

## POPE LEO'S DAILY LIFE.

SIMPLE ROUTINE IN THE HOME OF THE VENERABLE PONTIFF.

How He Begins and Ends the Day—His Care as to Details of Work—The Reception of Visitors—When Special Audiences Are Given—Indoor Recreations.

Every morning at six o'clock the chief valet enters the Pope's bedroom to receive orders says "Tit-Bi's." It is a narrow room, the walls are hung with yellow, and it is divided into two apartments by a curtain, behind which is the bed and a praying-desk. His Holiness gets up and dresses while the altar in the little private chapel is being prepared for the service; when ready, the Pope says his mass in the presence of his attendants only. Now and then Leo XIII. forsakes the private chapel for the oratory, another modest little chapel. Six large wax candles illuminate the splendid picture of the Nativity, painted by Romanelli.

On these occasions a few of the faithful members of the aristocracy or foreigners of importance receive permission to attend the service, which is very short, lasting only about half an hour. There are no presentations to the Pope, no talking; but it is almost the only opportunity of really approaching the Holy Father, and the favor is much sought after.

The Pope pronounces the Latin words of the mass very distinctly, but in a manner indicative of laboured breathing. He ascends and descends the steps of the altar with some difficulty, and has to be assisted by two attendants, but as the service proceeds, his body becomes erect and his eye animated.

Immediately after the early morning service, the Pope takes his first meal, consisting of coffee and bread. As he breakfasts he opens letters and telegrams, receives his private secretaries, and then he sets to work.

In drawing up his circular-letters to his flock, or political documents of great importance, he proceeds with great care and reflection. After having read anything he may have previously written upon the subject under consideration, he begins to scribble notes on large sheets of paper; these notes are very short indeed (for he writes with difficulty, his hands being supported by an ingenious contrivance), and serve as a rough draft, to be amplified later on.

When his notes are finished he takes several small pieces of paper, and sets to work to build his letter upon this foundation, writing phrase after phrase, idea after idea, on the small slips, which he carefully numbers and places in a drawer, the key of which he carries about with him.

When he considers the time opportune for drawing up the document, he usually calls in one of the secretaries in whom he has the greatest confidence, and dictates to him what is written on the little slips. The secretary writes this out in a finished style, and presents it to Leo XIII. for revision; it is rewritten by the secretary and again submitted; and so on, until the version is then commenced, and as the Pope prides himself on being able to write that language well, what is done is more than a mere translation.

At a quarter-past ten the audiences begin, the Pope going into a special room, which is hung with red damask, bearing the Pontifical arms. This material is to be found in all the rooms of the Vatican, and must be of the time of Gregory XVI. There are no pictures, scarcely any furniture, except a chair for the Pontiff, and a table covered with papers.

The ante-chambers present an animated appearance, the different uniforms of the various attendants, soldiers and noblemen on guard, forming a remarkable picturesque group. The ceremonial of introduction is much the same for a cardinal as for an ambassador. The cardinal, hat in hand, and followed by a footman carrying his papers wrapped in red cloth, enters the Constantine Hall, where the armed attendants stand guard; at the door another attendant makes a bow, takes the papers from the footman, and walks in front of the cardinal to a third ante-chamber, where he gives way to a lackey, who accompanies his eminence to the Throne Room.

Here he is taken in hand by another servant and conducted to a room next to that where the Pope receives, to await his turn to be ushered into the presence of the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

Leo XIII. has a strong dislike to tittle-tattle and gossip, and his accredited representatives take care not to tell tales of what they see or hear on these occasions at the Vatican.

These are special audiences. In the case of a general audience, at which all visitors to Roman Catholic and non-Catholics, endeavor to be present, His Holiness enters the room in which his visitors are assembled, kneeling in a sort of semi-circle, and walks slowly around, giving each his hand to kiss and each a greeting in Italian.

When the last visitor has gone, preparations are made for a walk in the beautiful garden of the Vatican. The guards form in line, and the sedan chair, surrounded by footmen in red, appears at the outer door. The Pope's hat, red cloak, and cane are placed ready on a seat.

A bell tinkles. Monsignor della Voile bustles about; there is silence for a moment, then the door opens and the Pope appears. He looks pleasantly around and remarks upon the weather or some ordinary subject, as he passes out, giving his

blessing to the guard and attendants as he goes through the other rooms to the sedan chair. He takes his seat, the chair is surrounded by about a dozen soldiers and footmen, and the little cortege moves onwards. He gets out of the chair for a walk for a few minutes, and chats familiarly with the head gardener as he inspects some rare flowers.

Dinner is served in solitude, and is as frugal as the morning meal. It generally consists of a plate of soup, a cut of meat, bread, some fruit, and a glass of light wine. The Pope's only indoor recreation is a game of chess. He is a remarkably good chess-player; in fact, it is only on rare occasions that he is defeated at the game. There is one priest in Rome who is usually the Pope's adversary. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with His Holiness for thirty-two years past.

After the game of chess, work recommences and continues until sunset. A few important private visitors come now, and the evening is devoted to them until 9.50, the hour of evening prayer.

Then, and not till then, the newspapers of the day are discussed. They are read to His Holiness by his favorite secretary; but what his opinions are on the questions of the day no one can tell, for the private secretary is on that subject as silent as the tomb.

Supper follows, and all retire to rest except the Holy Father, who works on; and the inhabitants of Rome can often see late at night a light in a certain window in the Vatican, telling them that Leo XIII. is still at work for the good of the Church committed to his care.

## DREAMS ARE FLEETING.

Their Duration is Very Much Less Than is Generally Supposed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary phenomenon associated with the dreaming state is the tremendous amount of realism which is frequently presented to the mind of the sleeper in an incredibly short time. Tell a man who has just awakened from a vivid and horrible dream that the sights, situations, feelings and presentments, which have resulted in a hurriedly beating heart and a profuse perspiration, all occurred in the space of a few moments, and he will probably doubt your word. Nevertheless, it is possible to have a dream in which the scenes and experiences carried the mind over a period of years, and yet the dream, from start to finish, may only occupy a few moments.

Count Lavalette gives a remarkable illustration of this. "One night," he says, "while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep almost immediately." Then he dreamed that he was standing in the street, and shortly became conscious of a low, rumbling sound. Presently a troop of cavalry was seen approaching him, but both horses and riders were as if they had been flayed. Their bodies were dripping with blood. Women with mournful faces appeared at the windows of the neighbouring houses to watch this dismal procession, and the air was filled with groans, and pregnant with the odour of blood.

"I remained in the street," says the Count, "terrified with horror, and deprived of sufficient strength to seek safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks at me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me. I instantly made my repeater strike. It was only just past midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate."

A still more remarkable instance is given in "The Philosophy of Mystery." A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, then gone through various hardships, deserted, was pursued, captured, and brought back. Then followed a vivid experience of his trial by court-martial. He was condemned to be shot, and eventually led out for execution. At that moment a noise in an adjoining room awoke him. What was his surprise to find that that self-same noise had been both the cause of his dream and of his awakening. He had encountered the experiences of months in a single moment.

The case is reported of a gentleman who contracted a severe illness through sleeping in a damp bed. Afterwards, when in a recumbent position, he was invariably seized with a sense of suffocation, and would be the victim of a dream, wherein a skeleton gripped him by the throat, and attempted to strangle him. So repeatedly did this dream assail him, that the thought of sleep rendered him miserable; and, so fearful was the impression it made upon him, that sleep distressed rather than refreshed him.

Finally he engaged a watcher, whose duty it was to sit by the gentleman's side, and rouse him as soon as ever he fell asleep. One night the dream visited him before being awakened, and a long and terrible struggle ensued between the dreamer and the skeleton. When awakened the gentleman reproached his watcher for allowing him to sleep so long. Judge of his amazement, however, when he was assured that he had been roused at the very instant when he began to slumber. The dream, the struggle he had thought so prolonged, had but been a single moment's duration.

## Words Without Rhymes.

The number of English words which have no rhyme in the language is very large. Five or six thousand at least are without rhymes, and consequently can be employed at the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance, or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned, month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, sylph, music, breadth, width, depth, honor, iron, echo, etc.

## ARROWS ARE ANCIENT.

THEY HAVE A LINEAGE WHICH CAN BE CLEARLY TRACED.

Their Record Goes Back Further Than That of the Bow with Which They Are Used—A Study of the Development of Arrow Making by the Human Race.

One of the most ancient of the things man has made is the arrow. There is no weapon the lineage of which can be traced to a simpler beginning. We have been apt to lose sight of this by associating as inseparable, alike in origin and use, the bow with the arrow. But I can show that the arrow had been perfected in well nigh all its parts long before the simplest bow had been thought of or fashioned. If this be true, then the arrow in its embryonic form was older than either the stone axe or the shaped knife of flint. It was the chief reliance and resource of primitive man in the two main activities of life—war and the chase, it speedily became his first—and ever remained, by representations, at least, his highest instrumentality for divining the fate or fortune its use so often decided, and in this way came to effect as no other single object ever did the development and history of mankind the wide world over.

I shall also think of it as it related to primitive men in primitive state of mind and life. I would divine how the men of old felt about their arrows, and what, therefore, they did to them. They were simple like little children, with a vast deal of personal feelings, emphasized in the case at hand to huge proportions by the tremendous part those arrows bore in their lives. And so the arrow was for ages looked upon as a wand of enchantment to those who made and used and lived by and loved it; was to them a symbol. Therefore it played as large a part in his theoretical and mythical as in his practical life; and must be theoretically and imaginatively no less than practically and experimentally studied.

When I was a barefoot boy, less than 10 years of age, my father's hired man, while ploughing one day, picked up and threw to me across the furrows a little blue flint arrow point, saying: "The Indians made that; it was one of their arrow heads."

As he turned again to his plough I took it up fearfully, wondering, in my hands. Nothing had ever aroused my interest so much. That little arrow point decided the purpose and calling of my whole life. When I had gathered in course of time a collection of some hundreds of relics from all over central and western New York I began a series of experiments to learn how these arrows had been made. There was a farmer in our neighborhood who when young had gone to California, and had been pinned in the shoulder by an Indian arrow. He may not have killed the Indian, but at any rate, he had his whole sheet of arrows—quite as perfect a set as I ever saw. They were all pointed with obsidian tips, like mine in shape and finish, but smaller. In recognition of my passion he gave me two of them. I thought the points were glass, and forthwith added all the thick pieces of bottle glass and window plate I could gather to my store of new materials for practice. With this I worked now and then throughout a whole season, but the products of my hammerings were but crude compared with those of the flint.

When nearly 14 years of age I discovered in the woods south of Medina, N. Y., an ancient Indian fort. I built a hut there, and used to go there and live days at a time, digging for relics while the sun shone, and on rainy days, or at night, by the light of the camp fire, studying by experiment how the more curious of them had been made and used. One evening I unearthed a beautiful harpoon of bone. I had a tooth brush. I chopped the handle off and ground it down on a piece of sandstone to the sharp of the harpoon blade, but could not grind the clean-cut barbs in its edge. I took my store of flint scales and chips and set to work on it, using the flint flakes in my fingers, or clamping them between split sticks, saw fashion. The flint cut the bone away as well as a knife of steel would have cut it, but left the work rough. Now, in trying to smooth, I made a discovery. No sooner had I begun to rub the bone transversely to the edge of the flint than the bone began to cut the flint away—not jaggedly, as my hammer-stone would have clipped it, but in long continuously narrow surface flakes where ever the edge was cut in the bone at a certain angle. I never finished that harpoon. I turned it about and used it as an arrow flake, by tying it to a little rod of wood with my shoe string, and pressing it at the proper angle to points on the flint which I had worked to remove. I made arrow after arrow thus in the joy of my new discovery, until my hands were blistered and lacerated. I did not know at the time that archaeologists the world over were ignorant, as I had been, of just how flint implements had been made, and I did not learn until my noble, lamented friend, Prof. Bead, called me to the Smithsonian Institution, in 1875, that I was the first man, to have practically discovered how to make implements of glass, and flint flaked from side to side, indistinguishable from those made by primitive people.

I have told this history as it occurred for a three-fold reason; first, to instance the manner in which I discovered flint flaking by chancing ignorantly to follow precisely the course primitive man must necessarily have followed, and, secondly, to convey to you the lesson this boyish experience taught me; that I could learn more by strenuously experiencing with savage things and arts, than others, or I could have learned by actually and merely seeing and questioning savages themselves about such things and arts; and, thirdly, there is another reason of later development this experience has taught me, that Palcothian man of the French caves, at least—that man who is said to have known no other art of working stone than by rudely breaking it into shape by blows of other stones—could not have existed in such primary status of art for more than a few seasons at most.

In finally, forming arrow points from these trimmed "blanks" (stones already partly shaped), the smallest of them were chosen. The first care in fashioning one was to remove protuberant points from its edge and sides, and to thin it down by means of a pitching tool of buckhorn. It was now further shaped, sharpened, notched, or barbed, or serrated—according to intended use. When a number of the points had been finished they were warmed by the fire and rather ceremoniously wrapped in buckskin or fibre, not more to keep them safe than to cure them of this rough handling and win them to favor and strength. Then twigs were cut with one sacrifice to the wood sprites, were brought head or upper ends foremost, passed over the store of points to make them "acquainted," and laid down with their tips ends to the east or south, if for the peaceful hunt, to the west or north if for war. They were peeled upwardly, or from butt to tip that their way of working be not balked; scraped and shaved to uniformity, also from the butt upward, and placed along-side hot fire or buried in moist, hot sand, to soften or "ripen" them, and afterward clamped between one nether-grooved piece of sandstone or sanded wood and one small flat piece, held over it firmly in the left hand, was shoved and pulled twistingly back and forth, until smoothed and rounded and further straightened. Finally each was both seasoned and polished, then straightened to a nicety by passing it under heavy pressure over a smooth-grooved piece of very hot soapstone, or else, better still, by heating and stretching it, turning it at the same time through a veritable drawplate of bone horn or hard wood furnished with a single medium hole or several bevelled perforations.

When fully stretched it was grooved along three or sometimes four or more places on its circumference, with the tusk of a tuma, or wildcat of fiery eye—if for war; with elk, beaver, or other gentler kind of tooth if for the peaceful chase. The point of this tooth was pressed into this shaft at the tip, inserted through one of the stretching holes, and then the shaft was shoved through to the end of the shaftment or feathering point—twistingly, for at least every alternate groove—that it might form a wavering trail for the lightning to traverse from point to point to quill when the feathers whistled, speeding the sure flight of the arrow. Three pinion feathers, all from the right or all from the left wing of eagle or hawk, were chosen and split from tip to base by pressing the quill parts along its inner groove or mid-rib. The featherings were all chosen from corresponding sides of the mid-rib that they might be uniform. They were now laid flat on the shaftment, the bases of the quills toward the top, first the right wing, then the left wing, so called; finally, the tail; the latter transversely to the neck to serve as a cock feather.

After all the shafts had thus been feathered, the whole bunch was taken in hand, the butts struck against the ground or a stone, then reversed and righted, and with a pull of the breath thrown down, ends forward

## CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels;—

Junior	\$35.00
Empire, (Royal Mail)	50.00
Prince and Princess	50.00 each
Crescents	55.00 to \$80
Spartan	70.00
Duke and Duchess	75.00
Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen's	90.00
Road King	90.00
Davies Uptodate	100.00
Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's	110.00
Hyslops	110.00
Whitworth's	110.00
Beeston Humber	120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

## We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories.

See our samples and get our catalog before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

IRA CORNWALL General Agent,  
I. E. CORNWALL Special AgentBoard of Trade Building  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Send for Catalogue

According as the arrows fell they were carefully sorted into groups, with the more highly developed tribes, like the Zuni, the cock or tail feathers of each group were notched, trimmed, and tufted differently from those of others, to denote their classes, as being, one set of the north, another of the west, and the others respectively of the south and east. The top and mid-most shaft was reserved as a personal arrow for special treatment, and the doubtful shafts were left unfinished. At last in correspondence to the kind of shafts as indicated by the cock feathers, the points were selected, the keenest and deadliest for the north and west, the broadest and shortest for the south and east. The tips of the shafts were hooked and rasped, each with the base of the point designed for it, and these were then seized on free-handedly, with sinew. All the increasingly solemn operations were concluded by the orderly ribbanding of the shaftments with the colors of death and blood—black and red—or with the yellow of magic, or the green or blue of life and victory. The arrows were finally laid out to the west and east, and breath-endowed with lives of their own, then placed with their parent, the fire arrow, all save its consort, the personal one, heads downward, feathers upward, that the lightning run not out or the feathers speak before their time but sleep till awakened for war council.

From breaking of shells, stones, and bones, as I have characterized, and the much cutting of his fingers thereby, primal men must have learned speedily enough to do all sorts of cutting, scraping, and scratching with the sharp fragments. For long, however, he probably used these fragments unmounted, grasping them, perchance, with wads of seaweed or grass; as I have grasped a stone, with a fold or two of buckskin, in making with it all the shaft-polishers and other like tools I have needed to use in my recent experiments. But by lodging sharp blades in wood, or often wedging sharp things into the end of his spear-form digging stick, he must have learned in time that the stick, so long as thus armed, dug better and cut his contestants better.

Some time early, man found that the slim-handled knife, getting loose in the shaft of his spear, pulled out with the fish he had struck, but if tied with a long enough string, held its prey quite as well as the whole spear when held by a string in his hand. Then he had but to transfer his retrieving line—which always had hindered the fling—from hand hold to mid of the shaft, and from there to the hilt or the head, to have formed a perfect harpoon. But although they made their harpoons hook-beaked with barbs, or had made them so already, and claw-headed with recurved bone prongs, yet their flights of them were none the better for all of that. Then why not tie the hawk wing or eagle plume to the body of the missile? Forthwith you may be sure they tied wing feathers to their shafts, two at first, midway, but lower down after a while, and with a third feather—the tail for the smaller shafts, to keep them straight and headwise.

Presently they began to fit the shafts with straps or their fingers with slinging nooses to further the flight. From the soreness that came of much or constant use of such appliances the loops became rings for the fingers, more rigid and joined together, and these in turn palms of rawhide or the throwing hands, or of wood hollowed straightly and fitted with holes at the sides for the thumb and great finger, and with a groove underneath extending to the rear end, at which was a notch or a hole for the forefinger when stretched along the groove and thrust up through the hole. But these spear palms and clutches, while giving secure grasp and great power in the holding or hurling of heavy weapons, did not greatly increase the distance of their flight. There still remains the superiority of the long armed thrower.

The element next higher in the development of the dart finger is to be found in

decidedly exemplified in the throwing slat or atlatl. The little apparatus is made from a very slender and flexible sapling of light and springy, but hard wood, such as the Cliff Dwellers' bows were made of. Among a people armed with effective fingers I do not wonder that their use survived that of the bow, even away from the appropriate habitat of the spear thrower—the water-shed.

Now the crozier-shaped or bent form of the spear flinger was, as my experiments have indicated, a veritable combination of the bow and the spear thrower. In it the spring of the bow already appears; it is simply a stringless bow, used backward, while in the still more elaborated form of the Mayas the string also appears. I this little "carrier of the cane" or "waist staff" be but enlarged and restored, as I have experimentally restored it, and used with a notch and strap-trimmed spear dart, like those of the Dresden Codex, and it then the missile be pressed back against the string and held by its strap until released with a fling, the rebound of the string, as well as the spring of the flinging staff, adds treble velocity to it and it seems to me that the steps are few and short from this already strung, but reversed, to the bow of archery.

When talking on this subject with my lamented friend, the artist, Thomas Hovenden, who went to his noble and heroic death a few years ago, he did not at first believe me, and handling me a charcoal stick, bade me draw the form of thrower I then in theory thought was the connecting link between bow and finger. I drew one—a long, slender twig with a fork at the end and a string attached to the croch, both for catching the spear and for bending the stick back to give it spring when loosed. He looked astounded for a moment, then delighted. "Do you know," said he, "that as a boy I played with such a slinging stick as that, catching birds on the Irish bogs?" And in the morning he made me one. It was my hypothetical connecting link.—F. H. Cushing.

## Recognized the Species.

When the man with the ginger-bued whiskers and real celluloid collar emerged from the dining-room of the hotel and wended his way to the office, peacefully picking his teeth with a Barlow knife, the word had already preceded him that he had been eating bananas, skin and all.

"Ah! how did you like your dinner, sir?" inquired the clerk, urbanely.

"Pretty fair," responded the guest cheerily. "Them there long, slim yellow vegetables sorter hit the spot. The outside wasn't much good, but the pit was first-rate."

Without comment, the clerk handed him a neatly printed card, bearing this legend: "Guests who blow out the gas are requested to leave their wills with the clerk."

**SILVERWARE**  
OF THE  
**HIGHEST GRADE.**  
THE QUESTION  
**"WILL IT WEAR?"**  
NEED NEVER BE ASKED  
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE  
TRADE MARK  
**1847 ROGERS BROS.**  
AS THIS IN ITSELF  
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.  
**BESURE THE PREFIX**  
**"1847"**  
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.  
**THESE GOODS HAVE**  
**STOOD THE TEST**  
**OF HALF A CENTURY.**  
FOR NEARLY  
**SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.**