

VESUVIUS, IS NOT IDLE.

Further Demonstrations by the Great Volcano Are Expected Before Long.

Vesuvius, which is just now passing through another period of renewed activity, is attracting a good deal of interest on account of the recent seismic disturbances in Italy says a recent writer. The tourist, ascending to the summit of the volcano, is seized by a fearful admiration in the presence of the imposing spectacle developing before his eyes, under his very feet. The increase of activity in the volcano has been noticeable ever since last January, and the old crater of 1891 is gradually and steadily filling up, making room for a new cone, which is perceptibly rising at the north-western border of the 1891 crater, and nearly in the centre of the much larger crater of 1872. The new cone, the formation of which was first noticed last winter, can now be seen even from Naples as it rises nearly 60 feet the crest of the old crater.

The exterior activity of the volcano has been very feeble ever since the summer of 1893, when the lava stream from the "Atrio del Cavallo" ceased flowing. The stopping of this lateral opening on the side of the volcano is the natural cause of the recurrence of volcanic activity in the great cone. In January last the column of molten lava first rose perceptibly within the pit overflowing a little the bottom of the 1891 crater. There it stopped for a few days, the column of lava slowly receding; then it was followed by another light rise of the lava, accompanied now by great quantities of escaping steam. Since then the tension of the steam keeps the lava continually on the rise, and makes its surface turbid, projecting it to a great height with each explosion. The frequency of these explosions is very variable. During May they occurred every 90 seconds; and the greater ones throw up the lava and drop to a height estimated at between 250 and 350 feet. During the intervening period of relative quiet other much less violent explosions take place always accompanied by powerful bursts of steam.

Nothing can be compared to the grandeur and beauty of the spectacle presented by the volcano as it throws into the air these streams of molten matter, falling back like enormous garbs of fire. In spite of the great distance separating the tourists from the crater itself the heat radiated from the stream of lava is unbearable. During the trajectory through the air the matter thrown out by the volcano cools off, and spreading and falling all over the borders of the crater, builds up the new cone—a matter of considerable interest to geologists. This new summit is of quite an irregular shape, and has attained a height of over 320 feet above the bottom of the crater of 1891, rising above the highest portions of the crater of 1872, which still remain to the east of the shelter house for the guide. Its irregular form is mainly due to the action of the wind which for the last few months has almost steadily blown from the east. This has caused more of the dross to fall on the Naples side of the mountain, and has swelled the side of the cone facing west. If the eruptions will continue with the same regularity which characterized the action of the volcano for the last five months, the new cone will rise, growing in circumference until the old crater is quiet filled up, when nothing will possibly prevent an overflow of lava down the side of the mountain, which would probably be directed toward the northwest as the crest of 1891 is quite near the present cone. The possibilities of such an event are simply appalling, still as they are certain to occur sooner or later, steps should be taken to minimize the danger by preparing for it. It carefully watched it will be possible to know exactly where an overflow will occur, and the stream of lava could by stone walls and like structures be made to flow where it will work the least damage.

The Great Wall of China.

Authorities differ as to the exact date when the great wall of China was built, but the consensus of opinion appears to be that it was begun, at least, in the reign of the Emperor Che-Hwang-Te, the founder of the Tsin dynasty, who ascended the throne in 221 B. C., and died 210 B. C. There does not seem to be any reason for doubting its actual existence. It is true that the late Carter Harrison, of Chicago, who visited China in 1885, wrote home that he was inclined to look upon it as a myth. Subsequently a paragraph went the round of the papers, copied from the London Times of August 5, 1887, which attempted to show on the authority of Abbe Larrien that the great wall "does not and never did exist," that there are, indeed, square towers of earth faced with brick at considerable distance from each other, but these were never joined together by any wall as originally intended. This paragraph called out a lively controversy which was settled in favor of the wall. Among others, H. S. Ashbee wrote to Notes and Queries, insisting that he himself had seen the great wall, that he had climbed upon it, and though he had never measured it nor traveled along it for any great length he could bear ocular evidence that it extended from the point where he stood upon it in a straight line, unbroken save in places where it had been allowed to fall into decay, as far as the eye could reach in either direction. "While crossing the gulf of Liao-Tong I plainly saw, from the deck of the steamer, where the great wall started from the sea. Further, in the same part of China, but unconnected with the great wall, I observed the square towers in question."—New York Herald.

A Question of Color.

A Boston "widow of a few months" asks the Herald whether she may ride a bicycle. Certainly—certainly. Black bloomers will not be very becoming, but you may wear them, certainly.—Des Moines Register.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption. Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles. Cause and effect: constipation is the cause of a host of diseases. Hawker's liver pills cure constipation, thereby preventing its subsequent ill. For children's coughs and colds Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

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DEEDS BETTER THAN WORDS.

How Abraham Lincoln Heard the Petition of a Distressed Widow.

On the first day of January, 1864, while a blinding snowstorm swept with untold violence through the Northern and New England States, while thousands of our brave defenders were suffering upon the gory fields of the South, a man, tall, gaunt, and homely, was seen standing in Pennsylvania avenue, in the city of Washington. A woman with her head bared to the hurricane of heaven, with her gown tattered and torn, saw him. She, supposing him to be a minister of the gospel, ran to him, and falling at his feet, addressed him thus:

"Oh, sir! If you are a minister of the gospel, if you serve the God who fed Elijah by ravens and Israel with manna, pray to him to provide me with a shelter from the storm and food for my poor starving children! I am a widow. My husband sleeps in the bloody bosom of Gettysburg. I'm sad and forlorn. Oh, pray to the Master till he hears my sad cry, and that he may shelter and feed us, or pray that we may die."

The tall, ugly man, with his heart overflowing with sympathy and his eyes flooded with tears, extended both his hands to the dirty, kneeling woman and said: "Woman, get up; you are mistaken. I am not a minister of the gospel. Jehovah never appears to hear my prayer. For four long years I have been praying for the restoration of our Federal Union and the cessation of this cruel, bloody war. Not until a petition was sent to the States in rebellion in the form of two of the most magnificent armies that ever shouldered a musket, under the guiding hands of Generals Grant and Sherman, was there ever the remotest resemblance of an answer. My prayers have finally been answered through the instrumentalities of these two armies under the matchless and daring skill of these two Generals. Now, if I had any idea that a prayer would shelter, feed, and clothe, you I would bow down, but I think that the best prayer I can make in your behalf is the prayer that groceryman on yonder corner."

Suited the generous act to the kind and sympathetic words, that ugly-beautiful man took from his pocket a small order-book and wrote:

"Washington, Jan. 1, 1864.—Mr. Groceryman—Sir: You will please supply the bearer with \$25 worth of provisions as she may direct and choose, and charge the same to your truly, Abraham Lincoln."

—Western Paper.

Found His Overcoat.

The train stopped in the great, dark station of a New England city, and a gentleman who had been dozing during the last hour of his journey got up in haste, seized his bag, and hurried out of the car. In a moment he came rushing back; he had forgotten his overcoat, says the Youth's Companion. But no overcoat was there, for his son had come along from the smoking car, recognized it, and carried it out.

"Where's my coat?" exclaimed the owner, excitedly, diving under the seat, and knocking off his hat as he rose. "This was my seat! I'm sure I left it here." But the persons sitting near had just entered the car, and took no interest in him; nobody answered. Out he hurried, and again missed his son, who had gone into the station to inquire about tickets. He was sure his coat must be in that car! There was nothing for it but to go back and back he went.

Meanwhile a tall, slender lady dressed in black, with a long crape veil over her face, entered the seat he had vacated, and sank wearily back in the corner, her veil over her face. In rushed the excited gentleman. The train was about to start, and if he was to find his coat, it was now or never. "There it is!" he exclaimed, in triumph. "I knew it was there!"

He plunged forward, and literally grabbed at—the veiled lady. She shrieked, he gasped an apology, the train started, and he plunged out of the car.

Appearance of the Musk-Ox.

The appearance of the musk-ox is so odd and striking that when once seen it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, 4½ feet high by 6½ feet long supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There are also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that as the robe lies on the floor it is easy to walk over as a feather bed. Over the joints you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddlemark" of dirty-white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat. Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often twelve inches in length, and sometimes twenty, like the grass raincoat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks.—St. Nicholas.

That Unlucky Thirteen.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number. Friday, salt spilling, and other superstitions.

"It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brichantau. "For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of seventy seven, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen."

"And he died the next day?" Letkibi inquired.

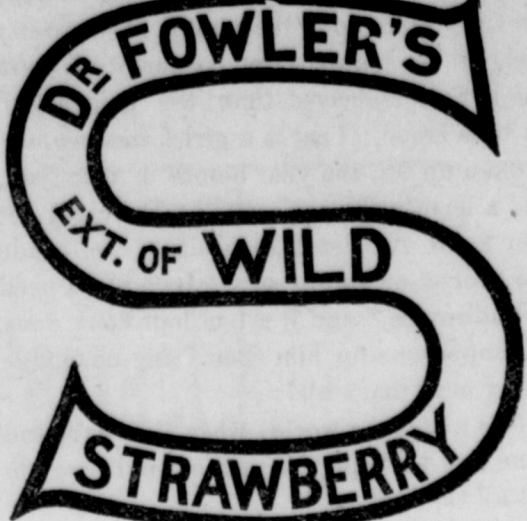
"No; but exactly thirteen years afterwards."

A shudder ran through the audience.

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A departing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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IT WAS A BIG PUDDING.

Baked in a Trench and Carried by About One Hundred Men and Boys.

I had been 10 years on Savage Island, and meant to come to England on a visit, but before leaving went to each village to say "good bye" to the people. We had been three weeks from home, when we got to a little village called Liku.

The evening after our arrival there was a terrible commotion—men, women and children were running about, some carrying sticks, some logs of wood and some big stones.

The men began digging a long shallow trench with their sharp-pointed sticks. The boys brought big stones and fire-wood. These were piled up all along one side of the trench. The wood was then set fire to and was soon blazing, while the stones on the top were getting hot.

While the fire was burning one side, little bundles of something white and soft were being undone from the clean leaves that contained them. This was the paste out of which the pudding was to be made.

There was no flour, suet, eggs, milk, plums or currants in it. It was the paste of a native vegetable called taro, and old coconuts, both grated very fine and mixed together. A long pudding cloth was laid along the side of the trench, and in it the pudding was carefully wrapped. It was not calico or linen, but nice clean banana leaves. Over this long coconut leaves were placed.

When the stones were hot enough, some were quickly laid along the bottom of the trench, then the long pudding laid on the top of them, and then some more stones at the sides and on the top.

Some girls had brought heaps of leaves to lay over the top to keep the heat and steam in, and the earth which had been dug out of the trench was thrown over the top.

The cook and pudding maker all went to sleep, and left the stars to watch their cookery. Next morning at 8 the whole village was astir, men, women and children all in holiday attire.

It was soon uncovered, and was found to be well done. Long poles were brought and laid the whole length. These were fastened to the pudding by small vines, canes, etc. It was then rolled out of the trench on one side: short sticks were made fast crosswise to the poles, and all was ready for taking up.

Number and Gender.

The Boston Budget says that a man and woman were standing together on a street corner, waiting for a car. She was American and he was English. She delighted in proclaiming the glories of the New World, but he only elevated his nose at any innovation on English custom, and made frequent use of the irritating phrase, "In the old country."

While they were waiting, a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, went past. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

"Aw!" the Englishman remarked. "Knickerbockers?"

The girl looked up in surprise. "Do you mean the woman in bloomers?" she asked.

"Yes; but in the old country, ye know, we call them knickerbockers."

Miss American hardly knew how to meet his supercilious manner. She felt that it would be rude to change the conversation too abruptly, so she simply said:

"By the way, do you call 'a pair of knickerbockers' singular or plural?"

The Englishman glanced after the retreating bicyclers.

"Plural," he said, "as applied to men; but in the case of women—singular."

Found the Cussed Lady.

A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend, who had a suite of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed.

It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared, and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself the prima donna said:

"Well?"

The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation.

"I'm a hackman," said the voice, "and I was sent here to get some cussed lady, and I don't know what in time her name is! I've rung ev'ry bell in the house! Are you here?"

When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him he coolly replied:

"Well, come on! We'll have to lope it all the way to the hall to get there on time!"—Detroit Free Press.

Provincialists With Chaplains.

The Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser says there will be 44,100 delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention, from the various states and adds:

In addition to these there will be delegates from Canada. Ordinarily the Canadians are not much given to any generous display of religion, but the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will send at least 2,500 accredited delegates. As the good Canucks have a fear that most things American are uncanny, each of these delegates will have a chaperon or travelling companion, so that there will surely be 5,000 provincialists from the maritime division of Canada independent of what Quebec and Ontario may send.

Precaution All Around.

A carpenter, sent to make some repairs in a private house, entered the apartments of the lady of the house with his apprentice.

"Mary," the lady called to her servant, "see that my jewel case is locked at once."

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest with a significant air and gave them to his apprentice.

"John," he said take these right back to the shop. It seems this house isn't safe!"



Charles H. Hutchings.

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