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The Outlook For Wool.

Perhaps there may be those who think that the wool trade is somewhat optimistic, but the present condition of the market in wool and woolen goods, at home and abroad, justifies the ground we have heretofore taken, that there was nothing to indicate a decline, but rather an advance in desirable wools before the new clip would come in. Let us see what the situation is now, so that we may base reasonable calculations thereon for the future.

The recent sales of colonial wool in London, opened with a good attendance of buyers, both English and foreign, and the competition was sufficient to force prices up considerably. The result was an advance of from five to ten per cent, over the closing sales of September last, which concluded the regular series of sales. So much for the London market, which is an indication of the wool trade of the world.

What is the condition in the United States? The United States Economist said in a late issue: "Although it is out of our province to give advice, we in this instance did so for the public good, not that we have any interest at heart more than another. But to be candid, the wool and woolen industries disclose an extraordinary state of things. What are the facts? Simply this:

I. The woolen mills of America are running with headlong speed to supply the demand and they cannot catch up to their orders. One party has been found who found fault with the goods not being up to sample, and was told to return them and close up the account. The agent paid freight on the goods, and sold them again at an advance. Cloth jobs and clothes cannot afford to reject goods now, while the raw material is going up the world over.

II. The mills, in their efforts to break prices, have kept out of the market, and are lightly stocked.

III. The farmers have sold three-fourths of the clip, and the remainder is held at prices which keep the manufacturer and dealer ten and sixteen cents apart on the secured pound.

IV. The stock of domestic and foreign on our seaboard markets was never smaller at this season.

V. The wool markets of the world, are far above relative values in America, and wools cannot now be imported, unless at a further advance.

The Boston Journal of a recent date says: "While our market has been so comparatively quiet, we notice no disposition to urge sales at any concessions. Holders are confident that all the desirable, fine and medium wools now on hand will be wanted, and are in different about selling at present. Manufacturers are always inclined to purchase lightly at this season, unless some special inducements are offered, and most of them are engaged in taking an account of stock and looking for the result of the season's business."

Ventilation of the Bed-room.

Good ventilation in every room of a house is essential to comfort as well as health, and of course the bed-rooms of those whose respiratory organs are affected does not form an exception. The greatest care should be taken to maintain the air in this apartment in a pure condition.

There can be no doubt that much of the benefit derived from an out-door or camp life is due to the supply, during the night, of good fresh air. Although deprived of a good soft bed, the healthy as well as the invalid feels refreshed and invigorated after even the first few nights' sleep under a tent; the recurrence of colds, if not at once obviated, are reduced in number and severity. This has been demonstrated time and again, during the years in which over-land trips to California were frequent and during the war.

Many patients have informed me that they have frequently experienced an occluded condition of the nasal passages, before arising in the morning. In nearly every one of the patients so complaining, it was found that it was owing to either insufficient ventilation to the head, or the air was much hotter than the case, to which in the bed-room being vitiated, and in many instances to both causes.

The air in a sleeping room ought to be as pure in the morning as it is on going to bed at night. In order to maintain this purity, the lower sash of the window ought to be raised, and the upper sash lowered; the former raised one-fourth of the distance that the latter is lowered; the distance will depend on the degree of the external temperature.

If the air from an open window

blows directly on the bed, a curtain should be so interposed as to prevent the draught from striking the sleeper, or the bed should be removed out of the draught.

Weak patients should endeavor to sleep as much as possible, but not late in the afternoon, if it prevents them from sleeping all night. Frequently an hour or two hours' sleep in the morning will be more refreshing than several hours' during the night. A half an hour's sleep after dinner has usually a refreshing effect.

City Chaps.

"This is a glorious spot," said a rather doubtful looking personage to a very innocent and hay-seedy countryman. The pair were standing on the sands at Rockaway, and the countryman had only recently been joined by the doubtful party.

"Yes, it is kind'r fine," said the countryman.

"You are a stranger here, I should say," said the doubtful party.

"Well, yes, I be," said the countryman.

"Going to stay long?" asked the doubtful party.

"Well, that depends," said the countryman. "You see I came on herewith stock, and I thought I might just as well see a little of your sights as not, long's I was here."

"Cattle dealer, I suppose?" said the doubtful party.

"Yes, that's about my line," said the countryman.

"Nothing like a little pleasure now and then, with business," said the doubtful party.

"Now, then, my views," said the countryman.

"Suppose we do the talk together," said the doubtful one taking the countryman's arm. "I know this place like a book, and it's no more than right to show a stranger around."

"Don't care if I do. Was feeling a little lonesome like. Where'll we go stranger?" asked the countryman.

"Well, we might as well commence with a drop of something. How does a drink strike you?"

"Never object to taking a drink. Can't do it out our way—good as your life is worth," and they indulged in a drink at the doubtful one's expense.

"How about lunch?" said the doubtful one.

"Well, that hits me pretty near the spot. Hain't had nothin' to speak of 'cept a sandwich since six o'clock this mornin'," and they seated themselves at a table in the large hotel. The doubtful one threw the bill of fare toward the countryman, and invited him to order anything he wished.

"Well, I don't care if I have a chowder to commence on."

"Take something to drink with it—here, waiter, bring us two chowders and a couple of bottles of beer," said the doubtful one. After finishing their chowders the countryman ordered spring chicken, lobster salad and one or two other expensive dishes. As he tucked the savory dishes away he complained now and then of his lack of appetite.

"You see, stranger, I got kinder shook up like on the hire, and it's clean broke me up for eatin'. When I'm hum these fixins' wouldn't be nothin' for me. Here waiter, bring me some roast beef. I feel kind o' dry like. You don't seem to be eatin' very hearty, stranger."

The doubtful one had indeed lost his appetite, and he was really growing very nervous, and inwardly asking when the fresh was going to let up.

"I've heard tell o' our wines down here, stranger," said the countryman, leaning back and picking his teeth, after having finished six separate courses. "Suppose we try a bottle of somethin' high-toned. Waiter, bring us a bottle o' what shall it be, stranger?"

A wild, reckless look came into the eyes of the doubtful one. He made a movement to get up from the table, but the waiter was at his side in an instant with a check. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket for a moment and then said:

"Awfully sorry to trouble you, my friend, but one doesn't like to give those waiters a large bill. I haven't anything less than a twenty. If you will just settle for the lunch, we'll get the bill changed, and I'll fix it with you."

"Now, that's tarnation unlucky, but I hain't got the cost o' even the chowder in my clothes. You see, I left all my money at the hotel, and—"

The doubtful one here interrupted him with an exclamation not used in polite society, paid the bill and left.

"Well, those city chaps have queer ways," mused the countryman, as he sauntered toward the boat.

Humorous Clips.

A profound philosopher said the telephone is a hell on earth.

He is very sorry of getting tired, somebody said of a lazy man.

To succeed a young man must work unless he has goods to an estate.

"Friend the bible tells that no bear not at all," I O. well, I don't swear at all; I swear only at those I am mad at."

The sir we breathe contains five grains of water to every cubic foot of its bulk.

Bluffing and betting have no effect whatever on an election. One man won over from the other side is worth more than all the bets that can be made.

The world is a grab bag into which satan has thrust his arm way up to the shoulder.

Some men are born fools, some have them thrust upon them by the newspaper paragraphs.

There is a woman in Des Moines who has a hen which she declares to be twenty-eight years old. More than fifty hotel-keepers have sought to buy the fowl.

Put it neatly: said the little pet of the household on her birthday: "It is a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma; but I've been hoping it would be twins."

"Sit down," said a nervous old gentleman to a son who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," said the impatient answer. "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

If you a poemist would write, Provide a pen and sheet of paper, And then invoke the muse, And then—just let the creature caper.

A zoological paradox: It is notorious that giraffes die young, and yet they are long for their necks.

Courting is a natural blessing. It teaches young people to speak mildly, especially if the old folks are in the next room, with the door open.

The safest way now to send a postal card is to enclose it in an envelope and put a three-cent stamp on the outside.

"No Star ever rose and set without influence somewhere," says a philosopher. The same remark is applicable to a hen.

"Ed" writes to know whether it is safest to carry money in the pants or vest pocket. Money is secured when it's in the vest.

A fire in a Paris tenement was put out by a couple of policemen. An enthusiast exclaimed, "How admirable our police." They arrest even a fire.

Algerian Wheat.

Wheat culture in northern Africa is attracting considerable attention. In Algeria, civilization has nearly superseded barbarism, and the wheat grown there are of the finest description. The hard wheats are largely exported to the French ports of the Mediterranean sea, and thus enter into competition with American wheat and flour, in supplying the French markets.

In ancient times northern Africa was a highly productive country, and the excellence of its products explains why the Romans attached such importance to retaining possession of it.

One who has traveled in Algeria, and investigated its resources for grain raising, says that the wheats there may be divided into two classes, hard and soft wheats. The former are most translucent, contain but little water, and weigh up to sixty-four pounds per bushel. The varieties cultivated most are those known as Polish, Tanager and Ismail. These wheats are rich in gluten, make flour of excellent quality, and of a very agreeable flavor. The semolina obtained from them for the manufacture of macaroni rival the best Italian.

The Arabs cultivate more hard than soft wheats. In general the hard wheats, like the soft, are still not very productive, but on the farmers' lands well cultivated, and where irrigation is possible, as much as twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre is obtained. The cultivation of wheat has been greatly extended under wheat has increased the acres under wheat has increased 2,771,475 acres, viz.: 2,398,250 acres of hard wheat and 373,225 acres of soft wheat. If the average yield of the fields cultivated by the Arabs was as great as that of the fields cultivated by Europeans, it is said that the total crop might be raised to 224,000,000 bushels.

The Song of the Season.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Building thee with charms is taught; If I feel the man who would be true, He will tell you that I'm not.

Winter's real Winter's here! And to freeze is his goal; From the cellar those retreats, With a scintilla full of cold.

Art is long and Time's a runner, And one hour, tho' brief and slight, Tell us that the first has come, Was our mother's nimble slipper.

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our houses gay; And, departing, leave behind us, A couchilla that we cannot say.

Coal bills that, perhaps, another, Sitting o'er life's solemn meal— A forlorn and bankrupt brother— Feeling, shall present again.

Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for every fate; And where'er the road may lead, Learn to labor and to wait.

—Poeta Transcriber.

Old Hickory's Wife.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reproband, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Duane, and said: "Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before him, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied, "how came you to know what I was going to?"

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously: "But I will go to Nashville!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her: "I say let me go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that she should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you, but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

A Few Good Ones.

A Louisville girl, while eloping with a young man, smelt whiskey on his breath when he kissed her, and refused to proceed to the minister's. They must sell a very weak quality of cloves in Louisville.

"Ain't this a little high?" asked a timid tenderfoot of a Deadwood tavern keeper, who had charged him four dollars and a half for his dinner. "It may be a little high," replied the host, fumbling with the handle of a revolver in the cash drawer, "but I need the money." He got it.

Not long since a family moved into a house on Austin avenue. After a week or two, a friend of the family called on them, and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well," "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "No, but I am going to, for there is any more of my firewood misad."

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to Lon-

don, entered a printing office, and asked if he could get work.

"What kind of work?" asked the foreman. "I can do anything," said the youth. "Well, then, you may as well go to the devil," said the foreman. "I can do anything," said the youth. "Well, then, you may as well go to the devil," said the foreman.

On the sleeper of an L. E. & W. train, recently, a traveler noticed an old, white-headed gentleman trying to get a drink of water. The young man and spy traveler rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with his garbottled flask, a great splash of whisky fell upon the face of the old man. The old man did not seem to mind this, but the young man, who was a traveler, remarked, "It won't hurt you, sir, I never drink." "It won't hurt me," insisted the old man. "It's the best," "Young man," said the old gentleman, "intended for all in the car to hear, if you please in drinking whisky, you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to tell me to be careful of my health. 'John, wear that hat that you will never touch a drop of liquor—' Here the old gentleman clapped his hand on his side pocket, found it empty, and recognizing the bottle in the hands of the other, he continued: "Except, my dear boy, an occasional snifter while traveling." And reaching for the flask, he pressed it to his lips, and a howl of laughter which shook the whole car.

A Mixture.

A remarkable clock has been set up in the reading room of the municipal library of the town of Rouen, France. It goes for fourteen months without rewinding, and shows the hour and the day of the month. It was originally constructed in 1782, but underwent some alterations in 1816. It was bought by the town for 1000 francs, and has recently been repaired and set going, after being for some time disused.

A quantity of bees, destined for Ontario, have been received in London from Cyprus. They were let out near London for a fly, and afterwards released for the remainder of their journey. They are conveyed in small boxes, partly covered with perforated metal, and are provided with honey and water. A similar consignment of this unusual freight was successfully forwarded to Canada last year.

In 1759 John Wesley preached near Bedford. Toward the close of his discourse some persons bowed at the top of their voices. One man, full of malice, mischievously filled his pockets with rotten eggs to throw at the preacher. A young man, perceiving what he intended, went up behind, clapped his hands on the man's pockets, and smashed the eggs all at once.

The King's Guest.

The king rode fast, the king rode far: "Now, by my crown," quoth he, "I'll, in all the land find a maiden of contented mind—Be she of high or low degree, By pagan rite or Christian creed—My consort she shall be."

But when he reached the maid to meet, So well content was she, She would not wed him, least and blind, Went on her way. "Alack, I find I'm caught in my own web," quoth he; "This maiden of contented mind Is too content for me."

A Left-Handed Lung Tester.

We don't want a Three Springs girl for a lung tester. At a singing school up there the other night a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs; and invited a girl in the company to test him in the breast. She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

My Christmas Eve.

God bless thee!" murmured the woman, devoutly, as she closed the door upon the ill-clad figure. "He has dealt kindly with me to leaving her to sweeten my bitter cup."

But Mina little heeded the pleading words and the tears for her heart felt lighter to-night than usual. Why, she knew not. It was Christmas eve, but that would be but a cheerless repetition of all other winter eves. She was only a child, and when she came to a brilliantly lighted window, wherein lay exposed a thousand pretty and costly toys, she stopped and stood gazing long and wistfully upon the display of treasures. The gliding throng passed, and she gazed, but took no note of the pinched face and hungry eyes of the child. Some one gave her a push. Her bundle dropped. The crowd kept her a moment from regaining it, and when she did stoop to pick it up, the bundle was nowhere to be found. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she implored the people to assist her in recovering the lost bundle. But they only laughed and never noticed her. "What should she do? She never could go home with the story of such a loss upon her lips. Mrs. Brown would be dreadfully angry, and perhaps would send her and her poor Mamma to jail. Sobbing and thinking over her loss, poor Mina wandered on as in a dream. When she had somewhat regained her former composure, the child found that she was in a strange street, one totally unknown to her. There were big warehouses and other imposing buildings on either side, and the place was quite deserted. She was warm from the excitement of the occasion, and thought not of the cold. She sat down on a great stone step to rest and think awhile. The door behind her was ajar. She peered in and saw a bright fire burning in a low-down grate in a roomy furnished room. No one was to be seen. "I will go in and rest till some one comes," thought Mina, "and perhaps they will show me the way home." But an hour passed and no one came. At last sleep overpowered her senses, and the poor child slept that sleep of innocent childhood which blesses the heir of poverty no less than the pampered child of luxury. When Mina woke, it was to hear strange noises in the apartment beneath her. Listening about her, she could hear a conversation carried on in low, deep-toned whispers. She could hear mention made of gold, of silver and of bank notes. A strange feeling of awe crept over her, which was intensified by the lateness of the hour, and she quietly rose and left the room. She had no very definite idea as to what course she should take in order to retrace her steps homeward, and merely walked along in hopes of meeting someone who would help her find the way. The first person met was a big, burly policeman, who accosted her in such gruff tones that she trembled with fright. "I am lost," Mina explained, in answer to her new acquaintance's question. "I was in a great, warm house up the street, waiting for some one to come, but no one came, though the door was open, and there were people in the cellar talking about gold, and silver, and bank notes."

The man clutched the child's arm until she cried. "What are you sayin', child?" said he, stooping and looking Mina closely in her terrified face. "Show me the house!"

Mina was glad to escape that terrible clutch, and turning with the watchman, retraced her steps back to the building in which she had recently been.

"This is it," said Mina, when the house was reached, but the watchman did not enter, though the door was yet open. He listened, heard the whispering below, and seeing Mina in his arms as if she had been a feather, started rapidly off with her. "You needn't cry," the man said, with a touch of softness in his gruff voice. "You will be taken home, for you have done a good night's work, my lass. Only now you must come with me to the station, for I must get a lot of men down here in a jiffy, and after that I'll see that you're taken home."

And so it fell, that Mina, who had not until long after the cold, gray dawn had broken upon the whitened house-tops and streets of the city, and until he and some other watchman had taken her to an elegant residence on one of the fashionable thoroughfares up town, where they presented her to a kind-faced gentleman, who owned the establishment.

And this is the "little detective," said the gentleman, stooping to kiss the bewildered child, who during the night had been his burly protector, "right

At the Whist Table.

At the whist-table one often hears exaggerated forms of expression, peculiarly from the lips of experienced players in sarcastic remonstrance with advice;—the old aphorism about the number of little children now running about shoes and in bags, because their fathers neglected to lead from five of a suit, and the only two excuses for not returning trumps—when you haven't got one, and sudden death—and the like.

"What can one do against three such adversaries?" was the vicious exclamation, when the trick was lost, of an old devotee of the game, whose partner was certainly not all that Cavanaugh could have desired.

"Why did you not lead spades?" I once said, somewhat captiously, to a whist-player whose hand I had been overlooking, and who had played cautiously, when, as it seemed to me, after the event—the period at which it is so easy to give excellent advice—by leading different he might possibly have scored more tricks. "That's what I should have done!"

"Ah," he replied, looking back over his shoulder at me through his spectacles, calmly, "you have the world before you, and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, and I have. Had such been your case, too, you would certainly have led spades."

I should mention—to prevent misconception—that the stakes were simply pennies. The same gentleman, when the conversation at the table touched on wife beating, expressed his conviction that the man who could lead from a single card was capable of striking a woman.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home-steads.

The first requirement is that the person has served for ninety days in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States during the rebellion, has remained loyal to the government, and has been honorably discharged. The next privilege such soldier or sailor has is: "Such homestead settler shall be allowed, six months after leaving his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry, and commence his settlement and improvement." The time the settler has served in the army, navy, or marine corps shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title; or if discharged on account of wounds received or inability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length of time he may have served; "But no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall have commenced his improvements." No matter what persons say, who solicit the privilege of locating homesteads in the name of soldiers and sailors, a considerable expense, when there is no prospect of settling on the land selected, soldiers and sailors will observe the important requirement of at least one year's actual bona fide residence and cultivation of the homestead.

Respecting the five-year homestead, the homestead law says: By making an entry, an incentive right is vested in the settler, and his final title depends on his residence upon, and cultivation of the land embraced in his claim. This residence and cultivation must continue five years, unless he was a soldier or sailor in the late war or if he were to pay for his land, or at private entry, he may after six months' settlement and cultivation, make the necessary proof. This early payment is called commutative homestead entry. Such homestead settler (an ex-soldier or sailor) shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement. Another point is covered by rulings of the department, as follows: After a soldier has resided on his homestead long enough to make his military service five years, further residence is unnecessary to secure patent.

At the approaching coronation of the Czar and Czarina the ivory throne of Constantine, the last Emperor of Constantinople, is to be used. The Czarina is to occupy a throne adorned with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and rubies, and one hundred and twenty-three sapphires, turquoise and pearls of the first water.

A Utah Notable.

Mary's Vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sevier River flows. It contains a mining camp, and is the home of General Agramonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The safety of the valley is due to the presence of his remarkable conversational powers. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sevier River, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found, being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The General married Miss Clara Stonehouse Young (widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son), and being a gentle and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union General during the war; has adventured some ten or twelve years of age, grandeur, and prominently identified with the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter a room where I sat, and place a carbine and double-barreled shotgun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a bowie knife, and slip a silver-mounted Derringer in his pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of General Agramonte. Accompanying him were two beautiful boys, ten or twelve years of age, grandsons of the Prophet. I never passed a more agreeable evening. As a wit, story teller, musician and eloquent narrator of exciting events, I have rarely seen his equal. He speaks English, Spanish, French and German with equal fluency, and "sets a table in a roar" as naturally as though laughing were the chief business of all mankind. I could not bring myself to believe that he was of Spanish descent. After he had retired for the night, a short conversation occurred on this point. One gentleman thought he was an Englishman, another thought he was a Dane. The third said: "Gentlemen, I remember reading an incident in one of Maryat's novels. A finely uniformed officer was pacing the quarter deck with great dignity, when a sailor, who had fallen from the masthead, struck the deck immediately behind him. Where the officer and you come from?" inquired the officer with some severity. "From the North of Ireland, your Honor," was the prompt reply. "That is my opinion of Agramonte. I believe he came from the North of Ireland. He is certainly one of the shrewdest, wildest men in Utah."—San Francisco Post.

Head Hunting in Borneo.

The practice of head hunting still exists in Borneo, though it is evidently dying out in the regions over which the Dutch have any control. It is a curious custom. No youth is allowed to don the tokens of manhood or pay any attention to any Malay lady till he has been able to bring in two or three of his enemies' heads. Births, marriages and deaths, and many other events in the lives of these half-savage people cannot be properly celebrated without the presence of a few fresh heads; and in almost every house one or more of these trophies are stowed away wrapped up in banana leaves. It appears likely that the custom is simply a survival from cannibalism. Indeed, among the few remaining cannibals Dyaks in Koolet it is still the custom to reserve the head for the chief, the remainder of the victim's body being divided among the common people.

The 64-65 Puzzle.

The following curious puzzle bears the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or card-board, thirteen inches long and five inches wide, thus giving a surface of sixty-five inches. Now cut out this strip diagonally, as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure each of the five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut in two places. Take the strips and put them into the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches square, or sixty-four square inches—less one of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that inch?

Some one says talk is cheap. It is, when it comes in the form of legislation, and must be paid for by the State.—New Orleans Picayune.

My Christmas Eve.

God bless thee!" murmured the woman, devoutly, as she closed the door upon the ill-clad figure. "He has dealt kindly with me to leaving her to sweeten my bitter cup."

But Mina little heeded the pleading words and the tears for her heart felt lighter to-night than usual. Why, she knew not. It was Christmas eve, but that would be but a cheerless repetition of all other winter eves. She was only a child, and when she came to a brilliantly lighted window, wherein lay exposed a thousand pretty and costly toys, she stopped and stood gazing long and wistfully upon the display of treasures. The gliding throng passed, and she gazed, but took no note of the pinched face and hungry eyes of the child. Some one gave her a push. Her bundle dropped. The crowd kept her a moment from regaining it, and when she did stoop to pick it up, the bundle was nowhere to be found. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she implored the people to assist her in recovering the lost bundle. But they only laughed and never noticed her. "What should she do? She never could go home with the story of such a loss upon her lips. Mrs. Brown would be dreadfully angry, and perhaps would send her and her poor Mamma to jail. Sobbing and thinking over her loss, poor Mina wandered on as in a dream. When she had somewhat regained her former composure, the child found that she was in a strange street, one totally unknown to her. There were big warehouses and other imposing buildings on either side, and the place was quite deserted. She was warm from the excitement of the occasion, and thought not of the cold. She sat down on a great stone step to rest and think awhile. The door behind her was ajar. She peered in and saw a bright fire burning in a low-down grate in a roomy furnished room. No one was to be seen. "I will go in and rest till some one comes," thought Mina, "and perhaps they will show me the way home." But an hour passed and no one came. At last sleep overpowered her senses, and the poor child slept that sleep of innocent childhood which blesses the heir of poverty no less than the pampered child of luxury. When Mina woke, it was to hear strange noises in the apartment beneath her. Listening about her, she could hear a conversation carried on in low, deep-toned whispers. She could hear mention made of gold, of silver and of bank notes. A strange feeling of awe crept over her, which was intensified by the lateness of the hour, and she quietly rose and left the room. She had no very definite idea as to what course she should take in order to retrace her steps homeward, and merely walked along in hopes of meeting someone who would help her find the way. The first person met was a big, burly policeman, who accosted her in such gruff tones that she trembled with fright. "I am lost," Mina explained, in answer to her new acquaintance's question. "I was in a great, warm house up the street, waiting for some one to come, but no one came, though the door was open, and there were people in the cellar talking about gold, and silver, and bank notes."

The man clutched the child's arm until she cried. "What are you sayin', child?" said he, stooping and looking Mina closely in her terrified face. "Show me the house!"

Mina was glad to escape that terrible clutch, and turning with the watchman, retraced her steps back to the building in which she had recently been.

"This is it," said Mina, when the house was reached, but the watchman did not enter, though the door was yet open. He listened, heard the whispering below, and seeing Mina in his arms as if she had been a feather, started rapidly off with her. "You needn't cry," the man said, with a touch of softness in his gruff voice. "You will be taken home, for you have done a good night's work, my lass. Only now you must come with me to the station, for I must get a lot of men down here in a jiffy, and after that I'll see that you're taken home."

And so it fell, that Mina, who had not until long after the cold, gray dawn had broken upon the whitened house-tops and streets of the city, and until he and some other watchman had taken her to an elegant residence on one of the fashionable thoroughfares up town, where they presented her to a kind-faced gentleman, who owned the establishment.

And this is the "little detective," said the gentleman, stooping to kiss the bewildered child, who during the night had been his burly protector, "right

At the Whist Table.

At the whist-table one often hears exaggerated forms of expression, peculiarly from the lips of experienced players in sarcastic remonstrance with advice;—the old aphorism about the number of little children now running about shoes and in bags, because their fathers neglected to lead from five of a suit, and the only two excuses for not returning trumps—when you haven't got one, and sudden death—and the like.

"What can one do against three such adversaries?" was the vicious exclamation, when the trick was lost, of an old devotee of the game, whose partner was certainly not all that Cavanaugh could have desired.

"Why did you not lead spades?" I once said, somewhat captiously, to a whist-player whose hand I had been overlooking, and who had played cautiously, when, as it seemed to me, after the event—the period at which it is so easy to give excellent advice—by leading different he might possibly have scored more tricks. "That's what I should have done!"

"Ah," he replied, looking back over his shoulder at me through his spectacles, calmly, "you have the world before you, and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, and I have. Had such been your case, too, you would certainly have led spades."

I should mention—to prevent misconception—that the stakes were simply pennies. The same gentleman, when the conversation at the table touched on wife beating, expressed his conviction that the man who could lead from a single card was capable of striking a woman.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home-steads.

The first requirement is that the person has served for ninety days in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States during the rebellion, has remained loyal to the government, and has been honorably discharged. The next privilege such soldier or sailor has is: "Such homestead settler shall be allowed, six months after leaving his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry, and commence his settlement and improvement." The time the settler has served in the army, navy, or marine corps shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title; or if discharged on account of wounds received or inability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length of time he may have served; "But no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall have commenced his improvements." No matter what persons say, who solicit the privilege of locating homesteads in the name of soldiers and sailors, a considerable expense, when there is no prospect of settling on the land selected, soldiers and sailors will observe the important requirement of at least one year's actual bona fide residence and cultivation of the homestead.

Respecting the five-year homestead, the homestead law says: By making an entry, an incentive right is vested in the settler, and his final title depends on his residence upon, and cultivation of the land embraced in his claim. This residence and cultivation must continue five years, unless he was a soldier or sailor in the late war or if he were to pay for his land, or at private entry, he may after six months' settlement and cultivation, make the necessary proof. This early payment is called commutative homestead entry. Such homestead settler (an ex-soldier or sailor) shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement. Another point is covered by rulings of the department, as follows: After a soldier has resided on his homestead long enough to make his military service five years, further residence is unnecessary to secure patent.

At the approaching coronation of the Czar and Czarina the ivory throne of Constantine, the last Emperor of Constantinople, is to be used. The Czarina is to occupy a throne adorned with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and rubies, and one hundred and twenty-three sapphires, turquoise and pearls of the first water.

A Utah Notable.

Mary's Vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sevier River flows. It contains a mining camp, and is the home of General Agramonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The safety of the valley is due to the presence of his remarkable conversational powers. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sevier River, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found, being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The General married Miss Clara Stonehouse Young (widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son), and being a gentle and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union General during the war; has adventured some ten or twelve years of age, grandeur, and prominently identified with the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter a room where I sat, and place a carbine and double-barreled shotgun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a bowie knife, and slip a silver-mounted Derringer in his pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of General Agramonte. Accompanying him were two beautiful boys, ten or twelve years of age, grandsons of the Prophet. I never passed a more agreeable evening. As a wit, story teller, musician and eloquent narrator of exciting events, I have rarely seen his equal. He speaks English, Spanish, French and German with equal fluency, and "sets a table in a roar" as naturally as though laughing were the chief business of all mankind. I could not bring myself to believe that he was of Spanish descent. After he had retired for the night, a short conversation occurred on this point. One gentleman thought he was an Englishman, another thought he was a Dane. The third said: "Gentlemen, I remember reading an incident in one of Maryat's novels. A finely uniformed officer was pacing the quarter deck with great dignity, when a sailor, who had fallen from the masthead, struck the deck immediately behind him. Where the officer and you come from?" inquired the officer with some severity. "From the North of Ireland, your Honor," was the prompt reply. "That is my opinion of Agramonte. I believe he came from the North of Ireland. He is certainly one of the shrewdest, wildest men in Utah."—San Francisco Post.

Head Hunting in Borneo.

The practice of head hunting still exists in Borneo, though it is evidently dying out in the regions over which the Dutch have any control. It is a curious custom. No youth is allowed to don the tokens of manhood or pay any attention to any Malay lady till he has been able to bring in two or three of his enemies' heads. Births, marriages and deaths, and many other events in the lives of these half-savage people cannot be properly celebrated without the presence of a few fresh heads; and in almost every house one or more of these trophies are stowed away wrapped up in banana leaves. It appears likely that the custom is simply a survival from cannibalism. Indeed, among the few remaining cannibals Dyaks in Koolet it is still the custom to reserve the head for the chief, the remainder of the victim's body being divided among the common people.

The 64-65 Puzzle.

The following curious puzzle bears the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or card-board, thirteen inches long and five inches wide, thus giving a surface of sixty-five inches. Now cut out this strip diagonally, as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure each of the five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut in two places. Take the strips and put them into the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches square, or sixty-four square inches—less one of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that inch?

Some one says talk is cheap. It is, when it comes in the form of legislation, and must be paid for by the State.—New Orleans Picayune.

Agricultural.

Cost of Fences.

On this subject the census reports, now in process of compilation, contain very important facts. In the schedule for statistics there was incorporated an inquiry as to the cost of building and repairing fences during the year 1879. Thus far the table has been completed for seven States only, showing the following outlay for fences in those States respectively during the census year:

Kansas.....	2,675,959
California.....	2,107,441
Arkansas.....	1,579,144
Louisiana.....	1,482,721
Alabama.....	1,426,200
South Carolina.....	977,000
Connecticut.....	643,375
Total.....	\$10,828,749

Here is nearly \$11,000,000 in one year expended in fences, for the protection of crops from damage by the incursions of domestic animals, in seven States. It is estimated that the year and waste is equal to ten per cent., which would show the original investment in these seven States to be considerably above \$10,000,000, all of which must be included in the cost of raising the crops.

Some of the States named are among the newer ones, where lands are being rapidly settled up; but the cost of maintaining fences in older States is large. It is estimated that the annual State and county taxes on farms in the State of New York amount to thirty-three cents per acre, while the annual tax occasioned by fences amounts to \$1.12 per acre. From the above figures, it will be seen, that the *Prairie Farmer* has often shown, that the fence question is a very important one to farming interests, and in its bearing upon the cost of farm production, not without interest to the commercial world. Estimates made from the best data obtainable have indicated that the cost of fences in the United States exceeds the entire value of the live stock of the country, including horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Out of this statement, based upon information giving color to its probability, has grown the discussion relating to abolishing fences altogether, and adopting the methods of France and Belgium in herding stock; and the herd laws on the statute books of some of our Western States are the result. But in this country, the time is far distant when the French and Belgian plan will be generally adopted. The circumstances, that govern the question there are widely different from those that would decide it in very many sections of the United States.

The completion of the census report will furnish statistics which cannot fail to be of great value in shedding light upon this important subject. As between "fencing in" and "fencing out" to keep stock from doing damage to the crops, the rule will continue to be, to fence it out, especially when the price of barbed or thorn wire reduces the cost so much below rail, board, or hedge fences.

Dairy Stock.

The selection of dairy stock is a subject which is being constantly discussed, and the conclusions as to breed certainly are as different as the ever varying opinions of the breeders, which in some sections can be made exceedingly profitable—of which there is no doubt in any breed—the admirers of all the other breeds claim for their exceptional dairy qualities, and those who have never indulged in breeding are as enthusiastically in favor of the native. But there are general characteristics of a good milk cow which are recognized, of whatever breed the cow may be. She must, in the first place, have a good digestive apparatus, for she can make milk only as she digests her food. If she has this she will have a large stomach and large lungs and plenty of heart room, which indicate a strong constitution and vigorous organs. But this is not all, nor is it the only one. Many a cow consumes and digests a great deal of food, but it is turned into fat instead of being converted into milk. In such cases it will almost invariably be noticed that the cow has a small udder. If the udder, on the other hand, is large, it is fair to conclude that nature has provided it for the purpose of holding milk, and that she will fill it. One dairyman says that if the udder extends beyond the thighs and well up behind, well forward, moderately broad and deep, with good size teats, well apart, skin soft and thin, it may confidently be inferred that we have a dairy cow of the first order. If to these be added strict attention to pedigree—the milking quality of the ancestry—the founda-

tion for an excellent dairy herd will be laid. If a cow is a poor milker it is more than folly to keep her for that purpose, but it is still more so to raise calves from her with the intention of using them for dairy purposes.

The Guenon theory of the evolution should be applied in the selection of a sire, a thing well understood by a great many. It has been practically settled that the milk mirror on the side means just as much as it does on the dam, and, therefore, is an unerring indication, when it is fully developed, that the sire comes from a milking family.

The Moorish Rule in Spain.

On the north of Africa settled the lurid form of the Arabian crescent, one horn reaching to the Bosphorus and one pointing to the Pyrenees. Scarcely had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain, when they commenced a brilliant career. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses, and more than a million of inhabitants.

After sunset, a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles, by the light of its public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day, stepped up to his ankles in mud.

The Spanish Mohammedans took with them all the luxuries and prodigalities of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies, over hanging orange gardens; courts with cascades of water; shady retreats, provocative of slumber in the heat of the day; retiring rooms, vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush.

The floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic. Here, a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from flower gardens, in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in the winter, through earthen pipes, or caledutes, imbedded in the walls, the hyposcaph in the vaults below breathing forth volumes of warm and perfumed air through the hidden passages.

The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung, one of which, it is said, contained 1,084 lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanas they were sometimes of verd antique, and encrusted with lapis lazuli.

The furniture was of sandal and citron woods, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In order of confusion were arranged vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelains and tablets of exquisite mosaic. The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches of elegant forms were scattered about the rooms, which were perfumed with frankincense.

There were whispering galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinthine and marble play-rooms for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The Caliph Alhambra's was so large that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books. Over the Pyrenees, literary, philosophical and military adventures were perpetually passing, and thus the luxury, the taste, and above all the chivalrous gallantry and elegant courtesies of Moorish society found their way from Granada and Cordova to Provence and Languedoc. The refined society of Cordova prided itself on its politeness.

Sir Charles Gaven Duffy, who is now sixty-five years of age, is shortly to be married to Miss Hall, a girl of twenty-one. The intended bride is his niece, but only by marriage. The railway system of India includes 881 miles. The gauge is three feet and six inches. It is built principally for military, and not commercial purposes.

Good Cats, Like Boys, Die Young.

I knew a cat, many years ago, a black Tom, rather heavy and dull in his ways for the most part, but with two qualities very strongly marked, love for music and affectionateness.

He knew good music from bad perfectly well, would sit on the top of a piano with great contentment, and so long as a capable performer was playing, and if the execution were very good indeed would testify his delight by arching his tail, walking across the keys, and sitting down in the performer's lap. On the other hand, bad playing always drove him away, and I remember there was one member of the family whose performance always sent him away in disgust.

So much for the artistic side of his temperament. Now for the affectionate. His mother was always very fond of her kittens, and used to sit over the very closely during the first early weeks of their lives, too closely her son thought, after he grew old enough to consider about things. So I have more than once seen him go up to her as she nestled over the young ones in the basket, and apparently whisper something; whereupon she would get out, stretch herself, and go into the garden for a little fresh air, while he got into her place, and lay over the kittens to keep them warm. I'll tell the kittens when he resigned his charge to her again. I regret to say that he died, still a comparatively young cat, of distemper.

Bricks.

A man must be going slowly when he lets old age overtake him. In mercantile circles a hanging is alluded to as a forced suspension.

Most men are anxious for long life, but the lawyer enjoys a brief existence.

The man who was born with silver spoon in his mouth must have lived in stirring times.

The deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth hincing."

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

No matter how obstinate a man may be, he generally hauls in his horns after entering a tavern.

Naturalist: "Can a wolf become fond of a man?" He can, and will, just as soon have him raw cooked.

Coincidence Extraordinary: The reports of French military movements in Tunis are from the pen of M. le Col. Canard.

A little boy remarked: "I like grandpa, because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

Inquirer: "No, we don't love dogs at all. The reason we keep three big ones is that we don't like our neighbors."

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.

Will the "coming man" shut the door after him? He will in this office, or the going man will go out of the window.

Walking-sticks.

To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in pictures of the early patriarchs; and from these early stalks, and from the headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking-sticks have been produced, according to the fancy and fashion of the time.

When, in 1701, footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these ornate weapons were usually replaced by a porteur's staff, "with a large silver handle," as it was then described. Thirty years later, gentlemen of fashion began to discard their swords, and to carry large oak sticks with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon.

Before very long, a competition arose between long and short walking-sticks, some gentlemen liking them as long as leaping-poles, as a satirist of the day tells us; while others preferred a yard of varnished cane, "seraped round at one end with wax thread, and tipped at the other with a neat turned ivory head as big as a silver penny."

Interesting Clippings.

A printer, Marylebone way, has put in his window as an attraction on the walls of his shop, a large number of request all directors and proprietors of libraries in foreign countries to assist him in the compilation of the "work" by informing them of the existence of any Viennese prints bearing upon the subject. All information addressed to Dr. A. Mayer, Vienna.

The Tap of a Hammer.

The annals of bibliography afford many examples of the delicious extent to which book-fancying can go. In May, 1812, the library of the Duke of Roxburgh was sold. The collection contained a copy of Boccaccio, published at Venice in 1471. Among the distinguished company which attended the sale, were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. The bid stood at five hundred guineas. "A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer. "And ten," added the Marquis. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were bent on the bidders. Now they talked apart, now ate a biscuit, but without the least thought of yielding one to another. The contest proceeded until the Marquis said: "Two thousand pounds." Then Earl Spencer bellowed him of waste of powder, while Lord Althorpe came to his side, as if to bring his father's fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed: "Two thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds!" An electric shock went through the assembly. "And ten," quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife.

The spectators stood dumb when the hammer fell. The stroke of its fall sounded on the farthest shores of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, Milan and Venice. Boccaccio stirred in his sleep of hundreds of years, and M. Van Praet groined in vain among the Royal archives in Paris, to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer Boccaccio.

Ben Leland's Request.

Haverly's mastodon minstrels were playing in London, and were softly singing one night, to a crowded house, the chorus of "Old Kentucky Home." When the last notes melted away, a strange figure advanced a few steps from his seat, and in a dark corner of the hall, and the audience were startled at hearing a voice say, earnestly and distinctly: "Sing the dear old song again; sing it for me. I'm listening hard and I'm listening long, boys, and every word is a friend to me, home to me, everything. Say, will you sing it just once more for me, right now and here?" It was the figure and voice of Ben Leland, an old minstrel, who left this country several years ago, and after playing a broken down old man, to London. Here he supported himself by playing the banjo, but eeked out generally a miserable existence. The mastodon sang the chorus again, and the figure sank back into his seat. When the audience dispersed it remained motionless, and when an attendant came to arouse it he found Ben Leland dead.

A Lake Two Thousand Feet Deep.

Several of our citizens returned last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles, and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the center having trees upon it. It lies still, silent and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hand of the giant giant of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.—*Jacksonville (Or.) Record.*

The Voice of Science.

It looks (says an exchange) like a bit of premeditation, if the President of the Academy of Sciences, when he asked the directors and proprietors of libraries in foreign countries to assist him in the compilation of the "work" by informing them of the existence of any Viennese prints bearing upon the subject. All information addressed to Dr. A. Mayer, Vienna.

And May, Under the Pontiffs of Rome.

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The Army and Navy.

Recent Orders and Transfers in Both Branches of the Service.

WASHINGTON.—The death of Captain Tyler, of the Second Cavalry, has drawn from Lieutenant Colonel Alexander, commanding the regiment, an official eulogy in recognition of Captain Tyler's meritorious services.

Captain Boardman, of the navy, will sail for Europe next week on a three months' leave.

General Sherman, with General Poe and Colonel Morrow, left yesterday to attend the Cotton Exposition.

General Parke, of the Engineer Corps, has been appointed one of the managers of the National Safe Deposit Company.

Captain Shafter from frontier duty at Boston to duty as a member of the Ordnance Board in New York. First Lieutenant Gordon to duty at Frankfort Arsenal, Philadelphia. Leave for six months on surgeon's certificate is granted Colonel Hunt, Fourteenth Infantry, and Captain Nixon, Twenty-fourth Infantry. The leave granted Colonel Merritt, Fifth Cavalry, is extended two months. The leave granted Second Lieutenant O'Brien, Second Cavalry, is extended six months. The extension of leave granted Major Hughes is extended one month. The leave on surgeon's certificate granted Lieutenant Colonel Price, Sixth Cavalry, is extended eleven months.

The Commissary General of Substitutes in the annual report recommends the repealing of the laws requiring ten per cent. to be charged on officers and enlisted men in excess of original cost price on all subsistence stores sold them.

The Inspector General of the Army reports that the amount of work done by troops not military in its nature, such as building and driving teams, is considerable and causes much dissatisfaction and many desertions. It is suggested that the troops in the Indian country be collected in larger garrisons. He recommends the modification of existing laws so that soldiers may be employed as servants by officers, the officer to pay the soldier for such service and the soldier's army pay to revert to the government.

Colonel Otis, Twentieth Infantry, Major Upham, Fifth Cavalry, and Major Roland, Eighteenth Infantry, have been detailed for duty at the School of Instruction at Leavenworth.

Second Lieutenant Clay, Ninth Infantry, and Dodge, Twenty-fourth Infantry, ordered to report to the above named point for instruction. The following transfers have been ordered in the Sixth Cavalry: First Lieutenant West from Troop H to Troop I, Baird from Troop I to Troop B, and Scott from Troop B to Troop H.

In the Sixth Infantry: Second Lieutenant Byrne, Company C, and Second Lieutenant Tanner, Company E, exchange places.

Commander Howison has been ordered to command the *Minneapolis*. Passed-Assistant Surgeon Streeter, to special duty at Washington; Assistant Paymaster Carpenter, to duty in the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing; Lieutenant Commander Wilde, from the *Vandalia* and placed on waiting orders; Lieutenant Commander Mullan, from the *Adams* and placed on waiting orders; Master Bradley A. Fiske, from the *Saratoga* to the *Minnesota*; Midshipman Hood, from the *New Hampshire* to the *Brooklyn*; Commodore Cooper and Beaumont and Captain Badger, ordered to examination for promotion; Lieutenant Commander Leary, to the *Vandalia* as executive officer, and Midshipman Rush to the *Passaic*; Commodore Luce placed on waiting orders.

The following board will convene at the Navy Department on Tuesday for the examination of candidates for promotion: Rear Admirals Worden, Patterson and Howells. Also a board for the examination of pay officers, consisting of Pay Inspector Crosby and Paymaster Hoy. A retiring board will convene at Mare Island on November 23d, for the purpose of examining Lieutenant Commander Cheney.

A Strong-minded Lady.

The *St. James Gazette* prints the following reminiscence of indirect female suffrage three centuries ago: Jane Dorothy Pakington, a famous Buckinghamshire worthy, who owned the manor of Aylesbury in Queen Elizabeth's reign, ruled her voters with a rod of iron. To all intents and purposes she was the mother for her own borough, the burgesses she sent to Westminster being merely the spokesmen of her pleasure. This appears from a manifesto she issued after the coming of an "election" for Aylesbury was concerned in 1572. "To all Christian people to whom this present letter shall come," she writes, "I, Dorothy Pakington, lord and owner of the town of Aylesbury, send greeting. Know ye, we, the said Dame Dorothy Pakington, have chosen named and appointed my trusty and well beloved Thomas Lichfield and George Boreton, Esquires, to be my Burgesses of the said town of Aylesbury; and whatever the said Thomas and George Boreton, Esquires, shall do in the service of the Queen's Highness in that present Parliament to be holden at Westminster the 3d day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the said Dorothy Pakington, do ratify and approve to be my own act and wholly as if I were and might be there. In witness whereof this presents I have set my seal this 4th day of May, in the 14th year of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth.

The Holidays in Poetry and Prose.

Christmas Day.

The precise date of the institution of the Christmas festival is involved in obscurity. The origin of Christmas as a religious feast, is ascribed to the apostle Paul, and was celebrated by Pope Damasus, who died A. D. 186. It was at first the most movable of Christian festivals, and was driven away by his questioner, but when he found this subterfuge of no avail, he would yield to the demand.

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