

"RUBA PADDLY YARRA"

THIS WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE FUR-
BRED "INJINS"

Who Were Driven About Two Thousand Miles One Morning by the Major, Right Into the Gulf of Mexico—The Terrible Road from Arizona.

The major was in Cape Breton looking up mining matters; but it was quite evident that his heart and soul were in Arizona.

The Cape Breton prospector came in numbers and heaped samples around the major's feet, but "Arizona" was the major's theme. "Arizona," the major contended, "was the finest spot on earth for mineral deposits."

Prospector Robertson hinted that Cape Breton was, at least, a safer country to roam through, but the major protested that now "Arizona" was just as safe, yet he saw the day when there was some danger of being scalped in Arizona.

"I was the first white man to tread Arizona soil," began the major, as he laid back into his favorite attitude when about to tell a whopper. "Injins were tolerable toughen days. However I 'scaped 'em, I travelled all over the territory and knew every inch of the ground; been there five years, then came back to the east along in the forties."

"Have you visited the petrified forest in Arizona?" interrupted prospector Robertson.

"Have I? Lord bless you, man, I was right on the spot when that air forest was petrified."

"As I was a-saying," continued the major, "I came back to the east in the forties, and pretty soon the Injins began to put colored mud on their faces and kick up shins—killed a few hundred whites, mostly prospectors. Pretty soon I got a commission from the United States government to go out there and teach 'em to act civilly. I had one hundred men—picked men, sir, and went out to subdue 70,000 dusky braves."

We got out there and camped on a little creek called Snake Run.

Injins! why, sir, the country was swarming with 'em. We did our best to keep 'em down, but Lord, sir, for every one we would kill there seemed to be a hundred to take his place. Then the red devils would not fight fair—first lay behind boulders and sage grass and peg away at us from behind cover; my men were getting thinned out from poisoned arrows that every now and then would fall upon us from the hands of the pesky varmints.

One day, the boys—or what was left of 'em came to me and asked, "Major, are you going to allow the red beggars to pop us all off?"

I said, I am going to stop it right here and now, once and forever;—bring me all the sheet iron in camp. The boys did so, and I rivetted a sheet iron man together. Made him so he would walk automatically; dressed him up in the full uniform of my battalion: ran a platinum wire out into the open country for a half mile—in the night of course—fixed my "man" so I could pull him back and forth on the wire, and waited for the morning.

At about eight o'clock I began to "pay" my man out in front of the red skins, and bless you, sir, in less than ten seconds that man was as big as a hay stack. Arrows, sir, poisoned arrows sticking into his clothing, but he kept right on his course; after a while I turned him on the home stretch; ten braves made a dash for him with tomahawks—a volley of musketry from a half a dozen of my men in ambush and ten braves lay stretched upon the Arizona plains.

In five seconds a scout came into camp with the information that the "medicine men" were mixin' up stuff, trying to get the right poison to lay out my sheet iron man; so I ran my man out into the open—another shower of arrows, but like death that man kept right on in calm indifference.

In less than two seconds another spy brought in word that there was wild commotion in the encampments—the old men and women were massacred, the children's brains dashed out against the rocks, for the "medicine men" had made the announcement that the "sheet iron man" was a spirit that no poisoned arrow could affect, and even now they were flying for life.

My scheme was working like a charm;—I formed my men into a semi-circle—stood ten twenty five yards apart—gave orders to shoot first man who spoke above a whisper, and then the sixty of us dashed after the flying redskins.

They flew across the plains but we kept right at their heels.

"Ruba paddly yarra!" went up in one wild yell from that scudding horde. "Ruba paddly yarra!" echoed the Arizona canyons, and the dusky multitudes fairly flew across the alkali. Now and then they would look back to see if "Ruba paddly yarra"—the immortal spirits—were still on their trail—and they were. On, on we went in wild career, without gun or blade—sixty of us pursuing fifty thousand redskins.

The "Ruba paddly yarra"—brothers to my sheet iron man—were all we dressed just like him—were at their heels and they must scud.

It was a fine bit of military strategy, but we had no time to think of it in that headlong rush. The sun poured down—or seemed to pour down, red hot ashes on the Arizona moor, but on we went like mad;

nor did we slack our pace until three o'clock that afternoon when we drove forty thousand of 'em headlong into the Gulf of Mexico.

"You started from Snake Creek in Arizona at eight in the morning and at three o'clock the same afternoon you were on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico?" asked prospector Robertson, while an eternity of doubt lingered in his tone. "Yes, sir," affirmed the major with emphasis. "A heavy day's march," commented the prospector. "A heavy day's march," said the major. "About two thousand miles from Snake Creek in Arizona to the Gulf of Mexico," persisted the prospector. "About two thousand miles between the two points," agreed the major without flinching in a single muscle. "And more, there is more," went on the major in a solemn tone, "more than forty thousand miles between you and the \$5,000 I meant to pay you tomorrow morning for that prospect hole of yours."

ALICE PRICE.

THE JUGGLER IS BORN.

Cinquevalli Explains What are His Trade Requisites.

"A juggler, I think, like a poet, must be born, not made. All the same, it is not easy to learn the art, even if you are to the manner born." Thus spoke M. Paul Cinquevalli, the juggler whose marvellous feats are the feature of the entertainment at Koster & Bial's just now. "You would hardly believe me," he continued, "if I told you the amount of time I have to spend upon a new trick, and yet it comes so naturally to me that as a boy running about the streets I was, as you might say, a juggler."

"I was a juggler," continued the major, "I came back to the east in the forties, and pretty soon the Injins began to put colored mud on their faces and kick up shins—killed a few hundred whites, mostly prospectors. Pretty soon I got a commission from the United States government to go out there and teach 'em to act civilly. I had one hundred men—picked men, sir, and went out to subdue 70,000 dusky braves."

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seated in the veranda, not only with the bible in his hand, but with a pencil and paper—evidently taking notes. "I am delighted," said the clergyman, "to see you so profitably employed." "Yes," answered the old man, "I've just been totting up the number of Job's sheep and mine, and I find that I have 5,000 more than he had."

An Impossible Poker Situation.

A company of gentlemen assembled in a Washington hotel recently tell of relating poker stories, and several of rare excellence even if not of the latest vintage, were recounted.

"The late Jim Wintersmith," said one of the party, "unwittingly told the very best poker yarn I ever listened to. He was the hero of his own story, and laid the scene at Hot Springs, Ark. According to Mr. Wintersmith, he had experienced extremely bad luck in a series of plays and made up his mind to try one more sitting, after which, if he failed to recoup, he never more touch Kentucky had to be won out enough to get even he would cease the fascinating pastime."

"He weighed in, so to speak, and there was a good big jack pot opened while the game was still young. Wintersmith observed that his own hand contained a straight flush of king, queen, jack, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, ace. He raised, of course, both before and after the draw, only one man staying with him to the end and having the luck to call him. Of course, he won a tremendous amount of money. He vowed that since then he had never lost a hand of poker."

"When Mr. Wintersmith had ended his story here one of the group to whom he was narrating it innocently inquired, 'What did the other fellow hold?'"

"Four jacks," replied Wintersmith. "Then everybody broke into a laugh, and the gentlemen from Kentucky had to own up that he had indulged in romance."

Put to Many Uses.

Sharks furnish quite a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil of a beautiful color, that never becomes turbid, and that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod-liver oil. The skin, after being dried, takes the place of leather, and is used for making shoes and boots. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a fine hors d'oeuvre. The Europeans, who do not yet appreciate the fin of the shark as a food product, are content to convert them into fish glue, which comports with the sturgeon glue prepared in Russia. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. It is employed, also, along with the bones, in the preparation of a fertilizer. The Icelanders, who do a large business in shark's oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the great fish.

As Unlucky a Dog.

Dumas, the elder, had a dog as hospitable as his master, and that dog once invited twelve other dogs to Monte Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' lactometer-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack, but his master was obdurate.

"Michel," he said, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monseigneur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away."

"Never! Michel! never," answered the great romancier: "go at once and find me a fourteenth."

Electricity in False Teeth.

A case of electricity generated by a plate of false teeth occurred recently in England. A man feeling a severe pain in his tongue consulted a doctor and a dentist, neither of whom could find anything wrong. He then went to an electrician, who found that his false teeth were fastened to the tongue by position plates with thin wires, which were connected by wires to a galvanometer, which, as soon as the metals were moistened by the saliva, showed a current strong enough to cause ulceration and severe pain. The plate was covered with an insulating varnish, which put an end to the trouble.

A Hungry People.

The Australians pass the greater part of their time at the table. At seven they take tea and bread and butter. At 8:30 they breakfast off cold meats, chops or steak, eggs and bacon and tea. At eleven most of them take a light lunch of beef and bacon, or tea and bread, and, according to their sex. At 1 or 1:30 the dinner, and again the teatime comes in requisition. At 3 afternoon tea is served and swallowed. From 6 to 7 an Australian, broadly speaking, is taking his third meal, and again drinking tea. Those who stay up at all late sometimes supplement this with a light collation at 10.

Hunting the Hunters.

Mr. Scott Elliot, who is exploring the country of Ruwenzori in Central Africa, reports a curious fact in natural history. The cattle there having all been eaten up, lions and leopards have taken to man-hunting, and have changed their habits in consequence. Instead of roaring on the trail, as is their custom elsewhere, they do not utter a sound. Mr. Scott Elliot had two men injured and another carried away within a hundred yards of him without hearing any noise.

A Strange Lease.

Some of the local usages of Cornwall are rather extraordinary. There is, for instance, an hotel in Falmouth, the lease of which is dependent upon the lives of the duke of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and Adolphus, son of the Duke of Teck. The lease lasts just as long as one or other of these illustrious personages remains alive. When the last of them dies the lease expires.

The Emancipated Woman.

She was an advanced woman, and in the crowd she came across an old lawyer and began to give him a few of her ideas. She let him have enough to make him tired, and wound up with: "Sir, I am an emancipated woman."

"Is that so?" he said. "When did your husband get his divorce?"

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 6.

[Descriptive of a sail on the Pacific from San Francisco to Honolulu.]

It was simply grand and majestic in its vast loneliness and loveliness. Not a sail from day to day the blaze upon the waters to the east, the breeze upon the waters to the west, and we in our little floating world, "cribbled, cabined and confined," within the four walls of an ocean steamer, happier and more favored far than poor Enoch Arden, shielded from the scorching sunshine of those glorious watery solitudes by the shady palm tree under which the brilliant fervid imagination of Tennyson placed him on one of those tropical isles that burst out of the silvery sea in all the gorgeous eternal summer bloom and loveliness that we have either seen or read of as we journey on this vast ocean of life, that is even lavishing its troubled and tumultuous sides against the shores of eternity.

The patient and persevering Genoese sailor, who first set foot upon the verdant beauties and shining sands of a New World, peered more anxiously, perhaps, from the storm washed decks of the Santa Maria, four hundred years ago, when surrounded and harassed by his mutinous and discontented crew and unreasonable comrades, than we did from the starboard side of the gun ship Mariposa, as the gentle trade winds blew their perfumed breath from some tropical isle, planted by an Omnipotent hand in this great waste of waters through which we were steaming slowly, but surely.

We knew of the places, although unseen and, in a measure, unknown, which such noble spirits as Columbus could only, after all, surmise existed, and instead of scowls and frowns and fault findings with which his great mind and noble nature was ruffled, as a pleasing contrast everything on board our ship was apparent joy and unalloyed happiness. The smooth waters and the lovely air of the tropics together made a grand opportunity to indulge in a little graceful indolence and nurse that tired feeling which overtakes us sooner or later; besides the festive board was ever groaning with the choicest viands, where there ever was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and amid all this combination of happy and pleasant surroundings the man or woman who could, or would, complain would be, I imagine, a little less than human.

Early in the morning of the seventh day, when the misty clouds were vainly trying to veil the green hills of Hawaii from our anxious gaze, we peered through the mist and the gloom like Cabot's sailors on the rocky, iron-bound coast of Newfoundland, centuries ago, and we described the land at last where poor Queen Lil was in a sense a prisoner in her own home and the audacious stranger sat upon her unwillingly vacated throne, wielding the sceptre that came down to her from her naked and uncivilized ancestors, who were then the undisputed monarchs of all they surveyed in this paradise of the Pacific. Away to the left of us are the sloping hills of Molokai, where the sainted Father Damien went down to his living death amid the leprosy stricken natives, and yielded up his pure and unselfish spirit in as noble a martyrdom as the rolling centuries have ever known.

Nearer and nearer we come as the sun breaks through the rifted clouds and shows off its regality in heaven. Steaming slowly along, the quiet of the town is trying to force itself from beneath the gorgeous wealth of evergreen and bright flowers under which it seemed to be literally buried. The white foam of the surf as it broke over the coral reefs or upon the sandy shores shone like a silver thread upon the glorious blue of these sunlit waters. The natives were paddling their canoes and the Portuguese fishermen were casting their nets in the smiling sea as we were gliding peacefully to our moorings, where a host of youthful dark-skinned natives had jumped overboard to meet us and catch the ponderous nickel or glittering dime that was thrown to them, like bread upon the waters, and which they never failed to bring smilingly to the surface as it reached the shining sands beneath. These people probably are the most expert swimmers in the world and the aquatic wonders of this youthful band of amphibious humanity was one of the first wonders of a new and strange but beautiful panorama that was just unrolling itself to our wondering eyes.

The harbor is an open roadstead. As the eye wanders one way in a southerly direction, there is nothing to be seen but the vastness and majesty of Neptune's great ocean and as it rolls in towards the town in swelling beauty, it breaks into feathery foam over the coral reefs and shining sands that fringe the living and eternal green of the quiet plain upon which the town lies buried beneath the cocoanut and the palm and the bread fruit and an endless variety of tropical growth and verdure that floods the place with a glorious emerald sheen that flows back to where the green hills in the background smile down in haughty beauty upon the people.

The town cannot be even seen from the towering heights behind it, you can only see it by wandering through its walks and drives and avenues, but as it is too warm to grow luxurious all at once and hire a carriage, a one-horse affair perhaps, but they are all alike in that respect, and withal comfortable, neat, clean and even elegant. The climate will not admit of covered carriages and what we have is just the same as other people who are wealthier and prouder than we are ride around in.

The business houses of Honolulu are not soaring into the air like the sky scrapers that have raised their brazen fronts over crowded and busy thoroughfares in New York, Chicago and other cities in the neighboring republic, for you must know Hawaii is now designated as such, although lying in isolated insular beauty, twenty-one hundred miles away. But I was talking of the town and the business houses and I wanted to say that they are modest and unassuming enough in every way to accommodate the trade and commerce of the place. They are one and two stories and perhaps in some cases three in height and flat roofed. They are tenanted by people from many lands or from every land on earth, the Chinese element being particularly strong and correspondingly influential. They seem to have invaded every branch of trade and industry and are very interesting, as much so, perhaps, as one could see them on their native heath in Shanghai or Hong Kong. There are Japanese and Portuguese and Singalese and other people of case including English, Scotch, American and other nationalities, not forgetting, of course a small contingent of the Ubiquitous Irish, to give this great human panorama of all nations past and present, one national unity with another, that really it must seem difficult for some of them to know exactly what they are or as they say away down South in Dixie, where "they are at."

This state of affairs has perhaps broken down to a certain extent those frowning and unpleasant barriers of social life and manners, which exist so conspicuously in other places. A Chinaman marries a native or an Englishman an American, or perhaps an Irishman weds a Japanese maiden and very often makes no mistake in doing so, for I have seen in the Hawaiian capital some of these fair daughters of the Mikado's land of flowers, wandering around the streets of the town or in carriages or beneath the shady piazzas of the hotels arrayed in the quaint and picturesque garb of their native land not only fair but beautiful to look upon. This strange and at times perhaps embarrassing mixture of men and women appear to live together pleasantly and refreshingly agreeably. They meet upon the level and part upon the square, and seem all the better for it.

ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

A Thrilling Adventure of Two Lumbermen below Grand Falls.

"We were rolling logs down a bluff into the St. John River, below Grand Falls," said a lumberman. "The bluff was about forty rods up from the river, steep and worn pretty smooth by the log rolling. A log started over the brink would roll with tremendous velocity down the hill there was a slight ridge, and now and then a log would strike it and go bounding into the air and land well out into the river."

"It was a dry time that May, and the rolling log made dusty work. The dust of the logs before they reached the bottom. If a log was started right, it generally followed a pretty straight course down the bluff; but once in a while a crooked one went slewing, or another got the advantage of the rollers and started off first, and so roll on a curve, and generally not reach the bottom, but lodge perhaps half way down. Some one would then have to go down and dislodge it."

"One day a crooked log slewed and lodged. Tim Fitch went down to straighten it and send it on its course. While he was engaged two men came up with a log. They stopped on the brink and waited for Tim to get out of the way, balancing their big log with their 'peevies.'"

"They were bending forward, watching Tim, when somehow one of the 'peevies' slipped and the log started. The second man withdrew his foot to save himself from being hurled along with it. A cry of alarm broke from them:—

"Tim! Oh, Tim! Look out!"

"There was no time for the poor fellow to jump aside, and no human power could have him from being crushed by that huge descending log. We stood, horror-stricken, peering over the edge of the bluff."

"Downward rolled the log, a cloud of dust rising in its wake. For a dozen rods it rolled, gaining velocity as it descended, and then suddenly it struck a rock or some obstruction, and gave a great bound, high above, whence it rolled and tumbled to the foot. Tim was untouched."

"Although we rolled thousands of logs down that same bluff, I never saw a second log bound into the air like that one. It seemed to us that the hand of providence had interfered."

REAL GRAYS FOR YORK'S SKULL.

This Was in Virginia City Where the Theatre Was on a Mountain.

"I once produced Yorick's skull from a real grave," remarked "Billy" Crosby. "It was years ago, in Virginia City, Nevada, where that was a great mining camp, and the company was maintained at Piper's Opera House, on B street. The theatre was built—the whole town was—on the steep side of Mount Davidson. A street was thirty or forty feet higher than B street, so that they had to blast out rock to make a level for the theatre. The stage rested square on a rock. We got along very well without trap until Booth came there and 'Hamlet' was to be produced. Of course we could not trap along without a grave, so a section of the stage was sawed out and some workmen with crowbars and picks dug down about three feet."

"Both knew nothing about this until the grave diggers' grave was on. I was the First Grave Digger, and as Hamlet approached I lifted my pick and began digging for keeps. You know we usually lift the pick aloft and 'do business' of digging, letting the pick fall lightly in a box of earth which is on the trap platform which we stand. But I pitched in and picked like a good fellow, and when Booth heard the steel ring out from my hard knocks against the honest rock he was the most surprised looking Hamlet I ever saw. He got between the grave and the footlights, facing up stage, and looked down into my real grave with a puzzled smile and whispered:—

"What have we here, Grave Digger?"

"We're going in for Shakespearean realism," I whispered back, throwing out a shovelful of rock I had loosened.

"Booth went on with the scene all right, but whenever he faced up stage he would look down into that real grave and smile curiously. After the show he examined it more carefully, and got down into the grave."

A GREAT PLAN OF ESCAPE.

The Gigantic Tunneling Accomplished by Mexican Convicts.

A well-planned attempt at a wholesale jail delivery was discovered by Col. Simon Sautella, Warden of Belem Prison, City of Mexico, last week.

Suspicious were aroused some days ago that an effort on the part of the thousands of inmates to break jail at the earliest possible opportunity would be made. Day before yesterday, summoning his sub-wardens, Sautella repaired to the department assigned to the night school. This was minutely examined by the Warden and his assistants. The search was continued for several hours, and although nothing was discovered that would strengthen the warden's theory, the latter issued orders to follow the matter up. The work was proceeded with for two days, when at 11 o'clock the discovery was made of an entrance into the monster tunnel close to the door of the school room. A depth of three yards to the right of the tunnel foundation upon which rests the walls of the gallery where the condemned, 800 in number, are confined, had been cut through. The subterranean passage was thence continued toward the left some forty-one yards, also perforating the foundations of other walls which are one metre in thickness and are built of sandstone. The underground works were still continued to the left, where some more foundations equally as thick as the former were encountered. The foundations sustain the weight of the walls that lodge the hundreds of prisoners that are awaiting trial.

The skill displayed in the engineering feat which has fortunately miscarried is wonderful, and a few months of labor would have placed the prisoners in communication with the street.

This would have released 3,000 criminals, as the tunnel had been planned to pass under the department of the prison so that it could have been reached by digging a few feet beneath the floors of the various wards. The prisoners, under pretence of attending night school for a period of two years, working secretly, in regular shifts. The conception of the mammoth and daring undertaking is due to a desperate criminal named Jose Vicente, who was under sentence of death, but who was shot some time ago, before his elaborate scheme for the salvation of himself and comrades could be put into effect.

A Skeleton at the Feast.

The use of the human skeleton is the latest development in the way of dinner table decoration in England. It's appropriateness there will not be questioned, as the average English cookery is of a quality suggestive of prompt mortality possibilities. The table of London gives a recent issue two instances of the employment of this grim device as an adjunct to English gastronomic hilarity. One was at a country house at a dinner of thirty covers. The centre of the table for its entire length was a bed of frozen snow, a sort of bright red blossoms separating the snow from the table cloth. On the crisp white surface were many white human skeletons in every attitude; leafless trees covered with snow, miniature fir trees with an open umbrella beside them, while red gnomes capered on the snow, a large red cap of folly lying on the ground, bone-bones pouting from it in lavish profusion. The second occasion on which this mortuary scheme of decoration was employed was a supper. This time it was the design of an artist of distinction. It portrayed a skeleton reclining on a pond, with a churchyard and illuminated church at the side in a set scene for the centre of the table. To have carried this weird decorative scheme to the full limit the guests, at the conclusion of the supper, should have been induced to accept for the balance of the night the use of hammocks swung in a cemetery.

Press Censorship in Russia.

There is another cause for revolution in Russia. This time the revolt is to be led by women entirely. Not long ago a St. Petersburg journal reported a festival at which members of the imperial family were present. The reporter evidently understood little about women's fancies, and made the dress of Czarina, by his description, one long out of fashion. The result was a attack from the Censor of the Press—one of the most powerful men in Russia—that Russian newspapers in the future must refrain from describing, or attempting to describe, the dresses of her Majesty. This naturally deprives the Russian woman of an interesting subject for discussion and criticism, and they are extremely angry at the Censor.

Where's God?

Rev. Joseph Cook still has the faculty of greatly working upon the religious feelings of his Boston auditors. The other day he drew a picture of Turkish atrocities in Armenia that was so horribly realistic that one woman went into hysterics and another cried out, "Where's God?"