A BIG SCHEME

FOR CONNECTING ENGLAND AND FRANCE EXPLAINED.

The British-Channel Bridge Will be a Solid Viaduct—Disconnected in Case of War.

[Paris letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The "missing link" of a railway communication between France and England—provided always England is willing—seems to be on the eve of realization, not by means of the Channel Tunnel, as most people suppose, but by means of a viaduct, to which Vice-Admiral Clone, formerly French Minister of Marine and a member of the Bureau of Longitudes, lends the authority of his name.

The building of a bridge between France and England seems at first sight so gigantic, we might almost say so utopian a project, that we lost no time in instructing our Paris correspondent to ascertain what truth there might be in the statement, and, if true, to obtain such explanations at the fountain-head as might prove of interest to the general reader.

The great French naval commander, whose attainments are well known in the scientific world, received our representative with marks of the most cordial good will and afforded him the fullest information on the subject. He spoke for upwards of an hour, entering into the most interesting particulars and meeting every objection as alone so experienced a *savant* can do.

"This is not," said Admiral Clone, "the first scheme put forward to bridge the British channel. Any number of proposals have been made. At the head of the list of inventors is one Mathieu, a mining engineer, who, in 1862, laid his plans for a bridge before Napoleon. Thirty years after Dr. Fayerne offered to connect France and England by means of a long tube, which, when submerged, was to be secured by masses of sunken rock. Between 1830 and 1836 M. Franchi, and subsequently M. Tessie, proposed another tube, in cast-iron; then came M. Fabre, who needed not only a tube, but also a tunnel to unite the two coasts. Various other plans were next started, and among these a most ingenious one by means of a bridge, the originator of which was M. Thome de Gamon. This latter plan in fact commanded so much attention at the time that two very promising young naval officers, who have since achieved renown, were well nigh induced to relinquish the service and throw up a brilliant career to devote their energies to the new enterprise. One was Ansart, a son of the well-known geographer; the other was Pierre, then a lieutenant, who, as you know, became an admiral, and died at Madagascar.

A SOLID VIADUCT.

"What kind of a bridge we propose to build? Well, not a suspension bridge, as some bright genius suggested. The first 'nor-wester' would blow it clear away from its moorings. No. But a solid viaduct, built upon stout piers from the bed of the sea, with a massive iron superstructure.

"The starting point would be Ambleteuse, which has the advantage of a small roadstead on the French coast. The bridge is to form one continuous way and to extend in a northerly direction as far as Folkstone. Its length? Thirty-five kilometers. A slight bend will occur at two points, where reefs afford splendid opportunities for abutments and cantilevers. These reefs are in mid-channel, and indicated on our naval maps as the rocks of Colbart and Varne.

"As you see we do not take the shortest, but the best and the shallowest route. The sea depths vary between 50 and 12 meters, the deepest water being on the French side of the channel. The piers are to be built of hard concrete and masonry, and to measure each about 50 meters long by 30 meters wide; they are to rise 10 meters above the waves, and to support lofty pier towers, on whose iron frame-work the superstructure will rest. The interval between two piers will be from 500 to 600 meters, an enormous span, since the superincumbent weight of the iron-work would amount, at least, to 25,000 tons. I don't know," added the gallant Admiral, with a smile, "whether you quite realize what such a mass of iron may mean. At any rate, you may remain convinced that all the fiercest winds of Heaven combined may blow upon it in vain.

"Injure the piers, did you say? Oh, dear, no. In this connection I may instance a new feature in the construction, which I have worked out myself. Instead of having recourse to the new system of projecting or under-hanging girders, and instead of gradually constructing from the pier outward one half of the span until it meets the other half coming, where both halves are coupled, I get a whole span of iron-work manufactured on shore. This section of the superstructure will then be transported in fair weather on four elevated air-tight pontoon cases, each of which is able to support a weight of 10,000 tons; and when brought into position—that is, when placed in a parallel line with the stone piers—between some kind of elastic body has been placed to deaden the shock and prevent injury to the masonry), water is allowed to flow into the pontoon cases, which so slowly sinking, bring the superstructure at both extremities on a level with the flat surface of the piers. The whole mass is then gradually raised as the iron-pier towers are built up under it.

FOR FOUR RAILWAYS.

"The bridge, then, will be 30 meters wide, and have four railway lines besides a road for foot-passengers, vehicles, and tourists. Boxes for guards and shunting lines will be established at stated distances. Each pier will be provided with a powerful electric light, besides sirens and alarm-bells for foggy weather.

"The superstructure on the pier towers will, of course, rise to a height sufficient to allow the tallest ships to ride under it at ease—say, between fifty and sixty meters. Buoys like those used in the Suez canal will be placed at regular points to show the way at night to approaching ships, so that these may sail through the broad arches without danger of colliding with the piers.

"There is nothing absolutely extraordinary in the construction of the new viaduct, unless it be its length, which would make of it the largest in the world. When, however, bridges have been built two miles long, as they often have, there is no reason why one 35 kilometers in length should not be constructed. The only real difficulty, as regards the construction, consists in laying the foundation of the piers in deep water. In comparison with that the raising of the iron pier towers and superstructure will be easy work. As, however, such an engineering feat has been done already, there is also no reason why the thing should not be again accomplished. In Australia piers have been sunk at 56 meters, a greater depth than any to be found on our way between Ambleteuse and Folkstone.

"There is, however, one vital point deserving our best consideration. The proposal to construct a viaduct between France and England raises a question similar to that put forward against the boring of a submarine tunnel. It would *pro tanto* weaken the existing defences of Great Britain, and no considerations, however important, could justify the Legislature, it is alleged, in making such a sacrifice. England, in a word, is unwilling to throw away or impair the one great military advantage she possesses over all her rivals.

"What the advocates of the present project ask the British nation to do is, in effect, to bridge over the channel. For the present the weight of military opinion is against the scheme. The fear of invasion is uppermost. Yet there is one very easy way of allaying the scruples of the most timorous. At each end of the viaduct—as well on the English as on the French coast, for invasion involves counter-invasion—we intend establishing a swivel bridge. At the first

SIGNAL OF ALARM

you have only to swing the swivel-bridge open to interrupt all communication between the two countries. A gap then exists as effective as if no viaduct had ever been built. The advantage of such an arrangement over a submarine tunnel is obvious, as the tunnel, *inter alia*, if it could be blocked by water in three minutes, could not be pumped dry again for three months, an operation as costly as that of boring a new tunnel.

"No, France is the least likely enemy of England. Just as the Cobden treaty for twenty years hushed all contest between the two countries, so the construction of a great highway over the sea, binding the two countries together in amity, would do more to preserve peace and set up relations of mutual dependence than is possible by any other measure. There would be no more danger for England in bridging the channel than there is at present for Canada by the American railway bridge over Niagara. The encouragement of the international trade, always important, was never more important than it is now. The construction of such a viaduct—the grand work of the century—would give to trade and industry an impetus such as Cobden never contemplated in his wildest dreams.

"A company has been formed to carry out this gigantic enterprise under the name of 'The Channel Bridge and Railway Company, Limited.' An able engineer and contractor, M. Hersent, who has done extraordinary engineering feats already at Suez, Antwerp, and elsewhere, and who enjoys a world-wide reputation, is to construct the French portion of the stone piers to a height of ten meters above the sea level, while the iron work of the towers and superstructure devolves on the famous Creuzot works. These gentlemen will be seconded by Messrs. Fowler & Baker, the well-known London firm. The plans and sections of the masonry are now ready, while the Creuzot establishment is busy on the plans and sections which relate to the iron-work."

An Old Express-Agent's Confession.

[Globe-Democrat.]

"If you won't give me away," said a middle-aged man whom we will call Brown, because Brown is not his name, "I will tell you a little trick I once played on an express company for which I was running as a messenger on a train not far from here. It was in the days when they never thought of sending out more than one man with an express car, and it was not deemed necessary to arm him, as they now do their messengers. I had thought this scheme all out carefully and tried to look at it in all its phases, so that no unexpected evil result would come of it. One night we were running along at a rattling speed, by which I mean a speed that made everything about the old shackling cars rattle till you couldn't hear yourself think. The wind was blowing very hard outside, and everybody on the train was hugging about as tight as he could to a stove. I had things all my own way. First I took a big couplin'-pin and struck my end door in such a manner with it as to show several large dents in it. Then I stepped outside, locked the door, and with a tremendous blow broke the lock. I waited awhile, intending that if anybody was attracted by the noise to say I had locked myself out and dropped my key off the train. But nobody came. Then I closed the door and quickly fired several shots from an old pepper-box pistol which I had loaded not very heavily. One of these I fired through the rim of my hat. In another moment I was back in the passenger coach, excited and calling for help. The conductor, a brakeman, and several of the passengers jumped up and followed me. I was so excited I could hardly speak, you know, but when they saw the broken and battered door they divined what I did not tell them. When my excitement had subsided I managed to explain how two masked men had broken in the door; how I had called for help in vain; how I had fought them both off with the stove poker; how they had shot at me several times—I couldn't tell how many times—and how, after I had miraculously escaped their bullets and fought them off, calling for help as loudly as I could, they had rushed to the platform and probably jumped off. Of course I let somebody else find the bullet hole in my hat and then expressed surprise about it.

"Well, sir, it worked like a charm. The next morning the papers had long accounts of it, and they all praised me highly for keeping the robbers away from the money-chest. I was the lion of the hour. The president of the company, too, wrote a long personal letter to me, and inclosed a check for $500. Here I made another point by sending the check back and saying that I could not accept such a check for having done merely my plain duty. From that time on I was very solid with the company, and soon had one of the best runs and the best pay they could give me.

"There were two funny things about that case. One was that the agent at the station we had last passed said that he saw two hard-looking characters around the station just before the train came in, and never saw them again, while the conductor said no such persons boarded the train as legitimate passengers. Another funny thing was that a gentleman who occasionally sent large sums of money to his agent at the other end of the road said he had telegraphed on that day that he would send $12,000 that night. It so happened, however, that he did not send it till the next night. He always thought it was his money the robbers were after."

A Drummer Plays Doctor for a Woman.

[Key West Equator.]

A drummer now visiting Key West, when on his way North last spring bought a scalper's ticket belonging to some doctor. As a matter of course he was so registered by the purser. The first night out he was awakened by the steward calling doctor. At first he could not remember why they should give him that name, but remembering the ticket he answered. He was told that the captain wished to see him immediately. Posting to the captain, he was informed that there was a lady aboard who was quite sick, and as he was the only doctor, would he call on her? He made a virtue of necessity and did so. Looking as wild as an owl, and fumbling at his watch, he pretended to count her pulse-beats. Not knowing whether she was sick or not, he seriously stated that her case was simply a nervous affection, and recommended three bottles of champagne a day, which were taken. The lady recovered.

The Mother of Napoleon.

[Saturday Review.]

Of Mme. Mere's economical tendencies we have an amusing anecdote. She was once rebuked by the Emperor for not spending her million francs a year. "I will spend it," she replied cautiously, "on condition that you give me two." She lived in Rome for over twenty-two years, greatly respected by everybody. It is a curious fact that the Emperor always spoke to her in Italian, but wrote to her in French. There is not an Italian letter written by him to his mother extant, although he frequently wrote in that language to his sisters.

A Proud Woman's Airs.

Why is a proud woman like a music box? She is full of airs. And if they blow on her, coughs and colds must follow. Do not neglect a cold, but take Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

ONE OF SCHLIEMANN'S MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

Full Justification of the Researches in Ancient Kythera—A Temple of Aphrodite.

Karl Blind writes from London to the New York *Evening Post*: All those concerning themselves with Hellenic and pre-Hellenic archæology will be glad to learn that on the Island of Kerigo—the ancient Kythera—the remains of one of the oldest temples of Aphrodite, which is mentioned by Homer, Herodotus, and Pausanius, have recently been discovered by Dr Schliemann.

Herodotus (i., 105), who inquired into the origin of Aphroditean sanctuaries in those parts, declares that one in Kythera was "set up by Phœnicians" from Syria. This is not the moment to point out in detail how Goddesses of Love of partly Aryan, partly Semitic, and possibly even other origin, were gradually blended into one figure in the Greek Pantheon. The Aphrodite who landed in Kypos made a journey, according to Hesiod—who wrote 400 years before Herodotus—from west to east, first rising from the deep, near Kythera, and then passing eastward. This would seem to indicate an Aryan origin. Nevertheless the statement of Herodotus—a native from a part of Asia Minor where Semitic contact easily explains itself—in regard to the building of the temple at Kythera by Phœnicians may well hold good. As to the details of the latest achievement of the distinguished German pathfinder in Greek and prehistoric archæology they are awaited with the greatest interest. In this connection I ask permission to draw more general attention to a most important letter of Mr. Penrose, the director of the British School of Archæology at Athens. It will be remembered that in consequence of various doubts having been raised against the antiquity of the remarkable discoveries at Mykene and Tiryns, a special meeting was held at Burlington House in London on the 24 of July, 1886, by the Hellenic Society. Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dorpfeld (now director of the German Archæological Institute at Athens) purposely came up to London in order to meet their antagonists. On that occasion they repeated the offer, already previously made, for a journey to be undertaken, in common with Dr. Dorpfeld, by any opponent of theirs, when they were sure all lingering doubts would to set at rest on the spot.

In September of the present year Mr. Penrose—until then an adversary in some degree of Dr. Schliemann on the question of the prehistoric character of the structures discovered in the Peloponnesus—at last made the visit to Tiryns and Mykene in company with Dr. Dorpfeld. The eminent English archæologist has come back convinced that the doubts raised had no foundation in fact; and he states this with a frankness and honesty which merit the fullest praises. "This visit," he writes, "was particularly interesting to me, as it enabled me to clear up certain doubts which a previous hurried visit in the spring of 1886 had led me to entertain relative to the great antiquity of the dwelling-house called the Palace of Tiryns and the Tombs of Mycenæ." Having alluded to the discussion of the several points brought forward in the rooms of the London Society of Antiquaries, he goes on:

"I do not think that their discussion was unreasonable, but my late visit convinced me that they were all capable of explanation, and that both at Tiryns and Mycenæ the parallel antiquity of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries and the great Pelasgic works can be established. An important point in the controversy related to the use of the stone saw. It was argued that the evidence of this instrument on some of the stones in the palace proved it of later date than the walls of the citadel; but I found that this argument broke down, for there were evident marks of its use on the pillars of the great gateways both at Tiryns and Mycenæ."

Another difficulty arose, Mr. Penrose continues, from the badness of the construction of the palace walls and the smallness of the stones used. This, in the opinion of the adversaries of Dr. Schliemann, seemed to tell against the prehistoric antiquity of his discoveries, the oldest structures being megalithic. Having given counter-reasons from some of the features of Tirynthian building, Mr. Penrose adds: "But perhaps the strongest argument of all comes from the dwelling-house or palace recently discovered on the summit of the Acropolis of Mycenæ. There are the same features almost exactly as at Tiryns, the same and even clearer evidence of destruction by fire; and upon the top of the ruins of this ancient building are the foundations of a regular Doric temple, which shows by the character of its architecture that it must have been as old as 450 B. C. Moreover, between the foundations of the temple and the remains of the palace walls some ruder dwellings have been constructed, which necessarily send back the date of the original palace considerably further."

Again, Mr. Penrose says: "A point which at first seemed to offer much difficulty was the evidence of burnt bricks and mortar in the walls of Tiryns." Now, it has repeatedly been proved that Assyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians, in gray antiquity, had known and used not only sun-baked but also kiln-burnt bricks. The letters of Professor Sayce and of Mr. Flinders Petrie in the London *Academy* on this subject are in the recollection of those who have followed the controversy. The occurrence at Tiryns of bricks burnt in the oven would consequently have been no real argument against prehistoric antiquity. On his part, Mr. Penrose writes: "I could, however, find no kiln-burt bricks in the walls of the original structure, * * * and the mortar admits of the explanation that it was formed by a natural slaking of limestone calcined by a conflagration." So the allegation of the opponents of Schliemann has broken down in a twofold way.

"As to the antiquity of the tombs at Mycenæ," Mr. Penrose concludes, "the only argument against it is the badness of the building, which, if disproved as an argument at Tiryns, fails here also. But one proof suffices to establish their great age. The wall of the citadel has been deflected into a curve to conform to the line of the conical mound, so that this Pelasgic work must have been either contemporary, or else the tombs are older still, and existed as an extra-mural cemetery before that portion of the citadel was enclosed."

Thus Dr. Schlieman has truly obtained a "grand justification" from the very head of his late opponents, and his splendid book *Tiryns* will henceforth be universally recognized as a standard work on prehistoric archæology. I say this with all the greater readiness, because on a particular point—namely, the conclusions drawn as to an apparently Phœnician style of building at Tiryns—I have elsewhere expressed a different opinion. In this opinion I was confirmed by so eminent a writer on ancient architecture as the late Dr. James Ferguson, with whom I had a prolonged conversation on the subject. At the same time he without hesitation placed the date of the constructions at Tiryns "at least as early as 1500 B. C.," referring them, in accordance with the classic tradition, to Thracian conquerers from Asia Minor, who had invaded the Peloponnesus. So I had it from his own lips after the fullest discussion, during which he entered into every detail.

J. F. Hartley, a merchant at Taylor, Ga., has a fine horse, of which he takes the best of care. The other morning while on his way to the store he carried his pocket-book containing a large sum in his hand, having taking it home the night before, fearing to leave so much money in the store. As he passed the store he went in to see if his horse had been fed. Finding it had not, he laid his pocket-book in one of the feed-troughs and went to call the stable-boy. When he got to the store he missed his pocket-book and went back to look for for it. He discovered that the horse had entered the stable and devoured the money, nearly $2,000, leaving only $11 and a few papers untouched.

GUARD DUTY IN LONDON.

Sentries Who Watch St. James Palace and the Bank of England.

Any one, says *Modern Society*, who has had the curiosity to look at the guard-room of the Palace of St. James will have been struck with the marked contrast between the accommodations for the officers and that of the non-commissioned officers and privates. The luxurious fittings and comfortable bed-rooms of the one and the cold passages and dreary walls of the other are very instructive. At the officers' mess those in charge of the sections of the Queen's Guard and the cavalry guard come to dine in the evening, the Government allowing an annual sum of about £2,000 for the purpose of keeping up the mess. The only duty which these officers have to perform is to inspect a batch of sentries once or twice during the day, and to go "the rounds" once in the night, the remainder of the time being passed in lounging to and fro between the Guards' Club, in Pall Mall, and the guard-room mess. The rank and file have to make themselves as comfortable as they can during a long, dreary day and night, with two hours' sentry go every four hours.

The Queen's Guard consists of five officers and 140 rank and file. This is divided into three sections, the St. James Palace Guard, consisting of three officers, four fifers and drummers, three sergeants, and sixty-nine rank and file. It bears in its charge for twenty-four hours one of the colors of the regiment, the Queen's colors on royal birthdays or if her Majesty is in town, and the regimental colors on ordinary days when the Court is absent. The other sections are the Buckingham Palace and Horse Guards, each consisting of an officer, a bugler, and about forty rank and file. The pomp and circumstance attending the mounting of the guard and the trooping of the colors on the Queen's birthday are well known.

On royal birthdays every member of the guard under the command of the captain is allowed a sum of money—to drink the health of the Prince or Princess whose birthday it is—which averages about four pence per man. The officers receive a guinea each. On her Majesty's birthday the sum is doubled. Such has been the wonderful multiplication of royal princes and princesses of late years—and "the cry is still they come"—that the soldiers are not without hope of having before long to celebrate a birthday every day in the year. This is the only thing wanting, barring the absurd differences between the accommodation for the officers and that for the men, to make life in the service of the household troops as near perfection as poor human nature can wish for.

The bank picket has the finest time of it, though. This extraordinary guard takes up its quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at 7 o'clock all the year round, remaining there until 7 the next morning. It is an officer's guard and consists of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the bank authorities immediately on his arrival, a sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard is comfortably housed, each man being served out with a watch-coat and a blanket. Sentries are posted during the night at the bullion house and counting-house parlor. This is a vast improvement on St. James Palace, but, then, those who pay the piper choose the tune, which makes all the difference.

How Tennyson Lives.

[St. Louis Republican.]

Tennyson, in his own grounds at home, looks the poet from top to toe. He is even theatrically costumed, in his dashing felt wide-awake, Byronic collar carelessly lolling like dog's ears over an any-how-wisped up neckerchief, and the famous Inverness cape, half coat, half cloak, flung grandly over his shoulders. It was only a few weeks ago that I saw the noble hermit who is England's poet laureate. It was in a busy London thoroughfare, midday, and his lordship looked as thorough a fish out of water as any Norwegian rustic who strays into Broadway and Castle Garden. As no one seemed to notice him it was evident they took him for an East-End Jew dealer in "old clo'," which he strangely resembles. The romantic wide-awake was discarded for a dismal, antique, foot-and-a-half tall silk tile that proclaimed it was enjoying its first full-dress holiday for twenty years at least. The Inverness cape was there, of course, but it was closely hugged up to the neck, as if to shield the sensitive wearer from contact with the vulgar herd the laureate so dreads. His feet shuffled and slid barely one foot's length at a step, and the way those inspired but damp and limp locks clung to the cheeks of the stooping son of genius was enough to sadden the heart of the sparrows.

Tennyson has always been a genuine Briton, which means that he has got a bit of the bull-dog in him. Carlyle had more of the snarling cur, but Tennyson is one of the uncouthest old-school giants now left in England. The poet's nature accounts for much of his exceptional reserve. When he is in his most amiable mood he is apt to be absent and makes you feel doubtful whether he isn't really talking his thoughts to the solid wall. Tennyson was driven from his lovely Isle of Wight home by the hordes of sightseers, who invaded his grounds, his house, and would have snipped his curls and his collars by the inch as relics if he had stayed there much longer. So he built himself a house out of the princely fortune his books have brought him, though he has been the most business-like poet in the money-making line that ever made fame.

The poet's new house stands in a charming bit of Sussex landscape, far from the beaten track, lest the crowd should follow. The old seaside home is still used for a portion of the year, but in this house at Hazlemore Tennyson lives most of his now fading life. It is pitched high, on a richly-wooded ridge, whence the eye may sweep a landscape teeming with all the varied luxuries of the garden of England. Those most familiar with his works say that Tennyson's latter poems are inspired by the hills that surround his Sussex home, in contrast to the earlier ones, influenced by the flat expanses of Lincolnshire, where he spent his young days. He has buried his home amid trees. They stand all around like a thick phalanx of sentries, keeping grim watch and ward over the strange man who will be heard, but will not be seen. Inside the inner ring there are gardens trim and pretty, though no especial pride is taken in anything outside the walls. The garden of his Isle of Wight house was more picturesquely ragged than elegantly ordered.

There is an old-world flavor in the many-cornered Gothic mansion whose gables and pinnacles stick out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The interior is rich in its design and furnishing, the old blending with the new, as it should in a poet's Locksley Hall. He reads and writes near a window that commands a view of the fine wood, and among these odorous trees he takes his listless strolls, sometimes condescending to give the villagers a glimpse of his queer-looking personality, but not when strangers are likely to be about. Since he accepted Mr. Gladstone's peerage (though he will live as plain Alfred Tennyson) he favored society with more of his presence, if not of his graciousness. In return for his barony Tennyson gave one vote in the House of Peers; it was his first and soon after his election on Gladstone's side, in extending the franchise, but ever since then his utterance and his sympathies have been in the opposite direction.

A WOMAN OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Ammon Goes to Jail Rather Than Tell Where Josie Blann Is.

A Cleveland special to the Philadelphia *Press* says: The Cuyahoga county jail has a distinguished and aristocratic prisoner within its walls this evening. Mrs. Josephine M. Ammon, of 1639 Euclid avenue, a wealthy lady moving in the very best society, occupies quarters in the female department and will sleep in a cell to-night like an ordinary criminal. Readers of the *Press* have been kept advised of the sensational Ammon-Blann case in this city, where a young heiress mysteriously disappeared in order to avoid an obnoxious guardian. Mrs. Ammon, with whom Miss Blann boarded for some years, is known to have had a hand in spiriting the girl away, and was summoned to appear in court as a witness in *habeas-corpus* proceedings brought by the guardian to obtain possession of the person of his ward. Mrs. Ammon at first refused to go to court, and afterwards when she did appear declined to answer questions bearing upon the whereabouts of the missing girl. Judge Hamilton commanded her to answer, but she still remained obdurate; whereupon he imposed a fine of $100 and costs and committed her to the county jail until the fine should be paid and the lady willing to answer the questions put to her.

Mrs. Ammon could easily have paid the fine, but she preferred not doing so and accompanied Sheriff Sawyer to the county jail. She announced her intention of remaining there indefinitely rather than reveal the hiding-place of Miss Blann, and Judge Hamilton says she will not be released until she does so. Mrs. Ammon has settled down for a long siege. She ordered a set of furniture and a carpet from a neighboring furnishing house and directed that her meals be sent her from a hotel. The aristocratic prisoner takes the affair very coolly, but her imprisonment has created a great sensation. She declares that she will never produce the girl until the obnoxious guardian is removed. The *Press* representative called upon Mrs. Ammon this evening, and found her very comfortably housed. She was occupying the large ante-room adjoining the cells. A carpet covered the stone floor, and the lady was supping luxuriously. In a conversation she said:

"If Judge Tilden, the probate judge, had kept the promise he made to Mrs. Blann before she died this would never have occurred. I want to say that there is an underlying principle to all of this. It is not simply honor alone, but the time has come when probate court matters in this county need airing. What do I propose to do about my incarceration? Nothing. I propose to stay here until Josie Blann is free, and I don't think that will be long after Judge Tilden goes out of office."

A College President's Reprimand.

[Augusta (Me.) Journal.]

An old Bowdoin graduate says: "President Leonard Wood was a capital man, whose great abilities did much to build up the college. I well remember a severe reprimand which he once gave me. A crowd of us had been round a few evenings before doing up the Freshmen. You may be sure we did our work—as was usually the case in those days—in a thorough manner. Whether the others lied out or bluffed their way out of the scrape I do not know—but I do know that I appeared to be the only victim of the examination. That evening I made my way with fear and trembling to the president's study. I found him seated at his table engaged in examining a large book. He motioned me to a seat near him, and remarked pleasantly: 'Here is a book, Mr. W., in which I have been considerably interested. The Arabian Nights Entertainment.' The book was profusely illustrated, and as I sat down the old president began carelessly turning over the leaves and talking upon it. His remarks were intensely interesting and entertaining, and as he went on I became absorbed in his conversation and quite forgot what I came for. The president talked on I should say for fully an hour and a half on the subject of that work in the same pleasant way. I began to feel, however, that while I had passed the most delightful evening I had enjoyed for a month, I was trespassing a little too long upon the president's time and patience. Perhaps something of this showed itself in my face, for he suddenly ceased his talk on the book and, turning to me, said in the most kindly tone: 'W., the faculty are very desirous of doing away with this pernicious practice of hazing. You were engaged in the riotous proceedings of Wednesday night and the faculty have deemed it best that I should reprimand you. Therefore you may consider yourself reprimanded.' And I bowed myself out, feeling that I could well afford to receive another reprimand for the sake of such a pleasant evening."

Whittier and the Cabbage.

[Boston Advertiser.]

"Did you ever hear the story of Whittier and the cabbage?" asked an old friend yesterday; "it may have been told before, but it is worth repeating now. He hates the odor of cabbage, like most sensible men, and has a cordial horror of the night smell in the wrong place, as Henry James calls the fragrance of a dinner in the hallway. One day, however, a cabbage was cooked at Oak Knoll and most of it was left over. In deference to her husband's olfactories the mistress of the house ordered her cook to put the cold cabbage on the top shelf in the pantry until the next day.

"In the course of the afternoon Mr. Whittier was seen digging in the garden. A member of the family asked him what he was going to do, but he put her off with a merry twinkle in his eyes. When, in the course of household events, the cook sought the cabbage, it was gone. Mr Whittier had traced it to its eyrie; he had climbed up and had borne it away in triumph, and in defiance of domestic economy had buried it in the garden. I tell the story as it was told to me," said his friend. "Call it 'How the Poet Planted a Cabbage (boiled).'"

Truffles in France.

[London Times.]

Paris cooks are concerned at the rise in the price of truffles, or rather, strictly speaking, of Parigord truffles, which command 12s. a pound. The less savory Piedmont and Dauphine kinds, which are of a whitish color, may be had for 6s. or 8s. These are sold to poultrymen and pork butchers to stuff the galantines and Christmas turkeys with. The buyer, who often knows truffles simply by reputation, does not, as a rule, know the difference between the black and the so-called white, but the experienced housekeeper will rather buy the real Perigord at whatever price, as half a pound of them will impart more flavor and aroma to a fowl or a turkey than a pound or more of the Dauphine substitute. The truffle is so purely a luxury that it should only be used when of prime quality. One should by no means be tempted into purchasing the stuff sold at five shillings a pound by cheap venders around the Halles. Truffles may be preserved for a fortnight in brandy, and for a couple of months in lard merely hot enough to melt well by throwing them into it and letting it cool.

TORN FROM HIS HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

Annie Burns Must Have Her Husband Restored to Her.

[New York World.]

Annie Burns, a Dublin lass of sweet seventeen, with a blooming Irish complexion and bright gray eyes, appeared before Judge Walsh in Brooklyn yesterday, and with a smile that illuminated the court and at once arrested the attention of his Honor, demanded a warrant for the arrest of her husband Patrick.

"How old are you?" asked the Judge.

"Seventeen, sir."

"How old is your husband?"

"Pat? He is eighteen, sir?"

The Judge's experiences are rather varied, but he did allow a little surprise to appear on his countenance.

"And—how long have you been married, Mrs. Burns?"

"A week, your Honor," answered Annie, catching on to the title, and blushing with vivid pleasure at the recognition of her own by the Court.

"Where were you married, and by whom?"

"This day week, by Mayor Whitney."

By this time the interest in the proceedings of the court, which had begun to flag, suddenly revived, and Mrs. Burns was highly pleased to find herself the heroine of something like a romance. She is decidedly pretty, and as vivacious as she is pretty, and when she kissed the Bible it was no hollow mockery of a kiss, but a smack that resounded through the court and was re-echoed in the corridors outside.

Annie then told her story. Since her arrival from Dublin a year ago she had kept company with Patrick Burns, who lives with his mother at No. 517 Baltic street, and works in Osborne's lumber-yard on Columbia street. Annie herself was until quite recently employed as saleswoman in a candy store on Myrtle avenue, but was discharged a few days since, as she alleges, on the false representations of Mrs. Burns, her mother-in-law. Immediately after their marriage the young couple went to board with Mrs. Goodman, No. 73 Bond street, but in the very beginning of their honeymoon, almost, Mrs. Burns came along, and without the slightest attempt at ceremony collared her son and carried him forcibly off, after having first, however, informed the bereaved bride of forty-eight hours that she was a designing jade.

"What I now require," concluded Annie, looking joyously around the court and beaming upon all present, "is to have my husband restored to me and a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Burns."

"Upon what grounds do you ask the warrant?" demanded Justice Walsh.

"On the ground that through her falsehood she had me discharged from my place."

"I shall issue a warrant for the arrest of your husband for abandonment, but you must find some other means of getting even with your mother-in-law."

Annie procured the warrant and floated out of court with a little bird singing in her heart.

Where Music was Born.

[Temple Bar.]

My pilgrimage to the house began with a walk to the Bonngasse 20, where a tablet erected by the town attracts the curious traveller. On the tablet are engraved in German the words "In this house Ludwig von Beethoven was born on the 17th December, in the year 1770." The house is kept by a *restaurateur* called Blech, which, considering that Beethoven especially gave effect to the brass in the orchestra ("Blech" means brass in German) may be considered ominous. The house certainly looks by no means imposing, but the misery of the interior is even more depressing than one would expect from the outside. Imagine a bad wooden staircase leading up to the first floor, and hence a winding, shockingly narrow second-floor stair leading up to a garret room some ten feet by six, containing a bed and a chest of drawers said to have belonged to the furniture then in the room. There is a large hole in the floor, which Mrs. Blech, who acted as my kind cicerone, told me could not be repaired, as it was necessary to keep the room in its ancient historical state. She said "hysterisch," but I take "historisch" is what she meant. The same kind lady informed me that Beethoven's father was a conductor (*Kapellmeister*), "but," she added apologetically, as if to excuse the humble station, "he was a tailor as well!" She has lived there fifteen years, and seems to make an honest penny out of foreigners coming to see the humble cradle of the great man; and she told me that she continues the tradition by giving concerts in winter down in the yard while people sit at the table drinking beer or lager. I don't know whether these concerts include the "Eroica" or the "Pastoral," though the latter would more probably suit the character of the audience. Of course she is most indignant when anybody mentions the other house as being the birthplace of Beethoven. "On this house," she explains, "the town has erected the tablet, and this is the true one; on the other the landlord himself put it up, but Beethoven was over five years old when they came to live there, and, great as the man was, he cannot have been born five years old, can he, now?"

The Boers.

Some think that they are excellent pioneers in a new country. They advance into native territories, killing the people by thousands, enslaving women and children, robbing them of all their lands and cattle, and occupying their country, with no uiterior benefit to themselves or others, but merely as a field for further cruelties and spoliation of native races, so that the country may be cleared of them, but not for civilization or improving the country, because they leave a dark spot wherever they settle from the ruthless cruelties they perpetuate upon unoffending and innocent people. Are they, then, good pioneers? All the sophistry in the world cannot make it right. To murder, enslave, and rob innocent human beings living on their own lands, who have done no harm, and have as much right to live and enjoy their own as any other people, black or white, that they should be so ruthlessly treated by men who profess Christianity and to be a God-fearing people is an anomaly, and cannot be tolerated by a just and upright people like the British nation. * * * The English people have hitherto been looked upon as friends and protectors (of the natives), and as one of them I felt proud of my country. But since the Transvaal rebellion and its retrocession an Englishman is ashamed to travel in the country, to be subject to the taunts of the chiefs and people at the boasted honor of England.

Plucky Lieutenant Fegen.

[Saturday Review.]

In May Lieutenant (now Commander) Fegen, with a pinnace and seven men, went patrolling the East African coast near Zanzibar. He had five blue-jackets, an interpreter, and a marine. "To him enter" a dhow, a peaceful-looking dhow. Lieutenant Fegen sent his dingy, with his coxswain, his one marine, and his interpreter, to speak with the dhow. That vessel opened the parley with a fire from a score of Snider rifles. The marine answered in their own language with a Martini-Henry, and the nine-pounder in the pinnace joined in the conversation. Thereon the dhow, which was, of course, a slaver in disguise, bore down on the pinnace to ram her. Lieutenant Fegan issued the order to "prepare to resist boarders," and himself rushed into the thick of the action. The Arabs were four to one, and Lieutenant Fegen accounted for two with his revolver, and for a third with his cutlass, while Pearson, one of his men, gave another the point. But Lieutenant Fegen's sword-arm was disabled, three of his five were lying wounded, and eleven out of twenty Arabs appeared to have an easy chance over our remaining force of two, Guys and Fred. Russell fought while they could stand, and the dhow tried to sheer off. But Lieutenant Fegen, his coxswain, his interpreter, and his marine were not content with a Cadmeian victory. They proved bad men to run away from. Arabs were attracted to the shore by the sound of firing, and they took the side of the slaver. Luckily some one in the dingy or the pinnace shot the helmsman of the dhow; she drifted into shallow water and there sank. The unwounded men of the crew took to the water, and only four or five of them reached land. Lieutenant Fegen, shipping his marine, his interpreter, and his coxswain on board the pinnace, played with his nine-pounder on the Arabs, who withdrew. He was able to save fifty-three out of sixty-five slaves, and of his men he lost only one killed, a seaman named Benjamin Stone. The others are reported as deing well, and they deserve every reward that the admiration of their countrymen can give them.

A Vassar Girl Blacked Lossing's Shoes.

[Boston Advertiser.]

A recent Vassar graduate was commenting upon the indisposition of servant girls in the United States to black the boots of the men of the family. In households in England, she said, where there is only one hired girl the polishing of the men's shoes is accepted by her as one of her duties. Then another Vassar girl recalled the time when a number of her class-mates helped to shine the boots of a gentleman visiting at the college. He was and still is a trustee of Vassar. He occupied one of the guest chambers, and when he went to bed he left his shoes outside the door as if he were in a hotel. Some of the girls who were up at an early hour saw the boots, and thought it would be a good joke to do the bootblack act themselves. They did, and when they returned the shoes they stuck in each a handsome bouquet of flowers. The trustee was half abashed and altogether surprised when he realized how he had been honored. Tradition tells his name as that of Benson J. Lossing, the historian.

(Original.)

A Home In the Country.

(Founded on fact.)

How often I dreamed of a home in the country,
And grieved o'er the fact that in town I must dwell,
For "land agents" gathered around me and told me
That I, as a farmer, could do oh so well.
Oh, fool that I was, in my folly to heed them,
I had a neat income and something laid by;
But subtly they spread all their nets and they caught me,
And held me as sure as that "spider" the "fly."

I needed a farm—they could suit me exactly,
I saw in my mind's eye a green paradise;
I bought it and paid—well, the whole of my savings
But then "my first crop would pay back the full price."
My wife disapproved—I laughed at her weakness;
I told her I longed for this rural retreat;
I bade her in haste pack our worldly possessions,
And shake the hot dust of the town from our feet.

'Twas May when we saw our home in the country,
That "little white house on a green grassy slope."
The walls ever covered with jasmine and roses—
I named that white cottage my "Castle of Hope."
'Tis true that the lawn was breast-high in dead green grass,
The walls of the out-house were fast falling in,
The fence round the garden had all tumbled over,
The weeds in the drive often tickled my chin.

We entered the house—found the plastering broken,
In fact in one room the whole ceiling was down,
No locks on the doors—all the window glass vanished,
And one sash replaced by a woman's old gown.
The rats scampered hither and thither in terror,
The lizards and bats made my heart quake with fright,
I mo