don't know."

Mr. Ronnberg spoke with the warmth of a partisan. He pretends to be nothing else. He has been making flutes more years than most men live, and looks back with regret to the days of '54, when he employed a shopful of men, and turned out flutes by the score. Those were the days when it was the thing for young men to play the German flute, as the four, six, and eight keyed flutes were called. Those were days when professional flute players were abundant and excellent. The old man no longer makes German flutes, but in his little shop he still makes Boehm flutes, apparently quite as skilfully as he ever did.

"It is just possible," he continued, "that the Boehm flute has something to do with the decrease in the popularity of the flute, although it is almost treason to say so. The Boehm is a perfect instrument, immeasurably superior to the old flute. It is also very much more expensive, costing all the way from $150 upward. It is mechanically complicated in its mechanism, although much easier to play, and therefore more liable to get out of order. And here comes the point I want to make. An amateur buys a Boehm flute, and enjoys it. About the time he has it well in hand it gets out of order. A mere trifle perhaps. The maker could fix it in a minute. But the owner tinkers with it, gets it worse, takes it to the first music store he sees; they tell him they'll have it fixed; they send it to some flute tinker, and the result is that the flute is spoiled. Now, the owner sent it at once to the maker, even from a distance, his flute would have come back better than ever. And so it comes about that you will find, in not a few homes, Boehm flutes that cost a good sum lying dried up and useless, all for want of a little care.

"It is now the fashion to revive old styles. Why doesn't some one revive flute playing? There is no instrument more perfectly fitted for the parlor. Accompanied by the piano, or the harp, or the guitar, or even by the banjo it is very pleasing. There is a fine collection of music arranged for the flute and piano, and when you take two flutes and piano, each well played, then you have music indeed."

Beer for the Ohio Veterans.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The arrival each morning at Dayton of a car load of Cincinnati beer, sixty barrels, to supply the Soldiers' Home saloon, where no other beverage than lager beer is sold, has created decided interest there. The business done has assumed enormous proportions, and yet not a glass is sold to any but inmates of the institution.

Three bartenders are on duty ten hours, from the opening of the saloon in the morning until the closing at night, and it is a rush with them until dark. A car load of beer is received every morning, and the barrels removed at once from refrigerator cars to ice cellars immediately in the rear of the barroom, and there one man is stationed all day charged with the duty of keeping three barrels on tap at a time, and the moment one barrel is started it does not cease to flow until the barrel is empty, the beer being conducted by rubber tubs into the bar, where glasses are filled and the foam is the patronage of the inmates of the Home all day. In the mornings there are often three to five hundred thirsty veterans waiting in line for the saloon doors to be opened. Checks are sold at the saloon, five cents each, to each applicant, and no more, and these checks are good for one glass of beer. No profits on pretzels and sandwich sales more than paying expenses for the free lunch. Beer is delivered in car load lots at the Home at a fraction less than $5 per barrel, and retailed at a nickel.

An interesting fact in connection with the sale of beer at the Home is the fact stated by Dr. Patton, surgeon of the institution, that before the saloon was opened he had 300 patients per week, and at the end of the three weeks' sale of beer he had only fifty patients. Beer as a sanitary agent seems to be a first-class beneficence.

Col. Thomas, Treasurer of the Home, says the profits from the sale of beer will pay all police, fire department, and incidental expenses, and a portion of the salaries of mates of the Central Branch. If the saloon was open to patronage of visitors the home would be self-supporting.

A Tarantula All the Way from Aspinwall.

A large and lively tarantula was discovered in a bunch of Aspinwall bananas in William Hewitt's grocery in Paterson yesterday. The spider was captured, but not until he had lost two of his legs in the struggle. He did not seem to mind that in the least.

IDEAS OF MANY MINDS.

An Interesting Story About a Poem.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In last Sunday's SUN I find a poem headed "Truth," and signed C. W. Gosse, credited to *Harper's Monthly*.

You may judge of my surprise, when I inform you that this same poem was printed more than a score and a half years ago in the initial number of a magazine, that, by the way, never lived beyond its second month—its editor, a mere boy, being R. P. Greeley (a nephew of Horace). The lines in Mr. Gosse's handed to me by a literary friend, who said that he came into their possession as having been written by F. W. Longfellow, in his early days of authorship, and had never been published.

I took the Mr. to the editor mentioned above, stating the circumstances, and the poem was printed in the next number of his publication, with the name of Henry W. Longfellow as its author, and so presented to the world. M.

NEWBURGH, July 28.

Hard Cider in Connecticut.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When the use of hard cider is stopped in Connecticut then such crimes as Lockwood and Wixon committed will cease. The use of it is causing the ruin of hundreds of the young men, yes, thousands of them, and those who are supplying it to their help so freely will mourn when they reap what they have sown. TR