

A RAMBLE IN SPAIN.

Attractions for the Naturalist and Sportsman. As John Hooker said of Spain, "God has most of the land in His own holding," consequently one there enjoys the spectacle of a wild and beautiful country in its most perfect pristine condition, exactly as turned out by nature, not yet disfigured or "improved" by the hand of man, and practically unchanged since the days of the Moors, and, in fact, one sees many of those forms of bird and animal life which in our crowded islands have long ceased to exist, and only remain to the naturalists of to-day in the form of bad pictures in books or worse specimens in museums. Among the rolling corn lands the great bustard roams in plenty. Troops of fifty or sixty of this noble game bird, the largest of that class, may be seen together, their great fawn-colored bodies and long necks resembling a herd of deer rather than birds. On every side are the lesser bustards, and on every side resounds the triple note of the quail. On the open plains before mentioned the royal kite and the buzzard—both these, like the bustard, about extinct at home—are ever in sight gracefully circling over the brushwood with a keen eye for an outlying rabbit, or one of the large and beautifully colored lizards which abound therein.

But for the particular behoof of the reptile world nature has designed and commissioned a special class of armed cruiser, the "Colebraro," or snake-eater, as the Spaniards call him, which is often described busily employed at his vocation. Then those dark-brown fellows with creamy heads hovering over a marshy hollow, their motionless wings set at a sharp angle, are moor buzzards, while the long-winged kind, which look like gigantic swallows are their cousins, the ash-colored harrier, the most industrious and hard working creature of his kind. Of small birds, there is an infinite variety, and among the brightest hues, which harmonize admirably with the sunny scene. Some of these, such as the bee eaters, the blue jay, and the golden oriole almost rival in brilliancy the gaudy denizens of the tropics. Not only are their plumages most vivid in color, but they possess glossy reflections, which in the bright southern sun sparkle like fewels. Every now and then a covey of the large Spanish partridge rise with startling suddenness; their numbers are surprising when one considers the unceasing persecution they undergo from the native "colectores" and the quantity of birds of prey, the latter forming a characteristic feature in the Spanish landscape.

Besides birds, these broad, undulating plains and prairie lands are the native home of the wild-bred Spanish bull. Here he roams at large from his birth till the day he receives his death thrust at the hand of the matador. A formidable beast he is, perhaps the only one inclined to dispute the dominion of man. The wild-bred Spanish bull is ready to assume the offensive, and provoke a combat in the open. He stands his ground resenting intrusion on his domains with a low, deep roar of defiance, viciously pawing the ground and throwing up clouds of dust with his four feet.

Beyond the fertile but externally somewhat monotonous regions of the vine and corn, the Spanish horizon is usually bounded by the bluish look of a distant mountain range. But before this can be reached a very different region must be traversed. The sierras are usually encircled by a broad zone, of low, broken hills and undulating peneplains, beautifully clothed in straggling natural woods. Luxuriant groves of oaks, chestnuts, and cork trees occupy the ridges, while the valleys are filled with dense masses of arbutus, lentiscus, wild olive, some kind of laurel, cistus, and other shrubs. Here and there whole acres glow with the brilliant flowers of the rhododendron, and the crimson peony adorns the most arid places. In certain districts, as one carefully picks one's way, riding through brushwood as high as one's shoulder, now and then a red deer starts from the thicket almost at one's feet. Huge snakes uncoil from their banks on a sunny knoll, and glide rapidly out of sight; then a couple of badgers hustle away through the scrub, or a broad-winged kite slips noiselessly from her nest on a pine. Overhead resounds the short, loud bark of the imperial eagle, or perhaps one of these magnificent birds may be perched in massive outlines on the topmost limb of a lofty oak, his white epaulets plainly visible in sharp contrast to the glossy black plumage.

Probably for typical mountain scenery the Pyrenees and the hill region of Galicia and the Asturias are the finest in the peninsula. But the great sierras of the south have a character of their own which is not wanting either in beauty or grandeur. The vast piles of limestone, of which they are largely composed, are blanched by the ages of exposure till they shine in the sunshine like white marble, relieved and variegated by the dark green of the brushwood, which grows thick wherever among the rocks it can find soil for its roots. Naturally these rugged sierras are but ill adapted for cultivation. Here and there the mountaineers have wrested from the stony declivities a little patch of corn land. In this the hillmen compare favorably with the more listless dwellers of the plains. A keener sense of the struggle for existence no doubt develops latent energies; but these sometimes appear to increase in proportion to the greater remoteness from the baneful influence of the priesthood. The staple industry of the sierras, however, is the breeding of goats. Ubiquitously audible is the not unmusical tinkle of the little bell which each goat carries on its neck, a sound characteristic of the wildest and most remote glens of the mountains. Last thing at dusk, first thing at dawn, resounds that little tinkle round one's camp. The personal appearance of the Spanish sereno is formidable. As he suddenly appeared on the scene, leather clad, shaggy, and bronzed to a copper color, with a huge knife stuck in his belt and his long single barrel slung behind his saddle, he looks the picture of a dare-

devil desperado. But despite his appearance our friend is quite harmless; nice, hospitable and helpful.—*Pull Mail Gazette.*

Fashion and Common Sense.

If there is one locality more than another where the voice of common sense is never listened to it is in that very extensive one where fashion reigns. Who ever thinks of listening to the suggestions of the former, when the degree of the latter potentate has gone forth? Tight sleeves for the ladies, and tight continuations for the gentlemen is the fashion, supposing. The advocates of common sense protest, saying, it is impossible to move one's limbs in them; I cannot bend the knee, before the portrait of my fondest hopes, says one; I cannot get my hands to the back of my head, says another, which is far more important. And fashion replies, I cannot satisfy all tastes. My laws are mostly made for the unreflecting; if you reflect you will never be satisfied. That which you complain of now is only a temporary inconvenience; when I can no longer tighten in your limbs, sleeves and leggings will take such ample proportions that the real size of an arm or leg will be a subject for divination. Fashion has no respect of person; if high heels are introduced for the benefit of short people, low heels are never introduced at the same time for people who are already taller than they care to be. The latter must wait their turn for the opposite fashion, and then unusually short persons must have their boots made to order if they wish to reach up to the elbow of their superior in height, or submit to be looked upon as dwarfs by tall people, if they prefer to keep in the fashion.

Fashion pretends to have an eye for beauty; if this be true, she enacts at least that all her followers be modeled after the same fashion. They must have heads and faces of a uniform size and shape, that the hat or bonnet of the season may become them all, and they must have a uniform tint of complexion, that the color of a la mode may suit it. Those who study fashion in dress at the expense of their personal comfort are surely wanting in common sense, yet we most of us do so, since the fashionable and uncomfortable article is preferred to the unfashionable and comfortable one, though it may cost more than double the price of the latter.

Common sense suggests that in hot weather clothing for both sexes should be light in texture and color; but if fashion ordains that ladies' dresses be heavily trimmed, and if she refuses to give her consent to garments of a summery nature being introduced for gentlemen, no one has the courage to pay attention to personal comfort. When ladies' skirts are made so narrow as to be inconvenient for walking, and liable to assist the wearer to an awkward fall in descending from a carriage, or when they are widened to a ludicrous width to admit of unmanageable crinolines, or burdened with useless trains, to be dragged in the streets or trodden on in the ball-room, who ever thinks of refusing to obey the nonsensical mandate? Even the most obtuse end by giving in, believing that they are more ridiculous to hold out, than to stand alone with common sense. Nothing, for instance, could indicate more plainly the folly of making long-trained dresses the fashion, than to see a year or two ago how the latter was necessarily bunched up in the most ungraceful manner, or the wearer was compelled to have one hand always engaged with holding up the superfluous yard or two of stuff, making her invariably wish that artificial hands had come into fashion with the trains, to allow of her using her natural ones in some more profitable way.—*London Standard.*

The Burmah Rice Crop. The official report, dated Calcutta, Dec. 15, 1884, on the prospects of the rice crop for November is as follows: "The total area under cultivation in the ten districts is reported as 3,180,835 acres. This area is only an estimate, as the actual measurements are not completed until the middle of January. The other nine districts of the province are returned as containing 332,000 acres of rice land, and there are 120,000 acres of taungya cultivation nearly all of which produces rice. The total rice-producing area for this year is, therefore, estimated at about 3,640,000 acres. The rain which fell during November was beneficial, especially to the crops on the higher lands; in parts the rain came somewhat late. It appears that the rain of October did some damage to the plants in flower, and the ears have in some parts proved light; under these circumstances, it will not be safe, until information is obtained as to the outcome on the threshing-floors, to estimate the crop at more than twelve annas, or about an average crop, according to the calculation given in paragraph forty-eight of the recent revenue resolution. An average crop all over the province ought to yield an exportable surplus of 988,000 tons of cargo rice. The fallow area has now been found to be somewhat larger than was supposed last year. Although many of the district officers anticipate a crop considerably above the average, it appears better not to estimate for an exportable surplus of more than 975,000 tons, or 104,000 tons below the actual exports of 1882. This estimate will be subject to modification after the reaping and thrashing are over."

Boys Will Be Buoy.

Some Florida boys, who had a swimming hole along the St. John river, were often driven out of the water by a very large alligator who came to sample them. At last they hit upon a little racket to get even with him. They constructed a buoy of the exact size, shape and shade of an ordinary boy, and filled it with nitroglycerine, and took a pole and pushed it out a little way from shore. Presently the alligator came up with his mouth wide open like a steel trap, and in one bite he took in over half the buoy, who just at that juncture went off and blew him tail first about three miles up the river.

Moral—"Boys will be buoy."—*Life.*

SCINTILLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Curiosities and Discoveries in the World of Progress.

A properly developed, full-grown man weighing 154 pounds ought, according to Prof. Huxley, to consume daily 5,000 grains of lean beefsteak, 6,000 grains of bread, 7,000 grains of milk, 3,000 grains of potatoes, 600 grains of butter and 22,900 grains of water.

Tests have proved that one pound of powder in small blasts will loosen about 4 1/2 tons of rock, and in large blasts about 2 1/2 tons. In a day of ten hours one man can bore with a bit an inch in diameter from 50 to 100 inches deep in granite, or from 300 to 400 inches in limestone.

A specimen of lignite from the deposits of the Souris Valley, Manitoba, gave on analysis the following result: Carbon, 52.36 per cent; hydrogen, 3.52; oxygen and nitrogen, 18.47; sulphur, 0.42; ash, 4.53, and water, 20.70. The color of the ash was buff. When ignited a good flame was produced, with intense heat.

Representatives of the Spanish Government have recently visited England for the purpose of inspecting the various establishments where large guns are made. They have placed in Sheffield an order for the plant necessary for turning out forgings for the heaviest possible ordnance. The plant will cost at least \$1,000,000.

How to produce painless death in the lower animals has been carefully studied by Dr. W. B. Richardson. He seems at last to have succeeded in securing euthanasia for them. The animals to be destroyed are placed in a chamber into which is forced a current of carbonic oxide passing at 80 deg. Fahrenheit over a mixture of chloroform and carbon bisulphide. Extinction of life is soon effected in the chamber by the lethal nature of its atmosphere so brought about.

To determine the vexed question whether the level of the Baltic was rising or sinking, watermarks or gauges were set up in 1750, renewed about a century later, and finally repaired last year. The gauges, at regular intervals were inspected, and the readings carefully noted. The records of 134 years now show beyond all cavil that while the Scandinavian coast has been steadily rising, the southern littoral of the Baltic has been steadily sinking. Since 1750 the coast of Sweden has been upheaved on an average nearly fifty-six inches. No change has been perceptible on a line which passes from the Swedish coast over Bornholm and Laland to the Schleswig-Holstein shore.

At the late meeting of the Association of Swiss Societies at Berne, M. Mullhaupt suggested the formation of an international geographical bureau for the purpose, first, of carrying out the resolutions arrived at by international geographical congresses; second, of making exchanges every month, or oftener if need be, between the eighty odd geographical societies; and, third, of publishing in the four or five principal languages a summary of the contents of the publications of the various geographical societies. He further proposes that the expenses be shared by the many societies which would be benefited by the execution of the project.

Dumont's sewerage scheme for Paris contemplates the construction of a drain about one hundred miles long from the city to a covered reservoir below Herblay, on the right bank of the Seine, and between Dieppe and Trepport, and the establishment of pumping stations at Eragny and Scrifontaine. It is estimated that for nine months in the year, almost the whole of the sewage will be taken up by irrigation. The entire cost of construction is expected to be not more than \$12,000,000, and it is anticipated that the maintenance of the pumping stations will be fully secured by the sales of sewage for irrigation purposes. Only during one-quarter of the year will much of the waste of the French capital reach the sea at all.

A new form of apparatus for determining the compressibility of water has been exhibited by Prof. Tait before the Royal Society, Edinburgh. Instead of measuring the compression caused by a given pressure he now measures the pressure required to produce a given compression. His new arrangement allows him to make any number of measurements in rapid succession at any one temperature; and then the temperature can be raised and corresponding measurements made without once opening the compression apparatus. Experiments which formerly would have taken weeks for their completion could now be accomplished in an afternoon. He hopes to demonstrate, as soon as he has a practical working specimen of his invention at his command, that the diminution of compressibility at higher pressure becomes less at higher temperatures, and may even become an increase for the first few hundred atmospheres' pressure.

The Birthplace of the Monsoon.

In the plains of India at the commencement of the monsoon storms occur in which the lightning runs like snakes all over the sky at the rate of three or four flashes in a second, and the thunder roars without a break for frequently one or two hours at a time. Yet it is very rare that any tree or animal is struck by the electric current. The explanation of this is the great depth of the stratum of heated air next the ground, which keeps the clouds at such a height that most of the flashes pass from cloud to cloud and very few reach the earth.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

An Industrious Negro.

A negro living in the southern portion of Macon county, Aaron Calhoun, made five bales of cotton, without the assistance of a mule, ox, or any beast of like kind. He lost his mule in the first part of the year, and, owing about \$25 for advances the previous year, he determined not to go into debt any more. As a final resort, he made a set of harness for himself and took the place of the mule, with the above result.—*Macon (Ga.) Messenger.*

YULE TIME IN SCOTLAND.

The Extensive Preparations that Are Made for It—A Day of Feasting and Fun. When Robert Burns was born, 126 years ago, the folk of old Scotland knew vastly more of the real Yule time than those who celebrate the poet's birthday are now wont to know, writes a correspondent to *The Albany Argus*. Then it was a holy day of many centuries' observance, and nurses by the cradles of such babes as William Burns' laddie were accustomed to croon of "the festal time when of the south the fiery sun-wheel comes." Now in Scotland, as well as elsewhere the world over, it is necessary to tell the inquiring child the ever-new story of the great annual festival of the winter solstice, not celebrated now with the old-time wassail, but observed still with some measure of feasting and revelry.

The ships that arrived on Friday and Saturday brought the latest Glasgow mails, and as our American Scotchmen gather to tell of that birth at auld Ayr they will have to read many a home letter and paper telling on the dearest pages of the Yule just passed in the loved and far away Scotch land. The home folk do not speak of Christmas as much as they do of Yule, and the chances are that the auld folk would never refer to it as synonymous with the feast of the nativity, though it stands the greatest holiday of the Scottish year. Yule is not of the 25th of December, but of the 6th of January; for in the olden days was always reckoned by the "old style," and from fear that it might have a Romish flavor, tradition preferred to keep the date behind the rest of the civilized world.

Certain very important preparations were made for the feast as long ago as November. Each able family killed, at the approach of winter, a pig, a yearling, and six or more sheep. Everything was utilized, Tripe was pickled, tallow candles were made, and out of the kitchen oven came puddings, black and white. Each master went to the market town and laid in ample store of groceries of all sorts. And when the dark and dead half of the year went out, the warm collar was a well-filled larder, and the air was pregnant with the coming day that was to break in upon the uneventful and monotonous routine of the countryside year with its festivities, its feasting, and its fun. The youngsters looked forward to it with the most eager anticipation, for in our Scotch homes there are, besides the mester and mither, almost always a flock of lads and lassies who enjoy festal-time with a zeal which it is difficult for dwellers in more favored climes and more stirring localities to understand. The staunch conservative mester and the genial, hospitable mither, true to their principles and instincts, anticipated and enjoyed the "day of the sunlight" that had been kept in the old house from time immemorial with the same right royal delight as their children did, only perhaps in a more ordinary way.

The boys and girls have their semi-annual suits of clothing for the great occasion, and another invariable and important preparation is the making of the football, Yule always inaugurating the football season "across the border." The lads, with great anxiety and study, cut and sew the leather covering themselves, using a native-tanned horse hide. The girls, meanwhile, would write little notes of formal invitation to every household of cousins to "come to us on New Year's-day and stay till Yule e'en," for, though it is general to spend the time at home, yet such invitations must be exchanged.

Yule came, this year, on a "tuesday," called "tuesday" because that it is traditional that Yule, coming on Tuesday, the day is always fine ("it is lightly" contracted to "tuesday" properly.) So, of course, it was a lovely day, and thus the letter-writers say. Feasting began at 9 o'clock with a very substantial breakfast. No nuttinal porridge on Yule morning! Though only breakfast, the tables groaned with good things. Few were so thrifless but that they could sit down to such a good board as held a round of cold corned beef, savory sausages, eggs, rolls, scones, oatmeal, brunnes, marmalade, tea, and cream. After the meal every sideboard brought forth a large old china punch-bowl, kept expressly for this purpose, a salver with large glasses, and a cake basket heaped with rich short-breads. And the bowl! It contained that venerable and famous Yule breakfast beverage called "whipped"—venerable because that tradition hath it that it was the favorite drink of the dwellers in Valhalla when they first kept their Yule festival; and famous, because there never is, in Scotland, a Yule breakfast without it. We, who are Yankees, are not acquainted with it. It is not egg-flip, but its constituents are the yolks of a dozen eggs whisked half an hour with about one pound of sugar, added to a pint of old rum and a quart of sweet cream. A bumper of this, drank to many happy returns of the day, always rounds off a Yule breakfast completely.

Right off after breakfast, football commenced on many a green. Men and boys met, and after drinking drams and eating cake provided by some generous laird, sets were arranged, goals fixed, and play began. After the meal every sideboard brought forth a large old china punch-bowl, kept expressly for this purpose, a salver with large glasses, and a cake basket heaped with rich short-breads. And the bowl! It contained that venerable and famous Yule breakfast beverage called "whipped"—venerable because that tradition hath it that it was the favorite drink of the dwellers in Valhalla when they first kept their Yule festival; and famous, because there never is, in Scotland, a Yule breakfast without it. We, who are Yankees, are not acquainted with it. It is not egg-flip, but its constituents are the yolks of a dozen eggs whisked half an hour with about one pound of sugar, added to a pint of old rum and a quart of sweet cream. A bumper of this, drank to many happy returns of the day, always rounds off a Yule breakfast completely.

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The dinners were as ponderously substantial as the breakfast, and much more ample and lavish. The letters written on the 7th speak of the meal as consisting of roast beef, soup, fish, boiled mutton, plum duff (pudding), apple pie, tarts, jellies, and creams, followed by a dessert never seen or tasted only then—a dessert of oranges, apples, figs, plums, raisins, and almonds. Three hours after the attention given this repast came a tea, also sumptuous and calculated to make all participants well stuffed and used up. Our Thanksgiving and the English Christmas do not begin to afford more of the real feast.

After supper the candles were lighted and neighbors of the old houses dropped in, having been invited to a

dance. When all were assembled,—a goodly company of honest farmers, buxom matrons, stalwart ladies, and blithe, rosy-cheeked maidens, all dressed in those fine new suits,—tea and cake were handed round. While eating and new greetings were going on, the fiddler came with his Stradivarius, and was elevated on a chair on the top of the dresser in the ample kitchen, where he soon handled the bow with such grace and spirit as to call the dancers out. I think we on this side of the water do not know that music. On his elevated perch, with his head thrown back, his bright eyes sparkling, and face beaming with smiles of delighted excitement, the fiddler sat, his right hand sweeping the strings with well-rosined bow, while his right foot beat time loudly. His irresistible efforts compelled old and young, dull and weary, to take the floor time after time, hour after hour. The modern dances are unknown and unheard of, especially in the north counties. But reels and jigs, strathspeys, and country dances, come in the place of our waltzes, polkas, and the like, and continued until 11 o'clock. Then, as if there had not been eating enough in the daytime, a good supper was served, concluding with "the health good-night," drank from the punch-bowl, newly filled since morning. And so Yule day ended, though in some more remote houses it did not come to a final conclusion till the 13th, which "old style" is New Year's day, and is quite generally called Auld New Year's day. Those who "keep, eep, eep, the who-ole week" celebrated by slightly modifying a repetition of the Yule feast, with foot-ball by day and a dance at night, making as a whole such a season of festivity and observance of Christ's nativity as England's more pretentious Christmas pales before.

A Prophetic Speech.

The following is from a Castroville, Texas, exchange: In the last campaign there were three or four candidates for District Attorney. Ed. Halton was one of them and W. R. Wallace was another. Wallace, who was then holding the office, was a brilliant fellow, and would have made a big mark but for whisky. He could not let the guzzle alone, and was in bad shape on account of it. Halton, on the other hand, was a sober, industrious young fellow. One night he was in Castroville making a speech, and in telling of the kind of man who should fill the responsible position of District Attorney, said he should be sober at all times, reliable, and of good associations. This, of course, was a hit at Wallace, who happened to be present. After Halton had got through we were surprised to see Wallace get up, "Gentlemen of the jury—gentlemen," he said, catching himself—"it is not to take exception at what has been said here that I rise." Every one saw that he was under the influence, and wondered what was coming, but kept still, and Wallace continued: "I have no hard feelings against the amiable young gentleman who has just spoken. I like him—I like him, and I don't want to see him get into trouble. It rests with you, voters, whether this young man will be saved. You all remember Perry Hunt, who was District Attorney several years ago—he was killed in a saloon row. And there was Henry Jackson, who succeeded him—he was found dead with a whiskey bottle by his side. And poor Pinckney Jones—he died shortly after being elected. A fatality hangs over the office, gentlemen. Here am I myself, who succeeded poor Pinckney, a wreck, going to the devil fast, as you all know. My dear friends, if you have any respect for my worthy opponent, any care for his welfare, for God's sake do not elect him, for he will surely go to the devil, too." Wallace spoke with a great deal of feeling, and we didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The strangest part of it was that that speech seemed prophetic. It was so neatly done that it turned the tide in Wallace's favor, and he was re-elected. But a few mornings after the election he was found dead on the floor of his office.

An Extinct Oyster.

Of all the brands the "Saddle Rock" is perhaps the most impudently fraudulent. There is not a dealer who does not know that the oyster to which that name properly belonged disappeared long ago. There is hardly one who will not admit as much if you attack him sharply on the subject. The original yield was greatly overrated, though for a large-sized variety it was very fair. Now all the dealers, although they know very well that no oyster of this kind is in existence, and in face of the well-known truth the quality of the mollusk by no means keeps pace with its magnitude, not only keep "Saddle Rocks" on their bills, serving under this forged title their biggest shells of whatever plant, but have the effrontery to charge from 25 to 100 per cent more for them.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Fortune in Celery.

Fifteen years ago Lendert De Brazen, a Holland, was a poor gardener near Kalamazoo, Mich., trying to make a living off of some marshy land he had purchased. After other things had failed, he experimented with celery, and is now a rich man. What was a dozen years ago a swamp is to-day a vast celery field, beside which a hundred-acre lot is but a garden. The shipping season begins in July, increases until the holidays, then gradually disappears until the crop is disposed of in the spring. Fifty tons daily are now being sent out, and the crop of 1884 will reach 5,000 tons. Twenty thousand stalks are raised upon an acre of ground. It is said that 2,000 persons in that locality are engaged in this industry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

No Incompatibility.

Husband and wife present themselves before the divorce court. "What do you want, madam?" "Divorce from that wretch." "And you, sir?" "Divorce from that vixen." "The decree is refused—there is no incompatibility of temper. You both seem to be perfectly agreed. Call the next case."—*Paris Paper.*

HERE AND THERE.

The old moss found more than a foot thick in various parts of Sweden proves an excellent material for paper making.

DAKOTA has a lake thirteen feet deep, which is frozen to the bottom, but the cheek of the man who tells the story is all right.

The Seven Devils' country in Idaho, about one hundred and fifty miles or so north of Boise, is the seductive name of a region which promises to be the mining attraction next season.

The late Rev. William H. Channing left three children, a son distinguished at Oxford, a daughter who is the wife of Edwin Arnold, and an unmarried daughter who lives with Mrs. Channing in London.

The late John Pierpont, who was a poet as well as preacher, and the late Starr King, whom the gods also made poetical, were pastors over the historical Hollis Street church, which modern Bostonians will turn into a theater.

WHILE during the entire month of November, 1790, but 113 persons from outside entered through the twelve gates of the Prussian capital, the number of strangers now arriving per month reaches an average of upward of 30,000.

CADET ALEXANDER, a colored lad from Ohio, stands nineteenth in the West Point third class of seventy members, and Cadet Young, another Ohio colored academy lad, stands thirty-two in the fourth class of seventy-six members.

A RECENT biographer of Handel says that nothing made the composer so feverish in his latter days as questions about trivial matters. He used to say: "If a man cannot think but as a fool, let him keep his fool's tongue in his own fool's mouth."

MR. HARNISH, the young Philadelphia sculptor, for several years the protege of Miss Anna Hampton Brewster, in Rome, and relentlessly satirized along with that lady in "By the Tiber," is about to marry the niece of a prominent Italian cardinal.

PRINCESS BEATRICE gets the prize husband for looks. Prince Henry is undeniably handsome. The marriage is to take place early in May. It is not to be an elaborate ceremony of show and state, but will be celebrated as quietly as possible in the private chapel at Windsor Castle.

The patriarch of the New York police force, Richard S. Eldridge, was pensioned at \$600 a year, last week. He was one of the four special watchmen who stood guard at Castle garden when the famous ball was given there to Lafayette on his visit to this country in 1825, and his regular service has numbered fifty-four years. He has long been known as "Pop," and though 87 years old is still stalwart.

The ex-khedive of Egypt, who is now moving in London society, wears two glistening blood stones in his cuffs, surrounded by brilliants, which are the rubies of the "Redeemer," brought from Abyssinia by a Coptic bishop. There were four of them, but the other two, the gift of Ismail, were missing from the corpse of Abdul Aziz when he was discovered dead and bloodless in the Dolma Baktche palace.

MRS. FAWCETT, widow of the late postmaster general of England, is going to live with her sister, Miss Agnes Garrett, the well-known "art house decorator." The business, started some years ago by Miss Garrett, in conjunction with the late Miss Rhoda Garrett, to whose skill in designing and admirable taste it mainly owes its success, has now a large and lucrative connection, and Mrs. Fawcett's aptitude for business details will be of material assistance to her sister.

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON has not only attracted all the young Bonapartists to his side, but many of the leading functionaries of the second empire through his bachelor parties every Thursday for chat and a cup of tea—the only refreshment served. He is rather a silent young man, and is going into training for full Napoleon V. Of course, he has no connection with the house over the way—his papa's. But he is a long way off from the throne, about as distant as the Comte de Paris. The republic is very portly and healthy, has no signs of premature death, and is the only danger it has to encounter is—Bismarck's love.

THERE is a diversity of opinion as to whether young George Gould will keep the Gould possessions together or not. Thus far he has not fulfilled all the fond desires of his distinguished parent. He has not much of a head for finance or a surplus of aptitude for speculation. To be a good speculator requires much sagacity. He enjoys the theaters very much, and likes to slip in behind the scenes among the pretty chorus or ballet girls, and his head aches quite frequently next day during business hours. Nevertheless, Mr. Gould is making every effort to make a business man out of him, and he ought to succeed.