TRANSVAAL CITIES.

Pretoria, the Capital, is a Quaint Old Boer Town.

Johannesburg, the Metropolis, is an African Chicago.

The capital of the South African Republic, though by no means the largest town, is Pretoria, named after the famous Boer leader. It lies on a gentle hillside, facing the sun, on the south side of a pleasant valley, surrounded by bleak and desolate-looking hills. It is plentifully supplied with clear water, running in open ditches along the sides of its streets. Each dwelling-house stands in a good-sized garden, surrounded by trees and shrubs, which grow rapidly in that genial climate. Some of the trees are well shaded with stately rows of gum trees. In the centre of the town is a spacious old market square in which stands a large Dutch church. Pretoria would be an attractive place if it were not so untidy and dusty. There is plenty of water in every street, but it is never sprinkled upon the roadway. Nor is there much attempt made to keep the streets from litter of all sorts.

Johannesburg is by far the largest and most important place in the whole country, and is in point of rapid growth, one of the most remarkable cities in the world. Ten years ago the site it occupies was a desolate uninhabited plain, without a building or even a road save the rude "trek" of the Boers. Today it is a handsome city of 60,000 inhabitants, with a couple of railroad stations, street cars, telephones and electric lights, stock exchange, theatres, opera house, and all the outward and visible signs of civilization and culture. It is no mushroom city, either. The streets are well paved and the sidewalks flagged, and the buildings are largely substantial structures of brick and stone. The clubs and club houses would hold their own for size and comfort in London or New York. There is a fine public park with a "recreation ground," where there are bicycle races, tennis matches and cricket and football. At such sports, in which competitors from the Cape, Natal, and the Orange Free State take part, there are gatherings of thousands of spectators of both sexes, fashionably dressed. There are, of course, other thousands of natives, Malays and Coolies. Similar contrasts are to be seen on the streets and avenues, where trim American buggies and heavy luxurious victorias and landaus are mingled with primitive ox wagons.

The climate of Johannesburg is a delightful one. Although in the subtropics, it is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea and therefore temperate. The air is clear and bracing and has a fine tonic quality. In midsummer the days are warm and sometimes almost hot, but the nights are refreshingly cool. In winter there are a few frosty days, but seldom any use for overcoats. Indeed, the climate of the whole Transvaal is most agreeable, and the soil fertile. Almost all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruits can be raised there in perfection. The country is well watered by numerous streams and rivers, and there is an ample rainfall in the summer to irrigate the whole country throughout the remainder of the year, if it were only stored in artificial lakes as is done in India. Indeed, there are few regions in the world better adapted to be the home of man and to support in plenty a large and highly cultured population than this.—New York Tribune.

Arizona "Chicken Feed."

"The men of Arizona have little regard for money in small denominations, or what is termed 'chicken feed,'" said H. D. King, of Phœnix, at the Coates, yesterday. "In the older states when a purchase is made, exact change is usually tendered, and one thing certain—a bill is not broken if it possibly can be avoided. In our section any ordinary purchase is made simply by asking for the article, and when it is passed across the counter a piece of money ample large to cover the cost is thrown down. When change is made the customer carelessly drops it into his pocket, apparently without counting it, and goes out without once mentioning the cost of the article. He gets just as good a deal as though he had haggled with the dealer for half an hour. This custom of throwing down a larger piece of money than is necessary is not followed, as a rule, to exhibit cash, for in Arizona everybody has money. It is only to show apparent indifference, and is a mark of liberality.

"It may be said pennies have no abiding place in Arizona. Even at the post-office where everything is supposed to be equal tender, pennies, two-cent and three-cent pieces are unknown. Change is made to the cent by the postmasters, but they do it with postage stamps or postal cards. Nowhere else are odd pennies recognized, even in the banks. A check for $4.98 would be paid with a $5 bill without a word. The same is true in all the shops and stores; change is made to the nearest nickel, sometimes to the nearest quarter or dollar. The saying, 'Take care of the pennies,' &c., don't go in Arizona as small change—anything under a dollar—is by most people valued only as trash."—Kansas City Times.

Interesting Story of an Old Bell.

The old bell of St. John's Episcopal Church, Ellicottville, N. Y., has an interesting history. It hung originally in a monastery in Malaga, Spain. The monastery was sacked in 1832, and this bell, with others was shipped to New York. Nicholas Devereaux, agent of the Holland Land Company, at Ellicottville, bought it and sold it to St. John's Church. The inscription on it is as follows: "Abe soi labos del angel qve en alto svena Maria Gracia plena Bargas Mefeci Malaga 1708." The meaning of this was a mystery for a long time, until Bishop Coxe studied it, and said it was in corrupt Spanish, in which b was often used for v, and which changed many other letters. "Thus," he said, "abe" should be "ave" and "labos" should be "la vos." The inscription put in pure Spanish follows: "Ave (soi la voz del angel qve en alto sveno) Maria, plena gracia." The English translation he made thus: "Hail (I am the voice of the angel who on high stands forth) Mary! full of grace!" The last words, of course, mean "Bargas made me, Malaga, 1708."

Sneezed Her Teeth Out.

Postoffice Superintendent of Delivery Meeks has in his possession a set of false teeth. The pretty girl who lost them may reclaim them by applying to Clerk Quinn.

One day early in the week a well attired and extremely fascinating maiden stood in the front of a window in the postoffice. She had a letter in one hand and a stamp in the other. Just as she was moistening the latter with the tip of her tongue, a sort of the-catsup-is-boiling-over expression came over her face and she sneezed. Something rattled upon the tile floor of the postoffice, and a bystander picked the teeth up, and, doffing his hat presented them to the loser.

The pretty girl gave him a look that might have dazed even a Brooklyn trolley car and flounced from Uncle Sam's end of the municipal triangle.

The teeth were turned over to Superintendent Meeks, and Clerk Quinn is now using them as a paper weight.—New York Advertiser.

Falling From the Sun to the Earth.

The philosophers have figured out some queer problems since the time of Horatio, but none of them are more curious or more appropriate in a department of this character than that relating to the amount of time it would take an object to fall from the sun or moon to our earth. It has been decided, after an immense amount of figuring, that if a bowlder weighing a ton should fall from the sun, it would take it 99 years, 9 months, 7 days and two hours to reach the reach the earth. The same bowlder could make the trip from the moon to the earth in four and a half days.

Premature Alarm.

Wife—What in the world do you want with a trombone? You know that the man dext door has driven us nearly wild by his performance on that instrument.

Hubby—Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought.—Harper's Bazar.

"GOLDEN HORN."

Most Interesting Strip of Water In the World.

There Constantinople Sits, Like Rome, On Seven Hills.

Now that public attention is so keenly drawn to the almost anarchic state of Turkey, the following particulars of the capital of the Ottoman Empire will be of interest: Byzantium, Islamboul, or Constantinople, as the place has been variously called, is situated at the junction of the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora, and may be said to be composed of three distinct towns, viz: Stamboul, Pera-Galata and Scutari.

The two first named are on the European shore, and are divided by the creek called the Golden Horn, while Scutari lies on the Asiatic side, and is separated from them by the Bosphorus. Stamboul, or Constantinople proper occupies the site of ancient Byzantium, and, like ancient Rome, is built on seven hills. On the first of these are the Old Seraglio and the famous mosque of Santa Sophia. Stamboul lies on a triangular promontory washed by the waters of the Golden Horn on the north, and by the limpid Sea of Marmora on the south, while the swift current of the Bosporus flows past its eastern front.

Scutari, although a suburb of Constantinople, is practically a separate town, the distance across the water being about two miles. It largely resembles Stamboul, both externally and internally, with its numerous mosques, its bazaars, public baths and manufactories. It will be remembered chiefly by English readers on account of its hospital having been used by the Anglo-French army in the winter of 1854-5 and by reason of its beautiful English cemetery with its monument to the heroes of the Crimean campaign. Its population is now about 60,000, that of the whole capital being about one million and a half.

Stamboul is the native city, and contains most of the government and public buildings. Here are situated, for instance, the Sublime Porte (a gateway of justice, from which the Government of Turkey takes its name), the War Office, the Seraglio, the law courts, the railway station, the custom House, the mosques of Santa Sophia and countless others; the Mint and the museums, the Han Yeni, and the Egyptian bazaars. The landward side of the city of Stamboul is bounded by the walls Theodosius, rebuilt in 447 A. D., and now in a ruinous state.

Pera-Galata is the European or Christian town and the centre of business, the Imperial, Ottoman and other banks, the Exchange, and steamship and merchants' offices being in Galata. Most of the embassies are situated on the hill of Pera. The principal street of Constantinople, where all the European shops are, is the Grande Rue de Pera, and the next in importance is the Rue Tepe Bachi, along which the Pera-Galata trams run, and where the best hotels, the British Embassy and the Petite Champs Municipality Gardens are situated. The Yildiz Kiosk, where at present the Sultan resides, is practically in the country, about four miles from the Sublime Porte. The palace is surrounded by barracks, where a large force of the Imperial Guards is quartered; and no strangers are allowed to enter the gates.

The Golden Horn—La Horne d'Or, Chryso Keras—call it what you will, the name of the classic waterway is one with which to conjure. That its greater glory is now gone is not to be disputed; that it still remains the most interesting strip of water in the world is as little to be denied. On one side of it rises a lordly line of mosques, those of Santa Sophia, Sultan Mahmoud, Sultan Selim, Sultan Bajazet, of Sultan Mahamond, Conqueror of the Christians who shall say how many more? Up the heights on the further shore climb the palaces of the foreign ambassadors, that of Britain, as is meet and right, standing above them all.

Crouching down by the water's edge are the Arsenal and the Admiralty, barracks and Custom Houses, prisons and powder magazine; every one who wishes to pile up a block of Government buildings seeks a site for it on the shores of the Golden Horn. Until sixty years ago, those who wished to cross the Horn called up a Kaik or waited for a ferryboat; then it occurred to Sultan Mahmoud II. that a permanent way might be an advantage. Accordingly he summoned the Grand Admiral—no less important an official is custodian of the Golden Horn—and bade him see the thing should be done, the Sultan adding significantly that he meant to survey the undertaking in person at a specified date. Georgi, a Greek, took the work in hand and did it well, as his lord attested when the way was baptized in the name "Nooesretya" (the Benefaction.) From sunset to sunrise throughout the year it was declared that this bridge should remain open, while during the Feast of Rhamazan free passage is allowed throughout the night, that the followers of Allah may visit the mosques at their own times.—St. James's Budget.

Chuckchee Bear Killing.

Probably the most uncommon way of bear catching which is pursued regularly is that which is in vogue among the Chuckchee Indians in the Kamschatkan peninsula. The captain of a whaler who had gone ashore at Olutarsk to trade, and had investigated the Chuckchee method of bear killing, told this story about it when he got back to civilization:

"The Kamschatkan bear is a huge brown fellow, often weighing over 1,000 pounds, and he is very ferocious and hard to kill. Such an animal is invulnerable to the small darts which are the Chuckchee's missile weapons, and it is necessary to cripple him before closing in with spears. These bears inhabit ground which is covered with dense thickets, through which they have paths and runways. The runways are impenetrable to man except to crawl on hands and knees. To circumvent the bear the Chuckchee takes two pieces of board about six inches long and three inches long, through which he bores numerous holes. Through the holes in each piece he puts long iron nails with their points sharpened. Then, placing the backs of the pieces of the wood together, he lashes them with thongs, thus leaving the sharp ends of the nails projecting on each side. This curious implement of hunting, he lays in the runway where the bear tracks are thickest, lightly covering it from view.

"Presently the bear comes along, his great forepaws covering each a square foot of surface, and almost to a certainty he plants one forepaw on the nails, which penetrate and hurt him. Rising upon his hind legs he raises the paw to which the boards are fastened by the nails, looks at it, and seeking the thing that has hurt him, he strikes at it with his other paw to knock it off, thereby driving the nails from the side he hits into that paw. Thoroughly angry, he now now hauls off and strikes with the first paw that was pierced and the nails again penetrate that. So he goes on striking with one paw and the other, driving the nails deeper and deep into the flesh, until, exhausted with pain and rage, he sinks to the ground. His paws are now so sore that he cannot travel far, and as far as he goes he leaves a trail of blood behind him. Discovering this, the Indians follow him up and with their spears despatch him.

Why the Spaniards Conquered.

When Jean Jacques Rousseau in his "Nouvelle Heloise" said, "When first I saw South America, that vast continent conquered by Europeans, because there was no iron there," Rousseau's surmise was but true in part. The main reason why the inhabitants of South America were so easily vanquished by the Spaniards was because the aborigines had but few animals fitted for domestication. Had the horse been found in Old Mexico or Peru, the mailed Spaniard would have found his task more difficult. "From the point of view of the student of domesticated animals," writes Professor Shaler, "the races of men may well be divided into those which have and those which have not the use of the horse." The horse has been then, a leading factor in civilization.—New York Times.

A Mechanical Horror.

Machinery, a monthly journal, published at Johannesberg, South Africa, gives an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of 1, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap, by some electrical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strike, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then falls to pieces, as before.

About Population.

Georgia has gained about 800,000 population in the thirty years ending with 1890, Alabama nearly 600,000, South Carolina about 450,000, and Louisiana about 500,000. Nowhere can a southern state be found which has decreased in population or made the slow progress of Maine and Vermont.

These statistics mean something. They mean that the people of the northeast and northwest are tired of blizzards and droughts. They are seeking homes in sections where the conditions of existence are more favorable. Already they are sending large colonies southward, and the wiping out of sectionalism will bring millions of them here. The next decade will see a big tide of immigration pouring into the south.—Atlanta Constitution.

A sprinkling of freshly-ground coffee will keep game sweet for several days.

Pumice Stone Life Boats.

In England trials have been made with a lifeboat made of pumice stone, which a report, made by the lighthouse board, states to be most satisfactory. Not only is the material of great lightness and strength, but is easily worked into any shape. The boat remains afloat and will support quite a load even when full of water. The parts are made interchangeable, and when a part is injured the simple loosening of a bolt enables the repairer to remove it and put in another.

The London Electrical Engineer states that a certain November fog in London cost, in gas and electric light, accidents, delays and damages, $500,000.