The Colonist.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OPINION.

The Behring's Sea question is occupying a good deal of attention just now on both sides of the Atlantic. In Great Britain Mr. Blaine is not considered quite the model of straightforwardness and candor that he is represented to be by some of his admirers and followers on this side of the Atlantic. Neither is the evidence which he depends upon to substantiate his new contention, that the seals have become very much scarcer, believed implicitly by United States citizens. It is, indeed, considering that evidence of the very opposite nature was forthcoming when needed by the parties interested, viewed with suspicion, as the following article from Frank Leslie's newspaper, headed, "Is it More Alaska Jobbery?" shows:—

"The singular suggestion is made to Congress on the recommendation of Professor Eliott, Naturalist of the Smithsonian Institute, that it suspend the killing of fur seals in Alaska for seven years.

"This would entail a loss to the Federal Government in its direct revenues from the Alaska seal fisheries under the new contract, and indirect expenses required for the support of the Alaska Indians, of about $8,000,000.

"It would not end the depredations of poachers upon the seal fisheries, and would not stop the slaughter of seals under the contract made by the Russian Government. It would be productive of no good that we can see.

"This proposition, whether it emanated from the Smithsonian Institution or from the rival Alaska Company which failed to secure the contract recently re-let, is amazingly silly.

"There is a broad suspicion that the whole seal fishery business has been saturated with sin. It would, indeed, be scandalous if the revenue to the Government from Alaska fisheries were cut off at the behest of a corporation that is disappointed, disgruntled and revengeful, simply because it did not secure a renewal of the Alaska contract."

The above is only part of the evidence which goes to show that, in this matter, as in many others, intelligent American citizens have reason to conclude that their public men are not altogether disinterested, and that officials and members of Congress can be prevailed upon, when the consideration is sufficient, to grind their own and their friends' axes at the public expense, even if in the process the relations of the Republic with foreign nations should become strained. The American journalist who suggested that this seal fishing business is "saturated with sin," knew what he was writing about. Experience had taught him that the suggestion would not be looked upon as by any means monstrous by the American public.

The following extract from the Canadian Gazette (of London) of the 4th inst. will give our readers an idea of how the Behring's Sea negotiations are viewed by intelligent observers in Great Britain. The Gazette expatiating upon "Blaine's Bluff," says:

"The truth is that the history of this Behring's Sea dispute is one mass of contradictions and inconsistencies, and will, we fancy, furnish instructive material for future chroniclers of the recent course of United States diplomacy. The panorama of events runs somewhat thus: First comes a series of outrages upon Canadian sealers on the high seas. British protests demanding a change of policy, the Secretary of State issues blustering orders to the revenue cutters to appease his fire-eating friends at home, while secret instructions, given at the same time, keep the cruisers from touching British vessels. This game of Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll is well enough, but the Canadians, whose liberties have been outraged and their property damaged, demand compensation, and then comes forth the great *mare clausum* contention in all its nakedness. How great a fall that claim received, thanks to the blows of United States authorities themselves, our reader s remember. But Mr. Blaine has yet another card up his sleeve. "The seal in danger" is the new cry, and heart-rending are the tales of the havoc created among the seal herds by Canadian "poachers." The Dominion Minister of Marine has little difficulty in pricking that bubble, and again it is by the evidence of United States officials, whose reports Congress and the United States Government have so persistently neglected, that Mr. Blaine's contention is refuted. But not content with this alarmist cry, the British and Canadian Governments voluntarily propose that, in order to arrive at a speedy and amicable settlement, the question of the necessity of a close time shall be forthwith submitted to a commission of experts, and, pending the commission's report, sealing shall be restricted both as regards time and area. That proposal Mr. Blaine does not, for five months, deign even to acknowledge, and when the question must be referred to in public he naively deals with it as though the United States were the deeply aggrieved party, and he the innocent injured one. The record is surely a pretty one—fit theme for a new chapter in Mr. Carnegie's 'Triumphant Democracy.' The plain truth, of course, is that only one obstacle stands in the way of a peaceable and mutually agreeable settlement, and that obstacle is Mr. Blaine and his following, who, for reasons of their own, adopt this strange course of proceeding. Perhaps when this fact is grasped in the United States, as we believe it must be, upon a calm consideration of the case, we may hope to see a speedy end put to the present wranglings."

There is, we regret to see, reason to fear that there is a design on the part of some influential Republicans to make the Behring's Sea question do duty at the next Presidential election, for which preparations are being already made. If this is the case there can be no hope of a settlement within three years at the nearest. If the seal business can be made to yield political capital for the party in power every consideration of justice and fair play and even national welfare will have to give way to the exigencies of party. There does not seem just now much likelihood of a speedy settlement of the Behring's Sea Question.

A FOREIGNER'S ESTIMATE.

People abroad are beginning to appreciate the delightful climate of this province. Both its mild winters and its cool summers are grateful to those who desire a residence in a country otherwise pleasant, in which the extremes of heat and cold are not felt. There is no part of British Columbia in which the climate is so agreeable and so salubrious, and the surroundings so pleasant and beautiful as in Victoria and its immediate vicinity. Here it is, within a few days of Christmas, hardy flowers are still blooming in the gardens, the air is mild, and the weather, though there has been a good deal of rain, is not by any means disagreeable. We have holly to decorate our homes at Christmas, the ivy is flourishing and the laurel is greener and growing more luxuriantly than it did two or three months ago. We have roses and chrysanthemums and violets to brighten and beautify our decorations. These are all within the reach of persons of very moderate means, in fact, of any one who has a piece of ground, and who will take the trouble to cultivate them. And we do not believe that there is any place on the continent where flowers and ornamental shrubs grow so well, and with such little care. Knowing this to be the case, we are not at all surprised to see in the Canada Gazette the following paragraph:

Among the latest French settlers in Canada is, by the way, Count Dillon, one of the chief Royalist supporters of the defunct Boulangist movement. The Count has just completed an extended tour in Canada, and he intends to return in May with the Countess and his children, and settle in British Columbia. "My wife's health," he says, "demands a change, and I do not know of any place better for her than the other side of the Rockies. The climate there is the most beautiful in the world. My business interests are now principally in the Atlantic cable business; but there are already, perhaps, too many lines, and I do not propose promoting any more. I cannot however, be idle, and in British Columbia I shall find something to do for the country and for my children."

If the citizens of Victoria do their beautiful and prosperous city full justice; if they take the means which other cities on the coast resort to, to make its beauties and its advantages known, many men who like Count Dillon possess intelligence and money, and the enterprize to use both, will make Victoria their home.

FIFTH WHEELS.

People in Eastern Canada are beginning again to talk about the abolition of Legislative Councils. The provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island are encumbered with these bodies, which have outlived their usefulness, if they ever had any. There are many, perhaps a majority, in all these provinces who are in favor of the abolition of these Councils, but these bodies are regular Old Men of the Sea. They will not be shaken off. The Houses of Assembly cannot vote them out of existence. If they could they would have disappeared long ago. The Councils must consent to their own death and none of them are at all disposed to commit suicide. Where the Councils are nominative the plan of appointing men opposed to Legislative Councils to vacant seats in those bodies has been tried. But the atmosphere of the Upper Chambers is peculiar. The member who breathes it for a few weeks, no matter what his opinion of Councils may have been for years before, becomes convinced of the usefulness of Legislative Councils, indeed, looks upon them as indispensable and opposes the abolition of the one to which he has been appointed with might and main. In Prince Edward Island, where the Council is elective, the same plan has, in some cases, been tried by the constituencies with a precisely similar result. It has been proposed to pension off the members of some Councils, and there was talk of offering the Quebec Councillors a lump sum to resign, but the members stick to their seats like grim death.

The Second Chambers are expensive, that of Quebec costs the province some $50,000 a year, for which it gives the people absolutely nothing. None of them do any good, and yet the provinces on which they have been foisted are obliged to support them. This, to the people of the Council-ridden provinces, is very annoying. They see that Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia get on very well, indeed, with only one legislative body, and it exasperates them to feel that they are unable to follow these examples. But the old fogies do not possess the grace of resignation, and the useless institutions must be maintained. The situation in the east is singular.

PARNELL'S DEFEAT.

The result of the Kilkenny election is a sore blow and a great discouragement to the Parnellite party. It is evident that the fallen leader believed that the Irish people would stand by him; and with them at his back he could defy both Gladstone and the Irish Parliamentary party. The Liberals would be nowhere without the eighty odd members which formed the Irish contingent, and Parnell knew that if he retained his influence in Ireland it would be folly for any man who had abandoned him to seek re-election. The constituencies would do as he desired, no matter what the personal predilections of the electors might be. Parnell's taunt, that he had made the men who followed him, and would, when he pleased unmake them, appeared a few weeks ago to be only too true. But if Parnell expected that he could retain his prestige, after he had proved to the world that he was false to his friend, false to his English allies and co-laborers, and false to the cause that he had espoused, he now finds that he was egregiously mistaken. The people and the priesthood of Ireland will not tolerate an open libertine as a leader. No matter what his services to Ireland had been, and no matter how great his talents are, nothing was more certain than that when the kind of life he has lead for the last nine years became generally known he would not be tolerated in Ireland as the leader of the Home Rule party. Parnell evidently did not realize this when, finding that he was discredited in England, he hastened to Ireland. But his eyes were opened very soon after he landed on his native soil. Very few of his old friends welcomed him. He was not long in discovering that the greater number of them were friends no longer. It was clear that the clergy, with few exceptions, were not only cold and estranged, but bitterly hostile. Among his opponents he named for Kilkenny, himself had Hennessy. He was under the necessity of choosing another candidate. The first he selected he was obliged to withdraw. It was seen that he had no chance. This was ominous, for if he had retained his influence it would be folly to think of opposing Mr. Parnell's nominee in any Home Rule constituency. His second nominee was Mr. Scully, who appears to be a respectable man and not personally disliked by the electors. After a vigorous campaign, in which Mr. Parnell exerted himself as he had never exerted himself before in an election his candidate has been defeated by an immense majority. The man who but the other day had only to signify his wish to get a candidate elected, was, after a struggle in which he strained every nerve, badly beaten. This wonderful change must have been deeply felt by Mr. Parnell. It, no doubt, has gone very far to convince him that he is politically a ruined man. He cannot hope to retrieve his loss. The opposition against him is sure to grow, while his influence is certain to become weaker and weaker.

It is to be observed that the parish priests were among the most active of Mr. Parnell's opponents. This is to him ominous. With the Roman Catholic clergy on his side, Parnell was a power in Ireland. What he is when that clergy is against him, the Kilkenny election has clearly shown. The reflection that he has lost their influence by his own crime will not help to sustain him in this his day of adversity. He must know that it was he, himself, who made it impossible for any clergyman, Catholic or Protestant, to extend to him either countenance or support. He cannot but feel that he has done more to hurt himself than it was possible for the bitterest and the most powerful of his enemies open or secret.

The Kilkenny election will give great encouragement to the English Home Rulers. They will again begin to hope to have united Ireland on their side. It would not greatly surprise us to find that Mr. McCarthy's party will receive fresh accessions from the men who believed that both duty and interest required them to stand by Parnell. They may learn from the result of Monday's election that their political fate is no longer in their old leader's hands, and they may feel that the wisest and the most patriotic course for them to pursue is to reunite with their old co-laborers and comrades, from whom, for Parnell's sake, they parted. The moral effect of the Kilkenny election will be, no doubt, great, both in Ireland and England.

EXPERIENCE VERSUS THEORY.

Captain Cox's testimony with respect to the number of seals left in Behring's Sea differs very materially from that of Professor Elliott. We think it will not be very difficult for impartial men to decide whether in a matter of this kind the conclusions arrived at by an experienced sealer, who has been a close observer of the haunts and the habits of the seals for many successive years, is not more worthy of credence than that of a landsman who was in the Sea only parts of two seasons. The sealers' opportunities for observations, it must be admitted, must be far greater than those of a mere amateur. We cannot see how the Professor's knowledge as a naturalist gives him any advantage in the business of estimating the number of seals to be found in Behring's Sea. An old sealer would be far more likely to see seals than an inexperienced landsman, and his estimate of the number in sight at any given time would be far more likely to be correct. Experience is everything in a pursuit of this kind. Hunting the seals is a better training for it than reading books and attending college classes. Providing both were equally disinterested and equally desirous of arriving at the exact truth, the practical sealer's testimony as to the number of seals still existing in Behring's Sea is much more valuable than that of the inexperienced, though learned, professor.

Captain Cox's testimony, too, agrees with that of by far the greater number of American observers who have been in the service of the United States Government. They all, with the exception of Professor Elliott, asserted that the seals in Behring's Sea are not diminishing. Could these men have been all mistaken, or were they, with one consent, bearing false witness? When we find that their statements are corroborated by the British Columbia sealers who have had the best opportunities for making a correct estimate, it would be unreasonable to conclude that the weight of testimony is on the side of those who say that the seals in Behring's Sea are not diminishing, and that Professor Elliott made his observations at the wrong time, or under unfavorable circumstances.

DISAPPOINTING.

Faith in Dr. Koch's lymph seems to have weakened considerably. The experiments made do not appear to be very encouraging. The results do not come up to expectation. Many of the patients operated upon have died, and it does not appear to be certain that any have been cured. It was said, at first, that the lymph is a sure cure for lupus; even that is doubted now. A week or so ago, Professor Bergmann, of Berlin, said that he had made injections in 200 cases, but would not pronounce definitely upon the results until a year had elapsed. To those who, a little while ago, believed that if the disease was not too far advanced the cure would be certain and rapid, this is a very great discouragement.

It seems that the remedy for consumption is still in the experimental stage, and that nothing can be said of it, one way or the other, with any degree of certainty. The enthusiasm with which the news that a cure had been discovered for consumption was received has evidently pretty well subsided, and people feel that they must await with what patience they can command the result of further experiments. The progress of science is often very slow, and it is not every one who has the patience to wait until certainty is arrived at by the provokingly slow, tentative processes of the scientific discoverer. A cure for consumption is worth waiting for. If Dr. Koch has only struck the road to success, he has done a very great deal for the human race.

A FASTING PHENOMENON.

If Succi lived two or three hundred years ago, he would either have been reverenced as a saint or burned as a sorcerer. That a man can live forty-five days without food appears to be utterly incredible. It is true that he had all the water he wanted to drink, but, water does not restore wasted tissue. The most wonderful part of the feat is, that Succi although he wasted away, losing very nearly a pound of flesh a day, appeared quite strong. He could walk to the very last, and the exertion of talking did not appear to distress or exhaust him. His grip was firm throughout the trial and as to the pangs of hunger of which we read so much, in account of shipwreck and desert travel, this Italian faster never appears to have felt them. He seems to have suffered very little inconvenience indeed, and was pleasant and cheerful during the whole forty-five days' fast.

How he could endure this entire abstinence from food for so long a time, without irreparable injury to his constitution is a mystery, which no one as far as we know has attempted to solve. He has taken drops of an elixir which may have the effect of preventing the injury to the system which long fasting inflicts on ordinary people. Some of the ingredients of this elixir are known.—chloroform, chloradine and cannabis indica. He has also smoked cigars and cigarettes freely, and during the last days of his fast he ate a good deal of ice.

It is generally thought that it is very dangerous for a person who has been a long time without food to eat much at first. Nourishment is given to him in small quantities and in a form which will enable it to be quickly and easily assimilated. But Succi breaks through all these traditions. After a fast of unparalleled length he eats a hearty meal and seems to have suffered no inconvenience from the indulgence.

Is it possible for him to communicate his secret to others? Can people of normal constitution, by using the means that Succi uses, fast as long as he does? Are the experiments which he makes of any scientific value? Can a preparation be made which will enable the shipwrecked mariner or the traveller through the wilderness, whose supplies run out, to live a long while without food, and yet retain his strength? We have seen the answer to these questions. Tanner's secret was apparently not communicable. Is Succi's? If it is not, his wonderfully long fast is simply an extraordinary phenomenon of no use to the world. But if he has discovered a means by which life in certain circumstances can be preserved, and gives the world the benefit of his secret, he is a benefactor of the human race. When reading accounts of Succi's long fast, we cannot help suspecting that fraud in some shape must have been practised. But not a word is said of fraud or trickery in those accounts.

GENTLEMEN CRIMINALS.

Judge Fitzgerald, of New York, is a level headed man. He does not deal leniently with a criminal because he belongs to a respectable family, because he is well educated and because he has moved in good society. He rather looks upon the advantages he has enjoyed as aggravations of his offence. If a miserable creature who has inherited evil tendencies and whose surroundings have from his birth been demoralizing deserves to be punished when he commits a crime, is a man whose parents have been virtuous, who has been well educated, and who in spite of the teachings of religion and the restraints of society commits an equally heinous crime to be pitied and leniently dealt with? Yet we continually see judges and juries and governments begged to be indulgent to a criminal for no other reason than that his family is respectable, and that it was far easier for him to live decently and honestly than the majority of the men who are adjudged to suffer the full penalty of the laws they have violated without a word being said on their behalf. When sentencing Albert Smith, a scoundrel of the respectable class, who ruined many honest, hard-working people that trusted the firm which employed him, Judge Fitzgerald said:

Good character was essential to the perpetration of the crime that you committed. A man who could utter forged instruments without being questioned must necessarily have had the best kind of character. Almost every day in this court some wretched man who never had a chance in life, and who was born and reared amid vicious surroundings, is convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for the protection of the community. You were an intelligent, well-educated man, standing high in the community. For years you have been committing the crime of forgery, not from necessity, but prompted by the insane desire that prevails in many circles of this community and of this country to acquire great wealth with undue rapidity.

The judge, despite the entreaties of the influential friends of this "gentleman" thief, sentenced him to seventeen years' imprisonment with hard labor. This, in his case, was most likely equivalent to a life sentence. And he deserved every hour of it. He may have appeared then humble and repentant. But he was so because he had been found out. Had his crime not been discovered he would have held his head as high as the highest, and would, most likely, have treated any poor creature who had stolen a dollar's worth from him with the utmost severity.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

We are much pleased to see that Mr. A. J. McLellan is a candidate for election in Johnson Street Ward. He is just the kind of man that is needed in the City Council. He is a first-class business man who has had much experience in the conduct of enterprises requiring for their successful management considerable administrative ability. He has a clear head and possesses a more than ordinary share of intelligence. He is, besides, a man whose integrity is unquestioned. Having, by hard work, and untiring energy acquired an independence, he is in a position to devote more of his time to the city's business than a man who has his fortune to make, and who finds it difficult to spare an hour from his private business. When everything is considered the electors of the ward must see that Mr. McLellan would make an excellent city counsellor and that by electing him to fill that position they will not only be furthering the interests of their own ward, but doing the whole city good service.

RESPITE FOR MRS. PEARCY

An Investigation as to Her Insanity is to be Made.

London, Dec. 21.—The execution of Mrs. Pearcy for the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her child, which was to have taken place, yesterday, has been postponed by order of the Home Secretary, to allow an investigation as to the prisoner's sanity. Evidence has been furnished showing that on four occasions she attempted suicide, and that she is subject to fits of epilepsy. Dr. Forbes Winslow, who has studied the case, is convinced that if Mrs. Pearcy committed the murder she was not responsible at the time. The woman's name is in everybody's mouth, and her crime created quite as much of a sensation as that of Mrs. Maybrick.

In Cariboo district Messrs. Nason, ex-M.P.P., James Innes, Dr. Watt, Wm. Pinchbeck and D. Murphy are spoken of as candidates for legislative honors.

STORIES OF BIRDS.

A Hawk That Undertook Too Big a Contract.

Biddy Was Too Heavy for Him, and Mr. Hawk Paid Dearly for His Sport—A Rat-Destroying Owl Driven from Its Perch by Scolding Swallows.

One day this summer, writes the New York Sun's Scranton (Pa.) correspondent, a big hawk darted down into Ethelbert W. Pearce's barn-yard, up in Herrick township, seized a tough old hen, flew across the road with her, and settled down behind a rail fence. Biddy was too heavy for the hawk to sail away with, and she squawked to the full extent of her lung power while her broad-winged captor was pinning her to the ground. The hawk appeared to know that its actions were being watched, for every few seconds it raised its head and peeped between the rails toward the house, where Mr. Pearce, who had got his rifle the moment the hen thief dropped behind the fence, was waiting to get a good shot at it. The old hen squawked right along, fluttered for all she was worth to free herself from the hawk's big claws, and struggled in the grass, while the hawk held her down with apparent ease, glanced through the fence, and seemed to be afraid to begin to devour her so near the farm buildings. Twice the hawk made an effort to rise with its noisy prey, but the old hen's weight was evidently several ounces more than it had been used to handling, and again it was forced to settle down. Mr. Pearce had drawn a bead on the spot in the fence where the hawk was and the next time it stuck up its head and peeped between the rails, he pulled the trigger. For a moment there was a lively fluttering behind the fence, and pretty soon the hen dashed into the road, with her wings spread out, and went limping and squawking toward the barnyard as though she was scared half to death. The hawk wasn't visible from where Mr. Pearce had banged away at it, and he ran to the fence and looked over. The big bird lay sprawled out as dead as a stone, and when Mr. Pearce examined it he found that his bullet had cut the hawk's brain out as nicely as a knife could have done the work.

Early in the spring Farmer Lewis L. Hanley's boys trapped a large male horned owl on their father's place in Pocono township. The bird was a fierce fighter whenever any one went near him, and the boys wanted to confine him in a cage. Mr. Hanley wouldn't let them, and he turned the owl loose in one of his barns where there were lots of rats and mice. The owl soon became used to the barn, caught and ate enough rats to keep him fat, and acted as if he enjoyed his new abode very much. From his perch on a beam the owl watched for game, and whenever a rat showed itself on the surface of the haymow he dropped down as light and as noiseless as a feather and never missed catching it in his claws. He cleaned out the rodents at such a rapid rate that within a month the remainder of them took fright at his murderous habits and fled to another barn on the opposite side of the yard. Mr. Hanley then transferred the owl to the other barn, where he slew the rats in the same way. After awhile the farmer left the barn doors open a good deal of the time, but the owl never tried to fly away to his old home in the woods, seeming to be entirely contented with the living he was getting without an effort.

At about this time the swallows arrived from the South and started to fix up their old nests to the peak of the barn, where the rafters came together. The owl was moping on one of the lower beams when the swallows began to get ready to raise families, but during the day he flew to a higher perch and took a nap. In a short time the swallows caught sight of the big bird as he sat only a few feet below one of their nests, and no sooner had they spied him than they began to give vent to noisy protests against his remaining there. Presently the whole colony was in an uproar over the silent and motionless owl. Every swallow in it flew back and forth from one end of the barn to the other, darted past the owl at close as they could without touching him, and made the barn ring with their squalls of anger.

The owl didn't seem to know what all the fuss and flurry was about, but the pugnacious swallows kept up such a racket and hammered him so hard that he finally came to the conclusion that they didn't want him there, and so he dropped to a lower beam and clung to it. That pacified a few of the swallows, but the majority continued to sail past his head and to tell him that he had better clear out of the barn entirely, until the owl sought a still lower perch, where he sat and blinked at his loud-mouthed assailants.

This one-sided warfare was kept up for three days. Mr. Hanley saw that there would be no peace for the swallows so long as the obnoxious owl remained in the barn, and so he caught the big bird and put him in a cage. As soon as the owl was out of sight the swallows quieted down, resumed their nest fixing, and were as happy as could be. Mr. Hanley has kept the owl caged up all summer, but as soon as the swallows sail away to the South he will let him have the freedom of the barn once more.

A Negro Millionaire.

Daniel Scales (colored) is a millionaire of San Francisco. He is a friend of Senator B. K. Bruce and Frederick Douglass, and his acquaintance with distinguished men of the Nation is extensive. Mr. Scales is of fine appearance. He dresses in the height of fashion, and his gray beard frames a face of amiability. The venerable lawyer arrived in Denver yesterday and registered at the St. James' annex. Forty years ago he went to California, and his early investments in San Francisco property made him rich. Mr. Scales has never been in politics. He has confined himself entirely to law and realty. Although in his seventieth year, he is as lively as a cricket. He believes in enjoying life.

NOT TAUGHT IN SCHOOL.

Some Things the Perceptive Faculties Should Be Trained to Do.

The following list of questions, in the line developing the perceptive faculties, have been compiled by Louise Stockton:

When you go to your room at night, can you walk directly to the match-box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you, at night, walk among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden path as directly as you would were it daylight?

If you wish to estimate the size of any thing, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight?

Can you calculate the weight of a book, a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars, where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river, can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut can you tell what kind of a flower is put to your nose?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you, by listening, tell what kind of a vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four and by eight hoofs?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only, can you tell which material is cotton, which is woolen? Can you from a bunch of different colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

Can you, by the taste only, tell what kind of meat you are eating? Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of soda water?

Does a rose petal taste like that of a violet? Do hard and soft water taste alike?

In short, do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then remember what you observe?

CHAMPION OF TRUANCY.

A French Boy of Ten Years with an Unconquerable Love of Travel.

A Paris newspaper correspondent saw at his mother's little home in the Cite de Popincourt Master Hippolyte Brisemur, a young gentleman who had been emulating Joe Frank, the Chicago runaway. He is only ten years of age, but already he has run away from home twelve times. He is a small, wiry, bullet-headed little Parisian gamin—shrewd, intelligent, cunning, false. His sharp, ferret eyes are never still and never look one straight in the face, though their restlessness proves that they are watching every movement in momentary expectation of a cuff or a kick, and the wiry body twitches in preparation for immediate escape from either. He stolidly refused to talk, but whined out a sort of plea to be released. The mother and father, respectable people of the ouvrier class, said he was absolutely incorrigible. He has been imprisoned in the Petite Roquette for begging in the street, has three times been in reformatory homes, twice at Poitiers and once in the Rue Dauphine, but no sooner is he out than his nomadic instincts lead him to another flight. His last escapade, for which he was once more sent to Poitiers, will show the daring as well as the untruthful nature of the little animal. Fifteen days before he was missed, and when he was brought home his parents were told that he had been found hiding in a freight wagon at St. Maixent. He had stolen the ride from the Orleans terminus in Paris. When taken and asked what he was doing, he boldly replied that he had heard so much at school of the celebrated battle-field at St. Maixent, where Charles Marcel had conquered the Saracens, that he had been filled with a desire to visit and see the place for himself. Such a story from such a child, was, of course, disbelieved, and, after some difficulty, his name and address being found, he was sent back to Paris. So incorrigible is this youngster in his truant ways that his parents have ceased to worry when he disappears, feeling certain that when he comes to the end of his tether he will find his way to the nearest police station, give himself up and be sent home.

Patient Man in Court.

Julian Ralph tells a story of an English laboring-man's trial for wife-beating. His wife was in court with her eye bound up in a bandage very much stained with blood. The magistrate was very stern in his speech to the wife-beater. With fine effect of well-chosen words, and with scorn and loathing in his tone, he asked the wretch how he could strike a woman, and that woman the one he had sworn to protect. The manner in which the man received this was ludicrous. He listened to the court with pained surprise. "Why, your ludship," said he, "I've lived with that woman fifteen year, and this is the first time I've drawed blood on her." The magistrate had a strong sense of humor, and will tell the story many a year, but on the bench he heard the retort with apparent grave displeasure.

New Treasury Notes.

Two denominations of the new Treasury note were issued the other day. They consisted of $1,000 and $100 notes, forming an aggregate of $3,000,000. The notes are plainer looking than those now in circulation, but the work upon them is finely executed. The $1,000 note is adorned with a well-executed medallion portrait of General Meade, and the $100 note with a similar likeness of Admiral Farragut. The back of the notes are printed in green and has the denomination plainly set forth in large figures across the entire length and can not be easily altered.