

### THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,  
And the stage coach rattling by;  
For the steam-kings rule the traveled world,  
And the old Flier's left to die;  
The grass grows on the dusty path,  
And the steathy daisies dead,  
Where once the stage-horse day by day  
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads  
The toll of the tolling horn;  
No more the bounding landlord runs,  
At the sound of the echoing horn;  
For the dusties still upon the road,  
And bright-eyed children play;  
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel  
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the crackling whip,  
Or the strong wheels rumbling round—  
Ah, ha, the water drives us on,  
And an iron horse is found;  
The coach stands in the yard,  
And the horse hath sought the plow;  
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,  
And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a like no more,  
Wide open stands the gate;  
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,  
Which we ride at a flying rate.  
We have filled the valleys and leveled the hills,  
And tumbled the mountain's side,  
And round the rough crew's dizzy verge,  
Fearlessly on we ride!

On—on—on—with a haughty front;  
A puff, a shove, and a bound;  
While the lady echo a wail too late,  
To bubble back the sound;  
And the old Flier is left alone,  
And the stager sought the plow;  
We have circled the earth with iron rail,  
And the steam king rules us: ow!

### OLD YALE.

"Connecticut," remarked a college professor, "is more rural to-day, than it was a century ago." At first such an assertion seems to border on the ridiculous, but studying more closely the causes that lead to such a conclusion, we see, gradually, what surprises us in no little degree, concentration of force and business enterprise in the large cities, emigration to the farming lands of the west, and a consequent depopulation and abandonment of the interior villages and settlements of the state.

Striking out a little, off the beaten track, this condition is exemplified. Very few young people are seen making their homes in the remote districts; the poor impoverished farms are left to the care of the old folks, an old man patching up a fence here and there, a plot of lima beans waiting for the sons that are tall enough to gather them, the corn patch very slowly stripped, seem significantly to say, "there are only two for breakfast, dinner and supper, the long weeks through."

It is as almost as sad to look upon the deserted orchards, with the red apples crimsoning the green grass beneath, meadows filled with the beautiful but destroying white weed, as it is to look upon the skeletons of the once largely populated mining camps of Nevada and California, which John Muir speaks so characteristically of, as the "dead cities." Here, however, the skeletons of what once was, are wrapped about with a veil, at once so beautiful and useful in a picturesque sense, that the "passing away" impression is modified after the first sharp recognition of its existence.

Traveling from New York to New Haven, we see a little of the power of the magnet, which draws so strongly from the country. The manufacturing interests are immense, and impresses strangers so curiously, being so different to the wheat and vine-grape industries of the west. Near every stream and sound inlet, the great dark buildings loom, and at early morning and noon, the tide of human beings pours in and out.

We pass rapidly from the dark, smoky atmosphere of the cities to the pretty suburbs. We glide, as if by magic, through wood after wood, the old trees gorgeous in crimson, "russet and gold." The chestnuts and hickory nuts are barely ripe, but boys are in the topmost branches, and when with long pent up and then with well-directed force the telling shake is given, the precious prizes drop with muffled thuds into the brown crisp leaves. And then for the scramble!

As we stop, occasionally, at a switch station, the conductor, in a leisure moment, and perhaps an enthusiastic traveler or two, jump off the car, and hunt in the grass for the dry burrs, with the half revealed fruit, while the occupants of the cozy cushioned seats, watch with amusement from the car windows, and quietly realize that there will not be enough to "go round."

Arriving in New Haven, we soon discover, that for us Yale College holds the greatest interest, and that we are not alone in considering it the nucleus, or center point of attraction. Driving under its arched elms, a few minutes before recitations, one is arrested by the sound of the tramp of many feet upon the pavement. A enormous procession of open books seem to come marching down the sidewalk, a consideration and notice of their owners being a second thought.

Standing on New Haven green, and surveying the various edifices that form the college square, ratifies the good impression obtained by examining any old wood cut of the more venerable buildings, and the later photographs and engravings of the more modern structures. Interesting as these various stone and brick walls are, for old association's sake, of far greater interest is the transient world that occupies them, always existing yet never the same—a community of many interests, yet united purpose.

It was only last year that the dilapidated stone steps were removed from the "Old South Middle," worn almost through by the foot steps of the boys of a century.

The "old brick row," well preserved as it has been, shows little signs of age. In the interior, the dark narrow passages strike one as gloomy, and the low ceilings give a cramped appearance to the rooms, which is almost counterbalanced by the coziness engendered by such a style of architecture, and heightened by the warm colored draperies which adorn the windows and doors. In fact, it seems difficult to realize that the most venerable of the buildings, "Old South Middle," was erected in 1760, and the old chapel, now used for academic purposes only, in 1763. Farnham and Darfee face College and Elm streets; these are newer edifices, like an exquisitely set gem, unites these, two buildings at the junction of the two streets.

The library, museum, school of design, and various laboratories dot the various streets facing the campus, while the theological department, Marquand chapel and Sheffield Scientific School are much further south of the main buildings.

As the hours of recitation draw to a close, the quiet of the scene changes. Students come strolling out on the green in little clusters, and then separate into twos and threes, and disappear along the wide avenue of elms, the branches lacing and interlacing each other, in a gorgeously autumn tinted fantasy, as brilliant as it is short lived, while the frost, as if jealous of the beauty it has created, waits with its tarnishing hand to fling over the woods its November mantle of mourning purple and brown.

In conversation with one of the oldest professors of Yale, he remarked that it was one of the greatest desires of the college to have representatives from the various and most widely separated states in the union. To come in contact with men possessing, often necessarily, views diametrically opposite to his own, broadens the man and generates a spirit of toleration, which is one of the most important anticipated results of a college career. The majority of the student's apartments are very pretty, and a number of them exquisitely furnished. One on the fourth floor of one of the buildings, where the gable windows break the squareness of the rooms, especially attracted our attention. The walls were painted a deep cream tint, with a dull mulberry dado—a rug toned to the tints of the wall, but heightened in color with brilliant dashes of crimson, orange and dark blue, so blended with one another that there was no harshness in effect, covered the center of the room, while the wooden floor at the edges was stained a deep brown.

Parties of dregs of wine tint, bordered with chamois tinted plush, draped the doors of the sleeping rooms, which opened out on opposite sides of the study like wings. Oil paintings adorned the walls. A pair of antlers and a deer's head ornamented odd corners of the room, a fox skin rug thrown before the lounge, a cleverly executed sketch in oil on an easel, in the dim corner of which could be recognized a California artist's name, besides a pencil drawing of Latimer's, with creek willows delicately outlined on the banks of the Russian river, proved that a western collegian had something to do with the beautifying of the room.

A few minutes later the chimes entered, Maine and California. Maine, had the draperies woven in his father's mills, in some of the lonely fastnesses of the New England hills, while California contributed the trophies of the hunt and the delicate work of brush and pencil, from the city far beyond the western plains. "It is as serious an affair," remarked a student thoughtfully, one morning, "to choose a chum as it is to select a wife; you can't get rid of each other—you must agree, or disagree, as it may happen, for four years." This is one of the first disciplines that college offers. It takes a certain amount of forbearance, and a tolerance of individual peculiarities to live in harmony with each other so long a time in such circumscribed limits.

But it is a world of youth, not so arduous perhaps, as in the days of Cronus, before Pandora opened the sealed casket, but one of knowledge of good and evil, more satisfactory on the whole, as Hope figures conspicuously as the guardian angel.

The professors are not the walking embodiments of abstract ideas that one is prepared to imagine. Under the crusty and often sharp exterior, there exists a sympathy and a fondness for the young collegiates which they consider a religious duty to conceal. The warm bond of friendship which unites classmates and college friends is something rarely if ever broken. Occasionally death steps in and severs it, as in the case of one of the most popular and best beloved seniors a few days ago. As he lay very low in his room knots of anxious comrades held watch on the campus for tidings the long night through. In the coldest gray of the morning, before daybreak, his chum staggered down the steps of the dormitory, and burying his face in his hands, cried loudly, "Boys, it is all over with poor Tom." There was not a dry eye in the little chapel in the afternoon when President Porter conducted the memorial services, and as the boys took their last departing with their comrade, his last words (to his chum, as he regained consciousness for a few minutes), seemed present with them, "Dave, turn Tom over; Tom's tired." He then passed peacefully away, without a struggle or a sigh.

The college Germans, promenades and athletics are a wholesome break in the otherwise dull and trying routine of the student's life. Much as college athletics have been ruthlessly criticized and condemned by many throughout the country, there really seems nothing existing that can take their place. They serve a purpose in preserving a tone of health throughout these institutions which would be woefully lacking if they were abandoned. The question still remains to be agitated, and very powerfully, too, by the most advanced minds of the present advanced century, whether the cramming system, in its infancy in our common schools, and in its full development to a most direful extent in our most important and largest colleges, is not a barbarism of "modern civilization."

Disciples of custom, as collegians are in the question of their own education, it is amusing to note the popular prejudices of the majority of women. "To look at a college girl," exclaimed a popular senior, "gives me malaria." "Which accounts for the chronic invalidism of Yale," retorted a classmate sarcastically, who had a pretty cousin at Vassar. Be this as it may, the society beauty's career is not always an unshadowed one, as the "higher educated young ladies" may imagine.

An incident of this had the run of the college papers, and as it concerns a California student has naturally a place here. He invited a New Haven belle out skating, and not being so proficient in that art as his eastern brethren, slipped on the treacherous ice and dragged his fair partner with him. His sharp skate just skipped her face, and no more. "Do you know, Mr. —," she said scoldingly, "if your skate had disfigured me you would have had to marry me." "O, horrors! no," replied the youth emphatically, in the excitement of the moment, "I would not!"—Cor. S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 20th.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust, I would get muddy inside when I drink."

### A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

Among the manuscripts left by the major was the following: One day while roaming with my gun I chanced to go further than I was wont, but when I turned to retrace my steps I found that I was completely bewildered as to the proper course. I had been dreaming along as I walked, for the leaves, coloring under the touch of the season's first frost, the bleaching grass, the haze overhead, and the softly sighing air—all had combined to make me forget myself. I walked rapidly in what I thought to be a home direction, but after an hour had passed I found myself even more bewildered than at first. Arkansas was a wild country in those days—so wild that you could sometimes travel for days without seeing a human habitation. I began to get excited. Any one who is familiar with the woods knows there is no feeling like becoming excited in a forest. It is inexplicable—like the shaking that sometimes seizes a hunter, especially if he be a new one, when a deer approaches. When a man in the woods is convinced that he is lost he feels an almost irresistible impulse to run wild. Children have been lost in the woods, and in half a day's time they are, in some instances, so wild that when found they will bite and scratch and scream, even if their mothers approach them. I felt this excitement coming on me, and I knew that if I did not do something to counteract its influence I would go wild. Then I reflected how often I had been temporarily lost, and how at any other time I would have laughed at the idea of running wild. I thought that I would fire off my gun that it would afford some relief. I looked around, and my hair stood on end. My gun was gone. "I had it a moment ago," I thoughtfully mused; "what could I have done with it?" and I threw back my head and howled. "I must not encourage such outbreaks," I said to myself "for a man will go wild even in a city if he howls very much;" and I remembered that when I was a boy several of my companions went wild while shouting in admiration of a circus procession, and that the show men caught them and put them in cages, where they remained, even defying the recognition of their parents. One of the boys was named Luke Horn, and when his father came along and locked at Luke, the boy held out his paw—he had paws at that time—and the old gentleman jumped back and exclaimed: "Why, that devilish monkey wants to take hold of me."

I laughed at this recollection and I got down and gnawed at the root of a tree. Then I arose and howled. I couldn't stand on my hind feet very long—yes, hanged if I didn't have four feet and a tail by this time. The truth is, I had gradually become a wolf. I feel that any one who chooses to read this manuscript will smile incredulously at this, and produce all kinds of arguments to prove the impossibility of a man retrograding into a wolf; and probably the same man, too, may be a believer in the theory of evolution. I shall not argue this point, though, for in regard to my own experience I am certain, while any one who opposes me could only protest without proof, and hence arguments would be mere assertions unsustained by a single fact.

I had not been a fully developed wolf but a few moments until several other wolves came from the valley below and began to sniff around me. When satisfied that I was genuine they sat down, whereupon we all began to discuss the advisability of getting something to eat. It was soon decided that we should go down into the valley, where there was a farm well stocked with sheep. The mention of sheep made my mouth water, for, being a wolf, I was as hungry as myself. We started on our expedition and soon reached the farm. Just as we jumped over the fence to seize the sheep a man sprang from behind a stump and fired upon us. A buckshot wounded one of my hind legs, and after vainly attempting to leap over the fence, I fell among a lot of bushes, where I lay perfectly still, hoping to escape observation. In this I was disappointed, for the old farmer ran to me, thrust his gun between the bushes and aimed at my head. I whined piteously and shut my eyes, expecting to be blown into atoms, but the farmer did not shoot.

"I wonder what sort of a dog a wolf would make," said the farmer, turning to his son. "This fellow whines so that I don't want to finish him. He must have been led into this thing. Let me see if he wants to bite," and he put his hand on my head. I did not bite him, but licked his hand. He was so well pleased at this that he took me up and carried me to the house. My wound was soon dressed, and after they had given me something to eat I felt pretty comfortable. Still I was a wolf, and although they were so kind to me, yet I meditated revenge. I wanted to do some devilry and then go back to my companions. One day, after I had thoroughly recovered, the old man set me to watching the sheep in a small pasture. He seemed to have confidence in me, for he did not even look back after he crossed the fence. How I wished for my companions, and I howled. The sheep became frightened and huddled together. I howled again, and an answer came from the woods. Another howl, and my companions jumped over the fence. I selected a young lamb that had never looked sweet and tender to me, and I made a spring for him, when bang went a gun and I fell over, shot through both fore legs. I looked up and saw the farmer coming. I whined, but he frowned and leveled his gun at my head.

I lay in bed at home. Numerous friends stood around me, and when told them not to shoot again, they assured me that I was out of danger.

"You have been in a very dangerous condition," said one of my friends. "Several days ago you went out hunting, and as you did not return at your accustomed time several of us went out to look for you, and you may imagine our horror when we saw your body in a pool. We drew you up, and were rejoiced to discover that life was not extinct. You had evidently been walking very rapidly, and had stepped into the pool before discovering it. Your face wore an expression of alarm, and we could not see that you had made an effort to get out, and I really do not believe that you had." When I recovered I asked my friend

to show me the pool, which he did, then leaving me as I requested. I did not remember to have ever seen the pool, but I recognized a tree close by. Something had been gnawing the root of the tree, and I could plainly see the print of a wolf's teeth. From this tree I went down into a valley, along no trail, but by a way strangely familiar. I soon reached a fence, and looking over I saw a flock of sheep feeding. I went to the farm house not far away, where I found a farmer who did not know me, but whose face to me was familiar. I talked to him about sheep raising, and finally I adroitly turned the conversation upon wolves.

"I had a very strange experience with a wolf," he said. "About two weeks ago I heard wolves howling in the day time, which is rare. I did not know but they intended a raid on my sheep, and taking my gun I went out to the sheep pasture and hid behind a stump. I had not been there long when the wolves jumped over the fence. I fired and one of them fell over in the bushes. I loaded my gun, ran to him and was on the eve of shooting when he whined and gave me a look so nearly human that I could not shoot. I put my hand on his head, and he looked at me—by George, sir, no offense intended, but he had an eye nearly like yours."

"No apology necessary," I replied, "please go on with your story." "He was won within the hind leg, and after it was dressed it healed with wonderful rapidity. Sometimes the animal's eyes would have a human expression and then again it would glare like any other wolf's eye; but upon the whole, he seemed so intelligent and appeared to be so anxious to do something to repay me that one day I took him down to the pasture and told him to watch the sheep. Well, sir, I hadn't more than reached the house when I heard him howl. I seized my gun, stole around and watched. He kept on howling, and pretty soon I saw several wolves jump over the fence. Just then my wolf made a dash after a lamb and I shot him. He was only wounded and I ran to him and blew his head off." "When did this occur?" "Last Thursday." "What time?" "About 2 o'clock." I turned and walked away. It was the very time when I regained consciousness and found my friends standing around me.—Arkansas Traveler.

### A Mired Hermit.

A few weeks ago the pope's nephew, Count Camille, was married in Paris. He and his bride have now arrived at Rome, and are lodged close to the Vatican. It is expressly stated that they have taken up their residence provisionally in the palace of Santa Marta, as if to dispel any surmises that the count was to be finally located in the neighborhood of his uncle. Whether he live in Rome or return to the sequestered region in the south to which the Pecci family belongs is a matter of indifference to the church or the kingdom of Italy. The decision affects the pope as an individual and not as pontiff. Dignity and responsibility isolate. Nowhere is loneliness more complete than on a throne. A spiritual sceptre such as the pope sways marks a circle yet wider around him, which the ordinary companionship created by a community of official cares and aims cannot penetrate. Political circumstances have deepened for Leo XIII. the solitude in which a pope habitually dwells. When he was acclaimed and adored as sovereign pontiff by his brethren of the conclave he doubtless hoped soon to break the barriers which his predecessor had chosen to raise around him. Pope Pius had, at any rate, the satisfaction of having built his own jail. His imprisonment was his own voluntary act. Pope Leo merely inherited the condition of captive. The policy was not his, and it may be conjectured he would not have been its author. He is a born diplomatist, and knows how much can be effected in statesmanship by personal intercourse. He has personal gifts not confined to the composition of graceful Latin verse, and would not have been displeased to mix with the Roman world. He could scarcely have expected that the drive he took on the morning after election, to his private house on the other side of the Tiber, was to be his last escape from the Vatican for long years, if not for life. The atmosphere about him has overcome his better knowledge and instincts. He has been compelled to resign himself with a good grace to be a standing protest against facts which none more clearly than he know to be irreversible. Nothing could be more natural than that a pope, and especially a pope of the nature and doom of Pope Leo, should crave for a glimpse of something like common home. He may well wish to establish by his side a source of family associations. If it should be determined to plant the household of Count Camille Pecci permanently under the shadow of the Vatican, the pope will be the gainer, and nobody else is concerned.—London Times.

### Eriesson's Destroyer.

What looked like a long black box, tapering at both ends, with a lead colored box on top of it and a black smoke-stack running up through the middle, lay at a New York wharf. It was Capt. John Eriesson's torpedo boat Destroyer, which, the inventor thinks, will destroy vessels that are impregnable to shot thrown against their sides. In her gun, which pointed out at the bow, about eight feet below the surface of the water, was a long steel cylinder. This was the projectile which in war would be supplied with a torpedo at the conical-shaped tip, to explode on striking the side of a ship and blow her to pieces.

In the experiments a net will be lowered into the sea to serve as a target and fired at distances of from 300 to 500 feet. On the bow of the little craft, which was almost submerged, were two wooden floats to support the net in the water. The projectiles are hollow and made so that they will float. The tendency to rise is so carefully adjusted as not to interfere with the flight under the water or to destroy the aim. They are expected to come to the surface about 700 feet from the vessel, and they will pursue a perfectly horizontal course for 500 feet at least. They will travel the first 300 feet in three seconds or a little less. They weigh 1500 pounds each. In the experiments there will be no occasion to use the torpedoes. The object will be

to test the distance of flight and the accuracy of aim. The experiments hitherto have been conducted in still water, and the firing off Sandy Hook will be the first deep sea practice.

The Destroyer has attained a speed of seventeen knots an hour, and her fullest capacity has not been reached. Although her hull proper is almost entirely under water, she is seaworthy, for everything can be battened down and no water can get into her. Blowers ventilate the boat perfectly. All her working apparatus is below water and it would be next to impossible to disable her in an engagement. If the iron house built on top of her and her smoke-stack were knocked off entirely it would make no difference. She would be as serviceable as ever. A steel plate eighteen inches thick is set in front of the pilot's position to deflect balls if they should strike there. The pilot is entirely surrounded by iron-work, and looks out through a small hole on a level with his eyes to get his bearings. He can touch off the gun when he gets in exact range and immediately back off to safety. There is a dummy plug at the opening in the boat where the projectile goes out. This is shot away with the projectile, and a valve closes over the hole to keep out the water. Only enough water to fill the gun can get in anyway, and this can be quickly pumped out by a steam siphon. So there is no danger from this source. There is no room to spare on the boat, but sufficient for the uses required. The Destroyer is the only craft that shoots a torpedo under water.—N. Y. Times.

### Daniel Webster's Brother Zeke.

"Did Webster consider any of his brothers and sisters as possessed of ability?" "Oh, yes. His eldest brother, Ezekiel, he thought, was a great man, and when he made the speech against Hayne of South Carolina, which made him the popular hero of the whole union, Webster said: 'How I wished that poor Ezekiel had lived till after this speech. I know he would have been so gratified.' The fact was that Ezekiel sacrificed himself to let Dan go to college. No more than one of the boys could go, and Ezekiel said: 'Dan likes college, and let him stay there.' The old man finally sent Zeke to college, and he became a good deal of a lawyer. He had to teach a school in Boston to pay his expenses, and among his pupils were Edward Everett and George Ticknor. The Webster boys had a hard time in their youth through the poverty of their parents."

"Which of these boys was the stronger minded?"

"Dan had impudence, but the people in New Hampshire who knew them both say that he was not as capable as his brother Ezekiel. Zeke was a sensitive fellow, with a real, sincere, true mind. Dan was a splendid fellow, but tricky. When he was 49 years old Zeke Webster fell dead in the midst of an argument in the court house at Concord. He had the heart disease. Dan was a hunter, a fisherman, a Bohemian, and, as you often see in some families, he probably rose by bantering his big brother. In other words, Zeke Webster's shrieking qualities forced Dan off."

"There are a good many anecdotes about Dan Webster treasured up in Portsmouth, N. H. One of the best qualities Webster had at the Portsmouth bar was his audacity, which he mixed with a good deal of dignity and deference. He had made a specialty of public speaking, and spoke with his whole temperament, and with a good deal of acting power. The judges were particularly struck with his fine bearing, his gravity, and sometimes with his wit. The first case he tried was for the trespass of one man's horse on another's pasture field. Webster on this little case began his argument with his eyes on the floor, as if he had committed some part of his speech to memory. He kept moving his feet, too, but his voice rolled out so strong and fine that it filled the whole house, and when he saw that he was heard and listened to, he began to throw his head back and open his eyes, and his countenance shone. The people were tramping into the court room, and Webster continued to speak, and the old judges were very much impressed indeed."

"Did not Mr. Webster owe a good deal to his appearance?"

"Oh, yes. He was a large man, close to six feet high, with raven black hair, deep, dark, intrepid eye, and he could shake his head and hair like a lion. He generally looked as if he had nothing to think about, but as if he could get mad tremendously. He owed a great deal to his appearance and to his voice. These advantages enabled him to think intrepidly. He soon got to see that the moment he chose to speak he would be listened to, so he took his own time about it, and therefore his thoughts enlarged like the volume of his voice. People said that Zeke Webster was the best lawyer, but that he couldn't speak like Dan. Indeed, Zeke appeared to be afraid of Dan, and never rose to his good proportions till Dan went down to Massachusetts.—Cin. Enquirer.

Liquid carbonic acid is now manufactured in considerable quantities at the great iron works of Krupp, in Essen, Prussia, and is used for a variety of purposes. Among its most curious applications is that of removing bands from cannon. The great guns made at this foundry are bound with iron hoops, which are driven on while expanded by a high heat, and become very tight on cooling. The removal of a ring is sometimes necessary, and this is effected by means of the evaporation of liquid carbonic acid in contact with the cannon, the temperature of the latter being thus reduced to many degrees below zero, causing the cannon itself to contract and loosen the ring, which retains an ordinary temperature.

A St. Paris, Ohio, dispatch of Nov. 28th says: Fire to-day destroyed thirty-five houses. Engines came from Urbans seven miles distant, and began throwing water, twenty-seven minutes after the receipt of the telegram. Later estimates place the loss at \$140,000; insurance, \$40,000, mainly in the Phoenix, Queen and Home, of New York.

Six lovely school-ma'ams were out rowing on the placid Monongahela last evening. A bad man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boat went by, simply remarked, "Behold the whaling fleet."

### Fashions in Alaska.

One Indian village wanders along the beach below the wharf and another settlement is hidden behind a knoll at the other side of town, and the natives came from these two places and huddled in groups on the wharf. Most of them were barefooted in this cold autumnal rain, but wrapped in blankets, and in nearly every case carrying an umbrella. The women and children tripped down in their bare feet, and sat around on the dripping wharf with a recklessness that suggested pneumonia, consumption, rheumatism and all of those kindred ills from which they suffer so severely. Nearly all of the women had their faces blacked, and no one can imagine anything more frightful and sinister on a melancholy day than to be confronted by one of these silent, stealthy figures with the great circles of the whites of the eyes alone visible in the shadow of the blanket.

A dozen fictitious reasons are given for this face blacking. One Indian says that the widows and those who have suffered great sorrow wear the black in token thereof. Another native authority makes it a sign of happiness, while occasionally a giggling dame confesses that it is done to preserve the complexion. Lascivious as this may seem to the bleached Caucasian and ladies of rice-powdered and enameled countenances, the matrons of high fashion and the well-dressed of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same ink coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe.

The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Desert belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose-ring, lip-ring and earrings with five silver bracelets on each wrist and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion. The children pattered around barefooted and wearing but a single short garment, although the weather was as cold and drear as our November. Not one of these poor youngsters even ventured on the crumpled coat that belongs to the civilized child that has only put its nose out of doors in such weather.

One can easily believe the records and the statements as to the terrible death rate among these people and marvel that any of them ever live beyond their infancy. So few old people are seen among them as to continually cause remark, but by their Spartan system only the strongest can possibly survive the exposure and hardships of such a life. Consumption is the common ailment and carries them away in numbers, yet they have no medicines or remedies of their own, trust only to the incantations and looos-pooos of their medicine men, and have not the slightest care to protect themselves from exposure. Great epidemics have swept these islands at times, and forty years ago the scourge of smallpox carried off half the natives of Alaska. The tribes have never regained their numbers since that terrible devastation, and since then black measles and other diseases have so reduced their people that another fifty years may see these tribes extinct.—Globe-Democrat.

### Getting a Criminal Practice.

A murderer in New York can, if he chooses, take his pick from a considerable number of fairly competent lawyers, even though he hasn't a dollar with which to pay. "I was five years getting a profitable criminal practice," one of the men in this line is quoted as saying, "and I succeeded only by serving gratis. I haunted police courts, and to every prisoner committed for trial who had no counsel, I tendered myself. In the trial courts the judge may assign any lawyer present to defend a prisoner not provided with counsel. I made it a point to be on hand for these assignments. Of course, many of the cases were so small that they didn't get into the papers at all, and in some that were reported my name would not appear, but usually each hard day's work brought the desired reward in the way of publicity. My practice grew to immense proportions, but it was a year before I could get enough money out of it in a week to pay my modest board bill on Saturday night. At the end of the second year I had worked up to a barely living income, but had a debt left to clear off, and it is only very lately that I have become established firmly enough to refuse all but cash cases. Indeed, I do not yet let a good murder fall into rival hands on account of the perpetrator's impecuniosity. Let me advise you to commit a sensational crime, if any, because then you can secure lawyers free—more eminent ones, too, than you may imagine."—N. Y. Sun.

### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Pittsburg teachers had to slog 350 pupils during September.

The admission of women to the university of Louisiana is being agitated.

A ladies' school for wood carving and modeling is to be opened in St. Louis.

The Dakota lands set apart for educational purposes are valued at \$82,000,000.

A number of Minnesota young women are teaching school in the Argentine Republic.

It is said that an Indian school, similar to those at Hampton, Va., and Carlisle, Pa., is to be opened at Genoa, Neb.

Boston has an evening high school which is so well attended this year that more room has become necessary to accommodate the pupils.

The prospects of an establishment of a manual training school in Baltimore are represented by the Baltimore Sun to be good.