

while the Superintendent of the Greenwich Observatory believes that the earthquake was a direct consequence of the misbehavior of Vesuvius; and each has his followers. However it may be, scientists will be provided with a new impetus to study for long enough to come.

British and Foreign.

President Castro, of Venezuela, has retired for a time, owing to ill-health, and has been succeeded by Vice-Pres. Gomez.

Several Americans are taking part in the Olympic Games at Athens, Greece.

Four hundred thousand coal miners have been on strike in Pennsylvania during the past fortnight, and, as a result of riots, several lives have been lost.

It is, perhaps, necessary to correct a mistake in last week's issue, in which it was stated that Prof. Matteucci, the now famous scientist, was compelled to leave his post for a time during the worst of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. As a matter of fact, the Professor, his assistant, Prof. Perret, of New York, and two domestics, never once deserted the Observatory, even at the worst, when streams of lava could be seen issuing from the giant jaws of the volcano, and huge pieces of rock were being hurled 2,500 feet from the crater, while the very sun itself was hidden from view by the inky volumes of ashes and smoke which threw the earth below in the shadow of midnight, a midnight pierced with shafts of red light, and cut by the flashes of lightning which occurred ceaselessly throughout the eruption.

There seems to be something in the nature of men all over the world which steels them to the sticking-point in just such calamities as this. Another instance has been afforded by the telegraph operators of San Francisco, who, at imminent risk of their lives, stuck to their posts until further work was impossible because of the destruction of the wires. The operators of the Postal Telegraph Co., opposite the Palace Hotel, remained in the office until ordered out of the building because of danger from dynamite explosions. They then proceeded to Oakland, across the bay, and took possession of the office there.

The Sin of Worrying.

Some people seem to rake up all the sorrows of the past; to them they add the burdens of the present; then they look ahead, and anticipate a great many more trials than they will ever experience in the future.—[D. L. Moody.

How Humming Birds Hatch Out.

William Lovell Finley, the new naturalist-photographer, writes as follows in the Country Calendar for June, describing baby humming birds:

"At first the little capsules of eggs had a wonderfully delicate flesh tint of pink. Then, one morning, I sto d over the nest like Thomas of old. Someone had replaced the eggs with two tiny black bugs! There was a tiny knob on the end of each little bug that looked as if it might be the beginning of a bill. Each little creature resembled a black bean more

little mother darted at me, and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless.

"So she whirled and sat on the nest-edge. The bantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, braced herself against the nest-side, craned her neck, and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. Then she plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt, and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes.



City Hall, San Francisco.

Cost \$7,000,000. Twenty years in building. Completely destroyed.

than a bird, for each possessed a light streak of brown down the middle of the back. They couldn't be beans, for they were pulsing with life in a lumpy sort of way.

"I went frequently to look at them. In a few days the little nestlings began to fork out all over with tiny black horns, until they would have looked like prickly pears had they been the right color. At the next stage each tiny horn began to blossom out into a spray of brown down, the yellow at one end grew into a bill, the black s' in cracked a trifle, and showed two eyes. It was hard to see just how these black bugs could turn into birds, but day after day the miracle worked, till I really saw two young humming birds.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest, the

Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody; they were getting a square meal after the usual humming-bird method of regurgitation. They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they liked it!

"Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother-love."

If a man can only have one kind of sense, let him have common sense. If he has that and uncommon sense too, he is not far from genius.—Henry Ward Beecher.

How to Open a Book.

Here are a well-known bookseller's directions for opening a new book:

"Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand, while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume.

"Do this two or three times, and you will obtain the best results.

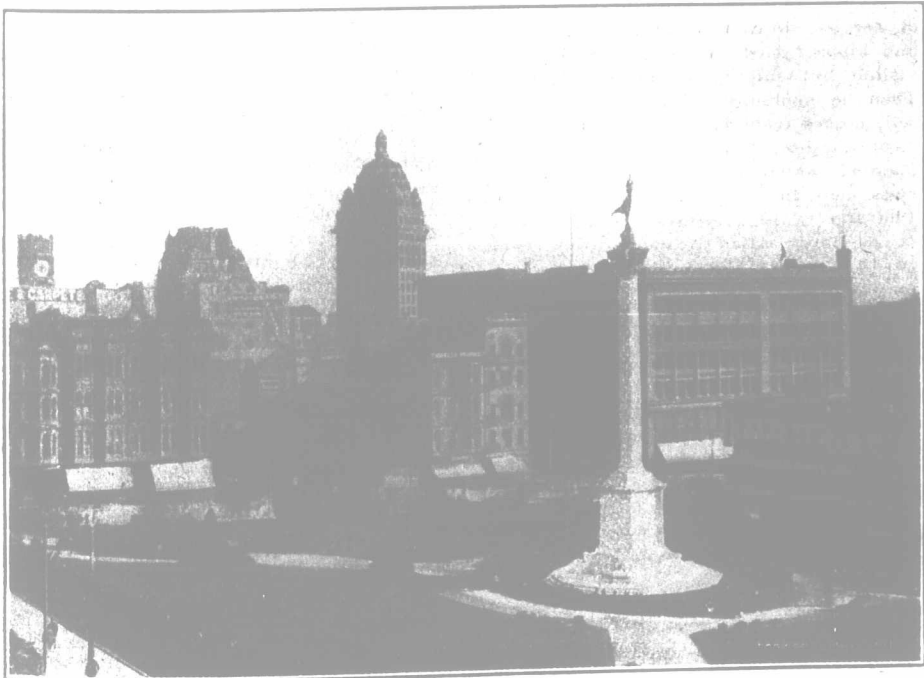
"Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

"Many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home; he, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and, tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center, and exclaimed: 'How beautifully your bindings open!'

"I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound."

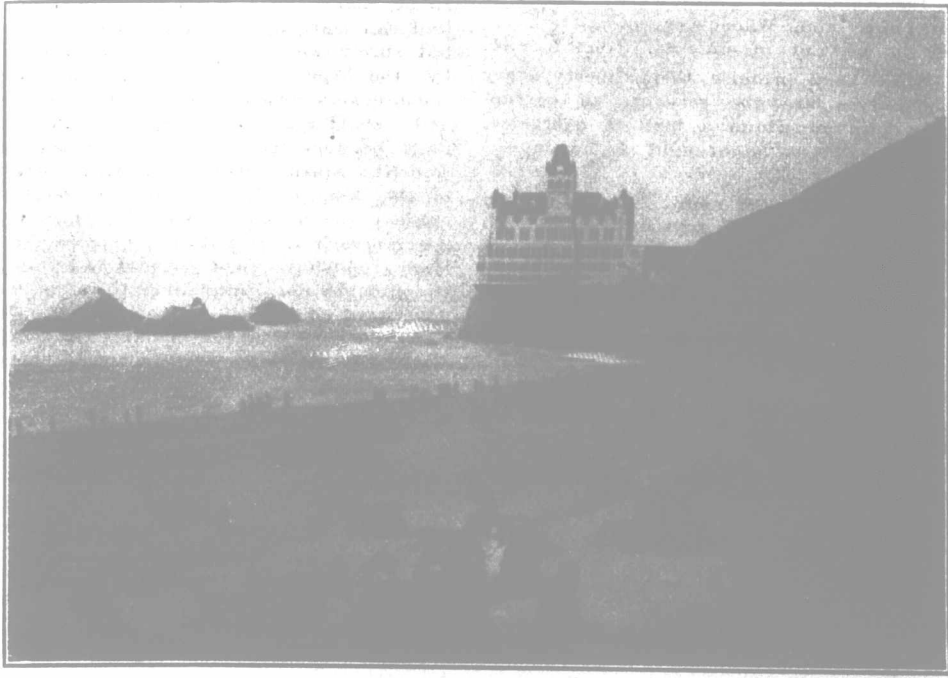
Facial Expression.

A man's occupation or condition has a good deal to do with making his facial expression. Intellectual pursuits, like studies or the scholarly professions, when occupied with temperance and moral habits of life, brighten the face and give a person a superior look. Magnanimity of nature or love of studies will make a bright, glad face; but, contrary to this, a man may have a face that does not please anybody, because of a love of self to the exclusion of all others, notwithstanding his learning and worldly shrewdness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; overworked laborers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious. Judges become grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic troubles looks all broken up. An example of the ludicrous side of this subject is to see a third-class lawyer stalking around a police court looking wise as an owl. The business makes the face, I say. There is the butcher's face, the saloon-keeper's face, the beggar's face, the ministerial face, the lawyer's face, the doctor's face; all so distinct each from the other and singly, that one seldom fails to recognize those callings showing through the faces. And what city boy cannot recognize a genuine farmer on the street as a farmer the moment he sees him?—[The Churchman.



Union Square, San Francisco.

In the very heart of the shopping district. The tower in the distance is the noted "Call Building" tower. All destroyed by fire.



Cliff House, San Francisco.

San Francisco's famous summer resort on the edge of the bay. Reported swept into the sea by the recent earthquake.