PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

Local Election.

The Murray Longley government has decided to appeal to the people a year before the term expires. Why they should do so no one knows unless it be to snatch a snap verdict from the electorate. They know full well that the country is not ripe for an election but they evidently think their chances of success are better now than they would be a year hence.

Premier Murray is not an astute politician like W. S. Fielding and has never run a successful election with an opposing candidate.

In the words of Mr. Longley re Dominion politics, "its time there was a change."

A Young Man Proposed,

An enamored young man addressed a marriage proposal to his lady love, says an exchange as follows:

"My Dear Miss:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for your hand and shall use all fair and honorable means to secure the nomination. I know that there are many candidates in the field, and I hesitated long before entering the race, but now I am in to stay.

My views on love and matrimony have often been expressed in your hearing and I need not [illegible] at them here. You know I favor free [illegible] age of love—a 19 to 1 love—and a maintenance of free silver after marriage. If you decide to confer upon me the honor I seek, please fix date for a caucus with your mother. I have no objection to her acting as temporary chairman provided it is clearly understood that I am to be chairman of the permanent organization.

Should the result of the caucus prove satisfactory we can soon hold the primary and select the date of the convention. I have never believed in long campaigns, so if you decide to honor me I will ask you to make convention date as early as possible.

Devotedly yours.

He received the following brief reply:

"Caucus unnecessary. Report on permanent organization satisfactory; nomination unanimous; come at once and fix date of ratification. Yours."

The blast furnace of the Picton Charcoal Iron Co. will not be fired until some idea of the tariff on iron and steel can be learned.

Owing to the uncertainty regarding the tariff changes, the Montreal Rolling Mills have been closed down for an indefinate period. Nearly 400 men will been thrown out of work.

Corbett and Fitz have settled their differences for the time being. It was a case of fox and cat—Corbett had many tricks and blows yet the one that Fitz had was superior.

The Advocate has made quite an important change in its make up, which is better for readers and better for advertisers. A newsy bright paper is the Advocate, a credit to the press of Nova Scotia.

It is proposed to amend the Michigan law levying a special tax on bachelors so as to provide for the exemption of those truly good but unfortunate bachelors who have been jilted. That's right. Give due credit to good intentions!

The United States government expects to increase the revenue of that country over $50,000,000 by the new tariff bill. We wonder how much our dominion government expect to increase their revenue by their new tariff bill. The general impression is that the National Policy is to be greater than ever.

There is a pretty good prospect today of a war in Europe in which the world will be involved. Britain while endeavoring to prevent it, is preparing for it and the preparations are on a gigantic scale. If Britannia takes the field in 1897 it will be with an army and fleet that the world has never seen equalled.

The newspaper fraternity of Nova Scotia lost a valued member by the sad and sudden death of R. S. McCormack of Bridgetown. A week ago Mr. McCormack fell from his waggon and he never recovered from the effects. Mr. McCormack had the honor of conducting one of the best papers in the Province. He was an ideal journalist, and knew what to publish and what not to publish.

Seven years ago *The Citizen*, of Boston, offered prizes for the best written essays, not to exceed three hundred words—subject—"The Best Place to Spend a Summer Vacation. Several hundred answers were received, and many of them published—leading thousands of peopleto make their first visit to the places described. *The Citizen* now offers prizes of $20, $10, $5, for similar essays on the same subject. Address *The Citizen*, 7 Broomfield Boston, Mass.

In a church in the Highlands, hymn books were being introduced for the first time. The minister was old and deaf. It was the last Sunday of the last Sunday of the month and the precentor rose andbegan to read the notices, and among others he announced: "Those in the congregation who have babies will please bring them next Sunday to be baptized." The old Parson hearing indistinctly the intimation applied to the hymn books, supplemented it by saying: "and those who have not will be supplied with them in the vestry; little ones 1d; big ones, 2d; and those with stiff red back 6d each."

A Political Rumour.

A report is in circulation that E. McDonald is to be taken into the local government and made commissioner of mines.

It is Not so Much.

What you think as what you say.
What you earn as what you save.
What you sing as how you sing it.
What you want as what you need.
What you believe as what you do.
What you give as how you give it.
What your work as how it is done.
What you profess as how you perform.
What you write as the value of your thoughts.—Ladies' Home Journal.

SPOONS.

The Date of Their Origin Unknown, They Are So Very Ancient.

If you desire to know about the scarcity of really reliable data on the history of spoons, take down your handbooks and encyclopedias and see if it doesn't take you a long while to learn anything concerning their origin, "nativity," etc. In fact, the antiquarians do not pretend to give us anything of value in that line. It is admitted that they are "very ancient," but just exactly how old they are and by whom and where they were first used are points upon which we are left completely in the dark. Creighton says, "Spoons must have been a very ancient invention, for a Saxon spoon of perforated silver gilt, ornamented with gems, was found in a grave at Sarre, Thanet."

When forks were unknown, spoons played a very important part at the table. Spoons of the thirteenth century, and even later, had handles terminating in a knob, knot, acorn or other odd and cumbersome devices. About the period of the restoration, of which so much is said in English history, a great change was made in the forms of spoons. In some of the unique patterns the "spoon" part was divided into two, three and even four parts, and the handle always split or twisted and turned up instead of down and back. Spoons of that period were all blunt instead of being pointed as in the forms generally seen at present. They continued short and blunt down to the time of George I, when they were first made pointed and had the handles turned down instead of up.

About the year 1500 what were known as "apostle spoons" were introduced. They were so called because they had the figures of the 12 apostles carved upon their handles. They were generally given by sponsors to children at their time of baptism. The wealthy presented the entire 12, those who could not afford to indulge in such extravagance giving one or more, according as they felt able.

The most curious and remarkable spoon in the world perhaps is a "coronation spoon," preserved among the other royal relics in the tower of London. The bowl is of gold and the handle of silver. The handle is split down the middle and set with all kinds of precious stones. The relic is valued at about £20,000, or upward of $100,000.—St. Louis Republic.

China.

The Matchoorian has always been aware that there were large deposits of coal "in his midst," but he used to imagine that they were under the control of evil spirits, and he therefore would not touch them himself nor allow any one else to. A good deal of that old nonsense has been brayed out of him by recent events—the war and the practical enterprise of the Russians in his territory—and the fields are now being opened. They are abundant and are found all over the country and will have the most important influence in its development. The climate, soil and geographical situation of Manchuria are favorable to the maintenance of a large, enlightened and progressive population, the root of which, in many races interblended through many ages, is already there. With a Russian railroad running through the country and Port Arthur as the outlet and inlet of its commerce, a new chapter of its history will be opened, and the humdrum career which it has pursued since the days of Kublai Khan, and as much further back as anybody wishes to go, may merge into a more active and enterprising one, giving her a new status in the world and a new relation to its affairs.—New York Tribune.

Religions In New Zealand.

The New Zealand Gazette gives the census tables dealing with "Religions of the People." Out of 703,360, the total population, 702,238 gave answers on the census forms. The Episcopalians numbered 281,166; the Presbyterians, 159,952; Methodists (of all kinds), over 73,000; Roman Catholics, over 97,000. The other sects come far below these figures. Unitarians number 375. "Our Father's Church" numbers 80. There is one "esoteric Christian," one "salvation Catholic," one "sinner saved by grace" and one "Christian freethinker." One is a "Bible freethinker," another "believes in his Maker;" there is one "pessimist," one "natist," one "trust" and one "heathen." Nearly 16,000 objected to state their position.

A Sudden Change of Mind.

She—Does my refusal really pain you?

He—Yes, it does. I was so sure you would tell me "Yes" I actually wagered $100,000 that you would marry me.

"A hundred thousand dollars? Well, I was only joking. When shall it be, dear?"—Boston Traveller.

The five principal fortresses in Bulgaria are at Rustchuk, Silistria and Widden on the Danube, Varna on the Black sea, and Shumla in the interior.

Edinburgh is 3,975 miles northeast of Washington.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Through the will, belief or our fever'd time
Blows long of Homer cometh, grave and stern,
Wind of Homer from the world's fresh, healthy prime—
Tidings which our worn, wearied age concerns.

Unchang'd, through all the long, unnumber'd years,
The voice of Homer sings the song divine,
Which tells of godlike tolls, of heroes' tears
And of the punishment of Priam's line.

The battle in the plain is raging yet;
The watch fires blaze; the beak'd ships line the shore.
For us the foe in grim array is set.
Ah, but do we fight as they fought of yore?

For we, too, like the heroes long ago,
Must wage slow wars and sail the bitter sea.
Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempests blow,
And the Gods rage and rage unceasingly.

Still must we wander o'er the stormy main,
Twixt rocks and whirlpools a dread passage make,
Still must the sirens sing to us in vain,
Still from the toils of Circe must we break.

Turn, then, to Homer's psalm of life and see
How they endured whose pilgrimage is done
As hear the message they have left for thee—
Only by patience is the victory won.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

How the Burned Out Filament May Be Replaced and Renewed.

It has been generally supposed to be a fruitless task to attempt the renewal of a burnt out incandescent electric lamp, although there appears to be some economic fallacy involved in the destruction of what is except in one small if important particular a perfect piece of apparatus. It is not intended, as a rule, to give in this column descriptions of American patents or achievements drawn from foreign publications. This subject has, however, been taken up by the English journal, Industries and Iron, and, although it states that an American process for renewing these lamps after the filament has been broken has been developed, it does not give the name of inventors nor state that the process has come into anything like general application. Its description of the operation is therefore given for what it is worth.

It states that a commercial success has been made of a process for renewing burnt out lamps which renders possible the use of the old bulb at a very slight expense. By the new method the collar, or bare end, of the lamp is not disturbed, the old filament being removed and the new one placed through a small hole in the lamp bulb made by removing the tip. The small hole is subsequently closed exactly in the same manner as in the case of the new lamp, leaving nothing to indicate in the finished, repaired lamp that it had ever been opened.

It is stated that some 400,000 lamps have been repaired by this method, the filament being inserted through the small hole referred to by a skillful twist of the hand and secured in position by a special carbon paste. The black deposit on the inside of the bulb is removed by fitting the lamp to the holder and removing it in a gas furnace, while immediately following this operation a small glass tube is fused to the opening made in the bulb, through which the lamp is exhausted. When this has been done and the last trace of air and gas absorbed, a blowpipe flame is directed upon the throat of the tube, which is melted into the point exactly in every respect a counterpart of the original lamp.—Providence Journal.

The Well Dressed Man.

There is a certain professor in a certain university of the United States who once, at the beginning of one of his lectures on fine arts, got on the subject of the kind of pins worn in the neckties of young college men. He was a good lecturer and was always interesting, but this lecture was the most interesting of his course to the 300 boys who heard him, and the whole hour was spent on necktie pins, their use and misuse and what they suggested. The gist of what he said was that there was no more reason why a boy should wear a horseshoe with a whip across it all in gold than that houses should have sieves for roofs, and that as it was extremely foolish to put a big sieve on your house for a roof, so it was quite as foolish to wear horseshoes on your neckties. The principle of this is that you should have a reason in what you wear as well as in other things and that senseless decorations, like horseshoes on neckties or neckties on horseshoes, are silly and unbecoming to a self respecting person. This particular example was only one to illustrate a principle, which is that nothing unusual, queer, out of the ordinary, is in itself a good thing—that, in fact, most things that are queer and out of the ordinary are likely, in the question of dress, to be in bad taste. A man's dress ought to be quiet, but it must be clean and well taken care of in every instance. The best dressed man is the man who, in whatever company he finds himself, is inconspicuous; who, you realize in an indefinite way, is well appointed, though you cannot well tell why.—Harper's Round Table.

Household Economics.

"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot, but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it."

"Why, that's perfectly simple, Rudolph. When you give me a lot, I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."—Fliegende Blatter.

Where the Trouble Is.

"It isn't a bit of trouble to get married," said the airy young person.

"No," spake the sedate one. "It is in being married that the trouble is."—Indianapolis Journal.

There are 22 allusions in the Bible to the east wind, 19 of them being of a disparaging character.

The largest American fly is a little over half an inch in length.

The oat plant is in Italy regarded as emblematic of music.

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

And Didn't Mend Matters a Bit When He Discovered It.

The fine looking young man who was shown into the parlor was a new one to the old gentleman, who had lived in a state of anxiety for years lest some one would marry his charming daughter for her money. All young men were under suspicion with him, and he was particularly formal with those of fine appearance. The caller intended to observe the proprieties by introducing himself, but the host said in his stiffest business tones:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I came to tell you, sir, that I have asked your daughter"—

"Just as I expected," was snorted back. "It's pretty tough when a man of affairs at my time of life has to put in half his time telling young whippersnappers that they can't have that girl of mine. There is the most mercenary lot of men just coming into active life that I have ever seen. I'd better give my fortune to some charitable institution. You can't have her."

"Perhaps if I should explain"—

"There's nothing to explain. I've heard it all more times than I have hairs on my head. Of course you love her. You can't live without her. You have no money, but you're educated, possess a brave heart and will shield her from all trouble. You will"—

"Just to shield you from a little present embarrassment I will inform you that I'm not in the least in love with your daughter."

"What in thunder did you propose to her for, then? Have you the unmitigated gall to come in here and tell me that you want my daughter when you're not in love with her and not expect to get kicked out? Why, you"—

"Break away, papa!" laughed the vision of loveliness who hurried into the room. "This is the gentleman visiting at Mrs. Winton's, and he is arranging her private theatricals for her. He has asked me to take a part, and I referred him to you."

The old gentleman glared hopelessly for a full minute and in his confusion said brokenly:

"Take her, my son, take her."—Detroit Free Press.

FOOD IN THE ARCTIC.

Birds Have No Difficulty Finding It In the Snow.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty, only to be found beyond the arctic circle, seems incredible. The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on its immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the arctic circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heat which frees the fruit brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world. The mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender warblers, of cliff chaffs, pipits and wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.—New York Evangelist.

Could Be Reached Still.

"Did you catch a glimpse of the footpad?" asked the policeman who was stooping over the insensible victim and examining his injuries.

"Yes," answered the man whose timely arrival had scared the murderous villain away. "He was a tough looking fellow, a little taller than I am and wore chin whiskers."

The prostrate man shuddered, gasped and moved his lips. Consciousness was returning.

"Strictly speaking," the policeman heard him mutter feebly, "there is no such thing as chin whiskers. Whiskers grow on the cheeks. He wore a chin beard."

Then the Boston man became unconscious again.—Chicago Tribune.

To Fit the Crime.

"You don't look like a hard citizen, but you plead guilty to the charge of being found in a gambling resort. I ought to inflict a fine of at least $5".—

"But, your honor, I was intoxicated, or I wouldn't have"—

"Drunk, too, were you? The fine will be $10 and costs. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one, but she can serve a ball that is exceedingly difficult to return.

Ray declares that the seed of a single spleenwort will number at least 1,000,000.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Telltale Tracks on the Tapestry Betrayed Him.

Four or five Washington pastors were having a pleasant little meeting the other afternoon at the study of one of them, and they were having comparatively as much fun out of it as that many rounders would have had at a saloon knee deep in 47 varieties of tipple. They were telling Sunday school stories, as a rule, but they swung around after awhile to temperance.

"In my youth in Virginia," said the host, "we had, what is rare nowadays—to wit, a lot of more or less seedy and shabby genteel old fellows who went about the country delivering lectures on temperance and getting out of it only about so much as would clothe and feed them. Some of them were no doubt good and conscientious men, but among them were many who, notwithstanding their professions, dearly loved to take a glass of something warming to the inner man.

"Most of these tipplers were very particular not to have the rumor get abroad that they ever tasted the vile stuff, and when they took their drinks they observed great secrecy. I remember there was one whom we thought to be a most abstemious old fellow, and no one thought he ever tasted a drop, particularly a maiden aunt of mine who lived with my mother and was as rigid a temperance woman as ever came out of New England. My mother was much more liberal and wanted always to entertain these workers in the good cause, but my aunt had become so suspicious of all of them except this particular one that he was the only one who could find a night's lodging at our place.

"One night this old chap came to stay all night, and he had such a severe cold that my mother prescribed a rubbing of goose grease on his feet and toasting it in by the fire before he went to bed. Now, as it happened, in the room where he slept there was a new carpet which my aunt had presented to my mother as a birthday gift, and there was an old fashioned sideboard in the same room, with a two gallon jug of good whisky on it, which somebody had forgotten to put inside and lock up. At 8 o'clock the black boy carried in the goose grease to our guest and left him sitting before the fire.

"Just what happened after that nobody knows, but after the guest had departed next morning and the servants went to straighten up the room they found tracks innumerable between the fireplace and the sideboard, and in some way it was discovered that the old fellow, afraid of taking cold, had greased his socks and toasted the grease into his feet through them, and while the toasting was going on he made regular and frequent trips to the jug. Of course, if the tracks on the carpet had not betrayed him, no one would have ever noticed by the jug that he had been drinking out of it. He never came back again, and I don't know whether my aunt was more pained over the ruined carpet or over the ruined idol, for she had the greatest confidence in the old man."—Washington Star.

DETECTED THE REPEATERS.

Innocent Fishhooks Which Caused Wholesale Arrest of Voters.

During the reconstruction times in Alabama, just after the late civil war, all of the state and county offices were administered by the Republicans. This was from 1866 to 1874, when the Democrats again secured control of the government and have held it ever since.

The election of George S. Houston, a Democrat, as governor in 1874 was one of the hottest ever held in the state, and many were the tricks practiced on both sides in that election. Possibly the most novel was a device put into operation at Mobile. Repeaters were common in those days, and this device was used by the Democrats to catch the negroes, who had learned the repeating trick. All of the negroes voted the Republican ticket then.

On the election day mentioned the polling places were opened, and the voting commenced. The Democratic election officers at the boxes had secured a stock of small fishhooks with which to carry out their new plan. Whenever a negro voted, an officer stuck a hook in the voter's vest front, where it could be plainly seen. After having exercised his constitutional right of voting, "Cuffy" proceeded to another polling place and sought to vote a second time. He was thereupon arrested and put in jail upon a charge of fraud. The scheme worked like a charm. By noon 175 negroes had been arrested and jailed. The wholesale arrests so frightened the negroes who had not voted that they refrained from going to the polls that day, and the Democrats won the election.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Whipping Post In Boston.

Alice Morse Earle, in an article on "Punishments of Bygone Days," found in The Chapbook, after giving John Taylor the Water Poet's rhymed descriptions of corporal punishment in London, explains how rapidly flogging came into use in Boston:

The whipping post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held Nov. 30, 1630, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread, another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pilott." Then we read of John Pease that for "stryking his mother and deryding her he shalbe whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians—all were punished by whipping. Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping post. In 1643, Roger Scott, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped. Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophecy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unwomanly sarriage.

THE AMERICAN NILE.

SUCH IS THE GREAT RIO GRANDE, WITH ITS VAGARIES.

It Is a River of Freakish Habits and Must Be Seen More Than Once to Be Understood—Flows Mainly Underground, but at Times There Is a Torrent on Top.

"It's a river 1,500 miles long, measured in its windings," said the man from New Mexico, speaking of the Rio Grande. "For a few miles, at its mouth, light draft steamers run up from the gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't float a craft except at ferries. In the old days, when New Mexico was a province of Spain, the people along the river didn't even have ferryboats, and the only way they had of getting across was by fording. For this purpose a special breed of large horses was reared to be kept at the fords. When the river was too high for these horses to wade across, travelers camped on the bank and waited for the waters to subside. Now there are bridges over the river at the larger Rio Grande towns, and in other places rope ferries and rowboats are the means of crossing.

"In times of low water a stranger seeing its current for the first time would be apt to think slightingly of the Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexicans love to call the great river. Meandering in a small part of a very wide channel he would see only a little muddy stream, for ordinarily nine-tenths of the Rio Grande is underground, the water soaking along toward the gulf through the sands beneath its channel. The valley, bounded everywhere to left and right by mountains or foothills, is sandy, and the water, percolating the sands down to hard pan, spreads out on each side so that it may always be found anywhere in the valley by digging down to the level of the river's surface. For the greater part of the year the river above ground flows swift and muddy, narrowing as it swirls round a sand bar and widening over shallows. But the thing that strikes the stranger most queerly is its disappearance altogether for reaches, many miles in length, of its channel, which, except, it may be, for a water hole here and there, is as dry as Sahara. The river is keeping right along about its business, however, and where a rock reef or clay bed blocks its subterranean current it emerges to the surface and takes a fresh start above ground, running as a big stream which, farther down, may lose itself in the sands again.

"It is when the floods come down that the Rio Grande shows why it requires so big a channel for its all the year round use and demonstrates that if the waterway were even wider it would be an advantage to residents along its banks. It is fed by a watershed of vast area and steep descent, which in times of rain and melting snow precipitates the waters rapidly into the channel. In June, when the snow melts on the peaks about its headwaters in Colorado and northern New Mexico, and later in the summer, when heavy showers and cloudbursts are the order of the day, the Rio Grande overflows its banks, deluging wide tracts of valley and sometimes carving a new channel for itself, changing its course for miles. Where the valley is unusually wide and sandy, as below Isleta and in the Merilla valley, the old channels in which the river used to flow are plainly indicated in the landscape.

"No one who has seen the great river in flood is likely to forget the positive ferocity it seems to display as its waters sweep all before them, and woe to the man or beast who is overtaken by them! The flood arrives without warning. The sky may be clear above when the traveler, leisurely jogging across the wide channel, hears his wagon wheels grate upon the sand with a peculiar sound. It means that the waters are stirring the sands beneath him, and then, if he knows the river, he lashes his horse, making at all speed for the nearest bank, and lucky he is if he reaches it safe. The chances are that before he gets there he hears the roaring of waters up the channel and sees them coming down toward him with a front like a wall, rolling forward and downward as if over a fall, with a rising flood behind. Many a man and whole wagon trains have been overwhelmed in this way, and, buried in sands or cast away on desert banks, no human eye has ever seen them again.

"The great river has its pleasing and romantic aspect, so fascinating that it is a saying among people who live in its valley that 'whosoever drinks of its waters and departs will come again to seek them.' Like the Nile, the Rio Grande enriches the soil of its valley to the point of inexhaustible fertility. Along its banks in New Mexico are fields that for two centuries have been cultivated yearly, yielding great crops, and they are as productive today as when they first were tilled. Irrigating canals, called acequias madras (mother ditches), convey water from the river to be distributed through little gates to the fields of the valley, which it both waters and enriches. A trip along the river reveals a succession of pictures of a primitive civilization of the old Spanish American type. Adobe villages, with small, flat roofed houses built about antique churches, and the spacious houses of the vicos, or great men; orchards, vineyards, wheatfields and grazing cattle are all features of the scenery of the Rio Grande, the 'American Nile.'"—New York Sun.

Sevastapol.

The fortifications of Sevastapol, which caused the allies so much trouble during the six months' defense of the fortress by the Russians, were at first very weak, and military experts say the town might have been taken by a vigorous bombardment and assault during the first few days of the siege. The ignorance of the allied generals in regard to the strength of the works caused a delay which the Russians improved by making the defenses almost impregnable.

ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA