SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mexico.

Several efforts have been made to satisfy the growing desire for information relating to Mexico since that country has become connected by railways with the United States. But we have seen no book upon the subject by an American writer which is so satisfactory on the score of knowledge and trustworthiness as *A Study of Mexico*, by DAVID A. WELLS (Appletons). This is a reprint, with additions, of a series of articles which were originally published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and which embodied, besides the author's personal observations, facts and deductions drawn from diplomatic documents and from private correspondence with foreign residents in Mexico engaged in railway business or trade. His cautious, and, on the whole, pessimistic, though apparently unbiassed conclusions, are not likely to gratify the self-esteem of Mexicans, or to further the designs of those American speculators who invite investments of American capital in mining or agricultural enterprises. The general purport of his book is to discourage all thoughts of annexation, colonization, or pecuniary ventures of any kind by American citizens in the Mexican republic, so long as the political, economical, and social conditions of the country remain what they now are.

Notwithstanding the establishment of railway communication, the work of Humboldt, published three-quarters of a century ago, is still the fullest and most authoritative source of information with regard to all those parts of Mexico which are untraversed by the iron roads. As regards facilities of intercommunication, many sections of the republic are more backward than was any country of central or western Europe in the fifteenth century. Mr. Wells brings out with proper emphasis the striking fact that a considerable portion of Mexico is to this day unexplored by the Mexicans themselves. "The almost total absence of roads and of comfortable accommodations for man and beast, the utter insecurity for life and property, the interposition of vast sterile and waterless tracts, and the inhospitality and almost savagery of no small proportion of the people" has made the task of exploration too difficult and dangerous to be frequently attempted. The result is that "a large part of the country on the Pacific coast has scarcely been penetrated outside of the bridle paths or trails which lead from the seaports to the interior. There are hundreds of square miles in southern Mexico, especially in the States of Michoacan and Guerrero, and also in Sonora, that have never been explored, and are merely marked on the maps as *Terreno desconocido*." Here, too, there are "whole tribes of Indians that have never been brought in contact with the white man, and that repel all attempts at visitation or Government supervision." The so-called national road from Oaxaca to Costa Chica is a bridle path too narrow for two men to walk abreast in it. A still more impressive illustration of the barriers to communication is furnished by the condition of one of the most noted routes in the republic, that, namely, from the capital to Acapulco, the best port on the Pacific. This route was regularly traversed by convoys of treasure and rich tropical products from the Indies to old Spain a hundred years before the settlement of Massachusetts Bay. "Yet a journey over this track, a distance of three hundred miles, consumes ten days on horseback under the most favorable auspices, and the path or trail followed has, in great part, so few of the essentials of a road, that in popular parlance it is spoken of as *buen camino de pajaros* (a good road for birds)."

Mr. Wells ranks among popular fallacies the current opinion that Mexico is a country of unbounded natural resources—a rich prize unappreciated by its present possessors, and awaiting due development at the hands of more enterprising settlers. On the contrary, the author's studies and observations have led him to the conclusion that Mexico is "one of the very poorest and most wretched of all countries, which, while undoubtedly capable of very great improvement over her present condition, is not speedily or even ultimately likely to develop into a highly civilized, rich, and powerful nation." Mr. Wells defends the soundness of this opinion by a review of the natural conditions and history of the country. Under the first head he directs attention to the extraordinary and almost fatal dearth of water. "If we except certain navigable channels, which make up for short distances from the sea into the low, narrow slips of coast lands, there is not a navigable river in all Mexico, or, indeed, any stream south of the Rio Grande that in the United States, east of the Mississippi, would be regarded as of any special importance. Wells, except a few 'artesian,' are also so scarce on the plateau of Mexico that their very existence has been denied. In respect, therefore, to this element of commercial prosperity, Mexico has been characterized as less favored than any considerable country except Arabia, the name of which last stands almost as a synonyme for aridity."

But if the natural conditions are so unfavorable, how are we to account for the high civilization which used to be imputed to the people whom the Spaniards found in the valley of Mexico. The author's own observations have led him to concur in the opinion now dominant among American archæologists, that the descriptions of the Aztec civilization given in the narratives of the Spanish conquerors are utterly untrustworthy. We reproduce some of the evidence, brought forward by Mr. Wells, from the primitive character of Aztec tools and implements, manufactures, and architecture, from the absence of domestic animals and facilities for transportation, from the ignorance of money and of a written language, and, lastly, from the existence of a ferocious religious faith and the practice of cannibalism. After reminding us that in the museum of the city of Mexico is to be found the best collection of the remains of the Aztec people that has ever been gathered, Mr. Wells, who has carefully inspected the weapons, implements, and fictile products, insists that the articles belonging to the two categories first named are "no better than, and in some respects inferior in artistic merit and finish to, many like articles excavated from the Western mounds, or known to have been the work of our historic Indians; or to the arrow heads and lance tips, which are still fabricated by the Shoshones and Flatheads on the Columbia and Snake Rivers. In all this large collection there is no evidence, save a very few copper implements, the use of which is somewhat doubtful, that the Aztecs ever had any knowledge or made any use of metal tools." As regards, again, the pottery and stone work in the shape of idols, masks, and vases, Mr. Wells deems it "sufficient to say that it is all of the rudest kind, and derives its chief attraction and interest from its hideousness and almost entire lack of anything which indicates either artistic taste or skill. Take," he adds, "any fair collection of what purports to be the products of Aztec workmanship, and place the same side by side with those made in any of the most civilized islands of the Pacific—the Feejees, the Marquesas, or the Sandwich Islands—and the superiority of the latter would be at once unquestionable." What the Aztec manufactures could have been, with stone tools and the most primitive machinery, can, in the opinion of the author, be learned by observing the defective industrial appliances employed by the mass of the Mexican population at this day. "Even at the present time the greater proportion of the domestic utensils, laborers' tools and implements, and articles of clothing in common use in Mexico are said to be of Indian manufacture and to differ very little from those used before the conquest." As to the three archæological treasures of Mexico upon which so much stress is laid by magnifiers of the past—the great idol, the sacrificial stone, and the so-called calendar stone—these are attributed by Mr. Wells to the Toltec predecessors of the Aztecs, on the ground that their material is a black stone, too hard to be worked by any of the tools which the Aztecs are known to have possessed.

Mr. Wells also dismisses as unsupported by the facts "the popular idea that there are many old Spanish mines in Mexico which were worked to great profit before the revolution, and which are now ready to return great emolument to those who shall rediscover and reopen them. Sixty-five years have now elapsed since Mexico achieved her independence, and during all this time the Mexicans, who are good miners, and to whom mining has to a certain extent the attractiveness of lottery ventures, have, we may be sure, shrewdly prospected the whole country, and have not concealed any of its business opportunities. Nor has capital been wanting, for in the early days of the republic's independence the notion that the working of old Spanish mines in Mexico promised great profits amounted to almost a 'craze' in England. Millions on millions of British capital were poured into the country for such objects, while the mining districts of Cornwall were said to have been half depopulated through the drain on their skilled workmen to serve in their new enterprise. It is sufficient to say that the results were terribly disastrous."

A Private Soldier on the Civil War.

Histories of wars are almost always written by commanders, or, at all events, by officers who reflect the views of the general staff, as in the case of Napier's account of Wellington's campaigns in the Peninsula. But, after all, the fighting is done by private soldiers, and who has not wished that testimony from this source might illuminate the great contests of the past. How much vitality, for example, would be infused into the dry bones of history if the memoirs of an Athenian hoplite could be invoked to supplement the description by Thucydides of the Syracuse catastrophe, or if the gaps in Cæsar's record of the conquest of Gaul could be filled up from reminiscences of a veteran of the "Lark" legion. The utility of such evidence is particularly manifest in the instance of our civil war, the brunt of which was borne by volunteers, among whom the average level of intelligence was exceptionally high. Evidence of a kind which no competent historian of the rebellion will overlook is offered in the *Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac*, by FRANK WILKESON (Putnams). Here is a book, not written with the intention of augmenting or repairing a particular commander's reputation, but from the point of view of those who were too often led to discomfiture or slaughter by incompetent superiors. The deliberate conclusions reached by this private soldier are not likely to gratify some of the officers, who have hitherto monopolized the glory of the civil war. But they undoubtedly express the convictions, widely held, although unspoken among the survivors of the rank and file. The experience of Mr. Wilkeson as a private soldier in the Army of the Potomac has confirmed him in some opinions which differ fundamentally from the notions suggested or encouraged by the narratives of staff officers or corps commanders. In the judgment of Mr. Wilkeson, the conduct of the war on the Union side was marred by two capital errors, namely, "first, the calling for volunteers to suppress the rebellion, instead of at the outset creating armies by drawing soldiers ratably and by lot from the able-bodied population between the ages of 20 and 40, of all the free States and Territories," and secondly, "the officering of the commands in the various armies with West Point graduates by preference, on the assumption that they knew the art of war and were soldiers, and were therefore the fittest to command soldiers." As to the first point, Mr. Wilkeson believes that "the resort to volunteering ground up the choicest seed corn of the nation; consumed the young, the patriotic, the intelligent, the generous, the brave; wasted the best moral, social, and political elements of the republic; leaving the cowards, shirks, egotists, and money-makers to stay at home and procreate their kind." He also assures us that he "carried with him from the ranks, not only the feeling, but the knowledge derived from his own experience, and from the current history of the war, that the military salvation of this country requires that the West Point Academy be destroyed. West Point," he continues, "turns out shoulder-strapped officeholders. It cannot produce soldiers, for these are, as I claim, born and not made. It is," he concludes, "susceptible of demonstration that the almost ruinous delay in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the Union; the deadly failure of campaigns year after year; the awful waste of the best soldiers the world has seen, and the piling up of the public debt into the billions, was wholly due to West Point influence, and West Point commanders."

One of the most interesting chapters in this striking book is that depicting the condition of the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg. It explains why private soldiers like Wilkeson cannot look back without disgust and bitterness on the behavior of a considerable portion of their military superiors. The charge, he says, is true that "in the latter part of June, 1864, the Army of the Potomac did not fight as stanchly at Petersburg as it had fought in the Wilderness or at Spottsylvania. But was it," he asks, "only the enlisted men who shrank from the bloody work of assaulting earthworks behind which the clear-eyed nervy veteran Confederate infantry lurked?" This is a question to be answered by a comparison of the losses among general officers on the one hand and private soldiers on the other. Mr. Wilkeson points out that "the aggregate losses after the fighting at North Anna were 46,989 enlisted men and officers. But the enlisted men never heard of but one general officer being killed. He was Brigadier-General Burnham. They heard of three or four other Generals being wounded, and of two being captured. During this same time—that is, after the battle at North Anna—we learn from prisoners that the Confederate Gens. Doles, Chambliss, Gherardis, Dunrovan, and Gregg had been killed, and many of their Generals wounded. It must, moreover, be remembered that the Confederate Generals were behind sheltering earthworks with their troops. The execution of their duty made it essential that they should be there. On the other hand, our losses of general officers, if they had fearlessly performed their duty, should have been at least four times as heavy as those of the Confederates. Instead of one Union General being killed to over 44,000 enlisted men stricken in battle, there should have been at least twenty of them killed and eighty of them wounded, and there probably would have been had they done their duty as recklessly as the Confederate Generals did theirs."

That after the fighting in the Wilderness and around Spottsylvania, the Army of the Potomac became demoralized is considered by the author of this book indisputable. Mr. Wilkeson attributes the demoralization to two causes, which were at the time, he tells us, fully understood by all intelligent volunteers. The first and minor cause has been already mentioned, namely, the asserted "shirking of bloody work by some of the Generals, which disheartened the enlisted men, and embittered them." But the author finds a second and more potent cause of the relative disablement of the Army of the Potomac during the last year of the war in "the worthless character of the recruits who were supplied to the army in 1864-65. So thoroughly exhausted was the breed of fighting men in the North that but 169,000 of the enormous number of men raised by purchase ever stood in battle ranks, and they stood there because they had been unable to elude the vigilance or corrupt the honesty of the guards who accompanied them from the recruiting barracks to the front." These men, as we are afterward reminded, were the bounty-paid substitutes. "They were the white slaves whom greedy and unpatriotic men, who preyed on the necessities of timid communities, gathered from the slums, from Castle Garden, from the almshouses, from the cots of hospitals, from the bars of criminal courts, from prison cells, and from the unnatural parents of weak-minded sons. I have seen," the author says, "these substitutes, many of them unable to speak English, vermin infested, rough skinned, reeking with disease, their eyes running matter, their legs and arms thin and feeble, their backs bowed, and their rat-like and idiot-like heads hanging low, join the army to be virtually kicked out of the decent commands they were billeted on. They were scorned, spurned, and cursed by the volunteers as mangy curs." Few readers of this vigorous description, which undeniably reflects the truth will be likely to dispute Mr. Wilkeson's averment that "these worthless creatures weakened every battle line they were forced into. It did not lie within the power of any regimental officers to hold these undisciplined blackguards steady under fire. Previous to the spring of 1865 the larger portion of the bounty-paid recruits would not have been worth burning Confederate powder to kill. They could have been safely killed with clubs." Mr. Wilkeson's ultimate conclusion is that the Army of the Potomac under McClellan in 1862 was immeasurably superior to the army which lay in the trenches before Petersburg in July, 1864, and that, "if the original volunteers or men as good as they were, had been commanded by Grant, he would have captured Richmond in twenty-four hours." It was, we are assured, the general opinion among enlisted men who had known all the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, that "given Grant in command of the army in 1862 and the rebellion would have been crushed that year." The private soldiers loved McClellan, but they had no great faith in his military capacity.

Universities.

Very few Masters of Art could give an offhand definition of the term university wide enough to comprehend institutions so diverse as the University of Berlin, the English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and some of the American colleges which affect a sonorous name. The difficulty experienced in defining the word comes from an *a priori* assumption that the common appellative of things so various must represent more than one common property, whereas the cursory observer can recognize but one, that namely of being an incorporated community. Meagre as such a description seems, it is the true, historical signification of the word university, which, as first applied in the middle ages, meant nothing more nor less than an incorporated community. As originally used by the Popes, it was applicable not merely to a body of teachers and scholars, but to towns or organized communia, and even to the whole church of a specific country. The word university has therefore in itself no capacious or imposing significance, and we are simply led astray by our own associations or prepossessions when we try to infuse any such meaning into it. That is the first and fundamental piece of information gained by reviewing the development of organized instruction in mediæval Europe, as we are materially helped to do by Prof. S. S. LAURIE of Edinburgh in his book on the *Rise and Early Constitution of Universities* (Appleton's International Education Series).

It is, after all, a matter of trivial moment whether we call a body of teachers and students, engaged in imparting and acquiring education of a high grade, a university, a seminary, a college, an academy, or a school. What it concerns us to know is how the scope and methods of organized study have varied from age to age, and to which of the earlier, intermediate, or higher types a particular modern institution belongs. Then we should be led to recognize in some of the American colleges—which call themselves universities, not with exclusive reference to the fact of incorporation, but with an unfounded claim to universality of studies—a reversion to those Greek and Roman schools, whose range of inquiry was restricted to the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*. We are also helped to understand, by a survey of the systems of higher education in ancient and mediæval times, why Dr. Döllinger regarded Oxford and Cambridge as cases of arrested development, describing them as "mere schools where gymnasium work is prolonged." These English institutions, which devote only a nominal attention to law and medicine, represent that middle stage in the evolution of education when, as Mr. Laurie shows us, *studia publica* or *generalia* were pursued at the old Episcopal or Benedictine schools in the eleventh century. There was one of these in Oxford at that date, which was undoubtedly the germ of the present university. But the *studium generale* was confined to the seven so-called liberal arts, to wit: Grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music—designations, however, that had a considerably broader significance in the Greek and mediæval schools than they have now. Universities, in the sense which the term still bears in Germany, arose for the first time in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the *studium generale* was supplemented by specialized studies, and when, in other words, three new faculties of law, medicine, and theology were added to the traditional faculty of arts. The Universities of Bologna, Naples, and Paris, like the present University of Berlin, differed, according to Bulæus, from the preceding schools of arts, first, in giving instruction in law, medicine, and theology; secondly, in accessibility as to place; thirdly, in being founded by Popes and Kings, that is to say, by general instead of local rulers; fourthly, in having special privileges, pecuniary and legal, and lastly, in being republics of letters. As to the second item of imputed difference, it may be remarked that an ordinary school of arts, if placed in the capital of a country, would have every advantage on the score of accessibility; as to the second item, we may note that the colleges of Eton and Winchester were founded by kings, and cannot therefore be differentiated, on that ground, from universities, while as to the third distinguishing mark, it may be said that any incorporated school or college would, like a university, enjoy "special privileges, pecuniary and legal."

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which at present concentrate their energies almost exclusively on such general studies as, at Berlin, are comprehended in the faculty of arts, did undoubtedly recognize, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as their main function, the preparing of students for the special degrees of theology, medicine, and canon law. But it is in the Italian universities that we first see strongly marked the tendency to subordinate, or even to wholly relegate, to preparatory schools those general studies which are supposed to constitute a liberal education. At the University of Salerno, for example, medicine long remained, as it had primarily been, the chief object of attention. At Bologna civil law engrossed the energy of teachers and of scholars. No such thing as the degree of bachelor in arts was known to the Italian universities; on the contrary, the designation "*baccalarius*" simply indicated the completion of the work of the secondary or *trivium* schools. The University of Paris did indeed confer the degree of *Baccalaureus Artium*, but the title only connoted three or four years' study of the *trivium* (grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic). So, too, at the mediæval Oxford and Cambridge the bachelor curriculum was a *trivium* course, and, as we have seen, according to Dr. Döllinger it is little better at this day.

What are now known as "colleges" at Oxford and Cambridge, in contradistinction to the university organizations with which they are connected, are simply survivals or substitutes for the halls, hostels, or hospitia which, in the middle ages, were used for students' hotels or boarding in commons. Such hospitia are known to have existed at Paris in 1200, and at Bologna in 1263. A college differed from a hall or hostel in that it was originally established not for lay students but for religious orders. The College of the Sorbonne, for instance, was founded at Paris in 1250 for fellows of theology. Upon this model, fourteen years later, Merton College was established, and in turn offered the pattern for succeeding colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. The founder of Merton diverged, however, from his exemplar in one particular, for he admitted not only fellows in theology but secular students devoted to the study of arts. It is owing to the development of this slight divergence of the Merton scheme from its original—a divergence reproduced in the colleges subsequently started at Oxford and Cambridge—that the pursuit of the humanities, or the so-called faculty of philosophy, has tended at the English universities to acquire ascendancy, not only over law and medicine, but even, in the end, over theology itself. It was because few grammar schools existed in England in the thirteenth century that Walter de Merton admitted boys of 12, and even 11 years, to his college, which, to this day, performs, for those of its inmates who are aiming only at a pass degree, work which should have been accomplished at a preparatory school.

Book Notes.

The Petersons of Philadelphia publish an English translation of Emil Zola's "Christine the Model."

The *Truth Seeker* Company have sent us "Economic

The most striking feature of Macmillan's "English Illustrated Magazine" for January is an account of "The Daughters of George the Third," with quaint and attractive portraits of them by John Henry Ramberg, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Bartolozzi.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's remarkable series of letters from Syria to THE SUN will be published in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brother under the title of "Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine." The volume has been edited with an introduction by Mr. C. A. Dana.

C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse publishes the "Handbook for School Trustees," an abstract of the school laws of the State of New York, to which are added some interesting educational statistics. Trustees, teachers, and parents will all find this little book a useful manual.

A new and elegant edition of the poems of Sir John Suckling, edited by Frederick A. Stokes, with a preface and notes, has just made its appearance (White, Stokes & Allen). The preface and notes are valuable. Mr. Stokes has not been afraid of a little judicious expurgation.

The Abbé Prévost's classic story, "Manon Lescault," has been translated from the edition of 1753 by Arthur W. Gundry and published in handsome style by F. T. Jones & Co. The numerous illustrations are reduced reproductions from designs furnished by Leloir for an edition de luxe of this novel in Paris.

A very serviceable introduction to Persian history, literature, and politics is Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot's "Persian Portraits" (Bernard Quaritch, London). The subject is intelligently treated by a writer thoroughly familiar with it, and his work would make an excellent manual of instruction. The domestic manners and customs occupy much less space than the literature of Persia, but are well described.

James C. Bayles is the author of a pamphlet entitled, "The Shop Council" (David Williams), the object of which is to discountenance the principle of arbitration in the settlement of labor disputes, and to advocate a system by which the employer of labor and those whom he employs can, by means of a tribunal jointly appointed, and of a permanent character, examine into and reconcile their mutual disagreements.

"Simplicity and Fascination," by Anne Beale (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is a novel with a somewhat old-fashioned plot, in which match making plays an important part, matrimonial engagements are broken only to be renewed, and a very surprising illustration of poetic justice brings the curtain down happily in the presence of all the *dramatis personæ*. Its fault is that it is much too long. The author could have told her story better in half the space she has devoted to it.

We have received from the *Evening News* Printing House of East Saginaw, Mich., "Reminiscences of West Point in the Olden Time." These have been derived from a variety of sources, and are historical, biographical, and topographical. They are well written, and will prove of interest, not merely to graduates of the Military Academy, but to all who have visited or read about this historic spot. A valuable feature of this little work is a register of the graduates of West Point, with the addresses of those still living, brought down to Sept. 1, 1886.

Belford, Clarke & Co. publish a second and much revised edition of Mr. Starr Hoyt Nichols's "Monte Rosa," a poem which attracted considerable attention on its original appearance four years ago. The revisions have scarcely changed the character of what must be always considered a very unequal work. Many of the descriptive passages are as impressive and eloquent as the subject demands, and not unworthy of comparison with Byron's "Manfred;" but unfortunately they only render more conspicuous those, pitched in a much lower key, in which the narrative is tediously or prosaically conducted. As nature's interpreter Mr. Nichols is at his best. It is then that his coloring is richest, his diction most elevated, and his inspiration most genuine.

Anna Katharine Green, who has shown so much aptitude for writing dramatic stories in prose, has now produced a rather strong tragedy in blank verse entitled "Risifi's Daughter" (Putnams). It is not without indications of immaturity in its somewhat inflated style, its obvious imitation of writers not of the best school of dramatic art, and in its slow and protracted action. On the other hand, the plot is striking, and the characters well conceived and contrasted. The scene is laid in Florence several centuries ago, and the story concerns itself with the efforts of an impoverished nobleman to revive the fortunes of his house by marrying his heir to the daughter of a merchant. This drama is certainly above the average of contemporary work of the sort, but the author is capable of better things.

"The Martyr of Golgotha," by Enrique Perez Escrich (William S. Gottsberger & Co.), is a novel made up from the history of Christ as recorded in the Gospels, into which has been woven much fictitious matter for the purpose of making the scriptural narrative continuous and complete. The work is written in a devout spirit, and not an incident is introduced which is not in accordance with the authentic sayings and acts of Christ or with the abundant traditions by which his personality is surrounded. No Christian reader need fear that his reverence for the founder of his faith will be shocked by anything he finds in it. On the contrary, it is devoutly conceived and skilfully constructed, and contains careful studies of Oriental character and pictures of Oriental scenery. The author is a Christian of a very positive type, and denounces Jews and Judaism without stint. His story has been translated into English by Adele Josephine Godoy.

Westermann & Co. have received the fifteenth volume of "Brockhaus's Conversations-Lexicon," a book of 954 pages, containing a multitude of maps and other illustrations. It carries the work along from the title "Spaichingen" to that of "Uhrich." Another volume will complete the series, which will then comprise considerably over 15,000 pages of reading matter, prepared with marvellous accuracy, and from which no subject of importance will be found missing. This dictionary was commenced eighty years ago, and it is the thirteenth edition which is now going through the press. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in any contemporary work of the kind so much correct information conveyed in so brief a space. Less than two pages suffices to tell the story of the Soudan, its people, climate, productions, industries, and its late war. The Suez Canal is despatched with equal brevity and is accompanied by a good map. As usual in this work, American subjects receive full attention.

"Golden Bells," by R. E. Francillon (Harpers), is the rather infelicitous title of one of the most ingenious and exciting romances that has recently come under our notice. The scene is laid in England and France and the time is the early part of the present century. Not the least marvellous incident embodied in it relates to the time, thousands of years ago, when Phœnician merchants ventured as far as Britain to barter Oriental wares for tin and other insular products. At some point on the western coast, which the author calls Hanno Sands, they built a splendid city. In a single night, during a terrible gale, it was buried under dense clouds of sand, and thenceforth was as completely hidden from the sight of man as Pompeii or Herculaneum. By a similar action of the elements it was partially uncovered, and was visited by the hero of the tale, who stumbled into a temple, where he collected a store of rich altar utensils, precious stones, and other plunder. A few hours later the city's site was again a waste of shifting sand dunes. This is by no means a mere story of adventure. The adventures are plentiful enough and strange enough, but the characters are not less original and striking, and there is a rather fascinating atmosphere of mystery surrounding the whole narrative. Above all it points a useful moral.

Thrifty Diplomats.

From the Chicago News.

An envoy extraordinary from Europe has been detected swindling the United States. He appeared at the White House as usual on New Year's Day, and has been out every evening since to dine or to some reception, and the disclosure does not seem to make him unhappy, although he must know it is the talk of the whole corps, and is known by almost every one with whom he is acquainted. Under the law the representatives of foreign nations have the privilege of importing free of duty whatever they need for their personal use—food, clothing, and household goods. This liberty is and always has been abused. It has been the habit of the diplomats, as long as any one can remember, to import large quantities of fine furniture, wines, and cigars, and at the end of the season sell them at auction. The prices obtained are usually equal to the full value of the goods and enough above their cost to leave a handsome profit on the transaction. This is particularly the case with furniture and wines.

A member of the corps told me some years ago that he had held two auctions since he had been in Washington, and his profits were enough to pay his house rent for a year each time. Whenever the Ministers, or some of them, at least, import their wines they bring over enough to supply them until they go again, and furnish a small store besides. At the end of the season they sell the residue at auction, and expect to make enough to pay for the whole lot. There is one Minister from a sunny clime who has boasted that his wines have not cost him a cent since he has been in Washington. Everybody knows of these transactions, but a new game has just been disclosed, which seems to have been played successfully for several years. The representative of one of the European countries, before he went home last summer, took orders from a large number of friends for both wines and cigars, and last fall got them through the Custom House at New York by making oath that they were for his own personal use. It is said that his commissions on the sales amounted to over $1,000, and that the duties on the wines he imported must have been twice as much. It is not the first time this has been done. The ladies and gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps never go to Europe without taking a number of orders from their friends for gloves, laces, and velvets. But this is the first time, so far as known, that any diplomat has attempted to make money out of his friends as well as out of the Government.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Snowed Under.

From the Boston Globe.

Of a thousand things that the Year snowed under,
 The busy Old Year that has gone away,
How many will rise in the spring, I wonder,
 Brought to life by the sun of May?
Will the rose-tree branches, so wholly hidden
 That never a rose tree seems to be,
At the sweet spring's call come forth unbidden,
 And bud in beauty, and bloom for me?

Will the fair, green earth, whose throbbing bosom
 Is hid, like a maid's in her gown at night,
Wake out of her sleep, and with blade and blossom
 Gem her garments to please my sight?
Over the knoll in the valley yonder
 The loveliest buttercups bloomed and grew;
When the snow is gone that drifted them under,
 Will they shoot up sunward and bloom anew?

When wild winds blew and a sleet storm pelted,
 I lost a jewel of priceless worth;
If I walk that way when snows have melted,
 Will the gem gleam up from the bare, brown earth?
I laid a love that was dead or dying,
 For the year to bury and hide from sight;
But out of a trance will it waken crying,
 And push to my heart like a leaf to the light?

Under the snow lie things so cherished—
 Hopes, ambitions, and dreams of men,
Faces that vanish and trusts that perished
 Never to sparkle or glow again.
The Old Year greedily grasped his plunder,
 And covered it over and hurried away;
Of the thousand things he hid, I wonder
 How many will rise at the call of May?
O wise Young Year, with your hands held under
 Your mantle of ermine, tell me, pray!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Heroes of the Lifeboats.

From Punch.

Up goes the Lytham signal! St. Anne's has summoned hands!
Knee deep in surf the lifeboat's launched abreast of Southport sands!
Half deafened by the screaming wind, half blinded by the rain,
Three crews await their coxswains, and face the hurricane!
The stakes are death or duty! No man has answered No!
Lives must be saved out yonder on the doomed ship Mexico!
Did ever night look blacker? did sea so hiss before?
Did ever women's voices wail more piteous on the shore?
Out from three ports of Lancashire that night went lifeboats three,
To fight a splendid battle, manned by Warriors of the Sea!

Along the sands of Southport, brave women held their breath,
For they knew that those who loved them were fighting hard with death.
A cheer went out from Lytham! the tempest tost it back,
As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the waves' attack;
And girls who dwell about St. Anne's, with faces white with fright,
Pray'd God would still the tempest, that dark December night.
Sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, they'd given up their all,
These noble English women heart sick at duty's call;
But not a cheer, or tear, or prayer, from those who bent the knee,
Came out across the waves to nerve those Warriors of the Sea!

Three boats went out from Lancashire, but one came back to tell
The story of that hurricane, the tale of ocean's hell!
All safely reached the Mexico, their trysting place to keep,
For one there was the rescue, the others in the deep
Fell in the arms of victory! dropped to their lonely grave,
Their passing bell the tempest, their requiem the wave!
They clung to life like sailors, they fell to death like men,
Where, in our roll of heroes? When in our story? when?
Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more loyally
With death that comes by duty to the Warriors of the Sea?

One boat came back to Lytham! its noble duty done,
But at St. Anne's and Southport the prize of death was won!
Won by those gallant fellows who went men's lives to save,
And died there crowned with glory! enthroned upon the wave!
Within a rope's throw of the wreck the English sailors fell,
A blessing on their faithful lips when ocean rang their knell;
Weep not for them, dear women! cease wringing of your hands!
Go out to meet your heroes across the Southport sands!
Grim death for them is stingless! The grave has victory!
Cross oars and bear them nobly home! Brave Warriors of the Sea!

When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms of wind and rain
Howl round the cosy homestead and lash the window pane,
When over hill and tree top we hear the tempest roar,
And hurricanes go sweeping on from valley to the shore,
When nature seems to stand at bay and silent terror comes,
And those we love on earth the best are gathered in our homes!
Think of the sailors round the coast who braving sleet or snow,
Leave sweethearts, wives, and little ones when duty bids them go!
Think of our sea-girt island! a harbor, where alone
No Englishman to save a life has failed to risk his own!
Then when the storm howls loudest pray of your charity
That God will bless the lifeboat! and the Warriors of the Sea!

How he Stole his Girl's Glove.

From the Union and Advertiser.

O, little glove, do I but dream I hold thee,
 So warm, so sweet, and tawny as her hair?
Nay! from her hand to-night I dared unfold thee,
 As we went down the stair.

She said no word; she did not praise or blame me;
 She is so proud, so proud, and cold and fair!
Ah! dear, my love, thy silence did not shame me,
 As we went down the stair.

Thy dark eyes flashed, thy regal robe arrayed thee
 In queenly grace and pride beyond compare;
But on thy cheeks a sudden red betrayed thee
 As we went down the stair.

O, lady mine, some near night will I prove thee!
 By this soft glove I know that I may dare
Take thy white hand and whisper, "Sweet, I love thee!"
 As we go down the stair!

MINTON GILMORE.

Tobog or Not Tobog—Shakespeare on Ice.

From the Sun and Voice.

Tobog, or not tobog: that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to shuffle
O'er slides and slip-ups of uncleaned sidewalks,
Or to take sled against a hill of ice, sir,
And by a scoot-down, get there! To slide; to slip;
To soar; and, by that slip, to reach the end,
The wind-up, and the thousand bruising bumps
That flesh is prone to—'tis a combustication
Devoutly to be dished! To slide; to slip;
To slip! Perchance to flop; aye, there's the rub;
For in that slip down hill what scrapes may come;
When we have scratched up all this mortal hide,
And skinned our paws; there's the respect
That makes calamity of that long slide;
For who would bear the cuts and smarts of coasts;
The steerer's wrong, the starter's stupidity,
The pangs of o'erturned loads, the crushed up sleigh,
The twenty-five cents out, and the smarts
That patient merit bears when sweet girls snicker,
When he himself might his quietus take
Off a toboggan? Who would ride a sled
To scoot and gasp under a horse blanket,
But that the dread of not being fashionable—
That awful *bête noir*, from whose frown
No tobogganer returns—masters the hill,
And makes us rather take the ills we fear,
Than fly in haste from the toboggan slide!

The Song of the Flirt.

From Grip.

With feet quite weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman reclined on a ballroom chair
 When she ought to have been in bed.
Rich! rich! rich!
 In her low-necked silk admired,
But still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She muttered, "I'm awfully tired!"

Dance! dance! dance!
 Till your head begins to swim;
Dance! dance! dance!
 And whirl with a horrible vim.
It's oh! to be a girl!
 I would teach them a lesson of wit,
For when they get into this maddening whirl
 They never know when to quit.

Oh, girls with mothers dear!
 Oh, young and giddy wives!
It is not slippers you're wearing out
 When you're spending such giddy lives;
But you're wasting away your brains,
 To your mothers' and husbands' hurt,
And you'll find that never a bit remains
 When you get too old to flirt!

Undertones.

From the English Illustrated Magazine.

SHE.

So you've had a happy time,
 Traveller, so queerly brown.
After scenery sublime,
 Don't you hate the dusty town?
And that girl you left at Rome—
 Surely parting was a blow—
There's no solace here at home!
 (Did he ever love me? No!)

HE.

Well, it was not such a change
 From the old familiar sphere;
Glaciers did not seem so strange,
 For it's rather icy here!
But that girl—ah! she was sweet,
 Simple as a maid from school,
No coquette all stale conceit!
 (And I loved you! what a fool!)

SHE.

Simple! Yes, and very good:
 Trust a girl to know her cue;
Artful piece of maidenhood,
 Posing as an *ingenue*!
You who boast your subtle wit,
 Take up on the merest show
Any little hypocrite!
 (O my heart! I loved him so!)

HE.

Don't malign my Roman rose;
 Candor is her sweetest bloom!
I have found the merest shows
 Not at Rome, but in this room!
Once I cherished here what seemed
 Truest heart divinely kind;
Now I know I only dreamed!
 (Jove! she's jealous, or I'm blind!)

SHE.

Strange! for I've been dreaming, too,
 Such a foolish little jest:
For I thought that some one knew
 He was dearer than the rest!
Dreams are dead; why should we care?
 For we wake, and we are wise!
Is your Roman dark or fair?
 (O, my dearest, read my eyes!)

HE.

Yes, we wake with clearer gaze:
 Mists of pique and pride are flown!
Darling, how I grudge the days
 When I did not claim my own!
Tell me, sweetheart, with your lips
 I am he you hold so dear,
So that joy knows no eclipse:

SHE.

Shall we go to Rome next year?

L. F. AUSTIN.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE

The Best Japanese Wrestlers Have Never Come Here.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Wrestling in Japan is always done in tournaments that last from 6 o'clock in the morning until about 4 o'clock in the evening. As fast as one man is downed another turns up, and the winner of the most bouts is the winner of the first prize."

"How does Matsada Sorakichi stand with the crack wrestlers of Japan?"

"Not very high. He is so much smaller and physically weaker than the good ones that he stands no show at all against them. The best wrestlers are Adata and Umegatani of Tokio. They're about as big as Evan Lewis, but a great deal stronger. Tokio, Osaka, and Kioto are the greatest sporting centres in Japan. There is a good reason for Sorakichi's inferiority to the other wrestlers of his race. For nearly three centuries wrestling has been the prevailing sport of that country. Professional wrestlers bred their sons to be wrestlers, and in the course of half a dozen generations there was developed a class of brawny athletes, big of bone and large of stature, giants in every respect physically. Against such fellows Sorakichi stands a small show. One feature of the Japanese wrestlers that strikes an American at first glance is the Aldermanic paunch the athletes boast. In this country, where athletes train off every ounce of superfluous flesh, a man who would step into a ring with such a waist girth as Japanese wrestlers carry around would be laughed off the stage. The average Jap will weigh from 120 to 130 pounds. None of the best wrestlers scale under 200 lbs, and all stand head and shoulders above non-athletic citizens."

A Nice Quiet Family Game.

From the Buffalo Courier.

A veteran married man living on the east side says that cards came within an ace of ruining his domestic happiness. Contrary to the orthodox method of ruination in this particular line of vice, he did not frequent gambling rooms, clubs, or saloons to find the broad path, but stumbled into it right in his own house. He had taught his wife to play poker two or three winters ago, and frequently since then they had friendly little sessions, using buttons for chips. The other night, though, he brought home a box of the genuine, nice stacks of whites, reds, and blues.

"Now," he said, "I'll just show you how poker is played among the boys. I never could take any interest in it with them cussed buttons, but this seems natural. We'll call it a dollar limit; whites a nickel, reds a quarter, blues 50 cents, and take $5 worth each. Now if you break me I'll buy you that seal muff."

The game proceeded without any material change in the size of the piles for nearly an hour, when Mr. Brown had three tens pat. Mrs. B. took three cards—pair of bullets all the time—caught the third and beat him out of three dollars. This was all right, except that Brown remarked that he had never in his life seen a poor player that didn't have all the luck. Finally he lost the other two dollars.

"Gimme 'nother five and if I don't knock you out in fifteen minutes by that clock I'll never turn another card," he said.

Mrs. B. didn't answer; that is, she didn't say anything, but her look said "That's all right." The luck seemed to go Brown's way this time, and he pulled in quite a few chips. Mrs. Brown was dealing, a third party, Brown's brother, was a looker on at this period, and of course it was Brown's age.

"I'll come in," said Mrs. B.

"Oh, of course you will," said Brown; "well then, put up another dollar and you won't have so many chips."

"I'll raise you a dollar, James," said his spouse.

"You will, will you? Dollar better'n you."

Mrs. Brown just came in and drew two cards. Brown thought he'd keep his, and when his wife chipped without looking he promptly raised the limit. After carefully looking them over the lady thought she'd raise it another dollar. This made Brown fairly bound off the chair, but he had to call, only to have a flush beaten by a full. He quit there, and when his wife giggled said: "I don't see anything funny about it at all. Anybody could play with the cards you get. If I had them, you would have been broke two hours ago."

Dress Reform Seventy Years Ago.

From the Chicago Herald.

My grandmother has been telling me something about how the present styles in women's undergarments came into vogue. When she was a child, she said, no one wore any lower underclothes except stockings. After a while there came a fashion for pantalettes, which consisted simply of a broad ruffle fastened by a tight band just below the knee. Children used to have two sets, white ones for best, and yellow nankeen or calico for every-day wear. She said there was a reason for the fashion for pantalettes, as there is for every decree of fashion. People had begun to think it more sensible to put short dresses on children rather than long gowns reaching below their ankles, and, to make the costume modest, the extra coverings for the limbs was invented. But the presence of a tight band about the leg was objectionable on account of its discomfort, and the remedy for this led to the next step in the evolution of the present lower undergarment. To the outside of the broad ruffle was attached the base of a long, acute angle triangle of cloth. This triangle extended up the waist, where it was buttoned to the chemise. This relieved the pressure from the band, but, as the support was one-sided, it caused the ruffle to hang unevenly at times. The only remedy for this seemed to be the adoption of the present form, in which the whole of the lower portion of the body is covered. For a long time if anybody dared dream of such an innovation she dared not speak of it, and when at last the bounds were leaped by some courageous women, who donned the first drawers, there was a wonderful hue and cry, compared to which anything in the history of modern reforms is as nothing. "Women wear garments like men's!" "Women trying to get into trousers!" "Horror! Shame!" But the reform prevailed.

The Pay of Lawmakers.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In Belgium each member of the Chamber of Representatives receives 200 florins, or £16 15s. per month, or for the session of eight months, £134.

In Denmark the members of the Landsthing and the Folkething are paid the same salary, 15s. per day. The average number of working days in a session is 145; the total amount for the same is £113 15s.

In Portugal, Peers and Deputies receive an annual stipend of £67.

In France Senators and Deputies each get 19,000 francs, or £350 a year, the Colonial Representatives getting, in addition, their travelling expenses.

In Sweden the members of the Diet receive 1,200 rix dollars, equal to £65 14s., for a session of four months, and their travelling expenses. Members of both Chambers are fined 10 rix dollars, or 11 shillings, a day if they do not attend.

In Switzerland members of the National Council receive 10 shillings per day, which is paid out of the Federal Treasury. Members of the State Councils are paid by the cantons, and their salaries range from 6 shillings to 10 shillings per day.

In the United States Representatives and delegates each receive $5,000 per year, and their travelling expenses at the rate of 10 cents per mile.

In Norway the members of the Storthing receive thirteen shillings and four pence a day while it is sitting, which is usually about twelve weeks.

In Italy neither Senators nor Deputies are paid but they get free passes over all the railways in the kingdom, and some other concessions as to taxes and patronage, a most objectionable mode of payment, and long since condemned in this and other countries where similar privileges used to be conceded to legislators.

In Spain the members are not paid.

In Greece the Senators get £20 per month, and members of the Representative Chamber £10 per month.

In all the local Legislatures in Germany the members, with one or two exceptions, are paid, the salaries averaging in Prussia about 9s. per day, and in Austria 23s.

The members of Parliament of Great Britain, as is well known, receive no pay and have no direct patronage. Were the members of the House of Lords paid at the same rate as American Congressmen, their salaries would amount to about £518,000, and the members of the House of Commons would absorb about £670,000.

Making the Fog Useful.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

Of all the queer devices pertaining to a seafaring life the queerest is the automatic fog bell that used to ring on Race Point, Cape Cod. There was a big bell with a clockwork that would mournfully toll it whenever it was set a-going. The bell was under cover, but projecting from the house was a long, nicely balanced lever with a big sponge on the out end. There was a little roof over the sponge to keep the rain off, but when a fog came on the moisture would saturate the sponge, and the weight bearing the lever down would start the machine and set the bell to tolling. If the fog soon disappeared the sponge dried out and the lever stopped the bell.

His Mind was on Wood.

From the Boston Transcript.

"I used to think that men had an awfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, "but I've changed my mind, and hereafter I'm going to take all the care of Charles I possibly can. You see, the other morning I told Charles we wanted some wood, and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, he has forgotten it, as usual.

"Charles didn't come home until late—long after I retired. He had to go to his club, and it seems he was detained until after midnight. He was awfully restless, and kept talking in his sleep, saying every once in a while, 'Give me another dollar's worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much it must have worried him to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to all house matters myself. Poor man! he has enough to bother him without doing home errands."

A New Motor for Steamships.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

As great an improvement on the screw propeller as the screw was on the old paddle wheel of Fulton is claimed to have been made by a local inventor named A. B. Smith, who has been for many years in the pilot service of this coast. To the end of each of two hollow shafts, running astern after the fashion of the screw shaft, is fastened a circular steel plate made in two equal parts and joined on a vertical line. The two parts of the plate are so hinged together and so moved by a rod running through the shaft that they may be opened to present a flat surface of great diameter to the water astern of the steamer, or closed so as to present only the thickness of the steel of which the two parts of the blade are formed. When in operation one of these two round blades is forced outward with great velocity while open, and the other blade at the same instant is closed and brought back toward the stern of the vessel. The shaft, as will be seen, is not turned as in a screw steamer, the only action being a horizontal stroke. As the stroke is direct, it is unnecessary to use engines, the power being applied from the cylinder. It is also claimed that much less power is necessary than for screw propulsion, as in the rotating motion of the screw from 35 to 40 per cent. of the power is lost in keeping the number of revolutions per minute up to the figure at which headway can be made.

For a steamer of the dimensions and tonnage of the State of California, the propeller blades would each be six feet in diameter, with a seven-foot stroke. A boat thirty-two feet long has been built for the trial of the new propelling system. She will soon receive her boilers and machinery, and will make her first trip about the middle of next month. The size of her blades is about one and one-half feet, and the shaft has a twenty-four-inch stroke. Great interest is taken in the invention, and its success is hoped for by all steamship owners here, who are anxious to secure an increase of speed and a reduction of expense in the running of their craft. The motion of a steamer can easily be reversed, the opening and closing of the propeller blades being regulated by a simple attachment to the rod enclosed in the shaft. If the rudder be lost, the steamer can easily be steered through the medium of the shafts. All of these peculiar features of the new system of propulsion have been fully demonstrated by practical operation, a small boat with wooden propeller blades and shafts of the kind referred to having made an unusually high rate of speed, the machinery working to the entire satisfaction of the inventor.

The Mikado to Receive the Garter.

From the London Truth.

It is probable that the order of the Garter will be conferred upon the Mikado of Japan. The Chrysanthemum, with which the Prince of Wales was invested last week, is the highest Japanese order, and ranks with our Garter, with the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Golden Fleece of Spain, the St. Stephen of Hungary, and the St. Andrew of Russia.

Bound that They Should be Comfortable.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The Rev. Hugh Cull is still well remembered in Wayne county, where he lived for more than half a century, and died at the advanced age of 104 years. During the last four years of his life he was afflicted with a sort of hypochondria, and every once in a while imagined he was dying. On one such occasion he mounted his adopted daughter on a horse and sent her to notify the members of his family, who lived at some distance, that his end was near, and if they desired to see him as they must come at once. While she was gone on this errand he happened to think there was no wood cut, and that his children would be cold when they got to his bedside, as it was in the middle of winter; so, forgetting about his near approach to death, he got up and went to the wood pile, and his children, when they arrived in haste, found him cutting wood to keep them warm while they watched him die.

Too Young to Tell the Time.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

A young man recently returned home to his faithful and wakeful spouse so near daybreak that you might call it early in the morning.

"My dear, how late you are to-night! Where in the world have you been?" was the greeting he received from his benight-gowned wife as he shuffled up stairs.

"Late? (hic) 'Tishn't late. What makesh you (hic) shink 'slate?"

"Why, the chickens are crowing. Don't you hear?"

"Shick sh! [illegible] That don't (hic) know what chime 'tiss."

Bo-Shway is an Irishman.

From the London Telegraph.

Letters received at Plymouth from Rangoon, dated Nov. 27, state: "The greatest of the Dacoit leaders, one Bo-Shway, seems to defy us everywhere. He is most active in the Minhla district, where the Naval Brigades are acting, and has a well-equipped following of daring and desperate men. Every effort is, however, being made to surround him, jungle and all. It is said that this freebooter is really an Irishman named Barney O'Shea, which, from the abbreviation of B. O'Shea, has got corrupted into Burmese as Bo-Shway."

Uncle Jake Ziegler.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Uncle Jake Ziegler of the Butler *Herald* has not drunk intoxicating liquor for a quarter of a century. He derives his nickname of uncle from an incident at a funeral, when the bereaved mother asked him if he was ever a father. He replied:

"Never, madame; but I expect to be an uncle before another sun rises."

He is so popular at home that during the war a pious old farmer, who daily prayed for the preservation of the Union, and also that the Lord would especially visit His displeasure upon the Democrats and bring confusion upon them, expressed his wishes thus:

"All of them, Lord, except Uncle Jake Ziegler, for everybody knows he is all right."

Singular Suicide of a Russian Surgeon.

From the London Times.

A remarkable suicide has recently been committed in St. Petersburg. A short time ago a woman, aged 23, came to consult Dr. Botkine, who found that she was suffering from a tuberculous ulcer.

An operation being deemed necessary, Dr. Botkine sent her to M. Kolominne, a surgeon of considerable repute. He administered to her a slight dose of saline acid of cocaine, and finding this did not take effect he increased the dose and peformed the operation with complete success, but a few hours afterward he received a message to say that his patient seemed to be dying, and he found upon hurrying to her, that, judging by the feebleness of the pulse and bluish appearance of the face, she was suffering from the effects of poison. All the efforts made to save her were of no effect and she died the same evening.

M. Kolominne was so overcome that he denounced himself as her murderer, though all his colleagues assured him that he was in no way to blame. But he would not listen to them, and a few days afterward he blew his brains out, leaving a note in which he said: "I must have been the victim of some temporary aberration, and this has caused the catastrophe which drives me to despair. I am not guilty, for my intentions were good; but I cannot live."

How to Live a Full Century.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Prof. Humphry of Cambridge has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of 52 persons whom he mentions, at least 11—2 males and 9 females—actually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to the hundred years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the alleged age of 106. Of the 52 persons, 36 were women and 16 men. Prof. Humphry tells us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subjected, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the 36 women 26 had been married, and 11 had borne large families. Of the 26 who had been wives 8 had married before they were 20, one at 16, and 2 at 17.

Twelve of the fifty-two centenarians were discovered to have been the eldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Dr. Humphry, does not agree with popular notions that first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performances on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Prof. Humphry, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such prophylactics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the finger joints (as in gout) may find a vent."

Of the fifty-two aged people, twenty-four only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being four or five. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours; while out-of-door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions;" another was a "free beer drinker," and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstainers for life or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat eaters."

He Pays License on a Dog.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I like to ask you if dere vhas some license to keep a dog?" inquired Mr. Dunder, as he carefully tip-toed into the presence of Sergeant Bendall yesterday.

"Yes, sir, there is."

"Who gets him?"

"You have to go up stairs to the City Clerk."

"Doan' somepody come to me after him?"

"No, sir."

"Vhell, dot vhas curious. Last week Shake goes oudt mit Mount Clemens to see his Aunt, und he prings home a dog. He keep him tied opp mit der pack yard, und he vhas home only one day when a man walks into my place und say vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to get dot license money on Shake's dog. Der regular price vhas one dollar, but he make it seex shillings because it vhas hardt times."

"And you paid?"

"Vhell, I doan' like to haf dot dog kildt, you see! Eaferypody says he vhas sooch a dog ash shmells some tiger or lion two miles avhay. Next day a stranger comes in mit a shmall pook in his hand und a pencil oafer his ear. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to get dot license on Shake's dog. If I paid him to somepody else dot vhas nothings mit him. He vhas a frendt to Shake, howefer, und he make it feefty cents."

"And you paid that?"

"Vhell, Sergeant, dot vhas a good dog. If some burglars vhas a mile avhay he howls und wakes us oop und saves us two tousand dollar. Dis morning a stranger comes in. He haf some badge on. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to get dot license for Shake's dog. If I pay somepody else I vhas a fool. Nopody can collect dot license unless he haf dot badge on. Being ash I vhas shwindled he make it twenty-five cents."

"And you were fool enough to pay?"

"Vhell, Sergeant, I pays taxes in two wards und I vhas headquarters for campaign clubs. Dot dog vhas great on coons und elephants. Vhas it some shwindle on me?"

"Certainly! You ought to be sent to an asylum!"

"Sergeant, look at my eye, und doan' you forget him! I vhas going home. Somepody vhill come in. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Sergeant, I shall shump on dot person like a sparrow on an elephant. I vhill break him in two und drag him around! und bang his head mit dem floor until der Coroner finds only one ear und a shirt button to hold an inquest on! Good-pye! After I vhas in you shall come und see me sometimes, for I vhas an houest man who haf to defend my family."

It's an Able Beverage.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Ever since Minister Manning's little difficulty in withstanding the effects of the Mexican "mescal," there has been a great desire among some of the scientific men of Washington for a taste of the genuine article. A club of scientific men decided recently to import a lot of the true stuff, and a few days ago it arrived. New Year's Eve the gentlemen who had imported the mescal gathered at the club rooms. They tasted it, few of them doing more than take a small wine glass full. To-day only one of the party made his appearance. He looked rather the worse for wear, and explained his looks by telling the truth about the experiment. He said the others were unable to put in an appearance, and added:

"As for myself, the time since Friday at 5 o'clock P. M. up to now is a total blank to me. If the Mexicans did mix the mescal for Manning, as alleged, there is no wonder the city of Mexico and the Jockey Club were painted a deep vermilion. I drank less than half a gill in a little port wine, but it had its terrible effect."

A Submarine Boat that Works Well.

From the London Daily News.

A boat called the Nautilus was yesterday tried in the deep-water dock at Tilbury, in presence of a large number of naval and military men among whom was Lord Charles Beresford. The boat was made to rise and sink and to take short trips on the surface, and under water hidden from view of the spectators on shore. The limited space prevented the Nautilus running full speed, and the Dock Company objected to experiments with exploding torpedoes. What was done gave great satisfaction.

Mr. Campbell, the inventor, bethought himself how to supply a boat which could be readily submerged or floated in a safe and simple manner, leaving nothing to chance, and not depending on the power used for propulsion—a boat practically indestructible, efficient in any climate, and ready at any moment. The theory that it could be done by simply increasing or decreasing the weight had failed, as also had that of propelling the boat down nose foremost, for as soon as the machinery stopped she found an even keel and floated to the surface; nor did he think finality and absolute success had been reached by that better method adopted by Mr. Nordenfeldt, by which the boat is forced down by means of propellers or screws working horizontally at the side of the boat, for the capital fault still remains that submersion is dependent upon the machinery.

Fish and animals subsisting in water rise and sink simply by muscular contraction or expansion. The same expansion and contraction to such a rigid structure as a boat was given by placing in the hull of a water-tight vessel a series of metal cylinders, into which are fitted rams or drums, which can be protruded or withdrawn by a simple process, governed and worked by the crew of the vessel, by means similar to those used in steering an ordinary ship. The speed of rising or falling is easily and perfectly regulated; an even keel is always maintained and perfect safety is assured. A torpedo may not simply be taken within striking distance, but may be attached and fired from a point of safety. The inventor, in short, claims that he has produced a boat which is perfectly under control; can be kept at any given depth, can be raised or sunk rapidly or slowly; can be propelled at ten knots an hour, or, floated or submerged, may be kept for days without using a fraction of the stored propelling power.

The Nautilus is a cigar-shaped vessel, 60 feet long and 8 feet diameter amidships. She is propelled noiselessly by twin electric engines, worked from storage batteries of large capacity. For safety she is divided into four compartments, all the projectors and machinery being contained in one of these, so as to render them under easy control. Besides the projectors she is fitted with water ballast as well as horizontal rudders, and in case of an absolute break down, such as might be caused by collision or a similar accident, a turn of a bolt will enable the crew to release a heavy weight and so raise her to the surface. Thus everything is believed to have been done to insure absolute safety to all lives within her.

Photographing Flying Gulls.

From the London Times.

An example of the speed with which pictures can now be produced is afforded by a photograph of a number of flying gulls taken at Southport by a local photographer, Mr. Mallin. Of course animals in far more rapid movement have been photographed by Mr. Muybridge in America and M. Marcey in France, but these are produced by special apparatus, and rarely give much more than a silhouette of the object photographed. The picture of the gulls was taken under ordinary conditions, and with ordinary apparatus; but the lens must have been a good one, and a very rapid shutter must have been employed. The plate also (one of those named the Derby plates, from a formula invented by Capt. Abney) must have been of specially high sensitiveness. The various attitudes of the birds are curious. Most of them have the wings spread in the orthodox manner, but some of them are caught in that curious position with the wings hanging down which, from the shortness of the time during which it is maintained, the eye does not appear to catch. About sixty birds are shown quite sharply and distinctly.