A SUBMARINE GUNBOAT.

Experiments Prove Little Bersel Will Dive Like a Duck.

A Young Lion Performing on Horseback—Wanted to Work a Catarrh Cure Racket.

London Times.

A correspondent of the Temps sends from Toulon an account of experiments made on Sunday last by the submarine gunboat the Gymnote, from which, as it refers to a subject which has attracted considerable attention in England, the chief passages may be quoted:

"This small vessel has the form of a narrow spindle. It is seventeen meters twenty centimeters long by one meter eighty centimeters in diameter, just the height necessary to stand up in the interior. It weighs 30,000 kilogrammes, and its motive power is an electric fifty-five horse power machine, made from the plans of Capt. Krebs, and worked by accumulators. This motor puts a screw movement. The Gymnote at the close of 1888 underwent trials which were quite successful from a natural point of view, but it was then admitted that it was indispensable to modify the accumulator cases in order to avoid waste of electricity. After patient researches, fragile non-conducting substances being set aside, cases were at length produced which have given entire satisfaction, made of a special gutta percha prepared by one of our manufacturers. After having made (last week) a preparatory trip to ascertain that all was working properly on board, and taken some very satisfactory plunges, the Gymnote re-entered the harbor, and her accumulators were charged. At noon of the second day she was made ready by hermatically closing the panel giving admission to the interior, which was not to be opened till four hours after.

"The Gymnote was accompanied by a steam launch which had instructions to keep out of the way fo any boats which might come up. On getting to the place selected for the trials everything was put in order for the plunge. Then when all was ready, on an order given by the commandant, Naval-Lieut. Baudry la Cantinerie, the boat was set in motion by gently working the horizontal rudder, the vessel bent down in front, descending slowly. Soon nothing could be seen but a paddle and a portion of the screw above the water. Then all disappeared. It had been arranged beforehand that the boat should stop at about two meters fifty centimeters be low the surface of the water. It is found easy to remain there, with variations of about twenty centimeters. As regards direction, the gyroscope gave it with mathematical precision. The length of the course was estimated by the number of turns of the screw, and in this way it was known when the limit of the deep water was reached.

"Gymnote next returned to the surface, passed around a mark, and took a plunge in the opposite direction. At half-past three the maritime prefect came to be present at the trial. The Gymnote awaited him on the surface of the water. As soon as she saw the admiral's steam launch she plunged again under water and took thr e runs, prolonging her course as far as the depth of water in the roads would permit. She remained more than ten minutes under water. The Gymnote does not leave on the surface any trace of her passage, and is quite invisible when painted grey. On this occasion a coat of white paint had been given her, so as to permit of her course being seen under the water. * * *

A little after four o'clock the Gymnote returned to the Vauban dock, and the air in the interior was as easily breathed as at her departure. There was still electricity enough in the accumulators to last for hours."

THE LION ON HORSEBACK.

Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the sensations of the holidays will certainly be the lion who, though only fifteen months old, is able to earn a very handsome living for his proprietors. I was introduced to him at a rehearsal which took place in the arena of the opera house yesterday afternoon. It was the debut in the English sawdust, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. Do not, tender and tooth-some reader, imagine that Prince Leo is let lose in the ring. No. He is young and playful now, but some day he might take it into his handsome head to make a leap into the stalls and walk off with a plump morsel which was never intended for butcher's meat before measures could be taken to stop him.

A circular cage is run up in the ring with a coroneted top piece, which is let down from the upper regions as a lid. A pretty little white horse with a lovely white tail, and a pad on his back and an arrangement of armor on his mane, is trotting round the ring. All is ready, and a gang of men wheel up a den to the door of the cage. Out bounds the lovely young lion, a splendid beast in admirable condition, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes, and whirling his tail around. I take it that these signs denoted his pleasure at greeting his old friend, the white horse with the flowing tail. Before the lion had got well out he was followed by a splendid Russian boarhound which lives with him in perfect amity. The trainer is a German, a short, well built little man, with a pair of fine mustachios. He is armed with a whip only, and immediately orders the lion to take his place on a wooden pedestal about five feet high, which he does with pleasurable placidity. Then the performance begins.

After showing his obedience to his master with just a snarl or a growl or two to mark time, he is ordered to leap from his pedestal on to the horse's back, a feat which he accomplishes with ease and grace. The horse then canters round the ring, the dog following, and the trainer in the centre with his eye always on the lion. The horse is a small one, not much bigger than a pony in fact, and it is quite wonderful how easy he takes to his rider, who scales sixteen stone. A platform is then fixed up high enough for the horse to pass under. Prince Leo mounts and jumps from the horse's back on to the platform, and when the horse comes round again he resumes his seat with all the nonchalance of a first-class equestrian. If his master does not give the order the lion remains on the platform. It is very comical to see Prince Leo crouching on the platform with his head bent down to watch the approach of the horse. He repeated this feat several times without a hitch and with a grace which made the performance not only wonderful but pleasant to watch. Virtue is rewarded with a lump of meat. Next comes a race. The horse, the lion, and the dog tear round the ring, taking a hurdle on the way with great pleasure, though Prince opened his mighty jaws and roared in tones which made me glad of the iron barrier. For the last act the lion jumped on the platform and fired a pistol. A lump of meat dangled from a string attached to the trigger, and that was how it was done. The lion, by the way, comes from Hamburg, and is the property of Hackenbach, the famous animal dealer.

If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, says a writer in Scribner's, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately-cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with as a matter of course. But ever and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women.

HE WANTED INFORMATION.

"Know the mayor of this town?" inquired a man in a plaid cape overcoat yesterday of a policeman on Fort street.

"Yes."

"I want to see him on particular business. Say, what is his specialty anyway?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, what's the best way to approach him; who does he affect the most, wealthy classes or literary talent?"

"I can't tell you."

"You see, mine's a delicate missioe. I would like a straight tip as to whether it's best to approach him as a representative of an English syndicate, or contributer to the North American Review."

"Why don't you go to him for just what you are?"

"Oh, first impressions go a long ways, you know. I'm selling a patent catarrh nullifier, but it won't do to say so at first, as I want his endorsement. I must strike in as an Eastern capitalist acking to sock a couple of millions of dollars into real estate, and from that lead on up to catarrh and the Latinized nasal organs. See?"

"I guess your scheme won't work."

"Think not? How would it do to pose as a man from Toronto who wants to build three cotton mills and a distillery?"

"Wouldn't do."

"Not fetching enough, eh? Say I go in first with a scheme to work over straw stacks into wall paper?"

"Twouldn't catch on."

"Well, how would the idea strike him to drop letter carriers and shoot mail into residences by pneumatic tubes?"

"O, go on."

"Wouldn't hit him, eh? I believe I'll go in the interests of the beet sugar industry."

"That might do; the mayor's a judge of beats."

"O, you're satirical. But I'm up on human nature. If the House wasn't in session I'd go as a strayed junketer whose pass had run out. As it is I've decided to approach him as one of the Dominion's fish commission with twenty-three car loads of black bass fry and a ton of lobster eggs."

LUCKY HE WAS IN DEBT.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I always laugh," relates an old resident, "when I remember an experience I had when a boy. I lived in the country, and one day another boy and myself had occasion to go to town. He owed me 50 cents, and was to pay me when we reached town, where he intended to get change for $1. In going to town we had to cross a creek. It was early in the winter, and the ice was strong enough to hold me, but he was a great deal heavier, and in following me he broke through. He at once began to yell and scream for dear life. The water was quite deep and he was in considerable danger. I worked with might and main for about fifteen or twenty minutes and finally succeeded in pulling him out.

"By jove," I exclaimed, as I puffed and panted after my exertion. "It was a pretty rough job getting you out of that creek."

"Yes, gal darn it," he replied, "and you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't owed you 50 cents."

THE THEME OF THE DAY.

Buffalo Courier.

Oh, the microbe is a troublesome mite!
He roves by day and he prowls by night,
He spreads himself and he spreads dismay;
He prowls by night and he roves by day,
Oh, who so agile as he,
As he flits in ghoulish glee,
Assailing
Quailing
Folks; entailing
Many a sneeze,
Many a wheeze
Where sneezes never should be?

USEFUL HINTS FOR THE EYES.

Dr. Lincoln in the Annals of Hygiene.

Secure good ventilation.

Frequently rest by looking up.

Have abundant light, but not dazzling.

Distance of book from the eye, about fifteen inches.

Posture erect; never read lying down or stooping.

Great caution about study after recovery from fevers.

The book held at right angles to the line of sight, or nearly so.

Sun not shining on desk or on object in front of the student.

Clothing at the neck loose; the same as regards the rest of the body.

A comfortable temperature, and especially let the feet be warm and dry.

Light coming from the left hand, or left and rear; under some circumstances, from in front.

Little study before breakfast or directly after a hearty meal; none at all at twilight or late at night.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.

Miss Palfrey says in the New York *Star*:—Count on your fingers ten unmarried men of your acquaintance, and why are they not married? Number one is so content with his club that he is willing to let well enough alone. Number two is doing a fairly good business, and is a nice plain sort of a man, who could, if he would, marry a nice, pretty, girl of no great social importance. But he aspires to marry an heiress, who is a belle in the most exclusive set in fashionable society, and she will not have him. Number three is a dancing man much sought after for balls and collections, and has far too good a time to marry and settle down; he can afford to enjoy single blessedness for a few years longer, he thinks. Number four is a young man just started in business, and cannot afford to marry. Number five is a man of 40 with a small income, who has some relatives dependant upon him. Number six is fond of travel, and does not wish to be hampered with a wife and children. Number seven has timidly offered himself to a girl who has refused him, and he rails at the whole sex. Number eight is willing to marry, but the extravagance of the times alarms him. Number nine is waiting to fall in love, and number ten is perhaps engaged.

A BIG PRESENT FOR A BAD PROPHET.

New York Sun.

Everlasting Stone Wiggins, the Canuck seer, is agitated about the Isthmus of Darien, which he calls a "huge dam." If the isthmus is that kind of isthmus, let him have it himself. It's just what mankind has been longing to give him for many, many years. He deserves it, and nobody will grudge it to him.

PATTI'S PRICES.

Enormous Profits Over and Above Concert Expenses.

A Stirring Poem of the Late Eliza Cook.—The Infant King of Spain a God-Father by Proxy.

A writer in the London *World* says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in concerts: "I have all my life had a weakness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not their business, so I am going to betray a secret of the trade to the lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an insight into affairs discussed by everybody, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter. From all sides I hear of the greediness of Mme. Patti, the exorbitant prices she asks, and how she does not care whether the people in whose concerts she sings are ruined so long as she receives her money. The fact is this: Mme. Patti receives for every concert in the Albert Hall £700, an enormous amount, no doubt. Now let us see as to the ruin of the people who engage her. The expenses of the hall are about £100, other articles £200, advertising, etc., say £150; the whole forms £1150 to £1180 costs. The receipts of this first year's concert were about £1700, of the second ever £1800, and the third will probably be still larger—that is today, £800, £600 and £700 profit. I know that once in a concert in which she sang the expenses were a little over £1200 and the receipts £2143, with £153 taken for programme books. These are figures, not opinions. I have known what is perhaps still more astonishing. One evening the fog was so thick that I was reflecting whether I should go to the hall, imagining that Mme. Patti, whom I had to accompany, would not go. I went, however, after all, by the underground railway, and the receipts that evening left over £600 profit.

PATRIOTIC POETRY.

In view of the recent death of Miss Eliza Cook, who although she had long become a name and nothing more to the present generation, was once held in great esteem among English song-writers, we reprint below a set of verses from her pen which fired the blood of our fathers, and are at all events expressive of a genuine patriotism:—

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
I say 'tis first on the scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not?
Of the deathless ones that shine and live
In arms, in hearts, in song,
The brightest the whole world can give
To that little land belong.
To the star of earth, deny it who can;
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the lion-spirit that tread the deck
Have carried it with them of the brave,
And the flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float over a slave;
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow
The wronged and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love;
It glows with faith and pride;
And years with the fondness of a dove
Do the light on its own fireside.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
And body and claim his head;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might,
Let the curious stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he calls his native earth;
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words, 'I'm an Englishman.'

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

S. W. Foss.

I loaf aroun' the depot just to see the Pullman scoot,
An' to see the people scamper w'en they hear the engine toot;
But w'at makes the most impression on my som'w'at active brain,
Is the careless men who got there just in time to miss the train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly cuss their stars,
An' some just go south down the track an' try to catch the cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up their pain,
Var'us kin'e er people get there just in time to miss the train,

an' there is many depeos an' flag stations 'ithout name,
Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to wealth and fame.
An' men rush to these depoes as fast as they can fly,
As the train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.

They rush down to the station with their hair all stood on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin' roun' the bend,
An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some curse an' stamp their pain,
W'en they find that they have got there jest in time to miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys an' go a whirlin' by,
An' fleat their banners of w'ite smoke like flags of victory;
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels grope,
An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Tableland of Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through every clime,
But the Cars of Opportunity they go on schedule time,
An' never are their brakes reversed; they won't back up again,
To take the men who get there just in time to miss the train.

KING ALFONSO A GODFATHER.

The baby-King Alfonso of Spain is now a godfather. The other day his Ambassador at St. Petersburg solemnly accepted in the name of his Majesty the duty of seeing that the son of the Comte and Comtesse de Morella renounces the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. As the King is only three years older than his god-child, he may find the task of forcing the latter into the paths of virtue uncommonly difficult. By a curious coincidence the little de Morella's grandfather was Cabrera, the noted Carlist leader, who for years held Queen Isabella's forces at bay. It was he who, on the evening before a battle, appeared in the camp of the rival commander and suggested that, instead of allowing their men to kill one another, he and Espartero should throw with dice for the victory. They did so, and Espartero won. Carbera scrupulously kept his word, and comported himself in all ways as if he had been defeated. He was one of the men who loved, with almost equal ardour, intrigue and warfare.—*N. W. Tribune.*

NOT INTENDED.

Unintentionally Helped the Needy.—A New York Daily tells this story of how four nickels not intended for charity found their way into a hospital collection box at the bridge station of the Brooklyn elevated railway: It was late at night and the unintentional contributer to charity had evidently been having a good time before he went across the bridge on his way home. As he looked at the hospital box the thought seemed to penetrate his brain that it would be a good plan to change the perfume of his breath, and simultaneously he came to the conclusion that the red box contained chocolate candies or chewing gum. He sidled closer to the box, fumbled in his pockets until he found a nickel, and then dropped it in. Much searching on all sides of the box failed to discover any lever such as is on the "nickel-in-the-slot" machines. After a few seconds the idea dawned on the gentleman with the strong breath and the sweet toot that this was a new patient, and he dropped in another nickel and pursued his investigations, but still without bringing to light any chocolates or gum. His ire had risen rapidly, and yet he was unwilling to give up the fight, and two more nickels followed the others. At this point the inebriated gentleman became utterly disgusted with all "nickel-in-the-slot" machines, and would have smashed the hospital box to get back the twenty cents had he not been restrained by a gentleman who took him by the arm and marched him aboard the train which had just come in. The train had passed several stations before the man had ceased to declare in a loud tone that he would come back in the morning and get satisfaction.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

They Have Greatly Aided in Rebuilding Chicago.

Estimate of the Strength of Three European Armies.—An Excellent Device to Determine Cab Fare.

The subject of building associations is one which does not receive the attention from the public to which it is fairly entitled. Presumably the principal reason for this is the general ignorance on the subject, and this proceeds from the fact that the successful clubs or associations do not advertise their business nor seek to extend it beyond its proper limits. All undertakings of this kind should be open to co-operative basis, and co-operation does not attempt to enlarge its sphere of action lest its principal distinction be lost sight of or destroyed.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that the amazingly rapid and at the same time healthy growth of Chicago since the great fire has been attributed chiefly to the building club system which is in vogue in that city. To such an extent are the savings of the people of moderate means in Chicago invested in land and dwelling-houses, through the medium of building clubs, that the savings banks deposits of that city are quite insignificant when compared to the population. People there have figured out the problem of accumulation for themselves and have decided upon investment in homes rather than deposits in interest paying banks.

There is nothing so certain to insure the prosperity and stability of a city as for its inhabitants to own their homes. Anarchy and communism find but few sympathizers where each citizen is a capitalist to the extent of owning his modest cottage and the bit of land on which it stands, and these, too, are the men who are interested in the economical government of the city, for they are the men who foot the bills. They do not belong to the curmudgeon class, but they are in favor of progressive government and at the same time honest government.

Local building associations are better than general or national ones, because of the co-operative feature of them, under which system each member may have a personal interest in what is going on. They have succeeded extremely well in this city, and it is more than likely that their number will soon increase.

STRENGTH OF THREE EUROPEAN ARMIES.

London Truth.

The Almanack de Gotha for 1890, which has been lately published, contains, as usual, statistical details concerning the military forces of the various European states. This portion of the work has been thoroughly revised, so as to secure the most accurate information accessible. It appears that it is practically impossible to ascertain the fighting strength of the German army when placed on a war footing, on account of the accomplicated arrangements by which portions of the territorial forces are worked into the strength of the regular corps. The peace establishments of Germany, France and Russia are given by the almanack as follows:

Germany—884 battalions, 465 squadrons, 364 batteries, 1,500 mounted guns, 19,457 officers, 468,409 rank and file. France—26,763 officers, 534,100 rank and file, 480 field batteries, with 2,060 mounted guns. Russia—480 battalions, or 386,312 infantry, 328 squadrons of cavalry, with 54,416 men, 344 batteries of field artillery with 1,542 mounted guns and 61,880 men, 33½ battalions of sappers and miners, making 18,977 men, besides 31,130 men of the "train" service, making a total of 562,000 men. To these should be added 288 squadrons of Cossacks numbering 51,944 men, 112,850 local troops and 72,634 reserve men; which will bring up the strength of the Russian peace establishment to 799,928 men. The Russian forces when on a war footing are estimated as follows: 994,460 men of regular troops, with 4,030 pieces of artillery; 280,810 reserve men, with 640 guns; 137,730 Cossacks, with 240 guns; of their own, and 189,500 supplementary, reserve men, with 384 pieces of artillery. This estimate is exclusive of local troops.

The war footing strength of France is estimated by the Almanack at "about" the following: Active army, about 2,000,000, divided into ten classes, according to age; 1,022,00 of the territorial army, divided into five classes, according to age; and reserve troops, divided into six classes, numbering 762,000, the total amounting to 3,784,000 men.

A FINE PLAN.

"A problem that has puzzled inventors over here," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has just been solved in Paris. Seven cabs have been furnished with seven different and rival methods of ascertaining the length of ten different fares. The system will be on probation for a month, and at the end of that time one will be selected for universal adoption. They vary very little in design; what has to be ascertained being which system will work with greatest accuracy and at the lowest cost. As you enter the vehicle a dial faces you which registers your liabilities. The very act of entering sets free an electric current and the dial announces that you already owe half a franc for taking a cab. Then when you start on your journey the dial shows every kilometer you go, with a charge of 25 cents for each. The rotations of the wheel supply the means of ascertaining the distance, which is of course the same whether the speed is great or little. At any moment the hirer can tell exactly how many miles he has gone, and his exact fare; and the cabman who is thus paid by mileage with a fixed entrance finds his own interest in driving fast, and getting as many jobs as possible."

Interesting Case of Skin Grafting.—The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* refers to a case in which a boy aged 10 was admitted into an infirmary in consequence of having lost the whole of the integument of one of his legs from the knee to the ankle, the result of a burn which he had received some weeks previously. A fortnight after admission skin grafting was carried out, the skin used being that obtained from a young greyhound. Several stripes of the borrowed integument were applied to the wound. After the lapse of some days the grafts were inspected, and all but one were found to have firmly united. In six weeks' time the boy was discharged with the immense wound soundly healed.

GEORGIA'S GREAT SWAMP.

A No Man's Land, Where Fierce Wild Animals Make Their Home.

Down in the wire grass, where the stately Georgia pine mingles with the spreading Florida magnolia, lies the great Okeefenokee swamp, larger in extent than any county in Georgia and surpassing in wild desolation the Dismal swamp of Virginia. No white man has ever traversed its hidden recesses, and even the untamed Indians, when they roamed unmolested the broad savannahs of the wire grass, shunned it as a land which the Great Spirit had made to tremble under his curse. The fish and game, so abundant and varied, possessed but little attraction for him, and he preferred the open plains and the waters of the Altamaha, the Alapaha and the Satilla. When the Indian had disappeared and the lands were divided out among the whites, no application was made for this wilderness. No one wanted it, no one would have it, and hence it came to be regarded as no man's land.

It is a dense swamp, as impenetrable as the jungles of India, where the pine and the cypress and the maple and the black gum and the tupelo are clad with the dark gray moss, and around their trunks the pliant rattan, the clambering bamboo, the deadly poison oak, the running fox grape and the thorny touch-me-not twist and cling and climb.

Briars of rank growth and the gnarled roots of the sun palmetto and tufts of luxuriant wire grass afford a hiding place for moccasins and scorpions and spiders. Where the undergrowth is not so dense near the margin of the sluggish waters, the footfall of man or beast makes the earth tremble for a half dozen yards in every direction, and still nearer the quagmire becomes so yielding that, in the expressive language of a native, "it would bog a saddle blanket."

In the waters huge alligators, almost as large as their cousins of the Nile, lazily float about watching for their prey; and it is abundant, for trout, and pike, and jack, and bream—the best fish that ever swam—swarm in the waters like grasshoppers on the plains. The fisherman who has the hardihood to wade through mud and slush, and face the weird loneliness, as well as the growl of the bear and cry of the wildcat, is more than repaid. With a pole no longer than a buggy whip, a line half its length and a few worms, a half hour's work will secure a bountiful dinner. And any man who could not appreciate a half dozen of those bream, nicely browned, flanked by a "gopher" loaf and two cups of steaming coffee, ought to be taken up and sent to school. He is not educated.

Through the hummock the bears have made winding paths, and along the margins of the lakes the other slides are numerous. Wading about in the shallow streams the long necked crane and the dun colored Indian pullet, without much exertion, secure their food, and, perched upon a dead limb of some overhanging cypress, the fishhawk watches for a choice repast. The bald eagle, with its eight-foot spread of wing, soars above the tree tops, ready to swoop down upon rabbit, squirrel or fawn.

In some hollow gum tree the frisky cubs climb up and down, waiting for the old she bear to bring back the sweets from some bee tree which she has nosed out.

In this vast jungle the roar of the thunder sounds louder and more terrific, and the flash of the lightning seems more lurid and destructive.

Woe betide the luckless adventurer who loses his way in this tangled wild wood and is compelled to pass the night here. To the horrors of darkness and unknown danger are added the most blood-curdling sounds. The hoarse monotonous cry of the bullfrog, the wailing cry of the catamount, the deep growls of the bear disturbed in his slumber, the crackling of the canebrake under the tread of the puma, the mournful hoot of the owl, and the despairing shriek of some animal that has fallen a victim to the wildcat are enough to freeze the blood and whiten the hair.

But there are some islands of high hummock in the Okeefenokee where the soil is rich, and sugar cane, corn, blackseed cotton, rice and sweet potatoes will grow in great perfection. There are indications that a few hundred feet below the surface there are immense coal beds.

There are nooks of high, arable land which make into the swamp, many of which are inhabited. These nooks, or inlets of high land, are called "cow houses." The name was given to them because in the old times, when the country beyond the Altamaha was sparsely settled, the pioneers, who owned large herds of cattle, were accustomed to drive them into these inlets, where they could find abundant pasturage; and one man at the gap or mouth of the inlet could guard hundreds of head of cattle from straying off.

From the Walker cow house the writer has seen men with as ruddy cheeks as ever seen in the mountains, and they claim that it is as healthy as any part of Georgia. The people there live in a primitive style, making an abundance of everything that is needed, provisions and fruits of all kinds. At rare intervals they come out of the cow house to purchase their salt, coffee and tobacco, and to attend their church meetings. Should a stranger ever enter the cow house he is entertained like a prince and urged to return. They are a big hearted people, and the rights of hospitality are sacred among them.—Atlanta Journal.

More Than Its Share of Tails.

Henry Smith, of Brood Center, Conn., was in the highway on his way to his day's work in the fields, when he suddenly beheld in the road what seemed to him a curious circus. A black snake, a six footer, was curled on the ground, but instead of having a head, as the serpents Mr. Smith had been familiar with all had, this snake seemed to begin and end in tails. Eager to know the mystery of his queer construction, if possible, Smith picked up a stone and hurled it at the strange reptile. He didn't hit him, but the mystery came apart in the middle. The big black fellow had swallowed about half of another one that was nearly as large and of the same species, but instantly he disgorged him when the stone struck the ground. Both snakes were lively and slipped into the roadside wall before the man could find another missile.—Chicago Mail.

Good Things Out of Place.

When you read of the marvelous feats and wonderful tricks which the magicians of the day, the Hellers and Blitzes and McAllisters, play on astonished people in the banks, on the railway trains and in the market places just for fun, don't you often wonder why they don't sometimes perform some of their good tricks on the stage, when you have paid a dollar to see them? It seems to be just as it is in everything else, singing, orating, play acting and all—the best part of the best work is done by the reporter and his easy riding fancy.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

SCRAPS.

Mrs. Hickes—"What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunnettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?" Miss Wickes—"From Paris."

I was sitting with some friends at sunset among the ruins of Karnak, with a group of Arabs around us, writes a correspondent. One of our party said: "Mohammed, why does the sun rise here and set over there?" The youth looked puzzled a moment, and then with acquiescent content answered. "That is the business of my God and not the business of me."

Smith—Hello, Jones! Glad to see you back all right. Great time at the banquet in Boston, eh! I suppose the inner man was satisfied for once?

Jones—Well no, not exactly.

Smith—Eh! What was the matter?

Jones—You see, we had to sleep three abed after the banquet, and I was the inner man.

"Ha! Come in, old man, I'm glad to see you. Come down into the kitchen and have a smoke. Wife's gone over to her mother's and I'm all alone." "But I hear the piano." "Oh, the servant girl has company to-night and we have to give up the parlor. That's the reason my wife went out. Come right down to the kitchen. I'm mighty glad you called. —*Boston Courier.*

Jackson (whose financial credit is gone) I tell you, Witherbee, we are on the verge of financial panic.

Witherbee—Pshaw! What makes you think that?

(Confidentially)—Well, sir, Bagley and Roberts used to lend me small sums a year ago, but when I go to them nowadays for a five or ten they tell me frankly that they haven't got it. Bagley and Roberts are two of our best business men, too. I tell you, sir, we're going to have a panic.

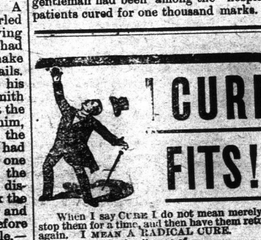
John W. Mackay, whose wealth has not made him so famous as his wife's extravagance in spending it, is fifty-five years old. He has a hard face, whose features have not a single redeeming virtue. Mrs. Mackay, who has known much poverty in her life, has a strongly developed genius for spending money in a loud and luxurious way. Mr. Mackay lives three-fourths of the year in California, where he enjoys a freedom from restraint and etiquette which makes his elegant residence in London a bore.

A Long-felt Want—Candidate—You are a workingman, are you not? Workingman—I am, sir. Candidate—Well, I am a candidate for a position of trust, and I wish to say to the sons of toil—Workingman (who is tired of taffy and disgusted with its results)—I am very busy now, sir. Candidate—I was merely going to say that if elected I shan't do any more for the workingmen than for anybody else, because I don't care a continental for one class more than another, and I don't think there should be any classes in legislation, anyhow. Workingman (grasping his hand)—You'll get my vote.—*New York Weekly.*

"Not many men know how to behave when they give a minister his fee for marrying them," said the Rev. Mr. Collyer a few nights ago. "It seems to embarrass them for some reason. I remember once out in India that a man whom I had just united in marriage to a very comely young woman gave me $10 for the fee. As he did so he blushed and stammered. Then he said with perfect candour: 'I would like to give you more, Doctor, and—and I will next time.' His bride overheard him, and looked at him in a queer way, but he evidently didn't realize what he had said in his embarrassment."

A beggar named Pietro Marcolini, who for thirty years has been a familiar figure in St. Peter's at Rome, has just died suddenly from apoplexy. He was a only mendicant who was permitted to follow his calling within the church itself, Pius IX. confirmed it later, and also, like his predecessor, granted an audience to the beggar, who was lame and afflicted. When Marcolini was received by Pius IX. he complained of the cold that he felt within the church, whereupon the pope bestowed upon him an old warm dressing gown of his own. This garment, however, the beggar wore only on great occasions and the more solemn festivities of the church. He had been repeatedly offered large sums for it by foreigners, but always refused to part with it. It is said that Pius IX, when he went into St. Peter's was always highly amused to see the beggar seated there, majestically wrapped in his old dressing gown. The Garment will, presumably, descend as an heirloom to Mercolini's children together with the snug little fortune of $10,000 which he had accumulated during thirty years of begging.

The *Jewish Cronicle* tells this story of some of its co-religionists: Professor Billroth, the famous Vinnese surgeon, some time ago received a letter from a certain Jew in a small Russian town to come immediately and perform an operation. The professor in his answer stipulated for 5,000 marks, which was promised him. The professor then repaired to the Russian town, and upon his arrival he was received by a number of Jews, who sorrowfully informed him that the gentleman that was to be operated upon had died, and had been buried already. And seeing that the professor felt perplexed and regretted the journey which he had made in vain, the Jews comforted him, saying: There is yet some chance for you to make some money here. There are several sick men in our hospital who would require your services, for which each of them would willingly pay you 1,000 marks. The professor gladly accepted the offer, and after having performed about five operations, the stipulated amount was handed to him. But a few minutes before starting for home the professor learned that he had resurrected the dead man. That worthy gentleman had been among the hospital patients cured for one thousand marks.



When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

my23-w-12mos

Burdock Blood Bitters

REGULATES THE Bowels, Bile and Blood. CURES Constipation, Biliousness all Blood Humors, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint Scrofula, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.

WATFORD, ONT.

My daughter, after a severe attack of Scarlet Fever, was completely broken down. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills with but little satisfaction. Before she had taken one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, there was a remarkable change, and now she is entirely cured. MRS. HOPPERON.

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NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following claim: From a post planted on the sea shore at Lawn Hill point, Graham Island—Queen Charlotte Islands—forty chains west (40) thence south eighty chains; thence east forty chains more or less to the sea shore, thence northerly, following the sea shore, to the point of commencement—containing three hundred and twenty acres more or less.

W. MCKENZIE.
feb2 By A. L. P.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land, more or less, situate on Valdez Island, B. C., described as follows: Commencing at a stake in Village Bay; thence running west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains, thence east to the shore line of bay; thence following the shore line to the point of commencement.

HUGH CAMPBELL.
January 20th, 1890. jy22-w7m

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend making application to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase a small island in Malaspina Strait, situated at the Southern end of Nelson Island, and about one mile east of Cape Cockburn, containing forty acres more or less.

JOHN MORTIMER.
Victoria, B. C., December 20th, 1889.
dec21w3m

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to lease the following described lands, situated in New Westminster District, and described as follows: commencing at a stake on Oke-over Arm, running north 100 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 50 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 50 chains, thence west 60 chains, to the place of commencement, containing 500 acres, more or less.

W. P. SAYWARD.
December 27th, 1889. Jan9-2m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT sixty days after date we intend applying to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land situated near the mouth of Work Channel in Coast District: beginning at the N. E. boundary post of R. H. Hall's claim, situated on Zum-ta-la Bay; thence 80 chains more or less south to the S. E. boundary post of C. J. Major's claim; thence 80 chains more or less due east to coast line; thence N. W. 80 chains more or less, following the meanderings of the shore line to place of commencement, which said tract of land is said to contain 640 acres, more or less.

R. CUNNINGHAM & SON,
of Fort Essington, B. C.
Victoria, B. C., December 13, 1889. dec17-w-2m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land more or less, situate in Renfrew District, described as follows: Commencing at a post at the upper base of a mountain and on the west bank of the Nitinat River, about one mile or thereabouts north east from a salt water lagoon commonly called the Nitinat Lake; thence 80 chains west; thence north 40 chains; thence east 80 chains, more or less, to the said river; thence following the meanderings of the river to the point of commencement.

CHARLES TODD,
per W. C. DUNCAN, Agt.
Cowichan, B. C., 31st October, 1889. nov3

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land, more or less, situate in Renfrew District, described as follows:

Commencing at a post at the mouth of a small creek emptying into the Nitinat River, about two miles to the north-east of Nitinat Lake; thence east 40 chains, more or less; thence north 40 chains; thence west 40 chains, more or less, to the said river; thence following the meanderings of said river to the point of commencement.

WM. C. DUNCAN.
October 28, 1889. oc31.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence for the privilege of cutting timber on one thousand acres (1,000) of land, situated on Grassy Island, Coast District, in Broughton Straits, and described as follows: Commencing at a stake on the shore line of Beyond Passage, on the north side of Gracrott Island; thence southerly 100 chains; thence westerly 100 chains; thence easterly 100 chains; thence northerly 100 chains, to point of commencement.

S. A. SPENCER.
Victoria, 19th October, 1889. nov2

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land, more or less, situate in Renfrew District, described as follows: Commenc