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HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon," at Orpington, assumed to be an inn, was really little more than a way side stopping-place. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor was, therefore not a little surprised and flurried when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and a sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man with a red face and gray hair; "yes, I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" echoed the landlord, in a tone of one who is considering some great undertaking. "One minute, if you please, sir."

And Mr. Hunter disappeared into the little room adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person, the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter and a few Hunters, just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, whistles and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," replied the traveller.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone at once genial and confidential; "we would not turn a customer from our doors. You see we do not have much parlor company."

"And this is the only room you have that you have disengaged?"

"Well, yes sir; this is the only room for the present. Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveller was glad enough to enter the apartment and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm-chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and a writer from choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular, handsome features, wore a look of intense mental weariness.

For some time he leaned indolently back his hands clasped behind his head; at last he rose and took from his bag a locket and diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pen and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:—

"October, 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Brainatones; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went like a fool to Richmond, and like a fool haunted the favourite house. Looking just the same as in the dear old days; but I heard children playing in the garden. The house, I believe, is let to city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late; wrote a column 'Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He then drew from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate hand and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This letter is regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—If you will be so suspicious, so jealous and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable jealousy is quite unworthy of you; do try and put it from you, and remember, that love once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant.

"Yours affectionately,"
ALICE CLAREFIELD.

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe and began smoking. The early part of the day had been fine and mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew leaden and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating impetuous, determined rain.

For want of something better to do, Seton began to write a letter, but he made slow work of it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling that is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly what must have been a very light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up at the door of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of the new-comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as "caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshold, and said in a very pointed manner:

"If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for a closed carriage."

"And this is the only one you have?" rejoined Seton. "Oh, ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't mention it sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady tall and graceful, having a pale Madonna-like face, and golden hair shining like an aureole round a classic head.

Seton's face had grown white to the very lips, and his voice quivered preceptively as, extending his hand, he said:

"This is a very unexpected meeting."

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a general thing have more self-possession than the sterner sex.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen.

"No, thank you; I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but you see, I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put into an envelope a blank sheet of paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his own name with great care upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the continent six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then, after a pause, "Are you stopping here."

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gaiety in his tone, "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over on my word of honor to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But you used—" began the lady, then she colored a little and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence, "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

It would weary you, reader, to set down here the dreary commonplaces with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At last they took refuge in silence, while the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton, looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then the lady rose very quietly, stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No you shouldn't, really" said Seton not turning round, however, and with a look of pain on his face. It it wonderful what suffering some small common-place

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with an effort; "our coachman drives very fast."

"Yes; your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest a photograph before him.

"How the time passes!" said Alice in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with a sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the firelight his eyes flashed on her as he said, in a low, harsh voice:

"From your lips that question is an insult."

"Of which we need not fear the repetition," she rejoined with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past? This meeting was not of my seeking, and it seems to me unmanly to take advantage of this opportunity.

"We are sometimes so much mistaken," she said, hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued:

"Alice, you have treated me badly. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—you made life pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it away, and left me to perish miserably." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her with a gesture and went on: "And now, when we meet after three years, you ask me if I am happy. If I loved you once, I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said quietly.

"Yes, there were," he replied; "but I was reading your last letter only to-day. Oh, how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter," she said passionately, her voice quivering and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word," he answered quickly; "I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

"But I have it by heart." Then very slowly: "You said if your love, in its heart and strength, was a little exciting mine was cold and tideless; in fact, no love, only a cold, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on, "but a woman with less pride than me could not have acted differently. Only one course was left to me—to be silent."

"Well, it is all over now; we shall probably never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship, then?"

"No, thank you, you are very generous; but I do not want that gift."

He drew himself wearily into a chair, and for a time there was silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man without hope. It seemed to him that his life could not be more desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feelino of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him during the last three years? Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing left to him but death.

Pre-ently a carriage came down the road; a carriage lamp flashed through the dusk and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in and announced that the carriage had come for the young lady, and had done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut and they were alone with each other once more

Softly and distinctly Seton heard her speak his name, "Arthur!" but he did not move; it seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clinch fast his heart till she was gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come? Are you not going to forgive me?"

He groped his way toward her. She stretched out her hand and drew him toward her. Then he bent down; she raised her face, and the hearts and lips so long disunited came together in a long, passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, and her head sunk upon his shoulder, and for many minutes they remained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. And the corks continued to pop, and the wagoners on their way to London, tramped in and out of the bar, and good-nights were exchanged between customers and landlord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle around her, she said slyly:

"You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered joyfully.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon, and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied; but the payment was lavish and the day's labor was not regretted.

Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten ride to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evening! The rain ceased, and strange voices were abroad in the wind, singing jubilantly over love-rt-en and redeeming. The clouds drifted away and the pure sweet moonlight quivered over wet fields and trees, and seemed love's benediction.

The reader is left to imagine the arrival home. Arthur was a favorite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels would always take his part. When dinner was disposed of Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties and went to her room. There she sat down before the fire and wept, dear soul, over the happinesss of her children. Down stairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a solemn thing, and they were silent lovers. The moments went swiftly on.

Presently Alice said, as she looked up in Arthur's face:

"You are not going to continue your walk to Hastings this week?"

He answered with a smile:

"But, dear, I have pledged my word of honor to do so."

"I command you to break it."

He did so; but none of his friends brought it as an accusation against him that he, for once in his life had broken his word of honor.

"Res Adjudicata."

WASHINGTON, March 12.—A pre-emptor writes to a newspaper man in this city to know if pre-emptors have any rights the government is bound to respect, doubtless having the late Chief Justice Taney and the Dred Scott case before his mind's eye. He settled upon a piece of land ten years ago and made valuable improvements, and when he attempted to enter recently as a homestead, he was told by the land officers that his place was on railroad land. He asked again if the books did not show that the land was pre-empted before the railroad was thought of, and was advised that that made no difference and that if he wanted the land he must buy it from the railroad company. There is a railroad within seventy miles of the tract at the present time. He then wrote to the secretary of the interior, who replied that the commissioner had decided correctly. Subsequently saw that the secretary had decided that when there was a settler upon a piece of land before the railroad was located, the land went to the settler. He then went to the local office and again asked to be allowed to enter, and was told that he could not enter it because he had applied once before and his application had been rejected and that decision was final. While yet in the local office a man who had overheard the conversation stepped up and asked the location of his place and at once filed for the place under the timber culture law. "The local officer," he writes, "said the reason that anybody else but me could enter the land was because my case was *res adjudicata*. I don't know what *res adjudicata* means unless it means that everybody in Washington are thieves and scoundrels." He adds that "before the tree man gets my homstead there will be one or two funerals."

A bright little three-year-old likes very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day the choir sang "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me;" and, after she got home, the little one was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies, kept for me."

They have discovered a new way of preserving butter so that it will last, they claim, 100 years. Why any one should want to eat such old butter when he can buy some five years old at any grocery, is a question not before the house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GOLDEN RULE.

There are two forms of this rule, the affirmation ascribed to Jesus, and the negative ascribed to Confucius. Whoever the author of the latter may be, we know that it is much the oldest.

Many people prefer the form: "Do not unto another what you would should not be done unto you," to the other: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." This is, however, merely a matter of taste, as in practice both forms amount to the same thing.

Perhaps more sermons have been written on the Golden Rule than on any other text of the New Testament.

I said in an article on Agnosticism that Agnostics would follow the Golden Rule until a better one was found.

Let us examine this rule and see if it is practicable. The test of any rule is to apply it to some simple affair of daily life. For the purpose of illustration, we will take the form ascribed to the Master, it being both more convenient and more familiar.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." We must take these words in their literal sense, for, if we try to read between the lines and give some figurate meaning to them, we should soon have hardly two persons agreeing on the same rendering.

The only question is as to the meaning of the word *would*. This is simply the Preterite of the verb *to will* and means to wish or desire. The rule will be as follows: "As ye wish (or desire) that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." That this is the true intent of the rule is abundantly proved by the context of the chapter in Luke, where the rule is found. What would be the result if this rule was strictly and literally followed? Let us take a familiar instance. An Indian or a white man steals my horse or kills my cattle or does something else equally as criminal, I naturally try to catch him, and if I can prove it against him, he goes to the penitentiary. If I do have him punished, or even wish him punished, I break the rule. Let us reverse matters. Suppose you or I kill cattle or steal horses, we expect to be punished by the owner or owners if convicted, but we certainly would neither wish nor desire that they should punish us. If, therefore, we did to the horse-thief as we would wish to have done to us in similar circumstances, we would do nothing at all, and no one need to be told what a state of affairs there would be if the rule was generally lived up to.

It may be objected that if the man who steals my horse, had followed the rule, he would not have stolen him. But because he disobeys the rule can be no reason why I should disobey it also.

It is very well to say that if everyone followed the rule there would be a millennium, but everyone does not follow it, and probably never will, and the only way that we can judge of the unsefulness of any ruld whatever, is to apply it to some simple and common occurrence in every day life. If it does not work then, we simply beg the question by trying to apply it to some imaginary thate of things.

The truth is that no one does or can follow the Golden Rule literally, and all who do follow any rule, follow one much like this: "Do as you expect to be done by." If I steal a horse I expect to go to prison if convicted, and so if a man steals my horse I send him to prison as I would expect him to do to me in a similar case. We can do nothing which in the nature of things is impossible, and it is impossible, on this earth, to follow the Golden Rule.

G. H. H.

The River.

The river yesterday afternoon was at a standstill, it being nine and a half feet above winter low water mark. It rose seven feet in the last five days, and is now within three feet of the top of the dyke. It is now higher than last year at the break-up, but not so high within three feet as at the time of the break-up two years ago. The river will probably fall to-day and not rise again till the gorge at the mouth of the Yellowstone gives way, which is not expected to occur before the 23d inst. Old river men predict that the river will break up at this point before the 25th.—*Bismarck Tribune, March 5th.*

Damala's Retirement.

M. Damala, Sarah Bernhardt's husband has written the following letter to the Gaulois: "My dear M. Meyer: Several journals have circulated the rumor that I and Mme. Damala are about to separate. This is not true, and yet there is something true which accounts for this false news. The fact is, I am finally going to leave the theatre to resume my old profession of a soldier. France, which treats my wife as a spoiled child, will, I hope, have room for me under the shadow of her flag. Being passionately fond of the stage, I deceived myself as to the possibility of at once taking a place not too unworthy of that which my wife occupies in the first rank. But notwithstanding the indulgence with which I was received, I must be more severe towards myself than the press and the public have been. Reason and honor call upon me to take a manly resolution, and therefore I renounce my dream of being an actor and resume the career of arms. This very day I enlist in the foreign legion and solicit the favor of letters of grand naturalization. I hope the motives for this determination will be understood, and I shall be greatly obliged to you to make it known to all whom it may interest. Accept, Joseph Damala. It seems that M. Damala was once a sub-lieutenant in the Greek army."

IRREGULAR MASONRY.

From the Third to the Thirty-Second Degree in one Night.

A dispatch from New Haven, Conn., to the Boston *Herald* says that great indignation prevails among higher degree masons there and elsewhere in the State, because of the doings of an irregular masonic organization that has been conferring degrees up to the 33d, despite the fact that it is not recognized by the higher masonic authorities in the land. The irregular organization is headed by five advanced masons who were recently expelled from the supreme council to which they belonged, because they had assumed power that did not pertain to them. These Quinnipiac bodies, as they are called, started in New York State a year or two ago, and soon gained a foothold in this city, and then spread to Massachusetts. Said a prominent mason here to-day: "They confer the degree, from the 3d to the 32d in one evening or two for about $15, while to go through the regular bodies takes about two months, and costs $100. I don't know why these seceders are acting as they are, except that some have grievances against regularly constituted authority. Others want to get the higher degrees as cheaply and quickly as they can, and others, again, see no hope of gaining the coveted 33d degree, by remaining with us, and so they branched out and formed this organization. We recognize them so far as the blue lodge degrees of entered apprentice, fellow-craft, and master mason are concerned, but after that the Quinnipiac bodies go on and confer degrees on their own hook, that are recognized by no true masons. In Massachusetts, however, the grand lodge of the state has declared that any one who shall have anything to do with those Quinnipiac bodies shall forfeit all the rights and privileges of a mason, which would throw the member out of the blue lodge. We shall come to that here yet and in New York. These bogus bodies are recognized by no supreme council at all, while our bodies are recognized by the twenty-two supreme councils of the world." The speaker went on to say that masons young in the order should be warned against joining these bodies. Upon inquiry, however, it was ascertained that quite a number of men prominent as citizens, if not as free masons, had become identified with the Quinnipiac bodies, and that they were constantly growing, notwithstanding the anathemas of the so-called regular bodies.

The Earthquake Sensation.

All who have related from actual experience how an earthquake feels, agree in describing the sensation as one of peculiar sickening fright and despair as if the bottom had fallen out of the world and the whole universe was going to pieces. In "Traveles in Peru and Mexico," the writer gives Juan Romero's story of a recent terre-moto in the equatoral Sierras, from which he and his cattle were sufferers.

At the first warning mumble in the ground, himself and his family and his workmen all quitted their occupations and ran to the middle of an open field.

But before we reached this (he says) the earth trembled violently beneath our feet, and we were all thrown to the ground.

We were all however soon on our feet again, and in a position of comparative safety where we could watch the effect of the earthquake upon the animals. These all stood motionless with their legs stretched out and their heads bent down almost to the ground, one or two of the cattle moaning.

A second shock was very different. During the first one we seemed to be drawn or pushed from side to side; but now we felt, for a minute or more, as if some weight were pressing us to the ground, and immediately after this as light as if we were ascending into the air, showing that the shock was in the first case horizontal, and in the second in a perpendicular direction.

Of his own feelings, Mr. Romero said that he experienced a kind of terror hard to describe. "My first sensations were a dread that the earth was about to open and bury everything within its bosom. But what I felt after this was not like the fear of death which I have experienced in other cases. I have faced the bayonet and stood before the cannon's mouth, and I cannot say although without fear of human enemies, who, one might suppose, experienced the same unpleasant sensations as oneself. The prospect of death, however, is generally accompanied by hopes of the future; but during an earthquake the reason is subdued, and my predominant feeling was that we were utterly lost. It seemed as if all nature was about to expire; and for an hour or two after the shocks there was the same appearance of dread among the whole party.

"Even the beasts stood for some time in the position which they had taken during the shocks, and requiried patting and reasuring before they would move.

"Fact is," said the physician, "you don't take enough exercise." "Don't take enough exercise!" exclaimed the patient in astonishment. "Why, doctor, I belong to the Episcopal church and attend services every Sunday. For heaven's sake, what more would you have?"

A Southern correspondent of the Hartford *Times* says there are three seasons in Florida—the orange, vegetable, and invalid seasons—and that the last pays the best. Somebody had said before him that in the summer the natives of Florida live on sweet potatoes and sugar cane, and in the winter on the Yankees.

A Remarkable Breach of Promise Case.

The following case of breach of promise, recently tried in Middlesex, England, has some points of human interest, and the defendant might serve a new dramatic hero for the greatest efforts of Mr. Tennyson's life: Miss. Euphemia Collart, the plaintiff, was a young lady about twenty-four years of age, both of whose parents were dead, and who had been following the vocation of a skilled attendant upon ladies suffering from mental disorder. She had been for about three years an attendant to an aged lady at a salary of £68 a year, and in October, 1881, the lady having recovered, the plaintiff was commissioned with the charge of an insane young lady, and was paid £100 and the necessary expenses to take her to New York, and while there she received $25 a week. She was advised by a friend, Dr. Macdonald, the medical superintendent of the principal asylum there, to remain in New York after her engagement terminated, as services were in request and were better paid than they would be in England. To this plaintiff agreed and through the introduction of the principal specialists in New York she obtained several highly remunerative engagements. Ultimately she had an offer, which she accepted, of becoming a matron of a retreat for ladies suffering from nervous disorders, under Dr. Hamilton, which was to be opened in November. Before however, entering upon her duties, she wished to come back to England and sailed by the ship Queen, and whilst on board, at his own request, the defendant was introduced to her by the shipping agent, During the voyage, he showed her constant attention and eventually proposed marriage to her, and stated that he intended to settle as a farmer in Canada West and had been provided by his father with means.

His father had retired from business and lived at Nottingham. The plaintiff accepted his proposal. On landing they dismissed their friends and defendant accompanied the plaintiff to the Grosvenor Hotel, where she had arranged to stay. They parted in the hall, but next morning the defendant came to her room, just as he was descending to breakfast, to borrow her hair brush and comb and then effected her ruin. Plaintiff was subsequently introduced to his parents and treated as his future wife. In November last she discovered that she was enciente, and communicated the fact to the defendant, who said he would marry her at once, but when arrangements had been made he said his father had discovered all and threatened to disinherit him, and wanted him to marry another young lady who lived in Nottingham and who was possessed of £8,000 or £10,000 and he begged the plaintiff not to force him to ruin himself by offending his father. In what the learned counsel described as a foolish moment, she very reluctantly consented to a postponement, and the defendant gave her a wedding ring and told her to take his name. Since then he has refused to fulfill his promise and the plaintiff has been dependent upon her friends and has lost her situation in New York. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, assessing the damages at £250. Hardly enough to keep the baby through teething, not to speak of Euphemia's lost character and future prospects. But heroes will be heroes and juries will be juries as long as babies come before their time.

The Remains of a Megatherium.

Surprises from Wyoming Territory are not at an end. Not only is the country prolific in mineral wealth, but fossil remains are being discovered in abundance. A mining expert who has been in the Sweetwater country for three years has just arrived in Kansas City, bringing with him portions of the skeleton of a megatherium found in a sand-bed in the valley of that river. The portion brought with him is one of the vertebræ, measuring twenty-two inches in diameter. The gentleman himself is well known for credibility, and reports the following facts in regard to the find. The discovery was made while the party were prospecting for a new road to the miens. It lay in a sandy pocket of what is known in that country as "bad lands," a volcanic formation. The possition of the skeleton indicated that it had turned on its side to die, and when found part of the head and shoulder was above ground. The whole frame was exhumed and kept entire with the exception of the vertebræ, brought away for exhibition, and measurements were made of the skeleton left on the ground. The leg measured thirteen feet eight inches in length, and twenty inches in diameter at the smallest point. The jaw is eleven feet long. The skeleton had never been disturbed in any way, and its size indicated its weight at about thirty tons. The exact location of the "find" has been kept a profound secret. As it is the largest specimen yet found of the extinct animal, the Smithsonian Institute has made an effort to secure it, but with correspondence with persons in the East would lead to the belief that the latter will get the prize. A short distance from the same spot the same prospector found, after blasting in shale rock, specimens of skark's teeth, crayfish, bats, frogs, and vegetable fossil remains. The gentlemen had these with them, as corroboration of his story of the richness of the Sweetwater country.

Mr. Froude, in the course of a recent lecture, stated that Cato did not begin to learn the Greek language until he was eighty-four years of age. The boys of to-day tell their fathers that they are anxious to follow the example of Cato.—*Somerville Journal.*

Making Spartans of the Girls.

"Would you like to see our Spartan girls?" an Astoria German said to a reporter.

The reporter replied that he would. The gate leading to the Turn Verein building in Astoria was closed, and the reporter was led through a beer saloon and a back yard to the side entrance of the building. On entering he saw a capacious hall furnished with a variety of gymnastic apparatus. The American and German flags adorned the walls. Fourteen girls, from 8 to 14 years old, were assembled in the hall. They wore a uniform consisting of a navy blue shirt, with a skirt of the same stuff reaching to the knees, blue drawers, red stockings, white linen slippers and a belt. They were in a merry mood. Some were swiftly sliding over the smooth floor like sylphs, others were jumping like kids, and some were swinging and climbing among the ropes like a troop of monkeys. All screamed and laughed in chorus.

"They are amusing themselves till the teacher comes," said the German.

Soon the teacher appeared, dressed in his gymnastic suit. At his command the girls arranged themselves in a line. A regular drill followed. The girls marched in pairs, in fours and in Indian file. Then they ran, jumped over a string, climbed up a high ladder, swung on parallel bars and performed military evolutions with light sticks which served as guns.

"These are our Spartan girls," said the German, admiringly. "I hope they will be worthy of their ancient prototypes. The Spartan women, you know used to hand the shields to their sons about to go to battle with the words; 'Either with this or on this.' Do you think they would have been so brave if they had not taken exercise like this? Our grandmothers used to appear on the battle-field to encourage their husbands and sons fighting against the Roman legions. Do you suppose they would not have hidden themselves in the forest at the first sight of the Roman's approach if they had not strengthened their nerves by exercise? I don't think that hereafter women will ever have to appear on the battle-field, yet there are a thousand occasions when a firm hand and a brave heart may be of much use to them, for daily we hear of disasters at sea, and on land. Life is a great bliss and a heavy burden, and we believe that only those well trained, both mentally and physically can bear the burden and enjoy the bliss. So we make Spartans of our girls."—*New York Sun.*

The Canadian Pacific Road.

The main line of the Canadian Pacific railway will be 2,400 miles in length. The British Government gave the company $25,000,000 in money, and 25,000,000 acres of land, which is claimed to be worth an average of $5 an acre. It is said that this grant of land will more than build and equip the road, leaving the company their entire capital stock and several million acres of land as net profit before the first train is run. The surplus will be used in building branch lines and establishing steamboat lines from Montreal to Europe on the east, and from Port Moody to Australia and the Asiatic parts on the west. The company's property will be exempt from taxation forever. The theory is advanced that a company acquiring its property so cheaply will become a regulator of the other transcontinental railways, and force them to treat the people fairly. The builders of the road, however, may retire and leave a company to operate it, who have been persuaded to pay for the property about all it is worth. Human selfishness does not seem to admit of a favored company dividing up a good thing with the public.

Leprosy in the United States.

When we remember that leprosy prevailed in Great Britain and other countries, now nearly or quite free from it, in comparatively recent times; when we take into account the considerable Scandanavian immigration to our shores now going on; and, above all, when we reflect that the policy of isolation pursued by communities in which the disease is rife is not an ostracism of the leper on account merely of its loathsomeness, but a wholesome precaution for the general safety, founded on the conviction that leprosy is contagious, which conviction is forcing itself more on those who have made the matter a subject of scientific study—when we take all these things into consideration, and couple them with the grim fact that leprosy leads infallibly to death within a few years, we may well ask if it is not desirable for us as a people, and if it is not incumbent on the government, to take steps to prevent the spread of the disease in this country. To be sure, the contagiousness of leprosy is not the rank communicability of the acute infectious disease, but that it is contagious to such a degree as to make it unsafe to allow its victims to go in and out among their fellow men year after year, seems to admit of little if any question. Certainly, the community should give itself the benefit of whatever doubt there may be in the case, and isolate the leper ruthlessly, and, as regards leprous immigrants, forbid their landing on our shores.—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

Burnt to Death while at Prayers.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 18.—While Mrs. Anne Ballard was kneeling in front of her stove yesterday saying her prayers, a live coal fell on her clothing setting them on fire. She was shockingly burned and died this morning. Three of her daughters were badly burned in trying to extinguish the flames.