

BULL BAITING.

It Was Practiced at York Until the Close of the Last Century.

The custom of baiting bulls in open spaces has been indulged in from time immemorial, and probably had its birth in the arenas of Greece and Rome. It was an exciting but dangerous and disgusting amusement; yet until the birth of the present century it was publicly observed in almost every village and town of the country, and relics of its existence are still to be found in various places. In York two places were used for this ignoble practice. One was in Thursday Market place, or St. Sampson's square; the other was in the street of Pavement. As the two places were markets, they each had a cross or corn chamber, and the fight invariably took place near to such cross—so that the people who were in a position to pay for a seat could have a good view of the sport.

Pavement has lost all evidence of the game, but in St. Sampson's square the stone to which the bull was fastened still remains. It is a very heavy stone let into the ground fully 2 feet and firmly fastened into the earth with cement. Formerly a strong iron ring was attached to the stone by two hooks, which were let into the stone and run with lead. Consequent on the wear of traffic, this ring became loose some 20 years ago and was taken possession of by Mr. Thomas Bell, who lived opposite to the stone, and it was presented by him to the Yorkshire Philosophical society, who still have it in their keeping.

The hooks which held the ring and the lead running remain on the stone. The custom was to fasten the bull to this ring; then to stake out a ring, within the circle of which no person was permitted to go except those necessary to the performance. On a given signal, dogs were slipped by their owners, and they attacked the chained beast, which in turn sought to gore or toss them, and very frequently in the action it killed them. As fast as the dogs were killed or maimed or wearied, fresh dogs were let loose on the maddened bull, and the fight was continued for hours, until the dogs were exhausted, or the people were sickened with the sight of blood. The animal was then led away, to the danger of those who had witnessed the show, or more particularly those who had taken part in it.

At York the market cross formed a point vantage eagerly taken up to witness the vulgar and demoralizing exhibitions. Happily, in the course of time, the wealthy citizens withdrew their patronage and presence from the scene, and the people who attended were of so much lower grade that the custom died out. A century, at least, has passed since the last bull fight in the city of York.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Katorga.

When the laws of the white czar condemn the hapless Russian, and when hope dries up in his breast, three prospects loom up before him. Of these two are to be contemplated with comparative equanimity, and the mere thought of the third is enough to turn a man's brain. They are, being shot, being hanged and Katorga.

Being shot is tolerable, being hanged, without being so desirable, is nevertheless a fate than which many are worse, but Katorga is as the blight of God. It withers many, it kills many, and many it turns into beasts. It is truly the living death. The sun shuns Katorga, the knot cuts the flesh into mince, and unless you are very lucky in Katorga it takes you years and years to die.

In Russia you often see families who

wear no mourning, and yet there are gaps in the home circle, and the women pray long in the churches even as they pray for loved ones that are dead, and their eyes become black ringed from sadness. If you ask them why this grief and sorrow, they fear to even answer, but when you gain their confidence and ask for him you fancy may be dead the whispered response is "Katorga." By Katorga is meant the convict island of Saghalien.—San Francisco Examiner.

Sixty Letters a Day.

A correspondent is kind enough to send us the following letter from the late Sir Andrew Clark, written to a patient on Feb. 15, 1890. It shows what an overwhelmingly busy man he always was: "Dear Mr. —, I regret exceedingly that you have suffered so much inconvenience at my hands, and have had such trouble to get an answer to your letters. This is how it has happened; and from this you will see how terrible a burden letters become to a man occupied as I am. I receive over 60 letters a day, and even on easy days it is all but impossible to keep head with them. But sometimes it is quite impossible, and letters must give way to seeing patients. Until yesterday I had a country consultation every day. No letter was answered on those days, and the number rose to over 300. On returning I had these letters on one hand and unseen patients on the other. In such a conflict patients must conquer and letters must succumb. The mere reading of these letters, sometimes badly written and often crossed, is no small labor, and I am toiling at it now. Here is a prescription for the tonic referred to, with my renewed apologies."—Pall Mall Budget.

Egyptian Poses.

The first thing that a western observer remarks in the pose of Egyptian drawings of the human figure is that it is an impossible combination according to our ideas. We see the face in profile, the eye full length, the chest in front view and the legs sidewise. But before we condemn this as contrary to nature it is well, as Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie suggests, to see what the attitude of a modern Egyptian is and how far our notions are correct.

To avoid all ideas of posing for the subject, he selects the figure of a boy from a large group that was photographed without any special aim by a Cairo dealer. In the kneeling figure are seen the profile of the face, the eye full, the chest in front view and the legs sidewise. Everything that we have heard condemned as unnatural and impossible in the ancient sculpture is seen in the modern native, without any constraint, when simply taking an easy position.—Popular Science Monthly.

Corrected the General.

The story comes from Washington of a senator's wife who entertained at dinner General Blank. As all the world knows, General Blank prides himself even more upon his knowledge of dining than upon his skill in warfare. Imagine his emotions, therefore, when at a certain point in the elaborate menu his hostess leaned forward and sweetly called out to him, "General, I know you will forgive me for telling you, but you're using the wrong fork!"

A Hint to Housekeepers.

It is a bad plan in putting paper on pantry shelves to use newspapers with love stories in them. Send your daughter there for butter, and you will find her half an hour later perched on a flour barrel and almost standing on her head trying to read a story.—Atchison Globe.

Reindeer Meat as Food.

A clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Wallis, who has lived for several years on the Porcupine river in the British northerly possessions, writes entertainingly of his manner of life in that frigid region.

"Many times," he says, "I have subsisted exclusively on reindeer meat. It is very good, and I may say it is about the only kind of meat you don't get tired of. I think it is better, all things considered, than beef, and that you can eat it longer without its palling on you. It is a venison more than anything else. The Indians eat it almost exclusively, and they are very big and strong. Some of them are 6 feet in height, and the average is about 5 feet 10 inches. They are genuine North American Indians, and not the Aleuts, Eskimos or a mixture of the two.

"I keep an Indian hunter, and he supplies me with all the reindeer meat I want. He also brings me a grouse, duck, bear and other game as I need it. I have learned to shoot pretty well myself, as the white men do in that region or anywhere contiguous to it. The ducks and grouse, like the reindeer, are remarkably good eating."—New York Medical Journal.

Swallowing a Pin.

I have often looked with alarm at the amateur and professional dressmaker, who invariably makes a pincushion of her mouth, regardless of possible consequences, and in my ignorance I have wondered, "Now, if one of those pins lodged in that dressmaker's throat, how should I attempt to extricate it?"

Today I am wiser. If there were a brisk fire at hand, I should instantly proceed to make a stiff little dumpling of flour and water, bake it till it was quite hard, and then give the unfortunate victim a piece about the size of a small walnut to swallow.

The chances are that the point of the pin would adhere to this and lose its tension of the flesh. Another thing to do in the event of swallowing a pin or tack is to take a stiff bread poultice and to swallow quite a quantity.—London Gentleman.

She Wanted to Know.

Mr. Beerbohn Tree, the English actor, has a 4-year-old daughter who has a fondness for snakes. She keeps a pet snake in the house, to the intense sorrow of the maids. Now, however, she wishes to enlarge her dumb retinue by the purchase of a pony. She told her father, "I'm afraid," said that gentleman, "that I can't afford to give you one just yet." "Then," said the child, with great severity, "why don't you act better and get more money?"

People familiar with the upper Columbia river, in eastern Washington, express grave doubts of its ever becoming a safe or certain stream. The principal trouble is in its erratic changes of course, its rise and fall, and its shifting banks.

Five-sixths of all the girls who went into domestic service in London last year had never heard of a toothbrush. Examination also showed that but 707 school children out of 4,000 had sound teeth.

The big frame hip roofed house in which Lucretia Mott was born; in Nantucket, Mass., is still standing, and is at present occupied by a judge of the district.

Count Michael Koenigsmark, a dashing German officer, in a recently published book of travels says American women are the crown of creation.

A Canadian court has defined the word boodler to mean "the very meanest class of thieves."

Alone, alone
My spirit strays w
In sadness o'er th
And wander
A nameless ship v
Adrift upon the w
Abandoned

Alone, alone
Among the busies
With pleasure, ga
Unknowning
Ah, God! No acc
With drearier not
Than that as

Alone, alone
Around me rolls t
The birth, the we
In endless m
But heedless of th
Lost in the dark s
Still must I

Alone, alone
Love came but on
Of seraph wings t
Then back t
As far as seen the
To some grieved s
And I am le

Head

There are several headache. There is t the pain at the base is usually due to may be the result of the head bent forward. Bookkeepers h ache. Sometimes i ralgia of the occipit exposure to a dra enly accompanying physician is aided i There is the achin head, when the eyes are otherwise not pancez of over f need but will not sponsible for a goo larities of the eye t of headache.

Frequently, too, placed by mother or cannot look directly tical mischief. The look at the light, around until he man or both. Sometime mis, sometimes it most any case it is moans and cries wet true nervous headac sharp, short, knife women know. Res the faceache of a de the eyes are often ralgia itself may be very generally, on Francisco Call.

Hygienic Val

Dr. Anders of Pl ago made the inte the ozone in the at which is the great supplied from bloc this reason bloomi ful in dwellings a Some interesting c odors of flowers hav world, and it is fo of microbes are ea ous odors. The o known to destroy t in 25 minutes. Ci species in 12 minut minutes the commo effective, while the flowers has destroye robes in 50 minute nament is said to de