GLOBE SUPPLEMENT

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IN VENICE THE UNIQUE.

[By the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., in The Ave Maria.]

> " And from the land we went
> As to a floating city—steering in
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream."

Dreamlike in very truth was our entrance into Venice. And not our entrance alone, but the whole period of our sojourn in that queenly city, whose imposing magnificence and peculiarly romantic beauty impress the visitor even now with the striking appositeness of the title so proudly worn in the palmy days of the republic's glory, "Pearl of the Adriatic."

In all the lengthy catalogue of famous European cities to which the tourist from the Western world delightedly wends his way, none other, perhaps, so fully realizes his anticipations of strangeness, novelty, and utter dissimilarity to urban scenes at home, as does this "glorious city in the sea." In London and Paris and Rome and Florence he found teeming populations, miles on miles of busy thoroughfares, hundreds of churches and public buildings eclipsing in architectural grandeur the proudest structures of his native land; and art treasures innumerable that have elicited his enthusiastic admiration. But he has discovered, too, that, after all, the difference between Paris and New York, or between London and Chicago, is a difference of degree rather than of kind. The streets and edifices of the French capital are more numerous and more handsome than those of the American metropolis; but the generic resemblance between the two is sufficiently marked to preclude any sensation of astonishment when either is beheld for the first time by a resident of the other.

The family likeness between European cities themselves is even more pronounced. Superb temples, gorgeous palaces, splendid art galleries, stately avenues and boulevards, beautiful parks and gardens and squares,—these abound in them all; and while each possesses distinctive features of its own, the tourist soon grows accustomed to their general physiognomy, and feels, it may be, just a little disappointed in that the aspect of these transatlantic cities is less odd and picturesque than he has been wont to fancy. While fully appreciating their beauties and their treasures, he still moves through them with a certain sense of disenchantment; for he is conscious that they appear far more homelike and far less *foreign* than he has pictured them in his day-dreams during his voyage across the ocean.

All sense of disappointment and unfulfilled expectations vanishes, however, as he approaches Venice; and a few days and nights spent within her confines bring him perfect fruition of the picturesqueness, romance, and magic witchery of stranger climes that he eagerly anticipated when setting out on his travels. Unique even among continental cities, Venice presents as striking a contrast as can well be imagined to those to which an American has been accustomed. If, thus far in his peregrinations, the element of foreignness has been less conspicuous than he could have wished, Venice at least leaves no room for cavilling. There he notes an utter absence of the prominent characteristics which distinguish the great urban centres of his own country, and the presence of innumerable other features whose novelty impresses him as vividly as if he had never even heard of their existence.

Personally, we had flattered ourself that we had so carefully read up ancient and modern Venice, so thoroughly studied its topography, so often inspected engravings of St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace and the Rialto and the Grand Canal, so successfully transferred to fancy's glowing canvas the gorgeous word paintings of Ruskin and Byron, that we were fairly well prepared to witness the realities, with notable pleasure indeed, but with a pleasure quite free from the element of surprise. Even during the last hour of the railway journey from Florence we had been refreshing our memory with a reperusal of Childe Harold's description of this portion of Italy—

> "Where Venice sits in state, throned on her hundred isles;"

and when, about half-past nine in the evening, the train rolled into the station and the guard shouted "*Venezia!*" we felt quite ready to accept all the queer conditions of this strangest of cities with the philosophic serenity of an old traveller returning to a scene he has oft times visited before. But the smug conceit of this mood did not long survive. It vanished, in fact, as soon as we emerged from the station and found ourself besieged, not by hackmen or cab-drivers, but by vociferous representatives of their Venetian substitutes—the omnipresent gondoliers. A moment later our luggage was consigned to an olive-hued young athlete, who had proved himself somewhat more insistent than his fellows. We stepped into his roomy gondola; and, bidding him proceed to the Hotel Victoria, sank back in the cushioned seat in a state of mingled wonder and delight of which a philosophic or an unemotional traveller would doubtless have been ashamed.

Shall I ever forget that first gondola ride, the exhilaration of the rapid movement, the phantasmagoric scenes that glided by on either hand; or my unfeigned astonishment at the speed communicated to the little bark by the single oar or scull of my boatman, and the incredible dexterity with which he turned corners, avoided scores of other noiseless vehicles in those liquid streets, and finally landed me with a smiling "*Ecco!*" at the very door of the hotel office! This was being in a foreign land in downright earnest. Here was complete severance from all traditions of city life as I had known it; here the veritable atmosphere of romance I had ever associated with a tour in Italy.

Thoroughly content with my transitory glimpse of the city's appearance, and impressed withal by the mysterious sadness that seems to brood above it, I interviewed the night clerk of the Victoria, and soon afterward betook myself to my appointed room—a cozy chamber through whose open window the moonbeams shimmered brightly, and the inimitable warning cry of the passing gondolier came floating up at intervals from the canal below. As with Rome, so with Venice. No preliminary study or reflection can adequately prepare the traveller for the sensations he experiences within its precincts; and his first visit to either city is an event that memory will surely treasure as a lasting joy.

On the following day sight-seeing was begun early and continued late. As the simplest way of obtaining an excellent general view, a gondola was engaged for three or four hours; and its efficient conductor allowed to conduct me at his own discretion in and out of the hundred and odd canals that twist and turn, and intersect one another, and shoot under the three or four hundred bridges by which in addition to the waterways, communication is kept up between different portions of the "floating city." Byron's epithet is a happily descriptive one; for, whether viewed from the mainland a few miles away, or inspected from any point within the eight miles of its circumference, Venice irresistibly suggests a city afloat rather than one resting on stable and secure foundations. Indeed, a traveller from a land where exceptional high tides or spring freshets occasionally inundate towns and villages, unavoidably finds himself speculating as to the length of the period before the tide will go down, or the flood subside and disclose the underlying streets. One has to remind himself every now and then that navigation is the normal method of rapid transit in this most maritime of cities.

Perhaps the circumstance or condition that affects me most forcibly as I leisurely glide through these watery thoroughfares is the uncitylike and almost oppressive silence brooding everywhere around. The noise and clatter and clangor and whirring so common in other commercial centres is here an unknown quantity. Sounds there are, of course, but of so subdued and gentle a nature as scarcely to break the monotony of utter quiet; and the stranger has only to close his eyes to imagine himself in a city of the dead, or one in which some tragic catastrophe has stilled the bustle of ordinary traffic and doomed the populace to silent mourning. A city without elevated railroads, electric tramways, horse cars, or horses; with never a carriage or wagon or cart rattling over resounding pavements; with the mighty roar of trade reduced to the hum of a social gathering,—yes, it is certainly a novelty that is a source of bewilderment as long as I remain in this sea-built home of the Council of Ten, Marino Falieri, and other potent doges innumerable who preceded and followed Falieri during the twelve centuries intervening between the seventh and the nineteenth.

Novel, also, is the multiform architecture of the churches and palaces, the theatres and museums, the public buildings and private mansions that rise perpendicularly from the very sea and tower aloft in majestic grandeur on either side of the Grand Canal. Greek, Byzantine, Saracenic and Armenian styles abound on every hand; their diversity lending an added charm to the beautiful panorama that is ever unfolding itself to my enraptured vision as my gondola speeds smoothly along its noiseless way.

But here we are at the Rialto, the celebrated marble bridge built three hundred years ago by Antonio da Ponte; and, with a sudden remembrance of another Antonio—he who

> "many a time and oft
> In the Rialto"

rated Shylock about his moneys,—I am prompted to leave my graceful water-cab and saunter on foot through its triple roadway lined with shops From the Rialto, through a labyrinthian network of narrow lanes so crowded with busy throngs that I expect momentarily to see a score or two of women and boys pushed over into the contiguous canals, I thread my way to the Merceria, the only thoroughfare in the city that may properly be styled a solid street Here commerce assumes a more familiar aspect, but I am not seeking the familiar, and am far from being enamored of trade either at home or abroad; so I embark once more and proceed to the central point of interest for visitors to Venice—the Piazza San Marco.

As we approach it, there looms up on our sight the great cathedral with its five domes and multitudinous columns and pinnacles—a very wonder of architectural genius, an epic writ in marble and bronze and alabaster. But a description of St. Mark's by any other than an artist capable of appreciating in their exquisite details its manifold and varied beauties would be little less than profanation, so let me substitute here for my own tawdry daubing a picture from Ruskin's collection of brilliant word mosaics:

"Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth; and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into fine, great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture, fantastic and involved, of palm leaves, lilies, grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches,—all twined together into an endless network of birds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates; their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago.

"And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones—jasper and porphyry and deep green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss,'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of language and of life—angels and the signs of heaven and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength; and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frostbound before they fell and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."*

The interior of the cathedral is on a similar scale of magnificent splendor. The lofty vaulting is a very blaze of incrusting gold, the pavement a vast mosaic of jasper and porphyry and verd-antique and tesselated marble,—the whole edifice a perfect combination of beauteous form and richness and color, such as only Italian genius and the faith-inspired, lavish generosity of the Middle Ages could rear; a truly superb monument to the great Evangelist through whom is honored the Divine Master he followed and preached. It is with reluctance that one leaves St. Mark's; but my time is limited, and Venice has other sights that may not be neglected. So I pass out through the portal glorified by the magic pen of England's greatest art critic; and with only a cursory examination of the adjoining Campanile—a bell-tower that attains an altitude of three hundred and twenty-three feet,—betake myself to the Palace of the Doges.

Selecting from a score of applicants a guide whose French is more than half Italian (and whose English is a thing to weep over), I am conducted through chamber after chamber memorable for the historic scenes they witnessed in centuries gone by, and adorned with the fairest masterpieces of Italy's most illustrious artists—embellishments that recall many an old-time glory of the most ancient of republics—the proud Queen of the Sea, to enhance whose magnificence the exhaustless Orient was despoiled of fabulous wealth and beauty. As we descend to the lower stories the guide assumes the conversational lugubrious expression, and begins to expatiate with voluble zest upon those century-storied horrors of Venetian dungeons that have consigned the memory of the city's former rulers to world wide obloquy and shame.

A decade ago I might have listened with interest, unhesitatingly credited the woeful tale, and lavished my sympathy on the political prisoners forced to undergo such tortures and agony; but not so at present The fable of "Wicked Venice" has been subjected, within the past half century, to the critical examination of sane and impartial students of history, with the result that the pretended statutes of the State Inquisition have been proved apocryphal; and the weird cruelties so often commented upon, largely imaginary The "horrible Piombi," or prison cells at the top of the Palace, for instance, are not immediately "under the leads." Ruskin measured the space between those cells and the roof, and found it varying from sixteen to twenty nine feet. As long ago as 1777 the English philanthropist Howard testifies to the healthfulness of these Piombi; and Daniele Manin, who was confined therein, affirmed that they were by no means uncomfortable lodgings. In fact, the whole story of Venetian cruelty, over which Dickens and so many others have waxed hysterical, has been demonstrated to be for the most part what Manin styled "a nonsensical yarn, an old wife's tale." I accordingly informed my pathetic guide that he may as well desist from the bootless attempt to harrow my sensibilities with a rehash of all these exploded horrors; and mournfully foregoing that luxury, he precedes me to the Ponte dei Sospiri—the Bridge of Sighs,—where Byron records his having stood,

> "A palace and a prison on each hand."

Thence to the public prison, Carceri, built in the latter part of the sixteenth century, after a brief inspection of which I dismiss my conductor and return to my hotel.

Of the hundred churches in the city, there is time to visit, besides the cathedral, only a few: Sta. Maria della Salute, San Salvator, and San Stefano. In the first mentioned is the famous "Descent of the Holy Spirit" by Titian; and in the second, the same master's still more famous "Transfiguration." Some pleasant hours were also spent in the factories of brocade tapestry and lace, and in the celebrated glassworks. In one room of the latter building I watched a skilful artisan deftly fashion for me a Venetian souvenir, in the form of a tiny perfumery bottle with my initials and the date of my visit superimposed in brilliant coloring,—a delicate piece of workmanship, that subsequently suffered at the hands of an indelicate steamship porter who was apparently anxious to discover how much rough usage my Gladstone bag could undergo without becoming a total wreck.

My most delightful souvenir of Venice, however, is the vivid memory of a gondola excursion by moonlight on the Grand Canal. It had been my good fortune to meet, at the Victoria, a party of about one hundred American pilgrims on their way to Rome and Lourdes, and among the number a friend from my home in New Brunswick. Introductions were frequent, and acquaintance progresses rapidly in a foreign land among those who speak a common tongue; so that, while glorying in my independence of the "Cook's Courier" who regulated the movements of the pilgrims, I willingly accepted the invitation of their spiritual director, Father Porcile, of New York, to become for the time being one of the party. My doing so considerably enhanced the pleasure of my visit, and incidentally afforded me not a little amusement.

Entering the hotel rotunda on one occasion, I found a number of the American ladies engaged in a hopeless effort to make out what it was an Italian family party—mother, son and daughter—wished to communicate to them. The mother and children spoke French very well, but English was as far beyond them as either Italian or French was beyond the Americans. Acting as interpreter, I learned that the family were ardent stamp collectors, and were anxious to secure some specimens that adorned numerous letters the ladies had just received. Matters being satisfactorily arranged, the stamps graciously given, and acknowledgment profusely made, I was proceeding to my room when the son, a boy of fourteen, ran after me to enquire how he should say *Au revoir* in English. I gave a more literal translation of the phrase than is commonly used; and the next moment he was shaking hands with the ladies, smilingly assuring each, "I see you late-an! I see you late ah!"

A few hours afterward, when the shadows of the summer twilight had fallen, when the silvery disc of the crescent moon gleamed forth behind the central dome of St Mark's, and the golden stars peeped out in myriad clusters from the deepening blue of the glorious canopy above, a score of gondolas filled with pilgrims, swept gracefully out upon the Grand Canal. Here an illuminated barge containing the Venetian orchestra and choir joined the flotilla; and we entered upon the enjoyment of a fascinating evening, one that will surely be remembered for a lifetime All the accessories of a dream of fairyland were here to subdue one's spirit to its magic spell, and steep the soul in the very plenitude of poetic sensuousness. Music and song, light and color, the fragrance-laden zephyrs of the Southern summer and the never cloying splendors of the Italian heavens,—what more was needed to satiate the eye with beauteous sights, or charm the ear with the harmony of sweet sounds? Did ever prayer sound grander than the Litany of Loreto as the whole body of pilgrims, and hundreds of others whose gondolas followed in our wake, took up the *Ora pro nobis* and sent its echoes floating far away beyond the broad lagoons, to mingle with the murmurs of the Adriatic's heaving waves? Did ever softer strains of melody break on the ear of ravished mortal than issued from the barge in front, where mandolin and guitar and flute and piccolo paid tribute to Our Lady Mary, Star of the Sea? No; surely poet never dreamt of scenes more entrancing, of fairer visions or rarer beauty than held our senses captive on that bewitching August night, and bequeathed to me as legacy an imperishable and loving memory of Venice the unique.

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*The Stones of Venice.

A HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTION.

BREAKFAST.

Iced Cherries.
Soft Boiled Eggs. Sliced Tomatoes.
Potatoes Hashed and Brown in Cream.
Fried Porgies. Brown Bacon.
Indian Waffles. Toasted English Muffins.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Irish Stew. Boiled Rice.
Fried Tomatoes. Cold Boiled Ham.
Watercress Salad Parker House Rolls.
Gingerbread. Strawberries.
Iced Tea.

DINNER.

Iced Grape Fruit.
Julienne Soup.
Shallots. Radishes.
Baked Salmon Trout. Brown Sauce.
New Potatoes. Dressed Celery.
Savory Chicken Pie. Green Peas.
Maracaroni au Gratin. Mashed Turnips.
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Grape Jelly.
Romaine Salad.
Sponge Fingers. Ice Cream.
Coffee.

BOILED COFFEE.

Old-fashioned housekeepers still insist that no coffee is equal to that which has had a "good boil." To make it by any plan be sure that all your vessels are perfectly clean and that all the water you use is not only freshly drawn, but that it is at its first boil; a very few moments of ebulition will deprive it of its gases and make it flat and hard. For boiled coffee, then, allow a heaping tablespoon of ground coffee to each cup. Put it in the pot with one-third of the white of an egg beaten into half pint of cold water; stir thoroughly and add enough cold water to thoroughly cover; then quickly add the desired amount of boiling water; stand the pot over a hot fire and let it boil fast for a few moments; add a cup of cold water and push it to the back of the range to settle for five minutes.

THE TROLLEY SWIMMING TEACHER.

Fred L. Balmes, a young swimming teacher invented the trolley plan for learning how to swim. He hit upon the idea of running a wire along the pool two or three feet above the surface, and then hung the pupil to this wire so that he could move forward and backward and never be allowed to sink! A trolley was just the thing for that. Balmes bought a small metal wheel with its rim deeply curved inward, so that it would not jump off the wire and become clogged. Hanging down from the axle of this wheel was a piece of brass that ended in a swivel. Balmes already had a broad canvas belt, with a ring at the upper part of it. He hooked the end of the swivel into the ring on the belt, and threw himself into the water. The trolley line was a success. He splashed both hands and feet above the surface of the pool, but still he floated like thistledown. Backward and forward he swam The trolley rolled and creaked along the wire, and always held him up in precisely the right position. He might lie there all day if he chose without wetting his mouth Not only can one learn to swim quickly by the trolley plan, but it is a fine way to learn how to float. Some of us are too thin ever to learn this branch of the art, but if anyone possesses latent floating power, he may be sure that the trolley will develop it.

WORLD IS WABBLING.

ASTRONOMERS WATCHING WITH INTEREST ITS QUEER MOTIONS

Poles Shift Position—They Move in a Series of Eccentric Circles.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.

Whether this spinning-top, called earth, is slackening its speed and showing signs of wabbling is the question that is now being investigated at the Naval Observatory.

Every clear night in some one of the big and little white buildings which give the heights beyond Rock Creek the appearance of a Moorish city, Professor George A. Hill, of the observatory force, is immersed in a desperate endeavor to find out why the earth does not turn evenly and steadily on its axis as any well-regulated planet should. The fact that the earth is discovered to be wabbling to such an extent that degrees of latitude are not stationary, but constantly changing, brings this feature of investigation close to the least scientific mind and makes it interestingly if not alarmingly "popular." There is no necessity for present alarm. Even if the tremendous speed with which the earth revolves upon its axis—more than a thousand miles an hour—is slackening it will be some thousands or hundred thousands of years before any appreciable difference in the length of the day and night is noticeable. The present generation need not fear, therefore, that the sphere will in their day cease its revolutions and swing around on its orbit with probably the same side always toward the sun.

What the reason is for this erratic performance Prof. Hill does not pretend to explain. He will only say that the source is believed to be intrinsic, and not due to perturbations caused by planetary or solar influences. It is his duty to observe the perturbations from day to day and report their character at the proper time.

WATCHING THE EARTH WABBLING.

For many years errors of computation of latitude have been observable, but it was not until 1889 that Prof. Kustuen, of Berlin, discovered that there was a constant and in some sense periodic change from established lines of latitude. Dr. Chandler, of Boston, a layman, by some process of thought rather than an investigation declared the cause to be the irregular motion of the earth on its axis. The German Astronomical Society took up the matter and careful observation showed this to be the fact. The work of investigation was at once parcelled out among observatories in various parts of the world, the Washington institutions being assigned to a portion. The results have been curious in the extreme. It has been incontrovertibly established that the poles of the earth instead of always pointing towards the same spot in space do not, in fact, ever do so, but are constantly wabbling exactly like the stem of a top which has so far lost the force with which it was started as to show signs of weakening and stopping.

Imagine the North Pole to be a real projection into space in the form of a gigantic lead pencil Imagine, also, a vast sheet of paper spread before it, where the point of the pencil can touch and mark upon the paper as the earth revolves. Instead of the point spinning around and simply making a dot like a mighty period mark, it will trace all sorts of eccentric curves, extending a distance of 31 feet on each side in every direction from what may be called the normal pose or beginning.

This wabbling, therefore, constantly makes a change of latitudinal lines ranging from an almost inappreciable divergence up to an extreme of about 62 feet.

CURIOUS DISCLOSURES EXPECTED.

It is pretty clearly established that there is a periodicity of these perturbations, but just what are its times and phenomena are not yet known, as the work of observation has been so brief. Prof. Hill is led to believe that during a period of fourteen months the pole increases its vagaries to the maximum and returns gradually to the minimum.

It seems marvellous that an astronomer, by observing the apparent movement of a star billions of miles distant, can detect this small but highly important perturbation of the earth, but that is the method by which conclusions are reached. The variations of this star—any star may be selected for the work—in crossing and recrossing a given celestial line tell the whole story. The necessary computations are intricate and exhaustive, but the wonderful instruments now in use very much simplify the work.

It is probable that within a few months the reports made to the German Astronomical Society by the various observers will enable that body to give to the world one of the most curious disclosures that ever emanated from the field of scientific research in regard to terrestrial phenomena, and possibly some conclusions may be reached touching the cause of the wabbling of the poles. There will be no theorizing, however. The real scientist never theorizes in a scientific report, yet he must theorize and speculate in private, or his road to truth would be much longer and more monotonous than it is.

One theory is that the earth is losing the force with which it was started upon its revolutions, but this is met by the fact that since the first computations of the time of the diurnal revolution there has been no modification of the day's measure. Another theory is that there is an unequal distribution of weight, and this seems to be more plausible. But if the weight were stationary a new axis would be formed and the wabble would disappear. The wabble being periodic the weight must be shifting, but also shifting periodically and constantly, and it may be due to the tides and to some law influencing them which is yet unknown. It is possible the constant change of latitude occasioned by this wabbling may lead to a gradual change of zones and seasons on the globe. Whatever the phenomena may mean the report of the German Astronomical Society, based upon the aggregation of reports, of which that of Prof. Hill will be an important part, will be awaited with great interest.

CATALOGUING THE STARS.

Another absorbing work in progress at the Naval Observatory is a collaboration with other observatories in cataloguing all of the stars from the first to the ninth magnitude inclusive in the northern celestial hemisphere, and for 23 degrees south of the celestial equator, which is as far south as the most southerly observatories at Washington and Algiers can reach. This work at Washington is in charge of Prof. H. N. Skinner, who has made upwards of 50,000 observations and catalogued about 9,000 stars in a belt which includes all stars between 14 and 18 degrees south.

The exact cataloguing of these stars will enable astronomers to describe for each other the position of comets with greater exactness than heretofore. It has already resulted in the discovery of many variable stars not known as such to Argelander or Schenfeld. Prof Skinner is the lucky discoverer of no less than four of great interest in the field allotted to him. This vast work may also lead to discoveries of incalculable importance in regard to the course our own solar system is pursuing through the eternal depth of space, whether it is a system, as is supposed by some, revolving in harmony with other greater or lesser systems around a vaster centre than the centre of any single one of such systems; in short, the disclosure of the universal scheme to a vastly greater extent than can now be conceived in a scientific sense.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

It is now an accepted theory among astronomers that the system of which our little globe is a part is travelling with inconceivable velocity somewhere through space, but astronomical science is yet too young for even a guess as to the direction. It must require hundreds of thousands or tens of thousands of years for even this swift motion to change our relative position in regard to the nearest of the fixed stars to an extent sufficient upon which to base any tenable theory That there has been such a change since astronomy became one of the sciences is well established. Moreover, many of the fixed stars, so-called, are known to have a motion of their own, and the discovery and record of this motion, which is called the "proper motion," in distinction from the apparent motion due to the swinging of the earth in its orbit, is an all important feature of present and future work in connection with the cataloguing of these stars, and giving them a local habitation and a name by which the least departure from their "fixed" position may be known at once.

Another work possibly more utilitarian in its character than those described is in progress in a mysterious cavern in the hillside near the main building of the observatory This is called the magnetic establishment, and is devoted to observations of the strange and to a great extent inexplicable antics of the magnetic needle. In a vault beneath a little structure composed entirely of wood are the magnetographs. Every precaution has been taken in the construction of the vault to secure isolation of the magnets from disturbing local influences, even to exclusion of all direct communication with the outside air. A continuous temperature of about 70 degrees is maintained by ingenious automatic machinery for increasing or decreasing the heat. The only diverting force in the vicinity is an electric railroad a fourth of a mile distant, and numerous tests have discovered the exact influence of the current, which is considered in the observations and deductions. In this mystic vault are seen the most remarkable evidences of these magnetic disturbances which travel with the speed of thought, not only from one part of the earth and its gaseous envelope to another, but also from sun to earth, from planet to planet, and possibly (who knows?) from suns and systems which hold intimate magnetic communication with each other throughout the universe.

These studies are yet in their earliest infancy; improved instruments, magnets, lenses, photograph and mathematical machinery may at no distant day reveal wonders in the scheme of world creation, growth, decay and death of which the most vivid imagination could not at present have the faintest conception.

AMERICA LEADS THE WORLD IN PATENTS IN PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

The following statistics compiled from the patents reports of the world are furnished by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, international patent solicitors and experts, head office, Temple building, Montreal; branch offices, Ottawa, Washington and London.

Thomas E. Edison leads all American inventors in the number of patents taken out during the past twenty-five years, and the United States lead the world in the number of patents granted within that time.

Twenty-five American inventors have been granted more than one hundred patents each during the past twenty-five years. The whole number of patents granted to those twenty-five gentlemen during this term was 4,894. The lowest number granted was 101 to George H. Reynolds, and the average was nearly 196. The number granted to Mr. Edison was 711, or an average of more than 28 per year. The next highest in the list is Elihu Thompson, with 394. Then comes Francis H. Richards, with 343; Edward Weston, with 274; Chas. E Scribner, with 248; Chas. J. Vandepoole, with 244; Rudolph M. Hunter, with 228; George Westinghouse, jr., with 217; John W. Hyatt, with 198; Rudolph Eickemeyer, 158; Cyrus W. Saladee, with 148; Luther C. Crowell, with 147; Arthur J. Moxham and F. Raymond, with 144 each; Hiram S. Maxim, with 131, and Geo. D. Burton, with 128.

The total number of patents granted all over the world has been 1,544,419, of which 981,961 were granted outside of the United States and 562,458 within the United States. These figures are not quite complete for 1895, or for some of the smallest countries of the world, but they cover all the great civilized states of Europe, and practically represent the inventive capacity of the producting and manufacturing nations.

The number of patents of which there is record prior to 1870 was 331,031, of which 22,615 were granted to foreign countries and 108,416 by the United States. This left 1,213,338 granted during the twenty-six years, from 1870 to 1895, of which 759,346 were granted to foreign countries and 454,042 in the United States No other country in the world shows even half the number of patents granted in the United States, either during the entire patent history or during the past twenty five years.

France comes closest and not far from the United States in proportion to population, with 100,095 patents granted prior to 1870 and 164,726 since that date.

Great Britain shows 51,337 for earlier period, and 171,746 for the latter.

Germany granted only 8,833 patents prior to 1870 but has granted 92,763 since that time.

Italy and Sardinia show a total for their entire history of 37,393; Spain, 16,421; Switzerland, 10,738; Victoria, 8,952; Denmark, 7,692; Sweden, 9,765; New South Wales, 6,389; Russia, 6,099; Norway, 5,787, and India, 4,812. Malta with twelve patents and St. Helena with four are the lowest numbers from countries making report.

FASHION NOTES.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

Kid trimmings are rapidly coming to the front in England. One of the latest gowns sent from Paris to London was of dark blue mohair, with revers of pale blue kid opening over a folded vest of amber satin.

A novel creation is a muslin frock, a pattern of apple blossoms on a pink ground; the rather full sleeves are slashed with bias bands of black suede, forming chevrons across bodice and skirt. A third gown is pale pink cloth trimmed with moss green suede.

A pretty yet serviceable gown which was imported lately would suit any ordinary weather. It was made in moss green canvas, lined with a bright shade of pink. The tight-fitting basque bodice had long square revers of white satin, over which fell cascades of coffee-colored lace; and the vest of white chiffon was also veiled with lace. Pink ribbon encircled the waist and neck which was finished with pointed motifs of lace.

A dainty little watch, shaped like a guitar, another tulip shaped, still another fashioned like a miniature urn, belong to the large collection of watches owned by Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Green for liveries is the favorite color at present and is used by a vast number of people. Maroon or claret is used by the Vanderbilts; but it is doubtful if anyone in America has aspired to the magnificence of white and gold livery—the colors in which the servants of the Count and Countess Castellane shine resplendent.

In fabrics for evening wear the clinging stuffs bid fair to have this season for their own Crepe de chine is to be worn not only by "buds," but by women of all ages.

Fall will usher in a velvet season. Velvet frocks, velvet coats and velvet skirts will be worn by all who can possibly afford them.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

While seeking full and graceful effects for thin summer gowns, be sure to have sufficient stiff white or silk skirts under them, as a slinky, thin gown is an abomination.

The bird of paradise is one of the newest trimmings for hats. It is combined with stiff wings or flowers and forms a most dressy head gear.

Crepons and swivel silk ginghams are passe. One can almost always tell from the lowering in price of a material of its decadence in popular favor. These stuffs used to be comparatively high-priced, but can now be bought for a trifle.

The Spanish flounce is again in style. This is a flounce which commences within two inches of the waist line in the back, and is graduated down to the knees in front.

The sash has been revived for children, and misses and girls of twelve years and over wear gored skirts just like their elders.

A pretty addition to a wash dress can be made quite easily and inexpensively at home by taking two strips of Hamburg or Swiss insertion, long enough to reach from the shoulder blades over the front of the waist. Edge this on the insertion side with a very narrow edge put on plain, and on the outside with a wide ruffle made fuller over the sleeves and narrower and scanter toward the waist. Fasten together with two straps of insertion with the narrow edge all around, one across the shoulder, the other across the bust. This can be worn as bretelles or crossed in front in fichu effect, so desirable now.

One of the prettiest gowns worn at a nearby watering place was pink flowered organdy, over a slip of pink batiste. The ruffle on the under skirt was edged with white lace, and the ruffle on the dress skirt was headed with black inserting and edged with blue lace, with the dress skirt cut out from under to allow the white lace to show through the black. A Marie Antoinette fichu trimmed with black inserting and lace, puffed sleeves to the elbow, with a deep ruffle of black lace and a bow of pink ribbon, finished a costume every woman was looking at, the combination of black and pink being so novel and pretty.

The odder the effect in trimming and the more daring the contrasts the more chic is the costume considered this season.

As a forerunner of this fall's sheath-like sleeves no stiff interlining is now used, and the new skirts only have a stiff facing.

Black parasols are less seen than ever before, except for elderly women, while this year's sunshades are marvels of beauty. They are in every shade and material imaginable.

Milady, who has a long pocketbook, is trying to astonish the world with the number and gorgeousness of her belts nowadays.

There has been an effort to have spangles worn as embroidery to carry out designs on Bolero jackets and the foots of skirts.

A pink taffeta ruffle makes a more serviceable balayeuse than a lace edged Swiss one, as the lace is constantly catching and tearing.

Medium-sized sleeves will, no doubt, last out this summer, but no one denies that the first heavy gowns made will herald the advent of the very close sleeves. The woman with balloon-like sleeves already looks old-fashioned.

A new shoe with a very pointed, upturned toe is called the Tokyo toe.

Silk and wool mixtures, in checks and stripes, will be the most worn material this fall.

The pleatings on the bottoms of the prettiest thin gowns are so full they bunch up.

Waists of colored batiste, with bishop sleeves, to be worn with a white collar and cuffs, are slowly undermining the mannish shirt waist as an adjunct of the skirt of duck or serge.

WISE SPECULATION.

Mrs. Harkins Proves That Hubby's Investigation Was Profitable.

Harkins had covered the backs of two or three envelopes with figures and had begun on the third, says the Detroit *Free Press*, when Mrs. Harkins looked up from her sewing and asked—

"What are you figuring out there?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Well, it takes a good many figures to figure out nothing. What's it all about?"

"Oh, it don't amount to anything. I was making a kind of calculation."

"About what?"

"Well, if you must know, I was just figuring out how much I'd in all probability be worth today if I hadn't married and gone to rearing a family."

"Humph! S'pose you think you'd been a millionaire?"

"No, but from the way I figure it out I'd been worth a cool fifty thousand or so. Not that I regret marrying and doing my duty by rearing a family and all that. Not at all, but"——

"How old were you when I took pity on you and married you, Sam Harkins?"

"Why, you know that I was thirty-five."

"And how long had you been in receipt of a good, comfortable salary?"

"Well, about twelve years."

"And you'd no one to support but yourself in all that time?"

"Well, no I"——

"And how much did you have saved up when we were married?"

"Hang it all, Maria, you're always"——

"How much, Sam? I'm doing a little figuring in my head and I want to know"

"You know now as well as I do."

"Yes, I do. Sam Harkins. you didn't have money enough to last you through your wedding trip—that's just what you didn't have. And I had to loan you $20 before we got home, because"——

"You're always flinging that in my face."

"It's a good time to fling it in your face when you sit down right before me and try to figure out how much you'd had to day if you hadn't married me. It took you ten years to pay off your bachelor debts after we were married, and you'd been in the poorhouse to-day if I hadn't married you and helped you to get rid of some of your fast habits. You've got a roof of your own over your head and are a fairly respectable and respected citizen, which you wouldn't have been if you hadn't married. I can tell you that!"

And the galling part of the statement was that it was true.

PREHISTORIC RELICS.

[Boston Herald.]

It is a poor sort of a day when nothing prehistoric is dug up somewhere on this vast continent. The relics of a race that has been gone too long to count the years were unearthed in Hawkins county, Tenn. not long since, and at that time occasioned considerable interest. But now J. O. Blanton, who is pronounced one of the best antiquarians in the country, recalls the far more interesting fact that early in the century there was dug up in that same county a curious trumpet, made of what appeared to be soapstone. This instrument when blown through could be heard at a distance of three miles. It was very smooth on the outside, but the interior of it was exceedingly rough. And the people of to-day fondly believed the megaphone was a recent invention! Mr Blanton asserts, however, that this amazing instrument belonged to a race of giants, and was used by them, perhaps, to call the pigmies to dinner, or to convene their assemblies and to regulate the movements of their armies. But it is discouraging to find there is really nothing new under the sun. In a little while some antiquary will discover a prehistoric trolley car, and the undoubted proofs that Edison and Tesla are but weak imitators of those who have lived in eons of the past.

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

[Charles B. Going in July Ladies' Home Journal.]

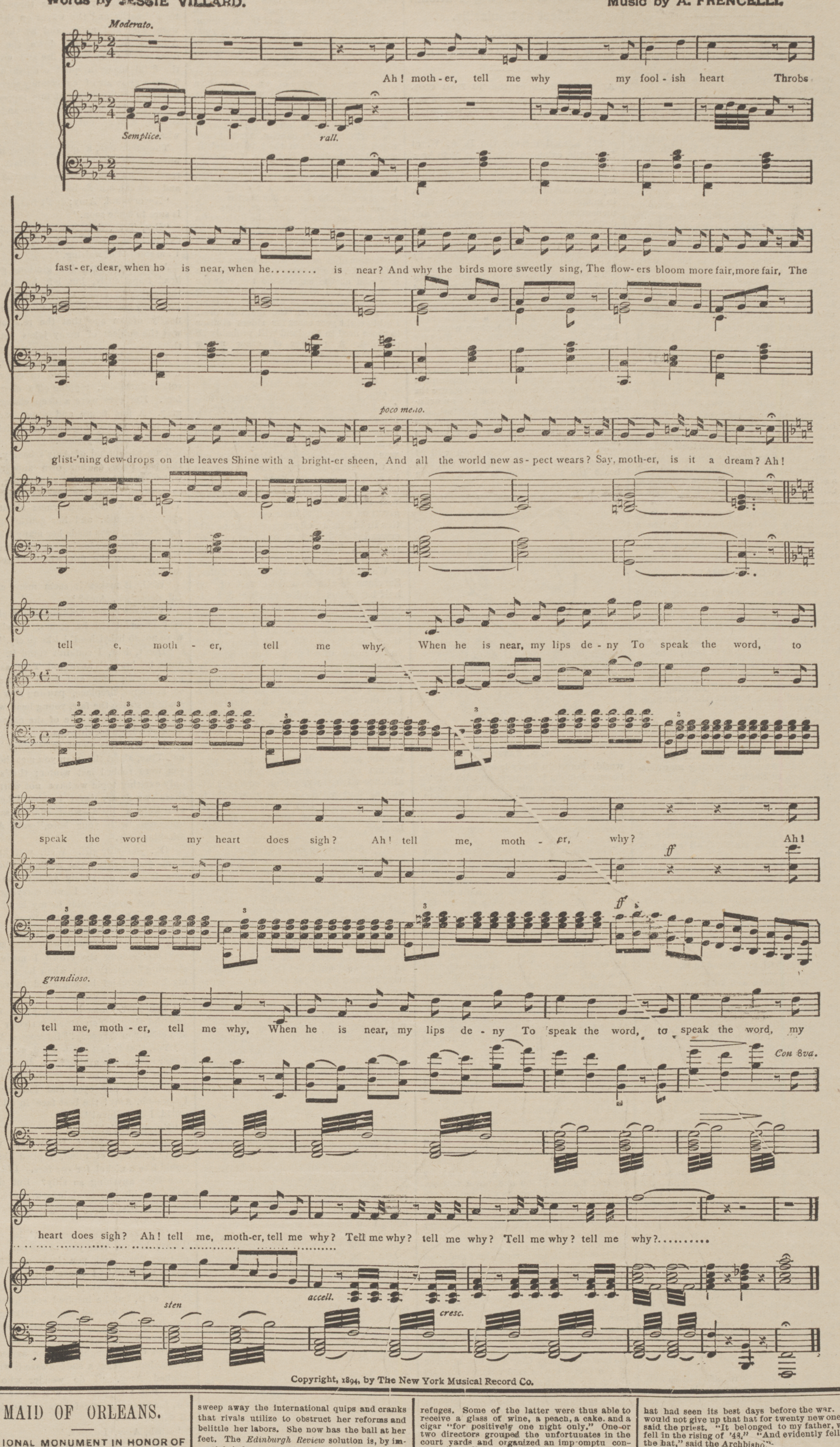
The great red moon was swinging
Alow in the purple east;
The robins had ceased from singing;
The noise of the day had ceased;
The golden sunset islands
Had faded into the sky,
And warm from the sea of silence
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting
That the treetop breathed a kiss,
And a drowsy wood bird, nesting,
Chirped a wee note of bliss;
It stole over fragrant thickets
As soft as an owl could fly,
And whispered to tiny crickets
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,
The whispering trees were still,
And the hush of the woodland harkened
To a crying whip-poor-will;
And the moon grew whiter, and by it
The shadows lay dark and deep;
But the fields were empty and quiet,
For the wind had fallen asleep.

TELL ME WHY?

Words by JESSIE VILLARD. Music by A. FRENCELLI.



Moderato.
Semplice.
rall.
Ah! moth-er, tell me why my fool-ish heart Throbs
fast-er, dear, when he is near, when he......... is near? And why the birds more sweetly sing, The flow-ers bloom more fair, more fair, The
poco meno.
glist-'ning dew-drops on the leaves Shine with a bright-er sheen, And all the world new as-pect wears? Say, moth-er, is it a dream? Ah!
tell me, moth-er, tell me why, When he is near, my lips de-ny To speak the word, to
speak the word my heart does sigh? Ah! tell me, moth-er, why? Ah!
ff
grandioso.
tell me, moth-er, tell me why, When he is near, my lips de-ny To speak the word, to speak the word, my
Con 8va.
heart does sigh? Ah! tell me, moth-er, tell me why? Tell me why? tell me why? Tell me why? tell me why?.........
accell.
sten
cresc.

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MAID OF ORLEANS.

NATIONAL MONUMENT IN HONOR OF JOAN OF ARC.

Egyptian Question—Li-Houng-Tchang's Tour—Typhoid Fever Test.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

PARIS, July 25.

It was at Reims that the good Bishop Saint Remy baptized Clovis in 496. The Sicambrian bowed his head as ordered, and promised to adore what he had hitherto burned, and to burn what he had hitherto adored. Michelet asserts that the church made the fortune of the Franks; the latter he might have added made the fortune also of the church. For securing that conversion the Pope conceded Reims the privilege to crown the French monarch. In this age of bicycles France has ceased to invest in dynastic crowns. The old coronation city has at present a population of 200,000. It is a very modern town also, for Reims is the centre of the French woollen trade; is the Leeds of the country. It has other specialties: the manufacture of champagne and biscuits to eat with it; it prepares Yorkshire hams as good as those of Bayonne—made out of shoulders—or Chicago. The population is very mixed: Royalists, North and South Pole Republicans, Socialists, with a sprinkling of Anarchists as pimenta. There are Catholics, Calvinists, Materialists, and neither-god-nor-manists. It is only lately that the Socialist mayor and council have been superseded by less advanced members. It would seem that each of the many parties has two souls: one for the vulgar week day strife and passions of the world, the other for the Sunday side of current life, where all is tranquil unanimity before patrotic unity as incarnated in

JEANNE D'ARC,

the virgin of patriotism, for Reims is as much Joan's city as is Orleans.

It was no easy matter to bring all that differently-thinking population into line, so as to assist at the inauguration of the national monument a few days ago erected to the memory of the maid. Heretofore the Royalists endeavored to farm the unselfish life and pure patriotism of Jeanne, to restore the Duc d'Orleans to the throne. The duke has at last seen the game to be up, so seeks retreat in matrimony, and will await like the Comte de Chamford, till Providence, not universal suffrage, calls him to guide the fortunes of France. The church has long been laboring, and still is, to place Joan's name in the Calendar of Saints. She is being advanced by slow degrees along that road to the aureola. The Sacred College can find no flaw in her past, and the Anglo-Saxons attest they had to burn her in obedience to the orders of the church that declared her to be a heretic, etc, they representing at the time the police force of France in Normandy. This explains why the Republicans held aloof, concluding the crown and the church desired to monopolize the history of Jeanne for political ends. At the inauguration ceremony, presided over by M. Faure, all parties met like parted streams and agreed to accept Jeanne as the symbol of patriotic unity. Lamouretteism is thus not dead in France. To effect this unity was a miracle of engineering. To keep it up will be a much greater miracle still.

THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY

was an enjoyable success. It had nothing political; the weather being fine, the flags showed well. There was plenty of street dancing; the beggars were as happy as kings, and the usual inmates of the casual wards fraternized with their fellow citizens by passing the night in the open air—the real out-door relief after the torrid day. The military parade in the Bois was the same as ever—a joy for another twelve months. Li-Houng-Tchang and his suite were the observed of all observers. But it is to be hoped that his excellency will not conclude, as the late Shah of Persia might have done, that the popping per blank cartridge at President Faure formed part of the day's fireworks, or was destined to honor the Celestials. The lunatic who indulged in two blank cartridges at M. Faure was an ex-artillery sergeant, and a neglected poet. His library consisted of the entire editions of his several poetical works that the public declined to purchase. He fell back on the old trick to pot at a notoriety as the cheapest plan to work off old stocks by a sensational advertisement.

This time England is accepted as doing with respect to Egypt the thing which she ought to have done when she captured Arabi Pasha—declared

EGYPT TO BE A BRITISH PROTECTORATE;

take over all the liabilities of the country and sweep away the international quips and cranks that rivals utilize to obstruct her reforms and belittle her labors. She now has the ball at her feet. The *Edinburgh Review* solution is, by impartial judges who like clear and net action accepted as the path for England. Loan Egypt the necessary cash to re-conquer the Soudan; regain that lost part of the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire," and hold the country in pledge, with the Khedive totally independent in policy and tribute money to the Porte for its repayment. At the same time Rothschild could be instructed to purchase all bonds offered for sale. None would be handed in, but it would prick once for all the financial insecurity bubble. Then Othello's occupation of railing against England would be gone. Before two years Lord Cromer would have every waste spot in Egypt flowing with milk and honey. The annexation of Madagascar and the contemplated snapping up of Manchouria and Port Arthur are producing their natural consequences.

What is likely to be the upshot of

LI HOUNG TCHANG'S EUROPEAN TOUR?

He is already well posted up in all the advanced industrialism of the West. Will the trip enable him on his return to Pekin to combat the fossils of the council of the empire, who detest Li and all his modern ideas? His visit to England, that goes without saying, will be the most important. She has been so long in commercial relations with China; her trade is so immensely superior to that of all other nations put together; she has aided the Sons of Heaven in so many difficulties, notably in the Taiping rebellion, when Gordon saved the reigning dynasty, and in whose defence at the same time the present ambassador won his spurs. Then he will see what he already knows full well that while other westerns seek with China treaty rights exclusively for themselves, England, and in which she is imitated by up-to-date Japan, accords all obtained concessions to the world's traders. She has nothing to do with the quarrel between China and Japan. The Celestials had no alliance rights upon her no more than had France on the powers that declined to join her in her attack on Germany. If Britain did not join the "disinterested" triple alliance to deprive the Japs of their victories, she presented no demands for territorial concessions, anchorage grounds, coaling stations, or strategetic railway running powers, or the negotiation of loans in a closing-out money market. Li knows well the sympathizing friends who have axes to grind, and that the sole ambition of the Anglo-Saxon, whether in the tight little island, Australia, India or Canada, etc., is to be allowed to unselfishly and pacifically open up the interior of his country, by rail and waterway, to all-comers, and introduce merchandize of sound qualities and at low prices. And Li will keep as certainly in his head as the Japanese assassin's bullet the memory of one of Britain's war fleet; 107 ships and 20 000 boys in blue ready to do anything, and to go anywhere, even to prevent the two entrances of the Gulf of Petchile Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei from falling into the hands not of the Japanese, but of the Russians.

Dr Widal has completed the experiments of Messrs. Koll, Pfeiffer and Gruber, by means of which there cannot be henceforth the shadow of a doubt to recognize the earliest symptoms of

TYPHOID FEVER,

that puzzle for physicians, and that danger from uncertainty in diagnosing. Dr. Dieulafoy, in the Necker Hospital, practices the very test daily and with uniform success. The process is as simple as it is sure, so no more cause of anxiety need be henceforth entertained as to the presence of that fell disease. Typhoid fever has its special bacillus, the Eberth, and that the bacteriological establishments have always ready prepared. Take the finger of the patient, press it to force the blood to the tip; then with a sterilized lancet make a slight puncture, and gather about ten drops of blood in a small glass receiver, or even in a thimble; cover the receptacle and wait for five minutes till the blood separates into clot and serum. The latter is the tell-tale. The Eberth bacilla will be swimming about in their own special fluid or *bouillon*; let only a single drop of the serum fall into ten drops of the bacilla fluid; instantly the bacilla will all run to one spot, cease to move, will become glued together, and form lumps, or *ilots*, or patches here and there in the serum. The patient has typhoid fever, so the doctor can immediately act in all security and promptly rescue the invalid. The test was applied to the blood of patients 7, 10, 15, 19 and 21 days down with the fever, and always with the invariable result—the Eberth bacilla ceased to move and become "agglutinated." Blood taken from a healthy person's finger, or from an individual suffering from any other disease, fails to produce the tell-tale symptoms. The discovery is considered to be of capital importance, especially in Paris, where typhoid fever is epidemic in autumn, and produces so many deaths among the young in their teens, and soldiers who have just been enrolled.

In 1893 there were 6,937

DIVORCES

granted in France. In one sense that total is declining, due to the stock of ancient divorces—the product of separations becoming exhausted. But the fresh applications for divorce are on the increase. They were in 1885, 1,960; in 1893, 6,480. The courts lean more to according a divorce than separation. On every 100,000 married persons there are 24 divorces; so, after all, Romeos and Juliets pull well through the battle of life when the "fit" is over. Among the professions the relative percentages of divorces are as follows: Work people, 56; those having no employment, 40; merchants and traders, 11½, and farmers, 4½.

On the national holiday a few generous souls remembered the floating population of the night refuges. Some of the latter were thus able to receive a glass of wine, a peach, a cake, and a cigar "for positively one night only." One or two directors grouped the unfortunates in the court yards and organized an impromptu concert, the audience volunteering a ballad of their best. A well-known friend of the poor sang a duet with a director, setting forth that beggars were happy, they loved one another, and so merited a *viva* It is to be hoped that Anglo-Saxons will bear this fete in mind and in some "stilly night" will arrange for casuals to sing and chorus the "Jolly Beggars" of Burns.

THE WAYS OF THE OPOSSUM.

[St. Nicholas Magazine.]

Just why the great zoologists of the present day should have chosen to consider the Opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless Sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact nature has done a great deal for the Opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvæ, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft shelled nuts and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.

ROYAL LADIES.

It is a curious fact that of the ladies of royal rank during the present century only two have been leaders of feminine fashion, and they have both been plebeian-born Empresses of the French. In the early years of the century the Empress Josephine was the accepted model for the feminine world to follow in its dress, and fifty years later the Empress Eugenie dictated the fashions from Paris. Queen Victoria never originated a fashion and her daughter-in-law is responsible only for the high collar or band about the neck, which she wore to conceal a scrofulous scar, and the bunching of frizzes on the forehead, which becomes her better than any other style of hair dressing. Queen Margherita and the Empress of Austria never originated a style and the present German Empress and her mamma-in-law are too domestic to care for fashions. And an Eastern paper states that Queen Sophia of Sweden, far from caring for frills and furbelows, is a member of the Salvation Army and effects the garb peculiar to that organization.

HOW TO WALK.

When a girl walks she should be trained to hold her shoulders well back and to keep her arms close to her body. The chest will then be thrown out, not form an inward curve, and the head must be held up fearlessly. Some women go through life with the head held a little forward, reminding one of nothing so much as an acquiring tortoise out on a voyage of discovery.

The foot should be placed on the ground on the ball first, not on the heel or quite flat. The latter way robs one of all grace and to put the heel first is too ungainly for words. It is just as ugly to mince along on the toes; it looks as though the ground was overheated and not to be trodden on. Even when climbing a hill or mounting the rather dingy staircase of town-built houses and flats, the head should be held up, not dropped as though you were searching for a lost nickel.

SIMPLE ENGLISH.

Uphoarding riches to the miser gives
Excessive bliss; for gold he meanly lives;
His ilk in squalor pass their dreary lives.
The slaves of greed enchained with golden gyves.
St. John, August, 1896.

An Archbishop's Wit.

[London Household Words.]

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit would fill a small volume. A well-known priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absence from his parish the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation. "The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?" "They do, Your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two as a change?"

He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the Archbishop.

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

The punishments awarded to offenders vary from nominal imprisonment to the supreme penalty of death. Prisoners under sentence of hard labor are, after examination by the medical officer, given such work as the prison authorities consider comes within the meaning of the sentence. Penal servitude is not awarded if the term of imprisonment is less than three years. In the case of male prisoners it is taken to mean hard labor on the roads or public works, and in the case of female prisoners hard labor in gaol. The punishment is practically the same as that of hard labor. Prisoners undergoing a sentence of imprisonment without labor are treated differently from others, and if they entirely maintain and clothe themselves they are exempted from any work, otherwise they contribute to their own support by performing such labor as may be provided.

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CRUDITY IN EUROPEAN ART.

Americans Have Satisfied the Hunger For a New Creation.

Is there no art in Morse's telegraph, in Fulton's steamboat or Colt's revolver or in an American cultivator, but only in a morbid projection upon canvas of Dante's insane portraitures of a supposed but impossible torture of lost souls in hell or the ever recurring monks of the wine cellar lewdly gibing the waiter girls that bring them their inebriating cups? Two-thirds of all the so called art of Europe consists of pictures that are both deniable and untrue, designed to commemorate events that never occurred or to preserve our reverence for ideas which the human mind no longer seriously entertained. American art must be the embodiment of American ideals and not the reflex of mediæval ideals which no longer command the sincere respect of even the European mind. The art of Europe is as crude in its way as that of America, because it does not relate to ideas that are now or ever again can be potential over the human mind.

The most powerful and artistic fiction of modern times, perhaps of any period, whether judged by the extent to which it has been read, dramatized, acted, imitated and translated or by the depth of its revolutionary effects on society, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It drew much of its power from the hunger the world felt for a new art that should be American. Irving wrote volumes on England, Spain, Mohammedan histories, etc., all of which are passing into waste paper because they have not the originality of true art, while his name lives only in that small portion of his work whose theme was American—viz, the legend of Sleepy Hollow, Rip Van Winkle and Diedrich Knickerbocker. Humboldt showed that travel and observation were fine arts, and that the best field for their practice lay in America. Audubon lifted the study of birds into a fine art and found no field necessary to its practice but America. Lowell, Mark Twain and Bret Harte have lifted American humor into an art so fine that the European world itself is inquiring whether all real humor is not exclusively an American art.—Gunton's Magazine.

DARKNESS SEEMED FAMILIAR.

Young Woman Did Not Notice That the Light Had Gone Out.

They were on a tandem, and a straight, smooth road stretched away before them through the park for a mile or more. There was darkness all about—thick, impenetrable darkness—which lay heavy among the trees and betrayed the fact that the authorities had neglected the electric lights, counting on a moon that had failed to keep her engagements.

But they did not mind the darkness. In fact, they rather sought out the more shadowy portions. For there is something about a tandem, if it steers easily, which softens the iron bound laws of custom. The riders are so close together anyway. And if the one on the rear seat leans slightly forward and the one on the front seat leans just a little back, there is no need to sigh for the best of hammocks.

The young man on the rear seat had leaned slightly forward. Moreover, the young woman on the front seat had leaned just a little back. And there was more on the young woman's lips than microbes.

Suddenly they were arrested by a shout—it is said that park policemen never arrest any one in any other way—a deep, full bodied shout that boded ill.

"Hi! You! Where's your lamp?"

They stopped and dismounted. With a burly policeman in the road there was nothing else to do.

"Where's your lamp?" the officer demanded.

They examined the front of the wheel together. The lantern had gone out.

"Why," said the young woman, "why, I never noticed that it wasn't lit. I—I must have imagined that we were in the parlor at home."—Chicago Tribune.

Care of Blistered Feet.

Blisters on the feet, which are necessarily very painful, should be bathed on going to bed with strong salt water, to which, if they are very tender, it is an excellent thing to add just a very little vinegar and fine pounded alum.

People who suffer very much in this way will always do well to wear rather thick soled boots, having them especially made, as it is most important for any one who has very tender feet that the boots should be perfectly fitting. Into these boots a pair of lamb's wool socks should be placed, and these socks should be thickly spread over with soft soap on the inside of the foot of the sock.

If the blisters come up very high, it is wise to let out the accumulated fluid by running a darning needle through the upper surface of the blister. If it is allowed to break the surface of the skin, it is apt to become very sore, sometimes [illegible] very difficult to heal.—New York [illegible] Advertis[illegible]

[illegible] the Irish.

From [illegible]

First Citizen—I beg [illegible] your pardon, sir, but I am a stranger in Dub[illegible] [illegible] Can you direct me to Grafton street?

Second ditto—With pleasure. [illegible] [illegible]re, it's the second turn to the right.

First ditto—Thank you, sir. (Walks off.)

Second ditto (calling after him)—Hi! If you're a left handed man it's the other way entirely.—London Globe.

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