

Dom Pedro's throne was recently sold at auction in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for \$400.

"No seat, no fare" will hereafter be the rule of the street cars in Washington. Congress has passed a law to this effect.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Hapicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Melbourne University at the age of sixteen. Now, at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with 196 competitors, the diligent young lady scores 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A. and to study law.

John Mitches, a draper, sued Joanna Simpson for \$3000 damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The action was brought in Glasgow, Scotland, and an award of \$40 has been obtained by the plaintiff. The defense admitted a breach of promise, but pleaded justification, because on a salary of \$300 a year the plaintiff could not support a wife. To this the court answered that the defendant knew what the plaintiff's salary was when she promised to wed with him; she had made the contract wittingly and should now pay the specified penalty without complaint.

Commissioner Raum, of the Pension Bureau, recently submitted to the Secretary of the Interior for decision, a case involving the question whether a Confederate soldier who afterward served in the Union Army is entitled to draw a pension under the act of June 27, 1890, and if he may draw a pension, whether he would be required to establish the fact that the disabilities for which he makes his claim did not originate in the Confederate service. The case was referred to Assistant Secretary Bussey, who ruled that the previous service in the Confederate army did not enter into the question of pension. He is on exactly the same footing as all other Union soldiers.

The number of patents granted to women in this country and in England since 1885 shows a great increase over previous years. It is particularly noticeable, remarks the New York Telegram, that while American women soar right into the masculine atmosphere of mechanical and scientific research and invention, English women are mostly content with what is generally regarded by men as their own peculiar sphere. While an American invents a mowing machine, her English sister takes out a patent for an improved baking powder. At the same time the English list, although it is very small when compared with the American one, affords much evidence of higher mechanical genius.

The London Economist gives the following as the face values (reduced to dollars) of British investments in securities, most of which would be regarded in the United States as belonging to the wildcat order: Unredeemed South American loans \$725,000,000, South American railroad investments \$290,000,000, nitrate mines \$17,500,000, South African mines \$50,000,000, and trust companies \$300,000,000. At the highest average point this year the total value of these investments was \$1,457,000,000, and at the close of October it had sunk to \$1,164,000,000, or been reduced about twenty per cent. Since then there has been further shrinkage. The table does not include an investment of \$500,000,000 in Argentine securities outside the regular seven per cent. nationals.

John Heerdegen is the inventor of an instrument for finding water, who is puzzling the scientists just now. Repeated tests show that he can trace subterranean streams and accurately gauge both their depth and volume. He himself says that his improvement on the diving rod is sensitive not merely to water but to motion of any kind, and it discovers only water in motion. Even the motion of a watch has an effect upon it, so that it will not give correct indications if a watch is carried upon the person of the operator. It is understood that the instrument is a battery suspended by a wire about twenty-four inches long from a handle. When the operator passes over a stream of water the pendulum swings in the direction of the stream and its depth from the surface of the ground or velocity of current is indicated by the number of swings per minute. The Engineering and Mining Journal is inclined to hold, however, that Mr. Heerdegen himself is highly sensitive to the contiguity of water and that his apparatus is merely an indicator making his sensitiveness apparent.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals has decided that money lost at draw poker can be recovered by the loser.

It is reliably stated that in Ontario, Canada, where they make a business of sending children to agricultural schools, more than eighty-five per cent. of them go back to the farm.

The Philadelphia Press predicts good times next year, and says that the Barings failure will enable the United States to grasp the general world trade heretofore controlled by England.

The Dakota Bad Lands comprise a country about fifty miles long and wide, and so rough and broken that it is almost impossible for a horse to go through it. Hills range from fifty to five hundred feet in height, and in some places it is difficult to travel more than five miles a day.

Major-General Schofield has amended the Army regulations applying to canteens so as to provide that a division of the cash resources of the canteen, after all debts shall have been paid, will be made whenever the troops, or a part of them, being contributors to the canteen, quit their station at the post; in this case no deduction on account of a reserve fund shall be made from the share of the troops to be withdrawn.

The dismal prophecies which were current at one time concerning the probable failure of this year's crops in California have not been fulfilled, jubilantly declares the New York Tribune. The wheat crop is fully equal, if not superior, to that of last year, while with regard to fruit, the State has beaten all records. Of fresh dried and canned fruits more than 100,000 tons have been shipped overland by rail, and this does not include what went by express. California, at any rate, as far as the remarkable fertility of its soil is concerned, appears to partake of the nature of the Biblical Land of Promise.

One of the most hopeful signs of the time, thinks the New York Mercury, is the general movement to do something for the children. The establishment of public playgrounds for the little ones is not merely good in itself, but is practically calculated to minimize the necessity for hospitals and charity asylums. The New York Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children, of which Miss A. A. Chevallier is President, has decided to establish a free skating pond, and in the spring will embark in the plan for opening summer gardens on the tops of piers on the North and East Rivers. It is thought room can be made for one hundred thousand little ones in these gardens near their homes, where the cool air of the river will be a perpetual refreshment.

One of the most interesting items in the annual report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, thinks the Chicago Herald, is that relating to railway accidents. From this appears that during the past year in the United States 1972 employes were killed and 20,028 injured. These casualties are as numerous as those of a great battle, and the worst of it is that by far the greater number of them are probably preventable. When the devastation of a Gettysburg occurs every year in the ranks of men engaged in but one line of work it would seem to be time for Congress to devise measures looking to the correction of the evil. Doubtless decent precautions by railway managers and a small expenditure of money would reduce this roll of slaughter materially.

To what a remarkable degree Germany is successful in carrying out her laws in the matter of compulsory education is clearly and encouragingly seen, declares the New York Independent, from recent statistics of the military department. The recruits for the year 1890-'91 include but few illiterates. This is true even of the eastern provinces of Prussia, where the sparsely settled Polish population makes it exceedingly difficult to enforce the law. In East Prussia, since 1880, the number of illiterate recruits has decreased from 7.02 per cent. to 2.49 per cent.; in West Prussia, from 3.75 to 3.26; Posen from 9.91 to 3; Silesia, from 2.28 to 0.84. The other nine provinces of Prussia already showed better figures nine years ago; but even this small margin of illiterates is disappearing. Westphalia has decreased from 0.59 per cent. to 0.01 per cent.; Hessen Nassau, from 0.22 to 0.09. Rhenish Prussia from 0.23 to 0.04. Wiesbaden is represented by 0 per cent. Of the non-Prussian States, Saxony and Wurtemberg have had no illiterates among their new recruits. This has been the case with the latter country for years, but Saxony has entered this charmed circle only in this year. Bavaria has its illiterates, 0.08 per cent. in the Catholic highland districts. Hessen is represented by 0, Baden by 0.02 per cent. over against 0.09 nine years ago.

WHEN PHYLLIS SKATES.

When Phyllis skates she calls to mind A red rose nodding in the wind, A sea-nymph dancing on the sand, When blows the breeze from off the land And trails her tresses brown behind, A sea-gull in the waves inclined, While crystal drops like jewels bind The wings. As one entranced I stand, While Phyllis skates.

The picture in my mind enshrined— Her form against the snow outlined; Hills robed in white on either hand— Would make a painting simply grand, I dare deny that Love is blind While Phyllis skates. Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

THE PETREL.

"Sail ho!" Never, surely, did the cry fall upon more welcome ears, save and except those of men becalmed in a boat upon the open sea. For twelve weary days and nights had we, the officers and men of H. M. ship Petrel (six guns, Commander B. R. Neville) been cooped up in our iron prison, patrolling one of the hottest sections of the terrestrial globe, on the lookout for slavers. From latitude 4 deg. N. to latitude 4 deg. S. was our beat, and we dared not venture beyond these limits. Our instructions were to keep out of sight of land and try to intercept some of the larger vessels which it was suspected carried cargoes of slaves from the coast.

We did not steam very fast, as, of course, our supply of coal was limited; and it was about two hours before sundown before we fairly sighted the stranger. She was a long, three-masted schooner, with tall, raking masts, lying very low in the water. All her canvas was set; and, as a little wind had sprung up, she was slipping through the water at a fair pace.

"She looks for all the world like a slaver, sir," remarked Mr. Brabazon, the First Lieutenant, to the Commander. Neville said nothing; but his lips were firmly compressed, and a gleam of excitement was in his eyes. "Fire a blank cartridge, Mr. O'Riley," said he to the Second Lieutenant; "and signal her to ask her nationality and her code number."

The deafening report of the big gun sounded in our ears, and we could see the splash of the shot as it struck the water about fifty yards from the schooner. Immediately a flag was run up, then another, and another; and we saw that she was not giving us her code number, but was spelling out her name, letter by letter—The Black Swan.

"Just look that up in the United States Merchant Registry," said the Captain to the First Lieutenant. "And in half a minute he had reported: "No such name, sir." This was something more than suspicious. And the wind was rising. "Hoist the signal for her to heave to!" cried Commander Neville. "Take a boat and half a dozen hands, Mr. O'Riley," he continued; "board her, inspect her papers, and come back to report. If her papers are not in order," added he, "you may search for slaves; but if they are you had better do nothing further. You know it is clearly set down in the Protocol that we are not entitled to search the hold if the papers are in order; and there have been complaints lately against some over-zealous officers, who have got into trouble in consequence. So be careful. But keep your eyes open. Note any suspicious circumstances, and come back as soon as you can to report."

Before Lieutenant O'Reilly reached the ship he saw that everything about her had been sacrificed to speed. Her spars, especially, were unusually heavy for a craft of her size. The British officer was received by a little, thin, elderly man, wearing a Panama hat, and speaking with a strong Yankee accent.

"Produce your papers, if you please," said O'Reilly. They were handed out at once, and seemed to be perfectly regular. "What have you got on board?" was the next question. "General cargo—drygoods and so on."

"Why isn't your name on the Register?" "Ain't it now? Well, I guess it must be because this is a new ship. We can't put our name on the Register by telegraph, mister."

"Just tell your men to knock off the hatches. I want to have a look at your cargo."

The skipper shook his head. "I've been delayed long enough," said he, "and have lost a great part of the only wind we've had in this latitude for a week."

"I'll do it myself, then," cried O'Reilly. "Not now, sir; not with six men, while I have fifteen. You have no right to search the hold of a respectable merchantman and disturb her cargo. Do you take me for a slaver, or what? If you must have the hatches up, send back to your man-of-war for a larger crew, so as to overpower me, you understand, and you may do it with pleasure. But I guess there'll be a complaint lodged at Washington, and your folks in London will have to pay for it. That's all, mister. I only want things fair and square, within my treaty rights."

And, having delivered himself of this long speech, the Yankee skipper turned on his heel. Of course O'Reilly could only return to the Petrel and report all this to the Commander. "I'm convinced she is a slaver, sir," said he in conclusion. "But you have no evidence of it; and you say the papers were all in order."

"Apparently they were, sir." "Then I'm afraid I can do nothing," said the Commander. And to the deep disgust of the whole ship's crew, the order was given for the Petrel to return to her course.

All that night, however, Commander Neville was haunted by a doubt whether he had not better have run the risk of a complaint and a reprimand, rather than

forego the overhauling of so suspicious-looking a craft; and in the morning a rumor reached his ears that the coxswain, who had accompanied Mr. O'Riley to the Black Swan, had noticed something about her of a doubtful nature. The man was sent for and questioned; and he said that while the Lieutenant was on board, the boat of which he was in charge had dropped a little way astern, and that he had then noticed that the name of the vessel had been recently painted out, but that the last two letters were distinctly visible. And these letters were LE, not AN. "The scoundrel said she was a new ship!" cried the Commander. "Bout ship!"

The hope of again encountering the Black Swan, faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world. The day passed without our sighting a single sail; but when the morning dawned Lieutenant Brabazon was forced to own that the Commander's judgment had proved better than his own. By the greatest luck we had hit upon the right track. There, right in front of us, was the American schooner, her sails lazily flapping against her masts.

"Full speed ahead, and stand by!" shouted the Captain down the engine-room tube.

"Signal to her to heave to; and if she does not obey, fire a shot right across her bows, Mr. O'Riley," continued the Commander. "Mr. Brabazon, you take a boat and thirty men well armed. Board her and have her hatches off at once. You'll stand no nonsense, I know."

"All right, sir," cried the Lieutenant, an active, somewhat imperious officer. "I say, Brabazon," whispered the Commander to him as he was going over the side, "you know I'm stepping a bit beyond bounds; and I'm just a little anxious. If she turns out to be a slaver, as we suspect, step to the taffrail and wave your handkerchief, will you?"

"I will, sir; and I'm certain it will be all right," cheerfully responded the First Lieutenant.

A tall, slim, youngish man, dressed in white linen, received the British officer, as he set foot on the deck of the Black Swan.

"I am at present in the command of this craft, sir," said the young American. "The skipper is not fit for service just at present. We had a visit from you two days ago, I think. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes. I want you to take off your hatches," said the Lieutenant, sharply. "Well, sir," began the Yankee, "I guess that your demand is beyond your treaty powers."

"I know all about that. I must have the hatches off."

"And your detaining me and overhauling my cargo on no grounds whatever?"

"Will you do it at once?" broke in the English officer.

"I repeat, on no grounds whatever, will cause an in-ter-na-tional difficulty, and may bring re-markably unpleasant consequences to your Captain. Now—"

"Off with your hatches!" cried the Lieutenant.

"If you won't, by George, I will!" "You know clearly what you're doing, sir?"

"I do." "And you know the risk you run?" "I do. No more palaver. Off with them at once; or I'll break them open."

Further resistance was useless. The thing was done; and the moment the first hatch was raised the sickening effluvia that issued from the hold proclaimed the truth. Nearly 300 slaves were packed between decks, many of the poor creatures standing so close that they could not lie down.

With a look of speechless contempt at the young mate of the schooner the Lieutenant walked to the side of the ship and waved his handkerchief.

"I told our skipper judgment would overtake us," said the Yankee. "Say, mister," he added in other tone, "seeing that the game's up, suppose we have a glass of iced champagne down stairs?"

The Lieutenant hesitated. To drink with the mate of a slaver! But—iced champagne!

Slowly he moved toward the companionway. "I don't mind if I do," he said at length; "and you may as well bring up your papers with the drinks, for I shall carry them on board the Petrel. Of course you understand that you are my prize."

And having set a guard at the hatchways, the Lieutenant descended the cabin stairs.

The iced champagne was duly forthcoming, and under its genial influence Lieutenant Brabazon began to feel something like pity for the young man who had been so early seduced into the paths of crime. Probably he had a mother or a sweetheart somewhere in the States, who imagined that he was already on his way home, whereas now his character was ruined, even if he escaped a long term of imprisonment.

This feeling was strengthened, as he saw that his companion was gazing mournfully at his glass, without speaking a word. At length the young man lifted his head.

"Say, mister; what'll they do me, think? They won't hang me, will they?" "Probably not," said the Lieutenant; "but let this be a warning to you. You see what it is to waver off the straight course, and hanker after forbidden gains. Lead an honest life in future, when you are released from custody. Avoid vicious companions—But what's this?"

he cried, as his eye fell on an empty scabbard hanging on the wall. It looked very like a United States service sword-scabbard; and immediately the thought darted through his mind that this hypocritical young Yankee (who had been pretending to wipe away a tear as he listened to the Lieutenant's good advice) had been doing something worse, or at least more heavily punished, than running cargoes of slaves.

The British officer looked round the cabin. A U. S. Navy cap was lying on a plush-covered bench.

"Ah! you've been having a brush with

an American man-of-war!" cried Lieutenant Brabazon. "You will have to tell my superior officer how you came into possession of these articles. I must place you under arrest!" And, bitterly regretting that he had sat down to table with the fellow, the British officer rushed on deck.

"Quartermaster!" he cried, "bring up a guard of four men, and take this man," pointing to the Yankee, who had followed him on deck, "to the Petrel. If he tries to escape, shoot him at once!"

The Quartermaster advanced to seize his prisoner; but before he reached him he involuntarily stopped short. A roar of laughter sounded in his ears. The American mate and his companions were shrieking and even the crew of the slaver were, every man jack of them, grinning from ear to ear. The Lieutenant was dumfounded.

"Excuse me, sir; but the joke was too good," said the Yankee, coming forward and holding out his hand. "I am the First Lieutenant of the United States warship Georgia, in command of a prize crew on board this vessel, taking her to— to have her condemned. We seized her yesterday. Hearing that you had been on a visit to her the day before and had gone away without doing anything I couldn't resist the temptation of taking you in. Hope you don't bear malice?—Let's finish that magnum of champagne."

It was evidently the best thing to be done; but the Lieutenant was not a first-rate companion on that occasion.

"Give my respects to your Commander," called out the United States officer, as his guest went down into his boat, "and advise him from me not to be so jolly particular another time. And I'll try to take your kind advice and sail a straight course in future," he cried as H. M. boat shot away for the last time from the side of the Black Swan.—The Cornhill.

Minute Their Surroundings.

That animals are aware of their resemblance and take advantage of it there can be no doubt. In driving through the White Mountain country some years ago I suddenly came upon a quail. It was so near me that it did not attempt to fly, merely thrusting out its neck to the full extent, and so resembling the twigs and brush amid which it stood that I almost lost sight of it. I pretended not to see it and moved slowly on, still watching it, and it retained the position until I was out of sight.

In Australia a bird has been noticed which when alarmed thrusts out its long neck at an angle almost exactly resembling a limb of the tree, in this mimicry finding protection. On the Pacific slope and especially in California we find many examples of this interesting phase of nature. One of the most familiar examples is the common horned toad, or more properly, horned lizard. In riding over the country the sharpest eyes rarely make out the little animal unless it is in motion, when it scrambling action makes it conspicuous, but the moment it stopped it became invisible again. Every one must have noticed this, and it is simply due to the fact that the little flat lizard has a coloring, or a lack of coloring, as the case may be, that imitates the ground upon which it stands. I noticed in the San Gabriel Valley, particularly, that the horned lizards on the lowlands, where the ground was clear, was dust-colored or mottled, while upon the foothills, where there was more cover and color, they were more highly colored. Taking a number selected promiscuously, I placed them in inclosures—one with a black bottom, another with a white, another with brown, and so on. When the lizards were placed in the pens they were all of the same general tint, but after a few days I found that to a greater or less extent they had assumed a tone corresponding to the base upon which they rested. In other words they wore to a certain extent mimicking their surroundings to render them less conspicuous.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Facts Concerning Wolves.

The natural enmity which exists between dogs and wolves is a characteristic which is recalled by the antipathy shown by every good watch dog toward strangers of his own race, but that wolves should devour dogs certainly savors somewhat of cannibalism, for these friends and foes of man are in fact two branches of the same family, as it proved to the satisfaction of naturalists by their identity in various important characteristics, though sundry minor points of difference are noted, such as that in drinking a dog laps, whereas a wolf sucks, and in biting the wolf gives a rapid succession of vicious snaps instead of the firm, retaining hold which generally characterizes the bite of a healthy dog. The character of the bark also differs greatly, the honest dog bark being replaced by a short snapping, while the wolf's voice is chiefly exerted in producing dismal howls.

As regards external appearance, the common wolf with his shaggy coat bears a much closer resemblance to a Collie dog than the latter does to most other branches of the dog tribe, though the cruel, treacherous expression of the obliquely set eyes betrays how different is the wolf spirit from that which looks out through the kind, true eyes of the faithful dog. Yet there have been instances of domesticated wolves which have formed a strong attachment to their human owners, while on the other hand we have to confess that the dog race does include both savage and cowardly individuals.—New York News.

An Eccentric Novelist.

A visitor to Count Tolstoi, the Russian author, describes him as looking thin and worn from his recent illness, but says that he is now in good health. He was attired in a course lined suit, and had on his head a cheap home-made cap of similar material. His boots were rude and ungainly. The linen trousers were loose, and the shirt looser. The latter was worn, Majik fashion, outside the trousers, and was gathered about his waist with a belt of russet leather.—New York Post.

ASSOCIATION.

I searched in memory to find A simple song of early years, But Time had stol'n it from my mind And filled the vacuum with cares; Yet, ere the day was done, I heard, On zephyrs borne me from afar, The feeble melody of a bird, And lo, my song, in every bar.

I longed, through memory's aid, to see A stricken comrade's face again; To hear him speak one word to me Of love—alas! I longed in vain; Yet, ere the night, I stood beside The sea, where waves with rocks contend, And in the moaning, misty tide, I heard his voice, and saw my friend. —W. B. Seabrook, in Youth's Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

There is such a thing as giving alms to spite somebody.—Allencroft Journal. Every person on earth must have some sort of a pet, even if it is nothing better than himself.—Dallas News.

When money is tight with a certain class of people the pawnbroker frequently takes the pledge.—Philadelphia Times. "The Indian," observed Rivers, "is a picture of discontent." "Yes," said Brooks, "and he is in a bad frame of mind."—Chicago Tribune.

A close observation is likely to lead to the conclusion that what the human mind most craves is some slight pretext for going crazy.—Washington Post.

Shattuck—"How are your bantams growing, Dinwiddie? Dinwiddie—"Finely, finely! They are getting smaller every day."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"And how did you like my predecessor, King Totem?" asked the missionary. "He was very nice," returned the Canadian King, "though a little stringy."—Brooklyn Life.

"Will Jorkins be a good man to stump the State in my interest?" asked the anxious candidate. "Just the man," replied his friend. "He lost a leg in a sawmill."—Chicago Times.

Girl Graduate—"Oh, uncle, Clara and I saw the funniest thing at the park this morning." Uncle—"What was it?" Girl Graduate—"They had a lion shaved just like a little poodle dog."—Vale Record.

This country has all kinds of millionaires. In Minneapolis, flour-mill-ironaires; in Michigan, saw-mill-ironaires; in Louisiana, cane-mill-ironaires, and so on through a long list of them.—Washington Star.

Magistrate—"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir; this is the fifth time within a few weeks that you've been drunk." Prisoner—"Don't be so rude, Judge; you are here on our account, not we on yours."—Pick Me Up.

Some philosopher has figured out that if the sun were a burning sphere of solid coal it could not last 6000 years. The great value of this item lies in the reflection that the sun is not a burning sphere of solid coal.—Chicago Times.

First Duellist (addressing the seconds)—"Gentlemen, as I am very near-sighted, my adversary has the advantage. I think it only fair, in consideration of my affliction, that he should stand three paces nearer to me."—Chicago News.

Oh, why does the girl in the front pew turn red, And wriggle around ill at ease? Oh, because she's forgotten her handkerchief, see? And she's trying to hold back a sneeze. —New York Herald.

A wag told a friend of his about an elephant that began to cry when it saw a piano. "An elephant crying at the sight of a piano?" inquired the other, in amazement. "Certainly the keys were made out of its mother's tusks!"—Chicago News.

Don't worry whether the man who says nice things to you means them or not. The fact that he takes the pains to say them is a compliment. He doubtless has an axe to grind, but it doesn't follow that you must turn the grindstone.—Denver Great Divide.

"So you are a detective? Now, tell me how many arrests do you think you ever made?" Detective—"Arrested! Great Scott, man! what do you take me for? I have no time to make arrests. It is as much as I can do to look after clues."—Boston Transcript.

Salesman (at hosiery department, leftily)—"Of course, if the manager says for me to take the goods back I'll take them." Customer—"You'll take them back if he says so?" "Certainly, sir." "You will be governed by what that plain little man in black says?" "Of course. Why not, sir?" "I thought you owned the store."—Chicago Tribune.

"Mine is a model farm," said Barrows, "I raise potatoes of all kinds. In this field I plant onions and potatoes together. Result, 300 bushels of lyonnaise potatoes to the acre. Over in that field I planted fifty bushels of potatoes. In the spring I ran a stone-crusher over the surface. Result, 250 bushels of mashed potatoes to the acre."—New York Sun.

I loved her well, My Antoinette; Mistortunes fell, I loved her yet. She was not true—Inconstant grew; Bids me forget. Dost love her yet, Fair Antoinette? "This much I'll tell—Since on her skull She's now struck oil—I love her well. —New York Herald.

The Mystery of Sitting Bull. The late General Cadmus Wilcox, who lost his life recently by falling in a street excavation near the Treasury Department in Washington, had a queer theory about Sitting Bull. He believed the old fox was once a resident of Arizona, where he led a band of renegades till the country became too hot for him. He also believed there was some evidence tending to establish the correctness of the theory that Sitting Bull was a white man, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, where he was known to the candidates as Eison McLean, of Missouri.—Chicago Herald.