

tries, etc., and even partial plans of the largest cities are shown. The building which encloses the globe is a twelve-sided iron and glass structure surmounted by a dome. To examine it one must ascend to the top of the building and pass down and around upon a platform which winds and descends to the ground floor. The impression given as to the relative distances and extents of surfaces, while of course quite accurate, is an astonishing experience to all whose studies of geography have been carried on in the ordinary way.—*Washington Post.*

## A PIRATE BETRAYED.

A PROMINENT pirate of the seventeenth century was Captain Charles Vane, the details of whose career would, however, read much like some already given in the lives of earlier freebooters. One incident at the end of his life is presented, to show how much distrust often existed among the pirates themselves. Vane was at last wrecked on a small uninhabited island near the Bay of Honduras; his vessel was completely lost and most of his men drowned. He resided there some weeks, being reduced to great straits. While Vane was upon this Island a ship put in there from Jamaica for water, the captain of which, one Holford, an old pirate, happened to be an acquaintance of Vane's. He thought this a good opportunity to get off, and accordingly applied to his friend; but Holford absolutely refused him, saying to him, "Charles, I can't trust you on board my ship unless I carry you as a prisoner, for I shall have you caballing with my men, knocking me on the head, and running away with my ship pirating." Vane made all the protestations of honour in the world to him; but it seems Captain Holford was too intimately acquainted with him to place any confidence in his words or oaths. He told him he might easily get off if he had a mind to. "I am going down the bay," said he, "and shall return hither in about a month; and if I find you upon the island when I come back, I will carry you to Jamaica and there hang you!" "How can I get away?" answered Vane. "Are there not fishermen's dories upon the beach? Can't you take one of them?" replied Holford. "What!" replied Vane; "would you have me steal a dory, then?" "Do you make it a matter of conscience," replied Holford, "to steal a dory, when you have been a common robber and pirate, stealing ships and cargoes, and plundering all mankind that fell in your way? Stay here if you are so squeamish;" and he left him to consider the matter. After Captain Holford's departure another ship put into the small island, on her way home, for some water. None of the company knowing Vane, he easily passed his examination, and so was shipped for the voyage. One would be apt to think that Vane was now pretty safe, and likely to escape the fate which his crimes had merited; but here a cross accident happened which ruined all. Holford, returning from the bay, was met by this ship, and the captains being very well acquainted with each other, Holford was invited to dine aboard, which he did. As he passed along to the cabin he chanced to cast his eye down in the hold, and there he saw Charles Vane at work. He immediately spoke to the captain, saying, "Do you know whom you have aboard there?" "Why," said he, "I shipped the man the other day at an island where he had been cast away, and he seems to be a brisk hand." "I tell you," replied Captain Holford, "it is Vane, the notorious pirate." "If it be he," replied the other, "I won't keep him." "Why, then," said Holford, "I'll send and take him aboard, and surrender him at Jamaica." This being settled, Captain Holford, as soon as he returned to his ship, sent his mate armed, to Vane, who had his pistol ready cocked, and told him he was his prisoner. No man daring to make opposition, he was brought aboard and put into irons; and when Captain Holford arrived at Jamaica he delivered up his old acquaintance to justice, at which place he was tried, convicted, and executed, as was some time before Vane's companion, Robert Deal, who was brought thither by one of the men-of-war. "It is clear," says the original narrator, "from this how little ancient friendship will avail a great villain when he is deprived of the power that had before supported and rendered him formidable."—*The Sea, its Starring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism (Cassell & Co.).*

## THE EXTINCTION OF LEISURE.

SOME day there will come to this time-begrudging, routine-ridden, alwas living-in-the-future nation of ours a revival of leisure; but it will not be during the lifetime of the present generation. Until our wonderful estate is sufficiently impoverished to work a diminishment of credit—that "spring-board from whence so much of our civilization vaults and turns its somersaults"—the fever for sudden riches, for artificial diversions, for luxurious living, and for lavish display will distemper our blood as it has for the last thirty years. When all our prairies have been exhausted, all our forests felled, and all our cattle ranches inhabited; when all our railways have been built and all our mines discovered; when there is nothing left for us to rob—then we must needs begin to recuperate our patrimony, unless we seek a new continent to strip. The nourishing and restoring of an estate begets a different character from that which is begotten by the consuming of it. It develops fortitude in men, throws them perpetually upon their own resources, and forces them to think whether they will or no. It drives them back to the earth, for simplicity and economy, and—leisure, for it is in the nature of man, as of certain of the lower animals, to be impelled by contraries. As long as the bounty of nature

invites us to leisure, we despise it; when the poverty of nature appears to deny us leisure, we appreciate it and possess more of it. The perpetual accretion among us of enormous private fortunes is the greatest discourager of leisure. Such magical success, with its accompanying ostentation and extravagance, fires the imaginations of men, and raises the ideal of fortune and of expenditure continually higher, so that we wear ourselves out in getting ready to live. A generation or two will distribute most of these phenomenal fortunes, as well as introduce the leaven of refinement among those to whom they descend. Nothing so effectually destroys the desire to obtain wealth as the inherited possession of wealth. When a well-to-do family becomes impoverished, its members are less likely to expend themselves wholly in money-getting than are those reared in parsimony or indigence. Education and refinement distract a man's powers from the getting of gain, so often to the ignorant and the refined the only resource. They teach men how much there is in the world which cannot be bought, and that too little causes no more unhappiness than too much. Choose whichever you will—the struggle to have, or the struggle to do without—there is escape from neither, and both are pain. They are but acute and chronic forms of the same disease. But the man who strives to do without has this inestimable advantage over the man who strives to have—the gods fight upon his side. If he is defeated, it is always his own fault; and if he wins, nothing can deprive him of his winnings. "He that lives according to reason shall never be poor, and he that governs his life by opinion shall never be rich; nature is limited, but fancy is boundless."—*Alfred H. Peters, in The Forum.*

## HOW HISTORY IS MADE.

A STORY is told of one who on a steamer one night was singing to a group upon the deck, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." A stranger in the company was attracted by some peculiar intonation of the singer, and suddenly springing up, said to him: "Sir, were you in the army during the late war?" "Yes," replied he. "Do you remember singing that hymn one night on the Potomac?" "Yes, one night I was sadly depressed as I was out alone on picket duty, and to cheer myself I sang this sweet, old hymn." "I," said the stranger, "was then in the Confederate army. The night was dark, and I came very near the Union lines, within easy range of a Union soldier. I lifted my gun to fire, when I heard him sing, 'Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.' I dropped my gun, and your life was saved."—*The Church Papers, passim.*

Some journalistic Jeremiah was lately bewailing, upon the housetops of San Francisco, the degeneracy of a century which was nearing its end without producing any truly great and original poem, play, picture, sculpture, or other work of the intellect, but was content to occupy itself with repeated threshings of a few ears of wheat, filched from the garner of preceding ages. Filled with indignation at what seemed to me a case of gross carelessness or blindness, I was about to echo in these columns the names of a few of the men of this century who have lit tapers that are destined to burn as long as any light of intelligence illumines the earth, when I became interested in an article in the *Church Guardian*, describing the peculiar and powerful inspiration under which Charles Wesley composed that famous hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," the more so because the account supplied an excellent illustration of something that I had intended to advance on the question of strength and originality in intellectual work. The article went on to give examples of the influence of the hymn under various circumstances connected with the singing of it, and one example described the emotion that took possession of an ex-Confederate soldier on a Potomac river excursion steamer in recognizing in the person of another excursionist, who was singing the hymn to the accompaniment of the saloon piano, a Federal soldier whom he had been about to shoot on the picket line many years before, when his murderous purpose was arrested by the circumstance of his intended victim's starting up the same hymn, in a peculiarly tender and touching manner, while walking his lonely beat. Mutual explanations followed (on the steamer, not the picket line), and the curtain was lowered on an effective tableau. My own emotions, however, outvalled those of either of the pair of veterans on the Potomac excursion, for I recognized in the yarn a modernization and elaboration of a fanciful production of my own published in the *Washington Chronicle* a few years after the close of the rebellion, under the title, "A Little Story of the Great War," and which by reason of the pathos of its subject, gained a wide circulation at the time in the clippings of the press. I have no reason to believe that the Confederate and Federal soldier told of in the *Church Guardian* ever had an existence outside of my own brain, and I am about ready to join the Jeremiah of San Francisco, who weeps at the flat, stale, and hashed-up character of nineteenth century literature.—*"Auditus," in Printers' Ink.*

[The above extracts from our exchanges indicate the mode in which much that eventually passes for history is made. The author of the little romance that shows such vitality is the Washington correspondent of THE WEEK.]

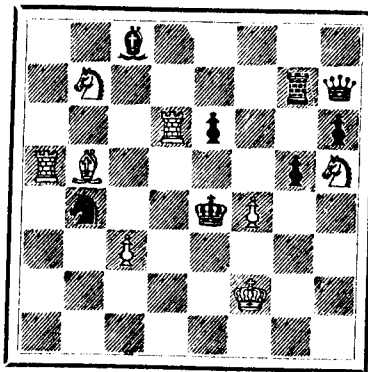
THE following statement of averages represents fairly what it costs to run a locomotive under ordinary conditions: Averages—Number of miles run to pint of oil, 15.32; number of miles run to a ton of coal, 46.17; number of pounds of coal per mile run, 48.62; number of pints of oil per mile run, 0.06.

## CHESS.

## PROBLEM No. 385.

By DR. GOLD, Vienna.

BLACK.



WHITE.

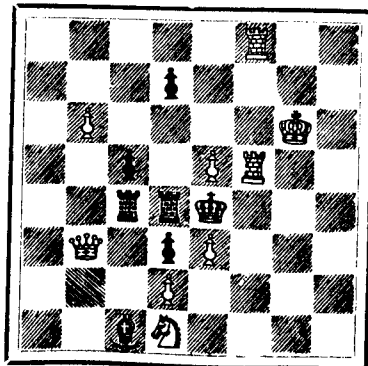
White to play and mate in two moves.

## PROBLEM No. 386.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

From *Sporting News*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 379.

White.

1. Kt-B5
2. Q-KB4
3. Q x B P mate

Black.

- K x Kt
- K x Kt

No. 380.

R-Kt7

## GAME PLAYED IN THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS BETWEEN MESSRS. JUDD AND BLACKBURNE.

From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.

MR. JUDD.	MR. BLACKBURNE.	MR. JUDD.	MR. BLACKBURNE.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-K4	18. B-Q2	P-Q5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	19. Kt-B1	Q-R-K1
3. Kt-B3	P-Q3	20. P-QKt3	B-Q4
4. P-Q4	P x P	21. Kt-Kt3	R-K3
5. Kt x P	B-K2	22. Q-R5	Q x Q (a)
6. B-Q3	Kt-QB3	23. R x Q	Kt-Kt5
7. Kt x Kt	P x Kt	24. R x B P	K-R-K1
8. Castles	Castles	25. K-Kt1	P-Kt3
9. P-B4	P-Q4	26. R-Kt5	Kt-R3
10. P-K5	B-B4+	27. Kt-K2	Kt-B2
11. K-R1	Kt-Kt5	28. R-Kt4	Kt-R3
12. Q-K1	P-B4	29. R-R4	K-Kt2 (b)
13. Kt-Q1	B-K3	30. R x Kt	B-Kt5
14. Kt-K3	Kt-R3	31. R x R P+	K x R
15. R-B3	K-R1	32. B x B	R-QKt1
16. R-R3	Q-K1	33. B-QB5	and Black resigns.
17. Q-K2	Q-B2		

## NOTES.

- (a) A well-played game on both sides up to this move; Mr. Blackburne admits it cost him the game.  
(b) An astonishing blunder for a player of Mr. Blackburne's experience.

## TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

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