Listowel Standard.

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ARCUND THE WORLD.

—A Hamilton lady who has just returned from Rome says the principal attractions are fleas, beggars, dirt and the ill-smelling Tiber.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says that the market in that city is glutted with wild duck of every kind and name. Single sportsmen bag eighty to a hundred a day, and unless the law steps in, there will in a few years be none left.

—A vessel recently arrived in London from the River Platte with 19,000 carcasses of sheep on board, which were brought over in a frozen state. They weighed on an average thirty-six pounds each, and fetched 4½d. per pound in the market. They sold as fast as possible.

—The exterior work on the new Eddystone lighthouse is about two-thirds done. Fifty-three courses of granite masonry, rising to the height of seventy feet above high water, have been laid, and thirty-six courses remain to be set. The old lighthouse has been already overtopped.

—At Windsor, on the 14th of April, the twenty-fourth birthday anniversary of Princess Beatrice was celebrated with the customary honors. In the early morning and at intervals during the day the bells of St. George's chapel and of St. John's church pealed merrily.

—The two colossal bronze sphinxes which are to be placed at the foot of Cleopatra's needle, on the Thames embankment, will be finished by August next. One of them is nearly complete already, and is the largest bronze casting in one piece ever made, weighing as it does about seven tons, and standing nine feet high.

—Wm. L. Black, on dying at Halifax, a year ago, left his entire estate, worth half a million to his widow, though it was known that he had at one time intended to cut her off with as little as possible. F. H. Baker claims to have effected the change of mind, and he now sues her for $100,000, the sum which he says she agreed to give him for his services if successful.

—The journal of the Society *Contre l' Abus du Tabac* contains a marvelous story, quoted from the *Courrier de l' Escaut* of a child of only three years of age, who, being recently admitted to a London hospital, was found to be suffering from paralysis caused by a habit of smoking continually. Unfortunately neither the name of the hospital nor that of the *fumeur precoce* is given.

—A remarkable death befell a little boy, seven years of age, at Lancaster, recently. He had been left in charge of two younger children, and to amuse themselves they began to play "horse." The poor boy would seem to have been "the leader," the rein being a silken scarf which was looped to his neck. The rein caught in a door handle and the little fellow was strangled.

—In a recent speech Mr. Johann Most, of the *Freiheit*, said that the time was past for theoretical socialism, and their duty now was to use every weapon, sword, dagger, poison, or bomb, to rid the earth of tyrants, whether these called themselves Kaiser, King, or President. "We hope and wish," he added, "that similar deeds (to the Czar's death) shall quickly follow both in Russia and all other lands."

—Five hundred acres of land around Yorktown have been purchased by the committee association formed to celebrate the centennial anniversary of Lord Cornwallis' surrender. The land will be beautifully laid off as a parade and camp ground for the French and American soldiers. The new buildings will be erected near the site of the village. Virginia is anticipating a lively celebration of this anniversary.

—The season has opened early in the Yosemite Valley, and already many tourists, including a party of seven Englishmen, have seen its wonders, enhanced by the foaming torrents of early spring. Numberless cascades, which will disappear later in the season now rush down the walls of the Valley, and wherever the water gives them half a chance are multitudes of the small white violets which the Indians call the "foot prints of Tissaac."

—The English census takers had some practical jokes played upon them. In a number of cases in London the husband returned the wife as the head of the family and himself as an idiot to marry her. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases. To put "temper" under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife was a frequent joke. Great persuasion was necessary to induce the ladies to state their ages

—It is believed that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the sum required for erecting in the dockyard church at Portsmouth two stained glass windows to the memory of the officers and crews of the training ships Eurydice and Atalanta; a precedent for such erections being the stained window in Westminster Abbey, and the brass tablets in St. Paul's Cathedral, commemorative of the loss of the officers and men of the equally unfortunate ship Captain.

—The London *Telegraph* says English farmers have by no means recovered as yet from the three bad harvests which preceded the only moderately good one of last year. If landlords had not remitted a great percentage of the ordinary rents, there is no doubt that our country districts would have suffered even more severely than they have done. As it is, report tells us that thousands of acres are lying unproductive, because without tenants, in various parts of England.

—The individual most strongly opposed to the French invasion of Tunis is Panariello, the Italian and Tunisian Consul at La Calle, who is the banker of the Kroumirs, and has the monopoly of the trade with them. He is the natural son of an Italian peddler an Arab woman. He began life very poor and is now enormously rich, and, naturally enough, objects to having his interests put in peril by a war. He has accordingly done all in his power to induce the Kroumirs to submit without resistance.

—A number of Liverpool opticians, cordial admirers of Mr. Gladstone, have manufactured for his especial use a masterpiece of their handicraft in the shape of a pair of spectacles. The difficulty of obtaining the Premier's true "sight" was overcome by obtaining private information as to the strength of the glasses which Mr. Gladstone has in ordinary use. It may be interesting to know that his sight is classed by these skilled opticians as remarkably young for his time of life.

—In Nottinghamshire is a parish called Lodge-on-the-Wolds, consisting of one house only and one family of brothers, named Fletcher. They make their own rate, and one is appointed parish constable, another overseer, and so on. They are continually quarreling, and were recently charged with having savagely assaulted one another. They used agricultural implements in the affray. The four brothers were sent to jail for two months for assaulting one another, so that the whole parish is in jail.

—A short time since the walls of London were placarded with posters, on which the words the "Doom of the Great City" were seen. After people had worried themselves about the meaning of this for a few weeks, it transpired that some one had written a pamphlet in which the wholesale destruction of the inhabitants of London by means of a fog was indicated. To satisfy the desire for sensation, a lady has just published the "Agony Column of the *Times* from 1800 to 1870," with an explanatory introduction.

—The Duchess of Edinburgh is said to have signalized her visit to her Russian home by a conspicuous art of mercy. She has interceded for the life of the Jewess, Hesse Helfmann, who was reprieved from hanging with the other Nihilist murderess on account of her being enceinte. The Czar, it is believed, will commute her sentence into one of perpetual banishment. No person is now allowed to enter or leave St. Petersburg without a carefully vised passport. No adult male Russian can leave the Empire without a statement of his intentions.

—Parisian duellists are causing no little perplexity to the Belgian police. Notwithstanding the forbearance of the Public Prosecutor in Paris, who appears resolved to not interfere when gentlemen choose to settle their differences with the sword, the seconds continue to date their bulletins from the Belgian frontier; Vincennes, Nogent and Gennevilliers become foreign soil. The police authorities of Tournay and Mons are embarrassed and call their agents and gendarmes to account. "Another duel has been fought on Belgian territory," they say, "and you saw nothing of it." We think right to reassure the Belgian magistrates when they read that a duel has been fought across their frontier it means at Asnieres, Epinay or St. Denis or some other of the environs of Paris.

—The death of Lord Beaconsfield leaves Mr. Gladstone the one living Englishman who has held the office of Prime Minister of England. Since 1702 only eight statesmen have occupied this position for a longer period than Mr. Gladstone, who has already held it six years and three months. Lord Godolphin held it for nine years (1702-11), Sir Robert Walpole for twenty-one years (1721-42), Lord North twelve years (1770-82), William Pit twenty years (1780 to 1801, 1804-6), Lord Liverpool twelve years (1812-24), Lord Melbourne six years and five months (1835-41), Lord Palmerston six years and four months (1858-65), and Lord Beaconsfield seven years.

—During the first week in April a man named Scipio Verturini shot himself through the head in the Milan Cathedral. He was carried to a hospital, where he died on the following morning. It was decided that the suicide had desecrated the sacred edifice, and the Archbishop gave orders that it should be closed and that all services should cease until it had been reconsecrated. The Tabernacle with the Host was carried out of the building, all the candles were extinguished, together with the perpetual light before the reserved Sacrament; all the altars were covered, and the huge building was left silent, empty and unused for twenty-four hours. On the following day the translation of the relics, after the rite of the Roman pontifical, took place, and the Archbishop of Milan, attended by the whole Chapter and a great crowd of the citizens, reconsecrated the Cathedral.

—Allegheny County, Penn., has nearly completed the payment of losses caused by the Pittsburg riots in 1877. Thus far claims amounting to about $2,750,000 have been liquidated, and bonds to the amount of $2,650,000 have been issued. It is thought that $45,000 will cover all the unsettled claims. The law provides that claimants must sue and get a verdict before they can recover, but in nearly every instance a compromise has been effected, and the Commissioners have agreed to a formal verdict for 74 per cent of the loss sustained. In this sensible way expensive litigation has been avoided, and losses by the riots have received prompt recompense instead of being compelled to wait upon the slow process of the courts. There have been only three real trials, all of which the Commissioners have won.

—A great number of roughs followed the procession of the Salvation Army in South London one Sunday lately. This was due to the appearance of the leading officers in uniform, part of which is a rifleman's shako inscribed "Blood and Fire," the collar of the coat being embroidered with the letter "S," symbolizing salvation, or saved. The mob who accompanied the army numbered nearly a thousand, and, it is stated, "joined uproariously in the hymn, 'The devil and me we can't agree,' at the same time hustling and assaulting respectable people in the street. The various meeting places were, as the army halted, immediately filled and "howls, shrieks, and prayers were strangely intermingled."

—Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, K. G., appeared on Friday evening to a circle of spiritualists in St. Louis. He did not, however, bring back "peace with honor" from the spirit land, for his entrance upon the scene was heralded by a tremendous hubbub, in the midst of which a heavy mahogany table jumped up and down in an apparent rage, and a piano sailed around the room. The noble lord desired his friends to be informed that he was "happy, so happy." He likewise improved the opportunity to get in a safe blow at his critics. Taking refuge behind the defense "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," he wrote on a slate: "Who are the critics? The men who have failed in literature and art;" and then, becoming a trifle mixed, he added: "Let those who blame me, who can do what I have done." Altogether, his lordship did not make a very creditable appearance, and it is to be hoped that he will seek an early opportunity to set himself right.

—The trial of a monk in the Province of Pultova for the murder of a brother monk throws a vivid light upon the morals of Russian monasteries, and particularly upon the monastery of Pereseloff. It was proved in the trial, which resulted in the sentence of the murderer to life-long imprisonment in the Siberian mines, that the brotherhood were in the habit of palming off upon the peasants at exorbitant prices, as relics of various saints, secondhand images which had been bought for a trifling sum at the Great Fair. Instead of using proper bread for the communion they employed the refuse from their own tables, and fabricated sacramental wine by mixing tea and vinegar. But these examples of fraud and poriousness fade into insignificance when compared with the drunkenness and debauchery which prevailed in the monastery. These disclosures have fortunately aroused a public opinion in Russia, which will not be satisfied, the *Goles* says, unless immediate action is taken to purify the monastic institutions of the Empire.

—Some alterations in the Infantry Drill-Book of the British army have just been made. The most important is the introduction of a new rule that mounted officers are "to dismount whenever the battalion comes within range of the enemy's rifles, their horses being kept in such a position that they may be available when required." The same rule is to apply to all general and staff officers, "except in those cases where it is absolutely necessary that orders should be conveyed by the latter with rapidity." Full instructions are given for the use of the whistle by infantry officers in the fighting line, and, of course, the all-important subject of "marching past" receives the necessary amount of attention. The ranks are to lock up, and the officers' salute with the sword is to be made in the old fashion, commencing with the extension of the right arm. This is certainly more graceful than the abrupt and angular "recover," introduced, if we recollect rightly, in 1870. A more important point is that in future 120 paces instead of 116 are to be taken on the march in "quick time," giving 96 yards 2 feet per minute, and 3 miles 750 yards in the hour.—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

—In Montreal are living two sisters who are actors in as singular a romance as was ever penned by novelist. They lost their husbands under very strange circumstances seventeen years ago. The elder of the two had been married about two years, when her husband conceived the idea of emigrating to Australia. He persuaded his only brother to accompany him. The latter had previously fallen in love with the youthful sister of his brother's wife; but, as they were too young to marry, their friends opposed the union. The young couple, however, had the knot tied on the very day the brothers took their departure for the antipodes. The young men sailed for England; but, after their departure from Montreal, their wives have never heard from or of them, although every possible inquiry that could be made has been instituted. The ladies, who move in good society and are well provided for, have not abandoned the hope of seeing their long lost husbands again. They have both had repeated and eligible offers of marriage; but they prefer to remain true and loyal to their first loves, although every one but the deserted wives themselves thinks their husbands are lost to them forever.

—Mr. Tuke, a well known writer on the Irish troubles, has sent a letter to the London *Times* in which he points out that the emigration from Ireland, which embraced 95,788 persons in 1880—a number only twice exceeded since 1851, is not of the kind most likely to benefit the island. Of the total number of emigrants of the last year 5,500 were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and 20,370 between twenty-five and thirty-five, or, in other words, seventy-six per cent. were in the flower of life. Nor is this all. While Connaught, where poverty is most rife, contributed 20,549, prosperous Ulster contributed 28,519; and, coming to the counties, although during last winter 60,000 persons in Donegal were in receipt of daily rations, only 3,400 emigrated during the year from that county. Mr. Tuke concludes that emigration needs to be guided by a judicious organization, that every possible facility ought to be given for emigration from the districts within "the belt of chronic poverty on the western shores of Ireland," and that the Government should largely contribute itself to assisting the people of these districts. From this end of the great thoroughfare between the Old World and the New this subject wears quite another aspect. The class of emigrants which this country does not want is precisely the class which Ireland would like to be rid of, and the honest and energetic men and women whom Ireland can ill spare are those who would receive a cordial welcome here. This country is now disposed to keep open house much longer for paupers and convicts.

—"Now, Sammy, have you heard the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

THE FLYING SHIP.

A Continuation of the Narrative by Jules Verne of the "Journey to the Center of the Earth."

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CHAPTER I.—THE EXPERIMENT.

After our return from our journey to the center of the earth, my uncle, Professor Hardwigg, my dear wife Gretchen, and I passed several years of unalloyed happiness in the old house on the Kœnigstrasse in Hamburg. My uncle was in communication with learned men in every quarter of the globe; and his correspondence gave continuous employment to four amanuenses, who wrote the letters in shorthand from the Professor's dictation and copied them at their leisure. One of these writers wrote in German, one in French, one in English and the other in Latin. Occasional letters from savants, who wrote in Japanese, Malay, Pali, Choctaw, and the idiom of the United States of North America, my uncle was obliged to write with his own hand.

He was made an honorary member of almost every scientific, historical, phisophical, geographical and literary society in the world. The degree of Doctor of Civil Laws was conferred upon him by Oxford University; that of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon me by Yale University in the State of Cincinnati in America; Gretchen was made a Bachelor of Arts by Cornell University in the Province of Poughkeepsie in Canada; and Martha, the cook, was elected an honorary member of the Waterdown Literary Association, with privileges of the library, but without the right to vote

During these years the Professor wrote and published his great work in support of the theory that our world was originally formed and is still rapidly growing by meteoric accretion; demonstrating that its growth is much more rapid than that of any other of the planets of our system or even of the sun; that this increment must go on in an ever-increasing ratio until the earth shall become the center of our system, when its temperature will be raised by the impact of falling bodies so that it will be the source of light and heat to the whole system as the sun is now—the latter becoming habitable and passing through the various changes our earth has already undergone.

My own thoughts were directed towards the study of metallurgy and of the laws of attraction and gravitation. In these branches of investigation I was so fortunate as to make some valuable and interesting discoveries in metallurgy. I began by reflecting upon the well known law that alloys are generally harder and more tenacious than either of their components, while they melt at a lower temperature than either.

One of the hardest and cheapest, the most tenacious and vastly the most useful of all metals is iron. Now, I said, let me combine iron with some softer metal, and the alloy thus produced will excel iron in toughness and hardness as bronze does the copper or tin of which it is composed.

But the experiment had been tried hundreds of times, and always without success.

Why?

After much thought, I decided the reason for this continuous failure to be that the magnetic conditions of the two metals sought to be amalgamated were not brought into harmony with each other—that the union was mechanical merely, and not chemical. Amalgamation can take place only when the substances sought to be fused are in arithmetical proportion to each other. After much study and chemical analysis of various metals I resumed practical experiments; but still without success. The combinations were such as should insure transfusion, but the substances would not unite.

In the course of my experiments I tried to combine with the iron various softer metals, tin, lead, copper, zinc, silver, gold, platinum, aluminium and others. The iron, too, was of different qualities and from different countries—specular and magnetic ores from Russia and Sweden and several grades from England. At one time success seemed about to crown my efforts when melting some of the finest Low Moor English iron with aluminium, but it was still only apparent, a chemical union did not take place. I had even sent to New Zealand for some of the metallic sand found on the shore of one of those islands; but before it reached me my thoughts were diverted into a new channel.

One evening after dinner I sat disappointed and moody in my uncle's study, discouraged at the failure of all my experiments. Gretchen was sewing on a small white garment whose possible uses I could not divine, and softly singing to herself a low, sweet song, though why she should sing that I could not imagine. The Professor was busy on that chapter of his work which demonstrates that the meteoric masses floating through interplanetary space, sustain a repellant magnetic relations to the exterior planets and pass them by while attracted by the superior magnetic power of our earth, with which they are in sympathy. I was not sorry to have my gloomy thoughts diverted from their absorbing theme by being asked to assist my uncle in some experiments with the Leyden jar, the Voltaic pile, the Bunsen battery, and the electro magnet, to demonstrate the truth of his hypothesis.

The experiments concluded, I sat toying abstractedly with the apparatus, amused in a childish way with familiar and simple experiments; attracting a ball of pith with the positive pole of a magnet, till they came in contact, when the ball would suddenly be repelled by the same pole which a moment before attracted it.

I reflected that the attraction of cohesion and all harmonious chemical relations depend upon various magnetic conditions.

"Then," I thought, "if I can establish harmonious magnetic conditions between iron and any other metal, I can combine those metals in fusion.

"The reason why all attempts to combine iron with any other metal have failed, is that the greater electrical receptivity of the iron has prevented the establishing of harmonious relations necessary to union."

For three days I carefully studied the problem thus presented to me.

I reasoned thus:

Heat, electricity, light, power and motion are convertible terms.

When man thoroughly understands their properties, and is able at will to convert the one into the other, he will be able to effect all chemical and material changes and combinations.

At present man is ignorant of very many of the laws governing the respective substances or conditions named.

My immediate object is to utilize two of them—heat and electricity—for a single purpose, the fusion of iron and aluminium.

I already possessed, in a detached building in the rear of our residence, ample machinery for the application of heat—a well constructed furnace of fire brick, into which was set a crucible of graphite or plumbago. This I could heat to almost any degree.

I now resolved to attach to it a powerful battery, deriving its power from a steam engine, and reinforced by immense induction coils.

The heat would melt the metals sought to be combined. The iron would take up the greater amount of electricity, and so bring it into a proper state to combine chemically with the aluminium.

But how was I to inject into the crucible a sufficient stream of electricity?

The volume of the electric current depends not upon the body of the conductor but upon the extent of its surface.

Of course, a sufficient supply is required to begin with.

I, therefore, constructed a very powerful Brush electric machine. To this was attached a series of tubes, one within the other. The current would flow along both the outer and inner surface of each tube.

The tubes were connected with the crucible, so that the whole volume of electricity would be discharged into the contents of the crucible.

If my reasoning was correct, the iron and aluminium would then perfectly unite, forming an alloy as hard as diamond and eight times more tenacious than the toughest steel.

About three weeks were consumed in making preparations for my crucial experiment; and, at length, all things being in readiness, I repaired to the building in which my work was carried on.

I chose the night for my labor, as being then less exposed to interruption; and, having carefully locked the door, I placed the iron and aluminium in the crucible, ignited the fuel, started the draft, and prepared the battery for work.

The metals were in bars about half an inch thick, an inch wide and a foot long. The proportions were three parts of iron to one of aluminium.

The crucible was set into the furnace and covered by a lid composed of plumbago, into which ran the tubes from the battery. These were so arranged that the cover could be moved at pleasure.

By means of a powerful blast I secured a most intense heat. In about two hours, the furnace and the crucible itself were glowing with unbearable heat; and the whole building was like a furnace.

I raised the cover a trifle, but the light from the glowing mass was so great as almost to blind me. I had prepared for this by providing colored glasses through which to observe the incandescent metal. I was forced to wear a mask and to cover myself with wet cloths as a protection against the intense heat.

At length I saw that the aluminium was melting and running together at the bottom of the crucible.

The iron, at a white heat, was beginning to assume the fluid state.

The moment had come.

The great electric machine filled the place with stifling fumes.

I turned a lever and attached the connecting tubes to the induction coils.

In an instant the whole place was flooded with an intense radiance sufficient to blast the strongest sight that dared to meet it.

Protected by my colored glasses, I raised the cover of the crucible and looked in. The ends of the copper tubes were dropping balls of liquid fire into the seething mass below.

The next instant the cover was shattered into atoms. A ball of fire, brighter than the sun at noon day, rose from the crucible, and with a clap like thunder, dashed through the roof of the building, and I fell insensible to the earth.

I recovered consciousness in a few moments to hear my uncle battering at the door with an axe and to see the whole building in flames. The Professor quickly dragged me from my perilous position.

Gretchen put her head out of the window and screamed "Fire!"

The cook quietly walked into the street and informed the watchman that the house was on fire.

The watchman repaired to the station and reported to the sergeant that the house of Professor von Hardwigg in the Kœigstrasse was on fire.

The sergeant went to the house of the captain, woke him and reported that the house of Professor von Hardwigg in the Kœigstrasse was on fire.

The captain rose and dressed himself, went to the house of the town major, woke him and reported that the house of Professor von Hardwigg in the Kœigstrasse was on fire.

The town major rose and dressed himself, went to the house of the mayor, woke him and reported that the house of Professor von Hardwigg in the Kœigstrasse was on fire.

The mayor rose and dressed himself, went to his office and wrote the proper order for the fire engine to be turned out to extinguish the fire in the house of Professor von Hardwigg in the Kœigstrasse.

The town major went to his office, filed the mayor's order and issued another to the captain. This the captain filed at the police station and issued another to the sergeant. The sergeant filed that in his turn and issued another to the official in charge of the fire engine which he sent by the hand of a policeman. Upon its receipt the engineer dressed himself, called up his men, and proceeded with the engine to the Kœigstrasse.

In the meantime my uncle had dragged me into the house and Gretchen had run for the doctor.

The neighbors had collected, and finding the building nearly consumed, had confined their exertions to keeping the flames from spreading, which was easily done.

The doctor pronounced that I had sustained no serious injury, gave me a soothing draft and ordered me to bed.

I was just falling asleep when I heard an enormous clatter in the street. It came in front of the house. A loud, imperious voice cried, "Halt!" A footstep ascended to our door, and the knocker echoed like thunder through the house.

The Professor put his head out of the window and angrily asked:

"Who is there?"

A voice replied: "Does Professor von Hardwigg live here?"

"Yes."

"Then I want to put out the fire."

"You idiot," cried the Professor, "there is no fire—the fire has been out an hour!"

"Gott im himmel!" said the engineer, "that fool of a watchman told me the house of Professor von Hardwigg was on fire. I will report him to the Mayor in the morning."

CHAPTER II.—THE WONDERFUL METEORITE.

When I awoke my head was in a most disturbed state, and I could not for some time remember exactly what had taken place. One thing that I thought I had seen was quite incredible, and I endeavored to thrust the idea from my mind as absurd. But it returned in spite of my efforts, and I dressed myself, resolved to set that matter at least at rest for ever.

I soon reached the site of my late workshop. Partially consumed timbers were scattered around in confusion, intermingled with stones cracked by the heat, pieces of bent iron, and the twisted and broken remains of the battery and its tubes. The brick furnace was uninjured and the crucible was whole.

But, could I believe my eyes?—there was not an atom of metal in it.

I looked around in every direction, but could find no trace of it—not a vestige. It had disappeared as absolutely as though it had never existed. In vain I endeavored to account for its disappearance; all my speculations were unsatisfactory. If an electric explosion had shattered it, the flying jets of molten metal would infallibly have burned me as well as the building, and hardened portions would be found in various directions. If it had simply been spilled out the crucible would have been upset and the furnace broken down, while the metal would be on the ground. I could not conceive that it had been volatilized into gas, and passed off into the air. That supposition seemed absurd.

Again, the bright globe of fire which I saw ascending through the roof. What was it, and by what power did ascend? I could not answer; the whole affair was utterly inexplicable.

I could not shake off the thought of my failure, though I strove to do so. I endeavored to think of other things; engaged in my favorite geological studies; and sought to assist the Professor in his work. It was all of no use. My mind would return to the one subject of absorbing interest, but always without any satisfactory result. At times I thought I would try the experiment again; but always a sort of superstitious terror quite foreign to my nature deterred me.

In this manner several weeks passed, when one morning the Professor suddenly looked up from his correspondence, saying:

"Harry, my boy, how would you like to go to America?"

"The very thing," I cried.

I meant that it would be the very thing to turn my thoughts into new channels of speculation and keep me from brooding upon one absorbing theme.

"A most wonderful meteor," said the Professor has fallen in the city of Evanston, in the State of Chicago, which I must see. My friend, Professor Smith, an engineer of great learning, and an honorary member of a scientific body, known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, writes me a description of it, which is so wonderful that nothing short of a personal examination will satisfy my curiosity. Pack up, my lad. The steamer Borussia sails at four o'clock, it is now fifteen minutes past ten. Five hours and three quarters in which to get ready."

* * * *

The incidents of all transatlantic voyages are so nearly alike that it would be but repetition of an oft told tale were I to give the details of our journey to New York by sea, and by railway to Evanston.

My uncle, I regret to be compelled to say, is a poor sailor. The perils of the deep have no terrors for him, but its ups and downs afflicted him sorely; in other words the *mal de mer* confined him to his stateroom during the whole of the voyage. As for myself, accustomed to water from my youth, I braved the heaving billows from the first. When I was able to see much of my fellow passengers, I noticed that while the most of them were of the ordinary classes—commercial men traveling on business, emigrants seeking a home in the western world, and American tourists returning home after "doing" Europe—there was a distinct class, baldheaded, high browed, spectacled men, who gathered in groups, always talked vehemently, and always disagreed. At last, by overhearing fragments of conversation, I learned that these were scientific men, professors in colleges, mineralogists, geologists, astronomers, and meteorologists—German, French, Italian and English—all hastening to Evanston to examine the wonderful meteor which had fallen there.

Introducing myself to some of these gentlemen, I was cordially received by them—indeed somewhat lionized by them—when they learned that I was the nephew of Professor von Hardwigg and his companion on his wonderful journey to the center of the earth.

The meteor was the only topic of discussion among them, and I soon learned that the vast interest attaching to it centered in two principal facts: First, it exhibited undoubted marks of human workmanship; and, second, that there was little reason to doubt that alphabetical characters were stamped or engraved upon portions of it. It had been carefully preserved intact, just as it fell, but had been photographed and sketched in every possible position; its weight, density and shape had been accurately determined, and it had then been carefully locked up in a glass case awaiting the arrival of the scientific men who had been called from all quarters of the globe to hold an inquest—so to speak—upon this heavenly visitant.

Another incident of the voyage I may mention. Gretchen, though suffering little from sea-sickness, persistently kept her berth, and seemed in very low spirits throughout the voyage.

On the twelfth day after leaving Hamburg we reached New York, and two days later we registered our names at the hotel de Johnson in Evanston.

The meteor, inclosed in its glass case, had been removed to the Baptist church, where it was exhibited to all comers at twenty-five cents a head. It was impossible for us to get a view of it then, and notwithstanding my uncle's impatience we were compelled to defer our first examination till the following morning when the public would be excluded and the scientific gentlemen would be able to pursue their examination in quiet.

The health of my dear Gretchen had given me some uneasiness for several days, and when the time came for our first visit to the meteor I hesitated about leaving her in the hands of strangers at the hotel, but she insisted upon my going, assuring me that nothing serious ailed her.

Arrived at the church, we experienced considerable delay in consequence of the pressure of the public to get in, but at last all preparations were made, and we were about to enter when a messenger touched me upon the arm and informed me that Gretchen had just given birth to a bouncing boy.

Science must at times give way to nature. I at once returned to the hotel and was rejoiced to learn that in the hands of a skillful physician Gretchen was quite comfortable, while the boy was already indulging himself in the exercise of a pair of decidedly healthy lungs.

In the nature of things I could not leave Gretchen that afternoon. At dinner time my uncle returned.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Wonderful! Nothing like it has been seen before since the world was made."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so," I exclaimed, taking the Professor's hand. Who now could accuse him of wanting natural feeling? "And though it may be a little early to say so, I cannot help thinking it resembles you."

"Resembles me!" said the Professor with a vacant look. "What nonsense! But it will be matter for several days' study."

"The study of a life time," I returned, "and I am sure my kind uncle will assist in forming its mind."

"What in the world are you talking of?" said my uncle.

"Of the baby, of course."

"Baby!" said my uncle. "I am talking of the meteor."

In the evening a public meeting was held in the church, which was crowded with auditors at a dollar a head. The Honorable Epaminondas Lysander Buggins occupied the chair, two hundred vice presidents were chosen, and one secretary from each of the United States. The visiting scientists, several members of Congress, the mayor of the city and a number of clergymen had seats on the platform. The pulpit had been removed, and in its place stood the glass case containing the meteorite.

The proceedings had begun when I entered the church, and I obtained a place at all only because I was recognized as "the nephew of my uncle," who had just risen to read his carefully prepared description of the meteorite at the instant I was crowded into a seat on the edge of the platform.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUINCE-SEED CURLS

Every one knows that the little loops and curls of hair which lie flatly down against the forehead of the girl of our species do not thus maintain themselves naturally, and nearly every one one who has had the curiosity to ask about it knows now that the gum of the quince seed is employed to make these curls "stay put." The quince seed gum has peculiar properties which make it suitable above every other article for the purpose. It would even hold smoothly down the quills of the fretful porcupine. An ounce of quince seed contains albuminous gum enough for innumerable bangs. Three years or more ago, before the bang had assumed its sway, an ounce of quince seeds could be bought for five cents, or a pound, which would supply the requirements of a large family of girls for a year or more, could be had for forty-five cents. Five pounds was the ordinary stock which a dealer in drugs kept on hand, and there was almost no demand at all for the seeds. They are imported chiefly from Russia, and not over 500 pounds in a year were in those happy days brought to this country. As the present whim in hair dressing became more popular, the demand for quince seed quickly improved, until at present the stock in the market is almost exhausted, probably not over 100 pounds being distributed among the drug dealers of New York. Now nearly 10,000 pounds are imported in a year, and the price is from $3.50 to $4 a pound. A wholesale dealer said yesterday:

"We could sell all we could get of it, if it was to be had at all. We have not over ten pounds in stock now, and can't get more. The agents in Europe have secured the market and got about all the seed there is to get, I think."

Bandoline, which contains gum tragacanth and glycerine, is much used because of its greater cheapness, but quince seed mucilage is considered better for bangs.

HIS MODESTY.

The other night a policeman observed a man hanging around the entrance to a Michigan avenue hall in a queer sort of way, and he asked him if he belonged to the order then in session up stairs. The man replied that he did, and the officer inquired:

"Then why don't you go up?"

"Well, I was thinking of it."

"Haven't been expelled, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"Aren't afraid of anybody?"

"No."

"And you haven't lost your interest?"

"I might as well tell you," said the man, after beating around a while longer. "I went down to Toledo a few days ago, and somehow the story came back here that I was drowned. My lodge thereupon passed resolutions to the effect that I was honest, upright and liberal, and a shining ornament, and that what was its loss was my gain. I wasn't drowned, as you see, but I kind o' hate to walk in on 'em and bust those resolutions. I've tried it three times, and I can't get higher up than the fifth stair before I weaken."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GREAT NEWSPAPER.

How Modern Journalism Enlightens, Conserves and purifies Society.

In an address before the Brooklyn Presbytery Rev. J. M. Sherwood said:

"It is well to bear in mind that the religious weekly is no longer the sole or chief paper that is read by ministers and church members. The daily secular press has invaded the field, and is already omnipresent, and almost supreme as an educational power, not only in the State but in the Church, and, for the most part it is characterized by greater enterprise and independence, greater breadth of view and freedom of criticism in every department of thought and life, than we find in our church journals. Hence, the religious weekly of to-day, as every man of discernment and broad observation knows, is not the power it once was; its opinions have little weight; its policy and principles scarcely affect the religious thought and life of to-day, while the daily secular press is fast taking its place, and gaining the ears and hearts of the people, and making its way into every household every day of the week, not excepting even the Sabbath; full of information, ready in discussion; fearless, almost unbridled in criticism, reviewing every current question and phase of life, secular, social, political and religious, thereby educating and controlling the great world by its potent forces and imperiling the very existence of our comparatively feeble and shackled religious weeklies. The change is as marvelous as it is sudden. It was easy to philosophize upon the causes which have produced it, but it is impossible to forecast the effects of it on the religious sentiments and character of the next generation. The fact, however, suggests tremendous possibilities."

Nearly all the great dailies in this country now publish Sunday editions, containing not only the current news, but original and selected matters bearing upon all the leading topics of the time. These topics, sacred or secular, are discussed from the journalistic or popular standpoint. The discussion is not always profound, and necessarily cannot be exhaustive; but it is intended to be, and generally is, bright, forcible, intelligible and impartial. It is not for the highly educated few, but the moderately educated many, and its brevity and cleverness commend it to them as mere length and learning would utterly fail to do. The consequence is that nine tenths of what the people know concerning the most interesting and important questions of the day is derived from this source. A great newspaper nowadays represents great capital. Its proprietors, setting principle aside altogether, cannot afford to weaken any of the healthy restraints which wisdom and experience have imposed upon society. They have their all at stake upon the public peace and prosperity, and those cannot exist when the restraints are removed.

On the other hand, as history proves that the gravest danger to society lies in the ignorance of the many—making them the willing tools of the few—the popular education which modern journalism provides is a protection to the social structure. It strengthens its weakest point, the foundation, by rendering perilous popular delusions, if not impossible, at least short lived. It teaches the people not only to do their own thinking, but to stand guard over themselves. It is at once "guide, philosopher and friend," and may be safely trusted in the most critical emergency.

Modern journalism is not faultless by any means, but its faults are of the head rather than the heart, and seldom very serious. If the fault finder would only search for and point out the merits they might help to cure much of which they complain.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A BATTLE WITH MONKEYS.

A correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* gives the following graphic account of a fight with monkeys. A vessel was anchored off Columbo, on the southwestern side of the island. On Sunday the men asked permission to take the boat and go on shore, and their request was granted, the captain sending the second mate with them "to look after things." They pulled around into a little inlet below the city and landed. For a wonder they did not care about visiting the town, but preferred a stroll in the woods, which upon this morning appeared to be entirely deserted. About a quarter of a mile from where they left the boat, one of the party spied a very young monkey lying at the foot of a tree. This was too much of a prize for Jack to pass by. Though warned by the second mate not to disturb the infant protege of Darwin, they seized the little fellow and essayed to bear him off in triumph. Hot upon young Jocko rushed a multitude of yells that caused the forest in the midst of which they were wandering to re-echo for many rods around. If the sailers thought themselves to be the only occupants of the wood they were speedily undeceived, for scarcely a moment had elapsed since the utterance of the first cry by their little prisoner before every tree swarmed with indignant members of the monkey tribe. They ran along the branches over the heads of the wanton disturbers of their peace, chattering and screaming and only waiting an opportunity to wreak summary vengeance upon the kidnappers. An order from the officer to make for the boat was promptly obeyed. When the monkeys saw their enemy on a full retreat they formed in a solid body and followed hurriedly in their wake. Sticks, stones and every available missile were hurled furiously at the heads of the flying sailors. In vain did they drop their prize, hoping that it might pacify their enraged pursuers. It was not so; only one dropped out of the ranks, to gather up in its hairy embrace the unoffending object of the fray; while the others rushed on more frantically than ever. Reaching the boat, they had not time to jump in, but shoved her off from the shore, clinging to the gunwales, and crawling in only when some distance had been placed between them and their implacable foe. When they had arrived at a safe place to lie they rested on their oars and curiously scanned the infuriated army on the beach. There appeared to be thousands of them, running up and down in wild confusion, and hurling stones far out into the water in the direction of the boat. Nor did the sailors get off scot free, for there was not one among them but what had received some injury at the hands, or rather paws of this army of monkeys.

A PIE-EATING MATCH

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Among the interesting features of a benefit performance given in the National Theater was a pie-eating match, the prizes awarded the greatest cormorants being a silver watch and a gold ring. Six boys appeared on the stage to compete for the ring, and before each of these youthful gluttons was a stool on which reposed a stack of dried apple pies. Five minutes was the time set for the first match, and the lad who devoured the greatest number of pies was the winner. The word was given, and in an instant the jaws of each competitor began operating on a pie. Charles Brophy, of Camden, finished his first pie in exactly three-quarters of a minute, but there his appetite failed him. Tommy Abner, of Philadelphia, swallowed his first pie after his four rivals, but he was more methodical, and before his swifter rivals devoured their second sandwich of dough and apples Tommy caught and passed them. The others, with the exception of the representative from New Jersey, lost heart when Abner passed them, but Brophy worked steadily until the judge announced that the time was up, and amid the plaudits of the spectators awarded the ring to Abner, who had swallowed five pies and a half in five minutes. Eleven young men, who stood in line at the rear of the stage while the youngsters were eating, now came forward to contest for the watch. Each of the eaters was given a monster pie, fifteen inches in diameter and two inches thick, and the victor was to be he who succeeded in bolting his pie first. George Wright, a dyspeptic-looking individual, the projection of whose lower jaw gave him a leverage which proved extremely disastrous to the pie, gulped his down in one minute and five seconds, or before the others were well started.

—The Rev. Joseph Blum, a Jewish rab