

In the Far North

Peculiarities of the Icelanders—Their Social and Domestic Life—Where Visitors Have to Kiss Everyone in the Household—A Land of Poverty, Piety, Peace and Contentment.

FOR the poet, the artist, the geologist, the historian and the student of comparative philology, no island of the globe possesses so great a power as Iceland to please, to instruct, to fascinate, notwithstanding its isolation, the inclemency of its climate, and its lack of natural advantages. Inhabitants of the temperate zones, accustomed to sunny skies, luxuriant vegetation, mild temperatures, and all that can charm the senses and minister to bodily comfort and luxury, cannot conceive the possibility of any considerable number of people living in absolute contentment amid the forbidding surroundings of so bleak and desolate a country as Iceland, where no fields of waving grain meet the eye, nor flowers enliven the plains with their harmony of color; where no feather warblers tune their pipes in pleasing song, nor trees send forth their emerald leaves to lean beauty to the landscape; where there are no settled industries, no schools, no carriages or carts, no roads, no plows—nothing in summer but lava beds, peat bogs, and glaciers; nothing in winter but almost perpetual night and snow, without a gleam of light to cheer the eye, and without a single ray of light to cheer the heart.

The date of its first settlement is lost in the darkness of dead centuries. It is known that a small colony of Irish culdres, probably driven from home by internal dissensions, were the first to find a home on its inhospitable shores, but the date of their arrival is unknown. The "Landnámabók," or "Book of Occupation"—one of the earliest records of Icelandic history—utterly ignores the existence of these Irish settlers, and because of their rapid absorption or extermination by the Norsemen, or perhaps because these historians, being Norsemen, were pleased to proclaim themselves the original discoverers and colonizers. To propound the question of the date of its settlement it is necessary to touch briefly upon certain events in the history of Norway. In 860, Harold the Fair-Haired, the first of the Fair-Haired dynasty, and a descendant of the great Harald, having by violence and other means, reduced many of his brother jarls to submission, undertook the conquest and consolidation of all the independent Norwegian domains into one realm, of which he should be the absolute ruler.

Many of his former equals submitted to his yoke; but others, actuated by the unconquerable love of liberty innate in men who had hitherto known no superior, preferred seeking refuge beyond the ocean to a life of submission. So they constructed vessels and embarked with their families in quest of some place where they might be free from the usurpation and tyranny of the hated Harold. They at first settled upon the Western Islands, where they increased in numbers and material prosperity, and soon were enabled to make incursions upon the islands which led not one to quietly submit to the ravages of these predatory bands, and sent an opposing fleet against the Western Islands, and army to the Western Islands, and quickly reduced the rebellious islands to submission, and effectually ended the depredations by leaving behind him garrisons and governors, who levied and collected heavy tribute from the islanders. Chafing under the exacting demands of Harold's constructed vessels, and with their kinsmen and clansmen, once more ventured forth in the sea in search of a home where they might enjoy the blessings of liberty and independence.

Living about by tempestuous seas, the snow-clad mountains of Iceland were seen to rise above the mists of the ocean. Bleak, barren, and without thought it appeared, the islanders were delighted by the voyagers, who were destined to be the forerunners and ancestors of a numerous population. Not half a century elapsed before all of its habitable portions were occupied, not only by Norsemen, but by settlers from Denmark, Sweden and Scotland, who formed a republic which continued for nearly four hundred years, when it voluntarily submitted to the yoke of Norway. Upon the annexation of the Scandinavian monarchies the allegiance of the Icelanders was passively transferred to Denmark, to which country it is still tributary, though enjoying a nominal independence, granted in 1344 by the Danish king.

The area of Iceland is about 40,000 square miles, equal in size to the State of Kentucky, but of irregular formation. Its northern coast is broken in a thousand places by bays and inlets, while along its entire southern coast is not a single indentation. Geographically, it is situated just south of the polar circle, and, though its high latitude might suggest extreme cold, the climate is not nearly so severe as might be imagined. The Gulf Stream, flowing along its western and southern coasts, exercises an ameliorating influence which makes life in those regions quite endurable. In the northern portions the bays receive from the polar regions great masses of drift ice, which do not disappear until July or August, and life there is not so tolerable. The mean annual temperature at Reykjavik, the capital, situated in the southwest, is 40 degrees, and in the northern portion is 33 degrees; the mean summer temperature is not above 55 degrees. Of course, the cultivation of cereals is impossible, and when in the north the drift ice remains longer than usual, the growth of grass is prevented, and want and famine ensue, owing to the inability of the farmers to provide fodder for their cattle, sheep, and horses, which then die by thousands. In summer the weather is subject to constant change, rain alternating with sunshine, as with us in April. The air is seldom tranquil, storms of terrific violence being of frequent occurrence. Winter sets in toward the end of September, preceded by dense mists, which finally descend in heavy blankets of snow, or until the latter part of December, when the sun appears above the horizon for only a brief time at the middle of the day.

In personal appearance the Icelanders are rather above the middle size, with frank, open countenances, florid complexions, and yellow or flaxen hair.

The women are shorter than the men, more inclined to corpulence, and generally live to a greater age. In disposition they are mild, even to childlike. Guileless and confiding, they are truthful and honest, and would become an easy prey to the unscrupulous, if the flame were worth the candle, which it is not.

The diet of the Icelanders is extremely simple. They breakfast on skyr, which resembles curds, only it is sour. To this they add milk or cream. Their dinner consists of dried fish and butter, the latter generally sour, it being the practice to allow it to acquire a strong degree of rancidity, when it will keep for almost any length of time. For supper they have either skyr, a little bread and cheese, or porridge, made of Iceland moss. On Sundays they have, in addition, boiled mutton for dinner. On three days of the year—Christmas, the first day of summer, and harvest-home—feasts are given the servants, consisting of fresh mutton, milk porridge, and bread—articles which are strangers to their palates at other seasons of the year. The common beverage is blanda—a kind of whey mixed with water—and milk, which they generally drink warm.

The common working dress of the Icelandic women, without distinction as to social equality, or wealth, consists of an undershirt or wadmel, in one piece, extending from the shoulders to the heels, fastened at the neck with a button, or clasp, with petticoats of white or blue woolen cloth, the top of which hangs down on one side and terminates in a tassel. On Sundays and festival occasions their dress is singular. Then they wear, in addition, a bodice, and two or three petticoats, called "fat," and in fact an apron, bordered with a material resembling black velvet, which is a domestic manufacture. The petticoats are fastened immediately beneath the bodice, and are many times as long as the bodice, and are decorated with such silver or gilt ornaments as they may possess. The bodice is also ornamental, and fastened in front with large clasps, generally gilt, and decorated with various ornaments, being fixed on a broad border of black velvet, bound with red. Over the bodice is a jacket, called "treja," fitting close to the shape, and made of black wadmel or velvet, with a wide collar, and a row of buttons, and the shoes, which are of seal, shark, or sheepskin, are made tight to the foot, and fastened about the ankles and insteps with leather laces. In their fingers the women generally wear many rings of gold, silver, or brass, according to their means; and, be it known, no present is so acceptable to an Icelandic girl as a ring. The most singular, and at the same time the most beautiful, of the female costume is the head-dress, called "faldur," which is made of white linen, stiffly starched, kept in shape with an immense number of pins, and from fifteen to twenty inches in height. It is the holiday and Sunday head-covering.

The peasants' houses are nearly all constructed in the same manner. The walls are from four to six feet in height, and thickness, and are composed of the various partitions of turf, which incline inward, and are met by a sloping roof of turf, supported by a few beams, crossed by twigs and boughs of willow and birch. The roof always furnishes good grass, which is cut with the scythe at the proper season. The door opens into a dark passage from twenty to thirty feet in length, by about five in breadth, from which entrances branch off on either side, leading to the various apartments of the family. Light is admitted through small windows, in the roof, which frequently consist of the amnion of sheep, but sometimes of glass. Such of the houses as have the windows of turf, resemble the exterior of a bastion on account of the extreme thickness of the walls. Chimneys are rare, and smoke is allowed to escape through holes in the roofs. Icelanders have no fire in their rooms except the kitchen, even during the coldest days of winter. In the badstofa the beds are arranged on each side of the room, and consist of open bedsteads raised about three feet above the ground, singly or in tiers, according to the number of the family. They are filled with seaweed, feathers or down, varying in proportion to the circumstances of the peasant; over this is a fold or two of wadmel, and a coverlet of divers colors. The beds are extremely narrow, the Icelanders manage to rest in them by sleeping head to head in couples. Sometimes the insides of the rooms are heated with stoves, but this is a luxury; generally the walls are bare, and collect much dirt. The floors are seldom covered, but consist of hard-packed earth. Owing to the close confinement in which they live, the lack of ventilation, the presence of more or less smoke, and the fact that the cattle are frequently housed beneath the same roof, the atmosphere of an Icelandic house becomes much polluted.

When you visit a family in Iceland you must kiss each member according to their age or rank, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest, not even excepting the servants; on taking leave the order is reversed; you first kiss the servants, then the children, and lastly the master and mistress. Both at meeting and parting an affectionate kiss on the mouth, without distinction of rank, age or sex, is the only mode of salutation known in Iceland. As illustrating the hospitality and innocent simplicity of the Icelandic character, the distinguished traveler, Dr. Henderson, relates the following:

"The hour of rest approached. I was conducted by my kind host and hostess into the strangers' room, where was an ancient but excellent bed, on which I had every reason to conclude more than one of the Holm-Bishops had rested. Having washed, and taken a good night's rest, they retired and left their eldest daughter to assist me in pulling off my pantaloons and stockings, a place of kindness, however, which I must have dispensed with as being repugnant to the feelings of delicacy to which I had been accustomed. I vainly remonstrated against it as unnecessary. The young woman maintained it was the custom of the country, and their duty to help the weary traveler. When I had got into bed she brought a long board, which she placed before me to prevent my falling out, deposited a basin of new milk on a stool close to the bed, kissed me good night, and retired. Such I afterward found to be the universal custom in Icelandic houses. Where there are no daughters the service is performed by the hostess herself, who considers it a great honor to have it in her power to show this attention to a traveler."

Traveling in Iceland is attended with much difficulty and discomfort. There are no railroads, and the only mode of conveyance upon the island, everything is carried on horseback. The first thing, therefore, a traveler has to think of is the procuring of horses, which he may either hire or purchase; the latter is preferable, as he has them more at his command, and, if the journey be of any length, it is also cheaper. As there are no inns upon the island, the traveler must provide himself with a tent, which is necessary, on account of the many deserts he must traverse; and he will also prefer it to the best accommodation the farm houses afford. An experienced guide is also essential, and a servant to care for the baggage and horses. Traveling chests must also be procured, together with provisions, and small coins, with which to reward any trivial services rendered by the peasants.

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Missing Links

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

A STABLE in New York city has the following sign displayed: "For sale, a good second-hand mule, acquainted with the ice wagon business."

A STATUE of Lord Byron, by two French sculptors, Chapu and Falguieres, has been unveiled by King George at Athens. The poet is represented advancing with outstretched arms to meet Greece, who holds out to him a laurel crown.

ALL the money for the beacon in memory of Tennyson has been subscribed, the month for the shaft has been successfully quarried in Cornwall, and the monument will be set up in the fall. Of the £4,000, £1,250 came from the United States.

AT THE Pasteur Institute in Paris 1,520 persons were treated last year, of whom two died, the smallest proportion yet attained. In ten years 17,837 persons have been inoculated, 85 others have died. Nearly a third of the patients last year came from Paris and its neighborhood.

VIENNA is to lose the Wien, the little river from which the city derives its name. It had for some time been used as an outlet for sewage, and often caused damage by overflowing, but will now be covered over. Reservoirs have been built to which the water will be drawn during freshets.

THERE seems to be no truth in the report that S. R. Crockett, the Scottish novelist, is very ill, his health having given way owing to overwork. The Scotsman contradicts the rumor, and states that so far from exhausting himself with literary work, he has since September been mainly devoting his energies to golf.

THERE were 114,399 fewer children being educated in French primary schools than there were five years ago, according to the last report of the Minister of Public Instruction, while in the five years the number of pupils in the schools of the Christian Brothers nearly doubled. The Brothers are not doing so well in the matter of numbers, with no aid from the Government.

POACHERS in England, when found guilty, are generally sent to jail for several months, but a vicar of the Church of England, who was recently convicted of willful perjury in swearing against two men, who were fined and imprisoned on his testimony for poaching, got off with a sentence of six days' imprisonment, from which the judge excused him.

SWITZERLAND has called for a meeting of the countries that took part in the Berne Conference, to decide on a metric standard for gauging screws. The slight deviations between the pitch and thread of screws made by English standards from those made by the metric standard form a serious obstacle to the adoption of the metric system in countries obtaining machinery from England.

PROF. IRA REMSEN describes (in Science) a curious case of the accumulation of marsh gas under ice. A number of skaters were on a large artificial lake covered with ice. In places white spots were noticed in the ice, suggesting air bubbles. The ice was broken up, and a match applied. The thin jet of flame burst up, and the gas was found to be marsh gas formed by the decomposition of organic matter at the bottom of the lake. Prof. Remsen suggests that the gas, which is illuminated by natural gas, are among the possibilities of the future.

THREE of the largest olive groves in the world are planted in Southern California. One grove, of 400 acres, in Orange county, will contain 40,000 trees. Another, near Colton, will have 24,000 trees, and the third, near Pomona, will have 24,000 trees. There is more olive planting in California this season than in any previous time, the boom being due to the increased popularity of California olives in American markets. The olive crop of Southern California last season was worth \$20,000, and the grove owners expect this year to realize an amount of fruit which has been sold.

A CURIOUS piece of real estate soon to be auctioned off at the exchange in London comprises the freehold of the island Volcano in the Mediterranean, with numerous mountains and two live craters. The island is one of the Aeolian group, off the northeast coast of Sicily, and is five miles long by two and a half broad. Vines and fig trees flourish on it, and the opportunity is a fine one for some rich man who loves Theocritus and would like to have an island home all to himself. "According to the mountain-side, with our dock feeding below, and the blue Sicilian sea in the distance."

BLOOMERS as an aid to smuggling were tried by two San Francisco girls in an experiment that failed. The girls took passage to Honolulu on one of the mail steamers, and excited the suspicion of the Hawaiian customs officers by going ashore clad in voluminous bloomers. They were followed to a house in Honolulu, where the discarded bloomers and 60 tins of smuggled opium were found. The girls were arrested and convicted of smuggling, but on appeal to the Supreme Court the case against them was dismissed because their guilt was not proved clearly. The girls returned to San Francisco a few days ago in the steamer, wearing skirts.

A MACHINE for catching flies off the backs of cattle, and so affording the animals rest and comfort, has been invented by a farmer in Madison county, Ky. The inventor has spent a number of years in the House of Commons as Lord Henry Bruce.

SCALES IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Among the many thousands of objects discovered during the present year by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie and others, while excavating some 30 miles from Thebes, and now on view at University College, there is a pair of scales which, with the exception that they turn on a pin, exactly resemble those used in our pharmacies in today. The length of the beam is about four and one-half inches, a ring at each end carries the original cords, which are three in number, and the pans, about the size of a penny-piece, are slightly raised at the top, by which they may be held; the finish and workmanship are alike excellent. The discoveries have been of an extraordinary character. It is refreshing to find that in those days the scales and tops were known to the boys, while the girls had their dolls, and the chemist manufactured pots of perfumed fat or unguent, which in one case, at least, still retained traces of its original odor.

Vicissitudes of the Dead.

What Was Seen When the Tombs of Notables Were Opened After a Lapse of Centuries—Extraordinary Revelations in Regard to Royal and Other Departed Notables

The Cosmopolitan.

THERE is one subject which the wise and the most ignorant alike are bound to consider, once in a while, the subject of course of their lives—their life there is death. Wherever there is life there is death. The village of the living nestles at the foot of the hill, on the slope above it rise the white stones of its altar ego, the village of the dead. The great city throbs with vigorous life—at its gates, the silent majority sleeps in peace; always the two nations—the living and the dead.

But "who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whether they are to be scattered?" says Sir Thomas Browne in that magnificent piece of English called, "Treatise on Urn Burial." The sepulchre of the Pharaohs have given up their dead, the great Rameses with his historic physiognomy almost unchanged still, Seti I., majestically serene. The ashes of a Caesar have come to light, the earrings of Aristotle's daughter have been found with her dust, and who knows but excavations will be made which will reveal the relics of Helen of Troy?

The remains of Edward the Confessor were first disturbed about 15 years after his death in order to settle the question of his incorruptibility in the flesh. They were found, if the witnesses may be trusted, in perfect preservation, the flesh white, the fingers flexible, the beard (from which Bishop Dunford extracted one hair), long and long. After gazing reverently on the body, the monks wrapped it in a splendid new mantle, and replaced it in the grave, reserving the old mantle for cypres.

Often the story of William the Conqueror's death and burial has been told, it retains to the full its picturesqueness to say nothing of its tremendous moral of "Justice is mine; I will repay." His death was the death of a king, his crime, his six, or rather seven, feet of earth were denied to him by the man from whom he had iniquitously taken off, and he lay unregarded in his coffin on the pavement until the payment of sixty shillings procured him a grave. Some four hundred years later the tomb was opened at the instance of a bishop of Bayeux, and the body found entire. The bishop was so much impressed by the appearance that before the coffin he had a painting made of the remains, a painting luckily long since destroyed. The next visitors were a party of Calvinists in 1562. By the time the corpse was opened, the bones, which the soldiers, after wrecking the tomb, threw out into the church, were placed under a new monument, which, in its turn, was destroyed at the time of the French Revolution.

Henry I. died near Lyons, and had one of these multifarious interments to which the great, but more especially the saintly deceased, were liable during the middle ages. His body, his heart, eyes, and brain were buried in St. Mary de Prato; "the body sliced and powdered with salt, and wrapped in a bull-hide," and carried to England. It was deposited in the choir of the cathedral, and the fragments scattered.

Fontevault received the body of Richard Plantagenet, Chalonis (where he died), his bowels and Rousillon, his bones, which were placed in a leaden box, this "cor inextinguible" as his epitaph phrased it was buried in the Cathedral to the right of the high altar, under a stately monument formerly encompassed with a balustrade. In the year 1250, the dean, canons and chapter of Rouen, ungratefully forgetting the great obligations they were under to this monarch, melted down the silver balustrade in order to contribute to the ransom of French souls, then a captive among pagans.

Not ungratefully surely were the monks of Rouen. What better could they do than ransom a live crusader with the remains of a dead one? Richard himself might have approved the deed, and, though the balustrade was gone, the heart, the chief's treasure, remained. In 1542 it was exhumed entire, although withered out of all semblance to its original form. Today it has become a mere pinch of dust, and, inclosed in a glass box, may be seen in a museum of Rouen. The body of Richard III., found naked and defaced on the field of Bosworth, was found in Leicester town hall before being buried in Greyfriars. At the Dissolution it was flung out, and the stone coffin was long used as a horse trough.

Henry VIII., of Scotland, who married a sister of Henry VIII., was found dead on Flodden Field, and, according to Scott, "not committed to the tomb . . . being under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest could perform the funeral service." The body, therefore, was embalmed and sent to Sheen. At the Dissolution, this monastery was given to the Duke of Suffolk, and the corpse, in its lapping of lead, thrown into a lumber room where some workmen, says Scott, "discovered, disclosing this time mere bones and dust."

Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and buried, after some dispute, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. So far, no monument marked the spot, doubts gradually arose; but these were settled in 1813 by the discovery of his coffin. After detaching the cerecloth and resinous matter, the head, which was separated, was raised for view. The muscles and skin were entire, the nose and one eye had fallen in, but the other eye was full. The pointed beard, the hair, the long oval of the face, all were vividly the royal portraits which the sharp cut through the cervical vertebrae, and the refracted muscles were additional proofs of its identity. Heads sat but lightly on men's shoulders a few centuries ago, and "the bosom's lord" was never certain of remaining in its case. Sir Thomas Moore's decapitated head was preserved until his death by his daughter, Sir Walter Raleigh's by his widow. The heart of Bruce traveled from Scotland to Spain, from Spain back to Scotland, and was buried at last in Melrose Abbey, although his body lies in Dunfermline.

Lord Chesterfield's skeleton, according to "Notes and Queries," was found "reclining on a white satin coverlet, the cranium propped up on a cushion of the same material, with a courtly air of repose which was very remarkable, and which made a great impression on those who were present."

I do not know whether that splendid courtier, the first Duke of Buckingham, has ever been disturbed in his grave; but there is a strangely interesting post mortem memorial of him in the form of a portrait by Van Dyke.

He is painted in the state the assassin's knife left him. The hair falls loosely out of curl, around the bloodless face, looking darker than in life against its pallor; the lips drop painfully; the lids lie heavy on the eyes; all sentiment, all expression, is washed out. What a contrast to the brilliant, smiling, sparkling, sparkling, which from its niche in the Uffizi looks down upon us with such fire of life in its pictured semblance! Surely, "the very disgrace and ignominy of our nature, that in a moment, can so suddenly reduce us to the level of the dead, stand aghast and start at us."

The most startling revelation of the deceased royalty in France was when the tombs of St. Denis were violated in the fall of 1793. By command of the Convention the bones were exhumed, all valuables removed, and the lead of the coffins cast into balls. Dagobert, the great Merovingian, with his wife Mathilde, whose dust had mingled peacefully for twelve centuries, were very suddenly dispossessed. Pepin, the Carolingian, father of Charlemagne, was a mere pinch of ashes, and scattered in a second. Louis XIII. was a well-preserved mummy; Louis XIV., a black, shapeless lump. A proper citizen was utilized by some provident citizen as the bottom for a dripping-pan. In this guise, rusted and smutty, it was discovered a few years ago by the director of the Museum, and promptly removed to a more honorable place. The name and title of the "Roi-Soleil" covered with lard, in a common bourgeois kitchen. Could the force of contrast go further?

Louis XV., who died of malignant smallpox, was a mass of corruption, which only just missed being fatal to the vandals that deluged him. The mummified heads of Du Guesclin, Louis XIII., and Francois I., were broken off and rolled, by way of balls, over the floor.

The fate of Monfrose's heart makes a romantic tale. During his too brief life he had promised it to the wife of his nephew, the second Lord Napier. After the execution his mangled remains were exposed in the four chief cities of Scotland, but when Charles II. came to the throne they were collected and interred with much solemnity in the Cathedral of St. Giles. Meanwhile Lady Napier had obtained the heart, and had it embalmed, and placed it in a case made out of his sword. This steel case was enclosed in a second of gold filigree, and this again in a silver urn.

From Lady Napier the relic passed to the young Marquis of Montrose, who lost it while in Flanders. Many years afterward a friend recognized it in the collection of a Dutch gentleman, and restored it to the rightful owner. The next heir of it as bequeathed to the mother of Sir Alexander Johnston. She, with her husband and child, accompanied the English fleet to India, were attacked en route by a French squadron, were all three wounded, and the filigree box containing the heart was shattered to bits by a splinter. But steel outlasts gold, and the sword of Montrose was invincible still. The heart's next adventure was in India, where it was supposed to have been taken to some wonderful talisman, and was appropriated for the sake of its virtues. An English gentleman paid the appropriate quite a large sum for the relic, but on learning the circumstances, restored it to the family. Another ocean voyage with the guardian brought it back from India to Europe; then it migrated to France; there, during the Reign of Terror was a third time lost, and from that day to this has not been heard of.

Thus again, and yet again, does the grave give up its trust, the plying present stands face to face with the solemn past. The story repeats itself the same feelings arise, the heart is torn from its home, the family, the love in garments trimmed with death-heads, and Ninon de l'Enclos carrying an ivory memento mori in her revels, to the masses of black in which we swathe our grief today. From the dead the dead Alexander, to the this-day resurrection of the Pharaohs and their final sepulture in museums—human nature is the same. We fear death and we long for it, we forget it, and we feel to forget it.

After all, there is something more than idle curiosity, there is a touch of real feeling to humanize our theme. From the shabby prehistoric skull to the disheveled head of Fouché, from the cracked Pharaohs and contorted molds of Pompeii, down to the beloved or indifferent dead of today; these were all our brothers and sisters. The burden of mortality lay on them as upon us; the path they trod, we now are treading; like them we shall leave our "outworn shells by life's untreating sea."

Not a Sectarism!

London Truth.

A well-known lady, en route to the last drawing-room, found herself hopelessly blocked in a line of carriages containing those unimportant people who had not the entire, to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed that the policeman on duty would not allow her to take the law into her own hands and break through the crowd of vehicles around her, she leaned out of the carriage window and said to him in somewhat imperious tones, "Perhaps you don't know that I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister?" "If you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister," was the answer, "I couldn't let you pass!"

New Photography.

First Doctor—Good photograph, isn't it?
Second Doctor—Fairly good. Flatters the left lung a little, I think.