The Pit of Allachy.

phrase, he found favor in her sight. She

made as if to read the written lines,

but, with the shrinking natural to the

young verse maker, he made an invol-

untary movement to restrain her, and

then hated himself for the act. Think-

ing better of her intention, she merely

returned the book with a word of apol-

ogy, and asked, instead, to be directed

to the postoffice of the hamlet. The

pair moved side by side along the hol-

low way towards the group of thatched

houses and kailyards fenced with elder-

berry bushes. Their thoughts were

closer together than either knew, but

their speech was only of the trivial

things-of the weather and the path.

Adam pointed out the slit in the little

half-boarded window to which the fisher

They paused a minute before parting,

Adam answered "Yes." He also was

proud and shy; he did not care to let

her know that his home was free from

squalor and had its share of comfort

and even of taste; that those of his

father's house were gently nurtured

and had the respect of the country side.

She looked at the lowly hovel near-

est to her; then passed it to the flag

that floated above the trees from the

castle where she was a guest; and then

at Adam Ogilvie. In the pause the cry of the sea grew plainer; it appeared to

be imploring, admonishing, even threat-

ening the listeners. It was wafted from

the rocky nook of coast inside the sker-

ries, where, in certain states of the tide,

and the wind, the innumerable voices of

the waters seem to gather together like

"It is the pit of Allachy—the Hollow of the Warning," was the reply. "The

folks hereabouts believe that it signifies

a change of weather-a change for the

She turned away to post her letter.

In eighteen years the sea has time to

set about throwing up a fresh line of

intrenchment on its frontier with the

land, although it will make and unmake

its work many times before the task is

complete. The ribs of a wreck struck

Hillock. This time it was late autumn.

There was a haze and a heaviness in the

air, but a cold draught had begun to

come in from the sea. The Ingie Links

are never so lovely as in the fall of the

year, when the darkening green of the

whin and juniper is enwrought with the gold of the bracken and the bramble.

Far away across the parti-colored fields

the castle woods were splashed with

russet and yellow. It was loveliness that

a bite of frost or a blast of wind might turn to desolation. The sea and the hills

bore the least trace of change; between

these two broad bands of untamed na-

ture the gradations to a more sophisti-

Towards the legendary trysting place

of the warlocks and their mates, over

the fine turf between the beaches,

strolled a lady of a certain age. It

was less a surprise than the acting

over again of some scene that had hap-

pened in the past, when a tall shape

rose from the shadow of the Witch's Hillock and stood in her path. So

many were the marks which the years

spot where they met, it is doubtful whether either would have recognized

the other. That time long ago, when

they had foregathered and parted with-

in the hour, nothing had passed be-

tween them but the merest common-

places of talk. Yet the memory of that

chance meeting had power, it seemed,

to draw them together again after the

poetry of youth had given place to the

Adam Ogilvie had grappled with the

world and wrested from it rewards and

honors. Though still in the prime of his

years, he was already a man of note in

his profession. His face was prema-

turely lined with the scars of a not

ignoble battle with fortune and knowl-

dge. But the struggle that had braced

him had also hardened him. The youth

who dreamed had become the man who

schemed. A change at least as great

had come over the woman beside him.

She had been urged to marry a man

she did not love and she had yielded.

She had learned since to despise him;

fermerly, she was tempted to despise

ence of London slumming had made

swimming days were done. Her "eyes

like the sea" had lost with their liquid-

ity their most potent charm. They

could no longer charm, even if she will-

ed it, those lightning messages that

passed from soul to soul of the young

people who stood here nearly a genera-

tion ago. It is true that the Word is

mightier than the Thought; sometimes

mightier than the deed. A word then

spoken might have turned the course of

two destinies. It might have made

harmony out of dissonance; a noble

poem out of what was like to become

Ah, the little more, how much it is;

And the little less, what miles away!

But the word of power was never

was Adam who spoke first this

"Have we not met before, Lady Alice

and at this spot?" he said, raising his

The gesture was that of old, but how

different the tone and manner from

that of the youth who had looked with

adoring eyes on the gracious vision

"Yes; and I read of your marriage

in the papers soon after I showed you

"Sir Adam Ogilvie, at your service."

"Then we meet at dinner this evening

They parted once more, completely

disenchanted. She paused after walk-

ing a step or two and seemed to listen.

"Is not that the Pit of Allachy?"

The winter is almost upon us."

heath and the leaves shivered.

"Yes; there will be a storm tonight.

A gust from the sea swept across the

sound from the Pit came loud and in-

sistent, and then sank to a low wailing.

It was no longer warning, and mina-

tory, as in that former time, but full

of lamentation, and woe, and desola-

tion. Its rising and falling cadences

were almost articulate; and to the ears

that could hear came the words: "What

shall it profit a man to gain the whole

The Covenanters were so called be-

cause they formed a solemn league

and covenant against the designs of

world and lose his own soul?"

that broke in upon his musing.

'You know my name, then?'

the way to the postoffice.

"Au revoir, then."

'And you are

at the Castle."

"Good-by."

He waited.

Charles I

spoken between these two, and now, it

a sordid and commonplace history.

appeared, it was too late.

prose of middle age.

had set upon them that, but for the

out of the new beach below the Witch's

and he went back to the hollow of the

"What a strange, weird sound," she

"Do you know what it means?"

folk commit their correspondence.

"And do you live here?"

and the girl said:

straws in an eddy.

Witch's Hill.

stranger youth; and in the scriptural Adam Ogilvie lay basking in the midsummer sun on the lee side of the Witch's Hillock. It is a mound of blown and, rising a little above the level of a beach of naked shingle and waterrolled stones, held together by the tough roots and the sage-green blades of the bent. The sea is close by, but the din of its perpetual warfare with the shore is faintly heard in the hollow behind the mound. It scarcely reached the ears of Adam Ogilvie as he leaned his back against the warm sand, and, half sunk in a day dream, looked into the book whose pages he had almost ceased to turn.

The wind must have shifted or risen, for the spars of the windlestrae shook and rustled overhead. The leaves of the book fluttered and a bunch of sand was cast on the page Adam was reading, as if by some impish hand, Rising, he climbed the dune, and glanced seaward. The waves scurled and broke on the beach in regular files, shooting out long tongues of foam which slid smoothly over the sand and gravel; and, at the moment of being withdrawn returned into claws that clutched and tore at the ground. Outside the calm the Northern Sea had crisped into infinite wrinkles, with here and there a broadening point of white. Never in after years did Adam know salt water so clear, so deep blue, as this, within a stone's throw of his fither's door. Today to look forth upon it was like gazing into the pure depths of space fretted with the stars. On the western horizon were faintly pencilled the shapes of far-away hills. The sail of a fishing boat, heading for home, was disappearing round the Scar Head. On the verge of the sea line was a blurr of smoke—some steamer making for Thule of old. There was nothing else in that direction between the .Witch's Hillock and the ice about the North

As Adam looked, the voice of the sea seemed to gather volume and meaning. The freshening breee plucked the froth from the lips of the waves and chased it along the beach, and shooked the dry wisps of seaweed and the long swaths of wreckage that marked the high level of tide and storm. Ogilvie turned his face to the land. It rose and fell in a succession of even swells like the sea The sea, indeed, had made it, and half shaped it after its own image. The swift river near by was restlessly at work, dragging down the sand and the pebbles, and the waves piled them on the shore and then tore and raged at their own handiwork. It was labor worse than that of Sisyphus, this endless rolling of stones that slowly but surely circumscribed the province of the sea and enlarged that of the land. The stain of the earth was already in the landward side of these sea beaches be-fore they were half raised. In the trought between bunches of hardy sea pinks stood brilliant amid greengray patches of wiry grass. The yellow stalks of the blueberry strugled up between the loose stones; the crowberry and the creeping juniper clasped them and enfolded them as in a green mantl Further back heather and close-cropped whins covered them completely, and here and there were a few wind-planted firs and birches, which the sheep and the salt breezes kept from rising above the estate of shrubs. Behind these were the green patches of croft land rescued from the links by the salmon fishers in those intervals of leisure from "working the water" which they gave to toiling the earth. Then large and wellgroomed farms, and further back, two or three miles away, the woods round the Great House, all now in full leaf. As a background to the scene, the darker from contrast with the light tints of the trees and meadows below, rose the sombre screen of pine forests, crowned on the sky line by bare and brown

In that northern clime Spring lingers on to the longest day; the colors of the earth seemed as fresh and pure as those of the sea, with infinitely more warmth and variety. Ogilvie turned once more to face the salt breath of the Firth. A quarter of a mile to the westward a crew of fishermen were beaching their cable and preparing to draw in their salmon net. Between him and them his eye caught a dark object, bobbing now on the crest and now in the hollow of the waves. His first thought was that it was a seal; he regretted that he had not his father's gun beside him, and then remembered that to shoot a seal in the water is bad sport. But this particular specimen of the phocae was making fast for the shore; there was a twinkle of bare feet on the sand, the gleam of a white shoulder, and before the onlooker could gather his wits about him, the sea-maid had emerged from the foam and had disappeared in the deserted bathing house on the beach. The young man stepped down from

the Witch's Hillock. But it was some minutes before he could resume his book; the sea-nymph had turned aside the current of his dream.

By and by a sweet voice at his elbow, with a little note of condescension in it, roused him from his reverie.

"What are you reading?" Adam Ogilvie sprang to his feet. A maid who had just entered upon womanhood stood within a yard or two of him. She was simply dressed, but there was about her the air of gentle birth, and the aspect of one by nature a little shy and proud. Her hair, still moist from the sea bath, hung in a fleece of burnished brown upon her shoulders. Of her features Ogilvie was at first only aware of a pair of startled eyes, of a blue like that of the sea. She had fancied that the form, clad in rough and well-worn tweed, curled up in the hollow of the sandhill, was that of some studious herd-boy or fisher-lad, and was surprised when a tall young man suddenly stood erect and looked at her with

dark eyes shining under bent brows.

Adam lifted his cap and handed, the volume to her without a word. It was the "Vision of Piers the Plowman," and within it, where the page opened most readily, were pencilled notes of rhymed translation into the strong and homely speech which came naturally to his tongue when he had left the college forms for the free air of the sea-

The eyes of the girl darted at him a bright, quick look of interest. then, was one of those studious leasants of the north, who, as the saying runs, cultivate learning on a little oatmeal, and who with a foot once set on the lowest rung of the ladder, raise themselves by their own sturdy genius and perseverance to the highest places of science and of literature. She had heard of them in her own land, but had seen none until now; they were almost mythical in her eyes, like the mermaids. She, too, had thoughts, which were not the thoughts of the people around her. She, too, had been stirred up by the great and bitter cry, the voice of the weltering depths of wickedness and wrong, that rises from Langland's weird poem. It had brought to her long-ings to break through the cobweb of scriety ideas and aims that were gathering about her path, and to escape to where she might enjoy freer vision and

nobler action. She looked again at the comely

TWO VERSIONS. A young farmer who had great con-

ceit, little discretion and scarcely any education, presented himself at a Preslyterian conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, an' in the middle of it was two great letters-P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am.'

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken "I haven't any gift at reading vis-ions," said the old man, gravely, as he

rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn?' "

Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

QUEER MONEY. Here is an amusing account of a

traveler who went many years ago to Mexico and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he:
"In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By the way of change, she returned me 49 pieces of soap, the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many

portions of the country.

I examined my change and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town, and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of being in the wash tub, but that I discovered was not uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. casionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more that once in my bath and

subsequently spent them."-Harper's

When approaching a lady swan, or rursuing a rival which has intruded into its particular reach of the river, the cock swan has certain set move-ments which it goes through. It is said that the word or command for action in the Chinese drill is first, "Prepare to look fierce:" next, "Look Fierce;" and thirdly, "Approach the enemy." The swan does all this, and something more. He sets up his wings like plumes and draws his head very far back, which corresponds with the first and second words of command. But for his mode of approach he always uses a special stroke in swim-ming, which he keeps for grand occassions. He strikes the water with both feet together, which sends him forward with a rush, the water rippling from his chest as from the prow of a ship. Then he strikes again, as his 'way" gets less, and in this manner will swim very long distances, either in pursuit of his enemy or of some female swan. If he chose to swim in the ordinary manner, or to fiv. or even to get out onto the bank and run, he would have no difficulty in overtaking the other. But etiquette prescribes that this slow and stately stroke shall be used on such occasions, and swans are too conservative to

break the rule. Conventional rules are most useful in intercourse with strangers, and this feeling, the result of deliberate reflection among men, seems quite as well understood by animals. The number of steps which a prince or ambassador might advance to meet the other withcut derogating from his dignity, and the frequent halts and bows, find a parallel in the amusing form of canine etiquette when one dog "spies" a with its nose on its paws, like a skirmbeen quick-sighted, sometimes lies action of the first seems clearly to be a survival of a time when a dog naturally crouched in order to con- struggle to extricate itself.

temptation can make them break. ceal itself the moment it saw and other creature that might hurt it, or which, on the contrary, it might want to stalk. The sudden drop is something like that of a setter when "creeping" up to the birds, but more like the crouch of the fox when it sees a hare or wants to conceal itself from persons whom it sees while it is still unseen. But now it is observed as pure convention, one which is obviously mere show, but to omit which would be a breach of canine etiquette which might, and sometimes does, lead to a fight.-London Spectator.

> FIGHT WITH A GIANT STURGEON. An Essex, Con., correspondent says: The Connecticut evicently abounds in lig sturgeon this season. A few days ago you had a story about the capture of a 236-pounder, which was part-ly stranged on the shallow flats near the river not far from East Hartford. This week a still bigger one was killed, after an exciting battle, by a party of flag gatherers, in the rushes about Goose Island, near this hamlet of the lower Connecticut Valley. The island is level and low and its shores are densely clad with green, luxuriant, billowing sweetflags. These flags parties of men and boys dig out of the scaked and spongy soil, and there is a ready sale in the city markets for the pungent and aromatic roots. The members of the party noted were all armed with long, sharp knives, with which they dug.

They were all busy among the rustling, glistening flags, when, of a sud-den, they heard a great splashing in the reeds not more than 40 yards away, and a foam-sheeted wave was dashed high in the air. Then the splashing and flapping uproar was resumed in the shallows, and presently another foaming wave was uplifted. Instantly the experienced flag cutters divined the cause of the commotion, isher ordered to open fire on the and away they dashed and splashed enemy. The other dog, which has out into the river in their long-legged rubber boots and plunged right into down, too, but more usually trots the midst of it. A monstrous fish was slowly up, with occasional halts. The there partly stranded on the shallows and excitedly tangled up in pads and rushes, and it was making a terrific

Animal Curiosities

Some Wonderful Stories-A Snake Eats 65 Ducks-A Dog's Heroic Faithfulness-A Bird's Nest of Steel—Fight With a Gigantic stranger at a distance. The first dog stops short, then trots on a little, then crouches, and finally lies flat down,

mysteriously that their loss could not feetly comfortable one for the birds. be accounted for in any manner. All theories as to how they were taken were smashed to pieces when it was known that no one had been near the place during the day where the ducks were wont to pass away the time. No vantage in building their nests. feathers or other vestige could be found, which would undoubtedly have been the case if the fowls had been made away with by hawks or some

'varmint. When 65 of the fluffy youngsters had disappeared Mhoon determined to watch the ducks for a day. He followed them down in the field to the little branch where they slipped into the water. No sooner had they arrived there than—shades of St. Patrick from a neighboring clump of bushes appeared such a snake as Mahoon had never seen before outside of a show. He is not a drinking man and is not accustomed to see such things in broad daylight, but he had to pinch himself to make sure that he was in his right senses. While his eyes stuck returned to where he had seen the

snake. When he reached there he found the snake, which seemed fifteen feet long and one foot thick, making off with a duck in its mouth. Mhoon pulled the trigger of his gun. When the smoke cleared away the reptile was stretched out, lashing its tail in fury. Mhod kept away until its struggles ha ceased, and approached it. He found cut it was a moccasin, and when measured it was as long as a fence rail, about nine feet four inches. E. G. Miller, a cigarmaker, of 500 Wilson street, helped Mhoon to measure snake, and will youch for the reliability of the measurements.

3 * * * THE OWL AND THE RABBIT.

"I once saw a rabbit hop out of the tush near my shingle shanty in the woods just at dusk and begin to nibkle at some buds. On a hemlock bough just over the rabbit sat a big horned owl that took a step or two along the limb the moment the rabbit came in sight. The rabbit became alarmed and darted into the brush, and the owl adjusted its wings and looked disappointed. In a moment the rabbit skipped out again, and the owl let himself drop noiselessly and caught the rabbit. Then the owl flew into the ree with the rabbit, and all of a suden a wild cat that I hadn't seen before, ran up the trunk, gave the owl sometimes, but more seldom now than a cuff and knocked it out of the tree, springing down upon it and taking herself. Her aspirations after a higher the rabbit away. The owl sailed off life had perished for lack of favorable through the woods, and I clubbed the air and sun; a little practical experiwild cat to death while it was crunching the rabbit's bones." an end of them. Her outlines were becoming too rounded for grace; her

.... FLYING MICE IN AFRICA. The flying mouse is a recent discovery in the Cameroon country of Africa. It is a link between the bat and the true mouse, has a tail like a mouse, and heavy gray fur, while its wings are not so well developed as the bat.

A DOG'S HEROIC FAITHFULNESS. A Wheeling, W. V., dispatch says: A Baltimore and Onio train brought the mangled body of James Settle, a 16year-old boy, who had been killed by the train at Point Mills. The boy spent last night with a party of friends in the woods and got but little sleep. When he came home this morning he drove the cows to pasture, accompanied by a big shepherd dog. was drowsy, and on the way back sat down on the track to rest, the dog lying beside him.

Engineer Henry McBirney says that when the train rounded the curve at Point Mills cut he saw the boy lying full length along the rail. the dog, knowing the danger, had seized his ccat collar and was tugging with all his might, having his feet planted just outside the rail, trying to pull his master's body off the track. The train was so near that it could not be stopped, but the air was put on and the speed checked, while the whistle

was tooted. The boy was partially awakened by dog's efforts and began beating the faithful brute with his fist, but the dog held on and put forth all his power to save his master. As the engine drew nearer McBirney and the fireman shut their eyes to hide the death scene from their view. When the train was stopped and run back both the boy and his constant companion were found horribly mangled.

STEEL BIRD'S NEST.

A very remarkable thing in the way of bird's nests is preserved in the museum of National History at Soleure, in Switzerland, whither it was brought by one M. Rudolph Rueder. It is a nest made entirely of steel.

There are a number of clockmaking shops at Soleure, and in the windows of these shops there are often found lying disused broken springs of clocks. Early last summer M. Aueder, one nest of peculiar appearance in a tree certain rules for benavior, which no

OR some time past Thomas in his yard. He examined it and Mhoon, a truck farmer living found that a pair of wagtails had built near Brooklyn, N. Y., has been missing each day a number of about the village. The nest was more young ducks. They disappeared so than four inches across, and a per-After the feathered architects had

reared their brood, M. Rueder pres-

ented the nest to the museum of the

town, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to ad-Probably next year the birds will build another steel nest, and unless the clockmakers of Soleure guard their springs more closely, steel nests will

not be so much a curtosity as is this first one.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SOME STORIES OF ANIMALS. It has been noted that the etiquette of high life is by no means the only form of its observance among men. There is such a thing as professional etiquette-the etiquette of sport, and even the etiquette of labor. This sometimes takes the form of not only prescribing who shall do what, but how things shall be done. It would be very bad form, for instance for a bricklayer, to use more than one hand to work out of his head in terror the monster with, or for his "laborer" to carry up snake glided up to the ducks, when bricks or mortar in anything but the they all struck up a terrific squeak- traditional "hod," though it might be as if they knew the end of the far quicker and easier to haul them world was coming for some of them.

By this time the man had recovered this feeling for the etiquette of labor; himself, and, hastily running to the only, as they do not belong to a trade cated landscape showed as it in a house, he secured his shot gun and union, it often works entirely to their disadvantage.

Take, for instance, the following case of the otter at the zoo, which, on the Saturday in which the great frost began, had just been provided with material for a new bed. It was freezing hard, half its pond was covered with ice and the straw was pushed partly while house, the part of bundle lay on the bridge and some in the water. In order to make itself comfortable all the otter had to do was to step out of its house unto the bridge and pull the dry straw in. There was plenty for a bed without meddling with that in the water at all. But it is not permitted by atter etiquette to do any work on dry ground which can possibly be done in the water.

Like most of the etiquette of labor, this is based partly on prejudice, but partly on sound principles. A waterman. For instance, prefers to push a plank into the water, make it fast to his boat, and tow it rather than carry it on his shoulder, even if the way by land is shorter than that by water. In the first place, it would be unprofessional, just like a "docker's job" to carry it; and in the next the water supports the plank, and he really incurs less labor in towing it. So has an otter less labor in transporting material it can drag when floating. fortunately, in this case the material was one in which weight made no matter, and in which dryness was essential for it to be of any use-that is for a bed on a frosty night. This did not weigh with the otter in the east. Instead of pulling the straw in dry, it plunged into the loy water dived, and came up on the side of the bridge on which some of the straw was dipping into the water.

It swam along and collected as many of the hanging ends as it could in its mcuth; then dived back under the bridge, and dragged all the dry parts the straw into the water, having considerable difficulty in doing so, beause it was hitched over the edge of the bridge plank. It then pulled all the dripping straw into its bed, rushed out, took another plunge, and collected another mouthful, which it pulled into the water and swam off with as before. After seven visits it had collected the whole of what was lying on the plank, and wetted it all thoroughly, and was preparing to go to sleep on it inside its house-a proceednig which almost induced rheumatism at sight among the spectators. But the otter was quite satisfied. It had amphibious etiquette, down to soaking what were to be its bed clothes for the coolest night of the year.

The common American "coon" is a slave to an unusual form of etiquette, which in its case has grown almost beyond the forms of conventional observance and become a kind of conscience to it. It will wash everything which it eats if there is any water The fact seems to have questioned by some writers, but it is certainly the habit of racoons when kept in captivity with access to water. They are very fussy, particular creatures, much given to picking up and carrying off anything odd which takes their fancy. And this, whatever it may be, is duly taken to the water and well "rinsed out," whether vege able or bits of cloth, or even solid hard things, like shells and stones. No "social pressure" can have been put upon the racoons at the Zoo to make them conform to the laws of the coon etiquette; but they do so all the same, and it is a fact that last spring one which had a litter of young ones to which she was much attached, was suddenly seized with a desire to wash them, and carrying them down one by one to her little stone bath, paddled and washed the poor little creatures as if she had been washing cabbages. It may be doubted whether the kittens did not owe their death to this perverted feeling of social duty in their parent, for they did not long

survive their immersion. Those who have watched the Thames swans in the courting season will have noticed that, as might be expected, of these clockmakers, noticed a bird's these grave and stately birds have

Missing Links



Gossip from Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

ISAAC NEWTON is to have a statue | and Chinese hunters ro longer sent in Paris not far from the Shakespeare

CARMEN SYLVA, the Queen of Roumania, has written a new book called "Legends from River and Mountain." It will appear in October.

CHARLES DICKENS' desk, bought at the Edmund Yates sale by Mr. Bancroft, has been presented by him to the South Kensington Museum.

IN THE Malay Peninsula the small native states dependent on England, with the exception of Johore, exe to be formed into one federation. A LIFE of Queen Victoria is being

prepared by a lady in whom the Queen has full confidence, and in whose hand all the materials have been placed. REV. FRANCIS MOSTYN, of Birkenhead, has been made the first Vicar

Apostolic of Wales by Pope Leo. His titular bishopric is Ascalon in partibus DR. BOHR has gone to the Faroe Islands to study the breathing apparatus of the diver birds. In the same ship

went the Ehlers expedition that is to investigate leprosy in Iceland. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S collec tion of orchids is valued at \$100,000; Sir Trevor Lawrence has one worth \$275,-000, while Baron Schroder's collection at Egham would realize at least \$500,000.

A LITTLE 8-year-old girl in England strayed away after school recently, and was found at midnight of the same day in an exhausted condition 28 miles from her home, having walked all the way.

MIR SEID ABBUL ACHAD KHAN, Emir of Bokhara, who is now in the Caucasus, has applied to the Czar for permission to remain there permanently, and to place Bokhara under the care of a regent.

THE Princess of Wales has recently adopted short trains, both for indoor and outdoor wear, and this innovation has led many people to fear that trains for street wear are to be among the early novelties of fashion.

THE Duke of York has taken a ride on Maxim's flying machine. The admiral who had him in tow protested, but the duke reminded him that he had served on torpedo boats, and insisted on the machine's going at high speed

ONE of Mr. Jay Gould's daughters is using her father's accumulations in buying castles, race horses, etc., for her French husband, and another daughter used some of the same resources in provicing souvenirs for Christian Endeavorers.

SERVANTS seem to have the upper hand in Dio Grande do Sul, Brazil. They refuse to cook a dinner later than 4 o'clock, and insist on going home before dark, so that not a house has a servant in it after 8, and mothers have to stay at home to look after their

A CENSUS of centenarians recently taken in France gives 213 persons of 100 or over, 147 of them women and 66 men. The oldest was a woman who had just died at 150, in a village of the department of Haute Garonne. all the centenarians belonged to the lowest ranks in life.

A RECENT dispatch implies that Manchester, England, has the politest lawyer in the country. A long and terrific roll of thunder having stopped him in the midst of his address to the jury, on resuming he bowed and courteously said:" "Gentlemen, "please ex-

cuse this interruption." MME DESCHAMPS, the senior of the Paris market women, has just died at the age of 94. She saw the allies enter Paris after Waterloo, and supplied vegetables to the Tuileries under X. and Napoleon III. She is said to be the inventor of "Julienne," the chopped vegetables used in the soup

of that name. A YORKSHIRE plasterer, who was up for bigamy before the West Riding Assize Court, explained that he had sold his first wife to another man some years before for three shillings and sixpence, and as she had gone off willingly he had decided to have nothing more to do with her. He was found guilty, however.

EVER since the middle ages the ermine has been the fur royal, and it is still used in the trimming of the state garments of kings and queens, but it long ago fell into disfavor with women of feshion. White ermine skins became so cheap that the Canadian Siberian

them to market.

BIRDIE SUTHERLAND has retained five counsel in her suit against Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmout s heir, probably the largest number ever retained in a breach of promise suit. Among them are Sir

Frank Lockwood, Lord Rosebery's Solicitor-General, and Sir Edward Clarke, who held the same office in Lord Salisbury's last Ministry, and has refused it in the present one THE directors of that most grandmotherly of famous musical institu-

tions, the London Philharmonic, have finally decided upon the adoption of the diapason normal-French pitch-at future concerts of that organization. It is believed that this action on the part of the premier orchestral society of England will prove beneficial to the cause of music throughout the entire country, and will be specially advantageous to solo artists, both vocal and instrumental. The organ in Queen's Hall is to be altered in conformity with this decision.

WOMEN in China spend large sums of dollars upon the shell-shaped side ornaments that they wear in their hair. These are put in with a single pin, but are very large, and are made of many rows of small pearls and small jade stones in alternate rows. It is said that those who imitate the jewels with tiny white buds, like the buds of the lily of the valley, and with the smallest green leaves to imitate the jade stones, follow a much more expensive custom, because the buds and leaves cost perhaps half a sovereign, and only last a

THE most extraordinary swindle ever known has been perpetrated in Russia. Some scoundrel has been selling to large numbers of peasants cheap tickets to the planet Jupiter, which they supposed to be some country at no very great distance. He assured them that they could get any quantity of free land in Jupiter and could live there without work. When they packed up to leave for Jupiter the peasants threw away their ikons, or images of the saints, as the swindler assured them that all these saints lived in Jupi-ter, and would be delighted to meet their friends and admirers there.

LITTLE WILLIE REYNOLD'S at tempt to do a circus trick has cost him his life. Willie was a 9-year-old lad, the son of a Shamokin miner. On a recent visit to the circus he was delighted with the performance of a fireeater. On Monday he concluded to try the trick himself. Getting his father's miner's lamp, he filled his mouth with kerosene, and then blew the oil out upon the lighted wick. The oil ignited and the flames ran up into the little feilow's mouth. With fire darting from his mouth, Willie ran frantically in search of his parents. His father suc iceeded in extinguishing the flames but the boy had inhaled the fire, and after great suffering he died the next morning.

MANY advanced aurist are now investigating the effect of mechanical and electrical vibrations in curing deafness and various diseases of the ear. A prominent New York practitioner has invented an instrument which gives a sustained note of reedlike quality over several octaves of the scale. Close to the instrument is a telephone transmitter, through which the sound passes to a receiver at the ear of the patient. The exact pitch at which the ear is found to exhibit normal symptoms is first ascertained, and then the corresponding note on the instrument is started, and the concentrated vibrations are allowed to play on the ear-drum of the patient for a specified time every day. Another leading aurist is experimenting on the effect of various kinds of electrical vibrations in the treatment of ear affections, and some promising results have been obtained.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return