

THE MOTTO OF A WEDDING RING.

A lover gave the golden ring into the golden bride's hand. 'Give me,' he said, 'a tender thought within this golden band. The goldenth gratified, with careful art, 'Till Death us part.'

MY INHERITANCE.

When my worthy uncle, Christian Haas, Burgomaster of Lauterbach, died, I was already chapel-master to the grand Duke Yori-Peter, and I had fifteen hundred florins fixed, which did not prevent me, as the saying is, from pulling the devil by the tail.

Uncle Christian, who knew my position very well, had never sent me a kreutzer, so I could not help shedding some tears when I heard of his post-humous generosity. I inherited from him, helas! two hundred and fifty acres of good land, vineyards, orchards, a corner of forest, and his big house in Lauterbach.

'Dear uncle,' I exclaimed with emotion, 'now I see the full depth of your wisdom, and I glorify you for having lightened your purse-strings. The money you would have sent me—where would it be? It would be in the hands of the Philistines and Moabites. Little Kate Frosserine alone could give news of it, while, as it is, you have saved it all.'

After expressing these well felt sentiments, and many others not less touching, I started on horseback for Lauterbach.

'Strange thing! The demon of avarice with whom I had never had the least acquaintance, then well nigh rendered himself master of my soul. "Kasper," he whispered in my ear, "here you are, rich. Until now you have been pursuing vain fantasies—Love, Pleasure, Art. All is smoke. One must be very silly to care for glory. There is nothing solid except land, houses, dollars loaned on first mortgage. Give up your illusions, dig your trenches further, enlarge your fields, amass your dollars and you will be honored, respected. You will become burgomaster, like your uncle, and the peasant, in seeing you pass, will take his hat a mile off, saying, "There goes Mr. Kasper Haas, a rich man, the biggest herr in the country!"'

These ideas were coming and going through my head like personages in magic lantern, and I found they had a grave, reasonable air, which was seductive. This was in the middle of July; the lark was singing its endless arietta, the harvest was waving on the plain, the warm breeze was bringing me the voluptuous dry of the quail and partridge through the wheat, the foliage was shining in the sun, the Lauter was murmuring in the shade of the great worm-eaten willows, and I saw, I heard nothing of all that; I wanted to be burgomaster, I was rousing out my stomach, jabbing my cheeks and murmuring to myself: "Here is Mr. Kasper Haas passing; the rich man; the biggest herr in the country! Hue! Hue! Hue!"

And my little mare was galloping. I was curious to try the three-cornered hat and big scarlet waistcoat of Master Christian.

"If they fit me," said I to myself, "why should I buy any?" Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the little village of Lauterbach was discernible at the bottom of the valley, and it was not without emotion that my eyes rested on the large, fine house of Christian Haas, my home, the center of my future activity and my property. I was admiring its picturesque location on the main, dusty road, the immense roof of greyish shingles, the sheds covering the wagons, the plows, and the harvests; behind the poultry yard, then the garden, the orchard, the vines half way up the hill; the prairie in the distance. I trembled with joy at this spectacle.

And as I was going down the main street in the village, men, women and children were saluting me.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Kasper. Bonjour, Monsieur Haas." And all the small windows were lined with wondering faces. I am at home already. It seems as if I had always been the proprietor, one of the notables of Lauterbach. My life as chapel master is only a dream, my enthusiasm for music only a youthful folly. How money does modify a man's ideas!

However, I halt at the notary's door. He holds the titles to my property and it is to hand them over to me. I tie my horse at the post, I jump on the porch, and the old scribe, his bald head uncovered, his lank limbs wrapped in a dressing gown of green stuff, with big flowers and vines all over it, advances to receive me.

"Monsieur Kasper Haas, I have the honor to salute you."

"Your servant, Monsieur Becker."

"Have the goodness to come in, Mons. Haas."

"After you, Mons. Becker, after you."

We crossed the vestibule, and I perceived at the end of a neat, airy little room, a table appetizingly set, and near the table a fresh-looking, graceful, rosy-checked girl.

"Monsieur Kasper Haas," said the venerable tabellion.

And while I felt my old artistic taste revive, admired the little pink nose, the rosy lips, the big blue eyes of Mademoiselle Lothe, her light form, her dimpled hands, Master Becker invited me to a seat at the table, saying that my arrival had been anticipated, and that before plunging into serious matters it would be well to take some refreshments and a glass of Bordeaux, etc., all of which I appreciated and gladly accepted.

We seated ourselves. We chatted on the beauties of nature. I mentally reflected on the old papa, what a notary might earn in Lauterbach.

"Mademoiselle, may I serve you a wing of this chicken?"

"You are very kind, monsieur, if you please."

Lothe cast her eyes down. I filled her glass. She touched it with her rosy lips. The papa was joyous. He talked of hunting, fishing—

"Of course, Monsieur Haas, you will adopt the customs of the country. We have plenty of game, and the streams are full of trout. You might purchase the right to hunt from the administrator of the forests. Evenings can be passed very pleasantly at the brewery. The forest and water inspector is a charming young man. The justice of the peace is a superior whist player."

I listened, and thought that such a calm, peaceful life must be delightful. Mademoiselle Lothe looked very nice. She did not talk much, but her smile was so kind and artless that I thought she must surely be gentle and affectionate.

Finally the coffee was served; the kirschwasser. Miss Lothe withdraws and the old scribe passes insensibly from trifles to serious affairs. He talked of my uncle's estates, and I gave an attentive ear. No testament, no bequest, no mortgages; all is clear, straight and in order.

"Lucky Kasper!" said I to myself, "happy Kasper!"

Then we stepped in the notary's office to examine the titles. The close air, the desks and pigeon holes soon dissipated all fantasies of love. I seated myself in an armchair and Mons. Becker pensively adjusted his spectacles.

"Here is the title to your meadows of Echnait. You have there, Monsieur Haas, a hundred acres of land—the finest and best irrigated in the district—that is a revenue of four thousand francs. This is the title to your vineyard in Sonnehal—thirty-five acres of vines. You can make two hundred hectolitres of wine every year. This, Monsieur Haas, is the title to forest land in Mowelsstein; this represents your property in Haemat; this your pasture land in Thierenthal. Here are your deeds to the Grunewald farm, and here is the one to your house in Lauterbach. This house, the largest in the village, dates from the XVI. century."

"The devil!" Master Becker, that proves nothing in his favor."

"On the contrary, John Burckhart, Count of Barth, had established his hunting residence there. It is true that a great many generations have succeeded each other since, but necessary repairs have not been neglected, and it is now in a perfect state of preservation."

I thanked Mons. Becker for his explanations, and, having placed my papers in a voluminous portfolio which the notary lent me, I took leave of him, more convinced than ever of my own importance. I reached my house, put the key in the lock, and striking the sill with my foot, I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This is mine!"

I went through the rooms, opened the clothes-presses, and seeing the lines piled up to the ceiling, I repeated, "This is mine." I ascended to the second story, still repeating like a lunatic, "This is mine! This is mine! Yes, yes, I am a proprietor." All my anxiety for the future had vanished; all my apprehensions for the morrow were dissipated. I should no longer figure in the world by my feeble conventional merit, but by a caprice of fashion; but by the real, effective possession of wealth, which all the world covets.

O, poets! O, artists! What are you in comparison to that big proprietor who possesses all, and whose crumbs nourish your inspirations? You are only the ornament of his banquet, the pastime of his idle hour, the bird warbling in his bushes, the statue which decorates his garden. You exist only by him and for him. Why should he envy you the smoke of pride, of vanity; he who possesses the only realities of this world. At that moment, if the poor Chapel-master Haas had appeared to me, I should have glanced at him over my shoulder. I should have asked myself, "Who is that fanatic? What has he in common with me?"

I opened the window. It was nearly night. The setting sun was gilding my orchard and vines. At the top of the hill a few white stones indicated the cemetery. I turned round. A vast gothic room ornamented with massive moldings, met my eyes. I was in the hunting pavilion of Seigneur Burckhart. A spinet occupied the space between two windows. I abstractedly ran my finger over it. The relaxed keys ran into each other and gave forth a strange nasal sound, in ironical imitation of some old, toothless woman, humming a youthful air.

At the end of the lofty room was an alcove with red curtains and a canopy bed. This sight reminded me that I had traveled six hours on horseback, and undressing, with a smile of satisfaction, I said to myself, "To think that this is the first time that I sleep in my own bed."

Not a leaf stirred, all was silent, and I was soon in a voluptuous sleep.

The moon was shining in all its splendor when I awoke without any apparent cause. Waves of summer perfume reached me; the air was laden with the odor of new mown hay. I looked in surprise, then tried to rise to close the window; when, inconceivable thing, my head was perfectly free, while my body was in a leaden sleep. Not a muscle answered my efforts to rise. My arms were absolutely inert, my legs stretched immobile. I moved my head from side to side. The deep respiration from my body frightened me, and my head fell back on the pillow exhausted.

"Are my limbs paralyzed?" I asked with horror. I closed my eyes; with terror I reflected on this singular phenomenon; my ears followed the anxious pulsations of my heart. "How—how," I continued, after a moment, "my body, my own body, refuses to obey me. Kasper Haas, the master of so many vine-

yards and rich pastures, can't even move that miserable clod of earth, which is certainly his own. Oh God! what does that mean?" And as I was thus reflecting a feeble noise attracted my attention; the door of my alcove opened. A man—a man dressed in some stiff stuff, like that of the monks of the St. Gualther Chapel, in Mayence, with a broad gray felt turned up at the side with a falcon wing, a pair of gloves which reached to the elbows, had just come in the room. His boots reached to his knees; a heavy gold chain loaded with decorations fell over his breast. His brown, bony face and hollow eyes had a poignant expression of sadness and horrible greenish tints. He crossed the hall with measured steps, like the toe-tac of a clock, and his hand on an immense rapier, striking the floor with his heel. He exclaimed, "This belongs to me—to me—Hans Burckhart, Count of Barth."

One would have thought it was some old rusty machine, grinding out cabalistic words. I felt my flesh creep.

But at the same moment the door in front opened, and the Count of Barth disappeared in the adjoining room, where I heard his automatic steps descending stairs which seemed without end; the sound of his steps grew feebler as if he had finally gone into the bowels of the earth. And while I still listened and heard nothing more a numerous company took possession of the room; the spinet resounded; they sang, sang of love, pleasure, wine.

I looked and saw in the moonlight young women leaning negligently toward the spinet, cavaliers as they were dressed in olden times, in numberless gaw-gaws, fabulous lace, seated on tabourets, their legs crossed, inclining, shaking their heads, waddling, phying the beans, and all so coquetically, that one might have imagined an animated engraving of the graceful school of Lorraine in the sixteenth century.

And the small, stiff fingers of a respectable dowager with a parrot-neck were thumping the keys of the spinet; and the shrill discordant peals of laughter on all sides were enough to make one's hair stand on end.

All this world of folly, of quaintest elegance exhaled there its lavender and rose water turned to vinegar. I made superhuman efforts to cast off this nightmare. All in vain! At the same moment one of the young elegantes exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you are at home here. This domain—"

She did not have time to finish. A silence of death followed these words. I looked—the phantasmagoria had disappeared. Then the sound of a hunting-horn reached my ears; horses were pawing the ground; dogs were barking; and the placid moon was still looking into my alcove. The door opened, as if by a gust of wind, and fifty hunters, followed by young ladies two centuries old, with long trailing robes, filed majestically through one room to another. Four villains passed also, carrying on their shoulders a litter with oak leaves on which was an enormous and bloody wild boar. I heard the flourish of trumpets increasing outside, then die out like a sigh in the forest—then nothing. And as I was reflecting on this strange vision, looking accidentally in the twilight shadow, I saw with stupor that the scene was occupied by one of those old Protestant families of former years—calm, dignified, solemn in their manners. There were the white-headed patriarch reading the Bible; the old mother, tall and pale, spinning the flax for the household; then the dreamy-eyed children with elbows on the table, in perfect silence; the old shepherd's dog, attentive to the lecture, the old clock in its walnut case, counting the seconds; and further in the shadow the outline of some young girls, the brown faces of some lads clad in black felts and drugged coats, discussing the story of Jacob and Rachel, by way of making love. And this honest family seemed convinced of the truth of the gospel; the old man in his broken voice was pursuing the edifying story with emotion.

"This is your promised land; the land of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, which I destined for you from the beginning of centuries, in order that you may multiply and increase, like the stars of heaven. And none can take it from you, for you are my beloved people, in whom I have placed all my confidence."

The moon, clouded for a moment, was then shining clear; hearing nothing more, I turned my head. It's cold, calm rays were lighting up the empty room; not a form, not a shade; the light was flooding the carpet, and in the distance the foliage of the trees was sketched on the hill as a background. Suddenly, the high walls became lined with books; the antiquated spinet gave place to the desk of some savant, whose arm-chair appeared on the back of an arm-chair in red leather. I heard the goose-quill running over the paper. The man, lost in the depth of his thoughts, did not stir. This silence oppressed me.

You may judge of my stupor when, turning round, this master of erudition faced me, and I recognized in him the portrait of the jurisconsult Gregorius, consigned under the No. 253 to the gallery of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Great God! How had that personage got out of its frame?

That was the question I was asking myself, when he exclaimed in a hollow voice: "Downinn, et jure Quirito est jus unctens ratuati patitur."

As this formula was escaping from his lips his face turned pale and paler. At the last word it was no longer in existence.

What more shall I tell you? During the hours following I saw twenty more generations succeed each other in the antique castle of Hans Burckhart—Christians and Jews, nobles and plebeians, ignorant and learned men—and all proclaimed the legitimate property, all believed themselves the sovereign and real masters of the barrack. Alas! A breath of death east them out of doors.

I had finished by becoming accustomed to this weird phantasmagoria. Every time one of the worthies cried, "This is mine," I laughed and murmured, "Wait a minute, comrade, wait a minute, and you will vanish like the rest."

At last I was wearied, when far, far off, the cock crowed; that announced the day; his piercing voice began to awaken the sleepy inhabitants.

The leaves commenced to stir, a chill ran all over me; I felt my limbs loosening themselves, and raising myself on

my elbow, my eyes wandered with rapture over the silent country. But what I saw was scarce calculated to elate me. In fact, all the phantoms that I had seen during the night were ascending in a procession the little path which led to the cemetery, and that silent march in the dim twilight was something frightful.

And as I remained there, more dead than alive, with gaping mouth and forehead bathed in cold perspiration, the head of the cortège seemed to melt in the old weeping willows.

There were only a few spectres left, and I was beginning to breathe, when my Uncle Christian, who was the last, seemed to turn around under the old mossy gate and signal to me to come. A distant, ironical voice was calling to me: "Kasper! Kasper, come, this land is ours!"

Then all vanished. A crimson band in the horizon announced the dawn of day.

Is it needless to say that I did not avail myself of the invitation of Master Christian Haas.

Some other personage will have to make me repeated signals to come, to force me to take that road. However, I must admit that the remembrance of my sojourn in the castle of Burckhart singularly modified the good opinion that I had conceived of my present abode; for the visions of that strange night seemed to signify that if land, orchards, meadows do not pass away, proprietors do which is enough to make one's hair stand on end, when one reflects seriously. And so, far from falling asleep in the delights of Capua, I went back to music, and propose to put on the boards of the great theater of Berlin an opera of which the world shall hear.

Decidedly, glory, which positive people call chimera, is still the most solid of all property. It does not end with life. On the contrary, death confirms it, and gives it a new luster.

Supposing, for instance, that Homer should return to this world; no one, certainly, would dispute him the merit of having made the Iliad, and we should all endeavor to do that great man the honors due him. But, if by accident, the richest proprietor of those days was to come and claim the fields, the forests, the pasture lands which once were his pride, it is ten to one that he would be received like a thief and would miserably perish under the stick.

A MAUI SUGAR PLANTATION.

Maui is one of the principal islands of the Hawaiian group. There are fifteen islands in the group, but only eight of them are of any special consequence. The island of Maui shows two oval shaped peaks connected by a low isthmus. The one on the east side rises to an elevation of 10,000 feet with a crater of 2700 feet on the top. The one on the west rises to an elevation of 6100 feet, and the surface is quite irregular, with numerous springs. On the lowlands at the base of these hills is the large sugar plantation of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, whose annual meeting was held on the 15th.

This company was organized about four years ago by Claus Spreckles and his sons, together with a few others. The corporation consisted of 1000 shares of the par value of \$10,000 each. About 500 of these shares were held by Claus Spreckles and his sons, and the remainder was placed among a few friends in lots of 50 shares and less. On these shares the sum of \$2300 had been paid in, making a total of \$2,300,000. The Speckles family have not parted with a single share of this stock from the organization to date.

In April, 1882, the capital was changed from 1000 shares of \$10,000 each to 100,000 shares of \$100 each. A contemporary calls this watering of the capital stock. The capital stock was not affected to the extent of a single farthing by that act. It was \$10,000,000 before, and is simply \$10,000,000 now. The process was only a division of stock into smaller denominations. The object of the division was to bring it on the market in a popular form. Mr. Spreckles was opposed to the division, preferring to keep the business as a close corporation, but of course yielded to the minority, or the change could not have taken place, as he had a controlling interest. That he has not profited by the division is evidenced by the fact that he still holds about 50,000 shares of the new stock, which is simply the equivalent of his original 500 shares of old stock. He assures us that there have been no transfers of his stock or that of his sons. Some of the small holders, however, embraced the opportunity to sell out as soon as they saw a good profit on their investment.

The first public sales of the stock were in August, 1882. The shares on which only \$23 had been paid up were put out at about \$60. The first dividend of 50 cents per share was paid August 15, 1882, and the second and last dividend followed 30 days later, or September 15. At the time these dividends were declared it was said there was \$600,000 in the treasury, and the prospects of the company were good, though there were some liabilities against the cash on hand. The dividends were declared during the absence of Claus Spreckles at the islands, and he is understood to have been much annoyed when he ascertained the fact regarding the decision of the directors as at least premature. During the week ending August 22, 1882, the sales were 400 shares at \$62.50 to \$63. This was ex-dividend. About the 1st of September there were further sales of 20 shares at \$63, and 50 shares at \$65. These sales were all in the old board, and were the highest recorded. The stock began to decline immediately after reaching \$65. The Stock and Bond Exchange commenced business September 19, 1882, and the sales of this stock at that board for the year ending September 19, 1883, amounted to \$531,293 at \$62.50 to \$15 August 31, 1883. The stock has since sold down to \$9.50.

The plantation of the company consists of 3000 acres, all under cultivation. The operations extend over a period of four years. It takes some fifteen months to mature. The plantation is largely irrigated by streams brought down from the hills at considerable expense. Two crops have been taken off. The first crop yielded 8000 tons. The next season's crop was expected to yield 6000 tons, but owing to the excessive drought at an important period in the growth of the cane, the product of second season was only about 2800 tons. At last advice of the crop for the third or current season,

which is now about to be cut, promises a yield of 8000 tons. After the experience of last year, new sources of water supply were obtained from the other mountain, so that it is now reasonably sure that there will be no failure of water sufficient for irrigation in the future. The yield is from two to four tons sugar per acre. Under favorable circumstances the product may be increased to five tons. A steam plow has decreased the expense and added to the fertility of the soil. Another steam plow will be in service next season. The plantation is also now better managed than formerly.

The sugar produced is valued at 6c to 7c per pound, or from \$120 to \$140 per ton. At four tons to the acre the latter figure gives \$560 as the value of the product of each acre. The 8000 tons produced during the first season, according to these valuations, must have yielded from \$960,000 to \$1,120,000. The actual total was probably not far from \$1,000,000. Had the second season panned out as expected there would have been a gross income of \$780,000, instead of \$336,000, the amount said to have been reported by the secretary. The cost of collection for the second season is said to have been about \$900,000. In addition the cost of cultivating was about \$100,000. The indebtedness at the present time is about \$800,000. The \$2,300,000 paid in on account of capital stock is represented by the cost of the plantation, value of irrigation works and ditches, sugar mills and other machinery, buildings, railroad, cars and other personal property. Should the crop, now about to be cut turn out 8000 tons sugar, and realize \$139 per ton, the gross income would be \$1,040,000, sufficient to wipe out present indebtedness and leave something for cultivating and other expenses for the ensuing year. According to this showing there are no dividends in sight for the next twelve months, and possibly for another twelve months afterwards. The large stockholders are worse off than the small ones in this outlook, because of the greater amount invested.

No one as yet has ever seen such a sight as a zoological collection burnt—not, at any rate, since the Roman amphitheater, with its reserves of ferocious beasts, was destroyed by fire; and the behavior of the various animals under such an experience of hideous novelty must, therefore, be certainly conjectural. When Woodwell's once caught fire, the monkeys, getting loose, proceeded to plunder the gingerbread stall within the tent, and regardless of the flames—which, by the way, roasted only a cockatoo—stuffed their cheek pouches so full of the seductive confection that they were seen going about on three arms and holding the contents of their mouths in with the fourth. When Barnum's—or what is still called by that dollar-alluring name—was in flames at Chicago, Jumbo, the illustrious, carried his own bulky person safely beyond the reach of the conflagration, and thence surveyed its progress with the utmost serenity. But there is a vast gulf between the volatile ape and the deliberate behemoth, and from the diversity of character which distinguishes the intermediate species of animals, it is possible that the study of them under circumstances of such exceptional dismay would result in some curious observations. It is difficult to believe that the phlegmatic, philosophical bear would comport himself in the same manner as the frivolous baboon, or that no difference would be apparent between the demeanors of the supercilious, lazy camel and the lively, excitable kangaroo. That serpents would display any of their proverbial indifference to the excessive heat is as unlikely as that the salamander would sustain the reputation of his traditions. The smaller creatures would doubtless abandon themselves to cremation without further opposition, but it is hardly credible that the more powerful or sagacious would not make some effort at self-preservation. Even in the Zoological gardens, hopeless of conflict with the bars as they must have become long ago, the lions will sometimes excite themselves and their neighbors into paroxysms of activity at some sight or sound that stirs the old forest blood in their veins, and makes them forget for the instant the bonds that are on them. Under such a sudden and startling revelation as their cages surrounded by flames, it is easy to understand that the characters of the different animals would be vividly displayed. Every type of beast would immediately display itself, and in the combined tumult of voices—comparable only to the midnight sound of the "Libyan wilderness with all its lions up"—would be heard every gradation of passion from the furious protest of the strong to the pathetic entreaty of the weak. Nor, as having some of the grotesque in it, would the result be uninteresting if the proprietor, to save his animals or spare their torture, were to do what Mr. Woodwell's predecessor said he would do if a fire broke out, and let caged things loose to run for their lives. Now and again it has happened that the residents of peaceful neighborhoods have been perplexed, or even alarmed, by the apparition of a beast of prey, African or Asiatic, quietly prowling along a public thoroughfare like a tourist from foreign parts, or concealed in a private garden, like some burglar disturbed in his vocation. What, however, is such an individual visitation compared with the possibilities of a whole menagerie turned out upon such a populous city as Manchester—rhinoceroses in the churches, bears in the town hall, alligators in the railway waiting rooms? So that whether we consider the escape of the Baldwin menagerie from fire, or the alternative of their escape from their cages, the result still remains one for congratulation; and even at the price of losing the transparency of the gallant admiral, Manchester may be considered very fortunate in the preservation of its popular gardens, and the security of its birds and beasts.—London Telegraph.

Washington had one thousand pension agents six months ago, it is said, some doing business without signs, some with no office at all but their sleeping rooms, and some who were not known at the bureau. More than 300 have been suspended from practice during the last eighteen months, about half as many more discharged, and 300 more are being investigated.

How Medicine is Taken.

It is to be feared that to most people medicine is not an erudite science or a learned art, but in little more than a commonplace administration of physic. They cannot understand medicine without drugs, and its virtues and powers are popularly measured by the violence of its operations. Its very name is in ordinary parlance synonymous with physic. Take from it its pills and potions, and for them you take away the whole art and mystery. They do not believe in a scheme of treatment, however deep laid and skillful, which does not include a certain statutory dosage. So that, as a rule, medical men are practically compelled to give their patients a visible object of faith in some form of physic, which may be at most designed to effect some very subordinate purpose. And it is remarkable how strongly, even among the educated classes, this feeling prevails. Cures by the administration of mixtures and boluses is so fixed and ancient a tradition that it is only very slowly that the world will give it up. The anxiety of the friends of the patient wants to do more than follow the simple directions of "nursing" which have been so carefully indicated and possess apparently so little remedial power. There is nothing of the unknown about them in which the fluttering hope of great advantage can nestle. Thus it is necessary to educate the world into a belief in medicine apart from drugs, which finds its power of curing in adaptation of the common conditions of life and applications of physiological facts—a medicine which takes into his hands the whole life, and orders and fashions its every detail with scientific definiteness. It is found in everyday practice that this popular misunderstanding of the modern spirit of medicine constantly checks the little tentative advances of a more scientific treatment, and it is necessary that it should be generally understood how powerfully the various processes of the economy may be affected by the manipulation of the common life.—British Quarterly Review.

Is an Untenanted Coffin Personal Property in Use?

There is a long black box at the appraiser's store of the custom house which the authorities would be very glad to be rid of. It is made of metal, covered with a black cloth, has heavy silver mountings and is altogether quite a handsome burial casket. There is nothing in it and it is brand new, but what to do with the thing is becoming a very vexatious and annoying question to the officials. What with nice points of custom house law, the absence of treasury department rulings and precedents and disputed interpretations of the Revised Statutes even Appraiser Ketcham, with all his experience and knowledge of the subject, is said to be in a quandary. The history of the troublesome coffin is briefly this:

W. G. Warnock, a recent passenger by the steamer France, of the National Line, was in such a precarious condition of health when he left England that it was feared he would die during the voyage. Mr. Warnock caused to be purchased in Liverpool the metallic casket which is at present in dispute. It cost £25. Fortunately for Mr. Warnock he did not die during the voyage. On the contrary, he reached New York in greatly improved health. The casket was landed with the rest of Mr. Warnock's baggage, and the vigilant customs officers sent it to the appraiser's stores, and demanded the payment of duty upon it.

The question to be decided is whether or not the coffin is personal property in use. Personal property, which the owner has had for a twelvemonth, or which he has in use, he is entitled to enter free of duty, but a coffin is such an unusual importation under the peculiar circumstances of this case that the appraiser is puzzled.—N. Y. Herald, Nov. 4th.

NEWS ITEMS.

A St. Louis court has decided that poker is a game of chance.

Washington is crowded as never before, and rents are scarce and high.

Nearly 300 buffaloes were recently slain in one day in Dakota by Sioux.

A seven-year-old girl is lecturing in Texas. She inherited the ability to do so from her mother.

Fourteen persons were poisoned, one fatally, by partaking of noxious kinds of food purchased at a Cincinnati grocery store.

The surviving members of the Illinois constitutional convention of 1847 propose to have a reunion at Springfield, January 8th.

A company has made application to the Canadian government for a charter to bridge the St. Lawrence river fifteen miles above Quebec.

For the violation of the statute against public sparring, Sullivan and Slade were arrested in St. Louis, although Governor Crittenden was a spectator.

The grand jury of St. Louis has indicted a number of prominent citizens for being interested in gambling enterprises; severely censures the governor for pardoning gamblers who have been convicted, and recommends the withdrawal from his excellency of the pardon ing power.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The Boston institute of technology has over 500 students, against 405 last year. Over 200 new students have entered.

Five hundred Catholic children, Laredo, Texas, are about to be deprived of educational advantages because the Catholic clergy will not allow them to attend the public schools.

The Telegraph of Macon, Ga., says: "Every week there are additional evidences of the need for technical schools. A gentleman engaged in manufacturing said in our office that he had vacated his business that paid from \$1500 to \$3500 a year that he could not find in the state to fill."

A committee appointed by the legislature of Georgia to investigate and report upon the advisability of establishing a school of industrial science in that state has visited a number of such institutions in New York and New England, and as a result, will soon report in favor of the proposition.

A Paris dispatch of Nov. 20th says: Eighteen workmen were drowned yesterday in the department of Finistère.