MT. DESERT—A RETROSPECT.

["F. W." in Demorest's Monthly.]

A happy girl at Mt. Desert,
A chaperon, a man or two—
A college oarsman all alert
To guide aright the birch-canoe.

A buck-board ride o'er hill and dale—
Lively college songs that echo far;
Then, dipping oars, and twilight pale,
And twanging of a soft guitar.

A moonlight row, a camp-fire glow,
A sail across the sun-lit harbor;
A mountain walk, a quiet talk,—
A friend of whom no chance can rob her.

A dainty costume for the Hop,
A score of favors at the German;
A heel-and-toe that cannot stop,
A chance acquaintance with some mer-man.

A tennis-cap for valor made,
A dim piazza meant for strolling,
A hush—a midnight serenade,
A sound of jolly numbers trolling.

Then—
A folding of the costumes gay,
And no more time to laugh and flirt,
A few last words, a big bouquet,
A waving hand—and Mt. Desert.

SITTING FOR A PHOTO.

The Old-Time Method and the Astonishing Results Thereof.

[Bradford (Pa.) Star.]

The camera became an alarming object when the artist threw a black cloth over his head and converted himself, as it were, into one large glass eye. The patient was told not to move—a terrifying injunction. He was earnestly entreated not to wink, and the result was the tears instantly flowed into his eyes until the craving for winking became a madness. His head was fixed into an engine designed to steady it, but which in reality appeared as if it was meant to crush it, and in this position he was told to look happy, and to think of something agreeable, whilst the operator watched him with his hand on the cap over the lens waiting for the happy expression to come into his face. It was hardly surprising that the usual consequence of a sitting of this description was a likeness the predominant characteristic of which was that of acute mental suffering and considerable physical anguish.

You are constantly coming across the most extraordinary poses, the most astonishing expressions of countenance, the most melancholy grouping. It is not the fault of the photographers; the sitters will have it so, and object to artistic arrangements. A fond couple, for instance, imagine that a most picturesque and pleasing effect may be produced by Matilda sitting on a chair looking up at Henry, who leans poetically over her. In real life nothing could be more idyllic than such an attitude; but in real life a particular subjection of light will not make Matilda look like a West Indian negress, nor will Henry's bowed head lead one to suppose that it is possible for a man's face to consist entirely of the parting of his hair.

One young lady, in the resolution to look uncommonly pleasing, comes out as though she had been just about to sneeze when her likeness was taken. An elderly lady of larger proportions, quite ignorant of the law of photographic perspective, insists upon sitting "so," and is represented like an elephant in a gown. People with turn up noses, with very long noses, with no noses to speak of, delight in sitting en profile. On the other hand, people decorated with four or five chins, and a corresponding amplitude of cheek, love to present their full faces. A short man insists upon being taken standing. A tall man will cross his legs, desiring to appear an easy attitude, and by projecting his boot in the sphere of the lens is depicted as the possessor of a foot that should make his fortune in a traveling booth.

A 300-Year-Old Bible.

[Minneapolis Tribune.]

A curious and valuable book has recently come into the possession of Mr. S. A. Thompson, of this city, it being a Danish bible of the year of 1583. It was printed at Copenhagen by Matz Bengaardt, and is one of the second edition ever used in the Scandinavian peninsula. Its history is known for the past 200 years, having been in the Svendsgaardt family for that time, and it contains the family record for most of this period. About seven years ago it was brought to this country by L. Svendsgaardt, and, after changing hands several times, was recently purchased by Mr. Thompson in Otter Tail county.

The book shows traces of its age, both from its worn condition and the style of its binding. The covers are of Norway pine some five-eights of an inch in thickness, and covered with hog-skin. The corners are finished in brass, figured in fanciful shapes, which have been battered and worn till whatever beauty they may once have had has been lost. The work is profuse in its illustrations and is valuable chiefly for these, as being well-preserved specimens of the engravings of three centuries ago. Quaint and curious are some of them. The creation of Eve is one such, the idea being taken from the literal wording of the scriptures. Adam is asleep, and the Creator is drawing a fully-developed woman from his side. A curious thing is that in the sky the sun, moon, and stars are all to be seen at the same time. Many of the engravings, if not all, are made in accordance with modern rules of aerial perspective, a thing not always done in works of that century.

A singular fact is that in the New Testament there are no engravings until Revelations is reached. The life of Christ had not a single scene, and the only representation of Him is where He appears to John in Revelations. The value of the book is not far from $1,000, and Mr. Thompson is in communication with parties east who wish to purchase it.

Stirring Times Ahead.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

There are indications all over Europe which are ominous for the reigning monarchies. England is a republic in all but name, France is one beyond all peradventure, while in Germany, Italy and Spain, the great body of the populations are republicans in theory. A change will probably come over Europe soon after Kaiser William's death. The kingdom of Sweden is even now shaken by a popular democratic agitation. King Oscar, a descendant of the French adventurer Bernadotte, has repeatedly set at defiance the popular will as expressed through the Norway Storthing. And as a consequence there is a determination on the part of that nation to assert its right against the autocratic rule. King Oscar may yet lose his crown if not his head, for he has violated the fundamental law, by making the same pretensions which cost Charles I. of England his life. There are stirring times ahead for the peoples of Europe.

The Tarantula Industry.

[Chicago Herald.]

Digging out tarantulas and their nests has become quite an industry in Santa Barbara, Cal. The insects are suffocated with gas, then stuffed, dried and fastened to a card. The retail price is 50 cents each, but many hundreds are sold wholesale for $3 or $4 per dozen.

One of Whitelaw Reid's fancies is to eschew the words "edition" or "issue" and use therefor "impression."

KINGS OF THE KITCHEN.

The Artistic Dignity and Importance of Master Cooks---Salaries and Perquisites Enjoyed by Chefs.

[Philadelphia Press Interview.]

"Do cooks, or, perhaps it would be better to say chief cooks, receive large salaries?"

"They receive very excellent salaries. Larger than many head bank clerks or chief salesmen in dry goods houses. The stomach appeals as forcibly as the brain. The Hoffman house, in New York, pays its chief $3,000 a year. Delmonico and the Bellevue of this city annually $3,000. That, however, is only the money portion. A chief receives his board, lodging and wine in addition—all of the best description. The Bellevue cook is also provided with his clothes, made by a first-class tailor. The salaries paid by other hotels in the country vary from $3,000 to $2,000. No chief of ability would take any less than the last named sum, and only then under pressure. Assistant cooks, often apprentices of the chief, receive salaries varying from $12J to $65 per month, with board."

"Of what nationality are cooks?"

"Nearly all of them are French. There are a few English, one or two German and American, but the land of Gaul is the home of culinary artists. The French cooks are a close brotherhood. They hand down the secrets of their profession one to the other. They graduate under the tuition of the older members of the fraternity, to whom they refer with the same reverence that a young painter pays to his master. The cooking of certain dishes, the ingredients of particular sauces, the flavoring of special soups, are only revealed to junior members of the profession under promises of strictest confidence, and also only when it has been decided that the novices desiring initiation will be able to do proper justice to the making of the chef d' œuvre."

"In the kitchen," continued the hotel proprietor, "the chef is supreme. Indeed, all over the house the chef is treated with the respect due to a gentleman. He has his distinct table and servants to wait upon him. He generally invites his chief assistant to dine with him. Nothing menial, it is understood, is attached to his office, and waiters abstain from familiarity with him. Cocktails are served to him when he arises; claret with his lunch and any wines he desires at his meals. Cooks have seldom been known to become drunkards, or even gluttons. They have far too fine a perception of taste and flavor to abuse either. I have known a chef to invite a brother artist to dinner, and the pair have dwelt over certain dishes with the same lingering scrutiny and affection that a sculptor bestows on his finest production. Soyer, the greatest living cook of the last century, at times wept bitterly because the dishes he occasionally served to crowned heads were not properly appreciated by their royal consumers. Roman emperors covered their cooks with honors, and monarchs of the middle ages frequently knighted the kings of their kitchens. Indeed, in the present day, the art of cooking is not despised by the finest gentlemen. Our Fish House club in this city is an instance. The clubs in this country and in Europe could produce several rivals even to noted chefs."

"And chefs in private houses?"

"Are not quite in as good a position as chefs in clubs and hotels. They often have more to do, and less assistance. Their salaries are generally of the highest average, but the men themselves are seldom artists of the first excellence. Vanderbilt, Havemeyer and other millionares of New York employ men of cordon bleu rank, but outside New York there are few private families in America who rise to the dignity of a man cook. Mr. Drexel is the only man in this city who employs one."

"But Philadelphians have cooks?"

"Yes, women, who receive wages, say, from $4 to $8 a week; and very good cooks many of the women are. But there is always something lacking. A picture by a novice may be very pleasing; by genius it may be wonderful in conception and execution—but a few touches in each instance from the brush of the maestro and what a difference!"

Imitating Old Books.

[Chicago Times.]

Collectors of postage stamps have long had to guard carefully against the danger of paying large prices for skillful copies of rare issues, and now, it appears, bibliophiles must confront a similar deceit, a firm in Dusseldorf having taken out a patent for its process of imitating old books. They print with old fashioned type upon hand made paper, which has been saturated with an aniline solution, and then sprinkle the pages with various dyes that give them an aged and moldy appearance. Finally, when the sheets have been bound up into a volume, the edges of the leaves are steeped in spirit and fired; and it is said that after a reprint has gone through this treatment it is all but impossible for any one, unless he makes use of chemical tests, to distinguish the forgery from an original. In order to obtain a patent the Dusseldorf firm have probably convinced the authorities that their own immediate intentions are honest, but some of their successors are sure to be scoundrels.

Grant's Pass.

Speaking of the origin of some names in Oregon, The Oregonian says of Grant's pass: "When Grant was a lieutenant he was camped there with a party of soldiers, and they got to playing euchre for $1 on the corner. The game stood three to three. Grant picked up his cards and had the right bower, ace and king. He concluded to pass, thinking he could euchre his opponent, a burly miner. The result was that he lost his dollar, and the place was called 'Grant's pass.'"

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a western man. "Oh, we get wind of them," was the answer.

The New York elevated roads draw the line at dogs and people with big baskets.

The Success of Co-Operative Societies.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

In this country, co-operative societies have been a failure. Indeed they cannot be said to have succeeded anywhere except in England, and there only in one kind of business, to-wit, in stores for distributing goods at a small advance over cost price. All attempts in the way of co-operative production—that is, in the manufacture of goods—have been almost total failures. Of course, companies and corporations have succeeded in transacting business, but we are speaking now of the co-operation of working-people, so as to secure all the profits from their own labor. The co-operative stores of England, however, have been wonderfully prosperous. At the close of 1881 there were 1,189 distributive societies in successful operation. These had 573,000 members. The share capital was nearly $29,000,000 and the yearly sales were over $100,000,000. The saving in profits was about 10 per cent. or $10,000,000.

The two largest co-operative societies in England are the Civil Service Supply association and the Army and Navy Co-operative society. This last society employs 3,500 men and 200 women. It has been so popular that it has begun manufacturing articles for sale. The secret of the success of distributive co-operation is because everything is done for cash. The stores of England previously gave unlimited credit, and consequently made many bad debts, and thus were forced to put high charges on all their goods to make a living profit. The co-operative societies introduced cash payments, made no bad debts, and thus had an advantage over the old-fashioned store. Doubtless the reason why co-operation has failed in this country is because of the one price and cash system introduced originally into the dry goods trade by the late A. T. Stewart. Selling cheaper, and being content with small profits, he ruined his competitors in trade, and by the magnitude of his transactions acquired a vast fortune. It is the cash system in the stores of our large cities which has prevented the growth of co-operative societies here.

An Honest German's Dilemma.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross-examination came the opposing counsel asked:

"Now, Jacob, there was trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?"

"I expect dere vhas."

"He said something about your dog being a sheep-killer, and you resented it, eh?"

"Vhell, I calls him a liar."

"Exactly. Then he called you some hard names?"

"He calls me a sauer-kraut Dutchmans."

"Just so. That made you mad?"

"Oof course. I vhas so madt I shake all oafer."

"I thought so. Now, Jacob, you are a man who speaks the truth. I don't believe you could be hired to tell a lie."

"Vell, I plief I vhas pooty honest."

"Of course you are—of course. Now, Jacob, you must have struck the first blow. You see ——."

The other lawyer objected, and after a wrangle the defendant turned to the court and said:

"I doan' oxactly make oudt how it vhas. I like to own oop dot I shtruck first, but haf paid my lawyer $5 to brove de odder vhay. I doan' like to tell a lie, but I feel badt to lose der money."

No Mystery to Him.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A stubbed farmer, who had come to market with a load of potatoes, entered a restaurant near the Central market, and called for a dozen oysters on the half-shell. A couple of jokers happened to be in the place, and, while one attracted the farmer's attention for a moment, the other dropped a bullet into one of the oyster shells. The man gulped down one after another, until he got the one with the bullet in his mouth. Calmly and quietly he bit at the lead with his teeth—calmly and quietly he removed it from his mouth and turned to the light.

"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men.

"Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other.

"Well, that is a mystery," said the man behind the counter.

"Gentlemen, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Fair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up, but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung to my watch chain if it costs $5."

Kissing Men.

[New York Mercury.]

The Russian men kiss each other on Easter morn, and the Latin men on any occasion when seized with a spasm of friendship or affection. It is nauseating. On the entry of the German crown prince into Madrid, Alfonso kissed Fritz and Fritz kissed Alfonso. It was in keeping with the Latin practice that the Spanish king should salute the heir of the throne of Germany, but Fritz was inexcusable. The Teuton race was supposed to have evolved out of that sort of kissing, which is an exhibition of weakness, better called Miss Nancyism. Alsace and Lorraine are not likely to be retained by a kisser of men.

Novel Artillery Projectile.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Herr Krupp, of Essen, has just taken out a patent for a flat-headed artillery projectile. It tapers slightly at the butt, and not only pierces the plates more easily than the pointed kind, which are apt to deflect when striking iron at certain angles, but it is calculated to hit the ironclads below the water-line.

Grasshoppers.

[New York Herald.]

In one district of Yucatan in a fort night there were killed 30,000 pounds of grasshoppers and over 11,000 pounds of locusts.

SAGE AT A CANDY STAND.

How the Millionaire Characteristically Extends His Business Instinct from Dollars to Cents.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

Russell Sage is the only man who knows how many millions of dollars Russell Sage possesses. At any rate, he is enormously wealthy. Emerging from a railroad meeting of directors the other day, in which he had been in conference with Jay Gould and other Crœsuses, he came to a little candy stand in the street. Part of the stock consisted of chocolate cubes in a heap.

"How much are those?" Sage asked.

"Two cent apiece," replied the vender.

"Haven't you any for a cent?"

"No, but I can break one of 'em in two."

A piece of the candy was accordingly halved, and the millionaire bought it. He is careless as to dress and rural in countenance, so that his manner of purchasing excited no surprise, except in several spectators who recognized him as the Wall street celebrity. To them his careful saving of a cent indicated characteristic parsimony, and before night their account of it had been carried by brokers' tongues all over town. Nevertheless, Sage is a philanthropist. He has given $150,000 to Cornell university, he is a liberal contributor to charities in his home city of Brooklyn, he is a financial pillar in Plymouth church, and in other ways privately and publicly benevolent. How do I reconcile these facts with his dicker over the candy? Simply by calling your attention to the important consideration that they are all outside of Wall street neighborhood. He leaves sentimental softness behind when he enters that precinct of hard business. It is as though he deposited his heart in some safe receptacle on starting for his daily struggle for more dollars and took along only his head full of brains. He is notably exact and just in all his dealings. His written agreements to buy or sell stocks—technically denominated puts and calls—pass current in Wall street like bank notes among merchants. He is an arbitrator among speculators, too, and his off-hand decisions are seldom appealed from, so sound and respected are they. It is high praise of a Wall street operator, all things considered, and I would not like to bestow it recklessly, but I really do not believe that Sage would have divided the piece of chocolate unequally if the cutting had been left to him by a blind dealer. It was in business hours, the spot was within business limits, and he was instinctively extending his business instinct from dollars down to cents. He was fresh from the absorbing work of bargaining and scheming over the whole Delaware & Lackawanna railroad. Could he be expected to instantly throw off the money's-worth-and-more-if-possible spirit? Looking at the subject in that reasonable way, it is fair to acquit Russell Sage of meanness in this purchase of half a square of candy for a cent.

Fremont's Duel and Candidacy.

[Croffut in Chicago Tribune.]

The other evening I met Mr. J. C. Derby, the veteran publisher, who is about to publish his reminiscences under the cover of "Fifty Years with Authors." During the talk conversation fell on his rather remarkable intercourse with eight of our presidents. He told an incident about the first Republican candidate. "When Fremont was nominated," he said, "I wanted to issue his biography, as our house had been in the habit of printing the lives of presidential candidates. Casting about for a while my choice fell on John Bigelow, editor of The Evening Post, a paper which, formerly Democratic, had become Republican. I made an arrangement with him to do it. But The Tribune was also a power in the country at that time, and Charles A. Dana, its managing editor, was very much in earnest for Fremont's success. I wanted The Tribune satisfied with the biography; so it was finally agreed that Bigelow should write it and that Dana should see all the proof-sheets, thus bringing their joint shrewdness and prudence to bear.

This project was carried out. Everything went harmoniously until the work was half done, when Dana returned a set of proof-sheets which gave an account of Fremont's duel. He thought it was not best to allude to the duel at all. It was a foolish incident of the candidate's youth; millions of people were opposed to dueling, and many would not vote for a duelist. Bigelow insisted that a biography should be veracious and complete; that nothing should be dodged or concealed; that all that he had put into the book about the duel was historical matter, well known to his enemies, and if left out would be quoted not only against him, but to prove the untrustworthiness of the biography. Dana pleaded that if the duel episode was included in the book Fremont would lose the whole Quaker vote and would be defeated. It was included, and Fremont was beaten. But he made a splendid run and consolidated the Republican party. I doubt if anybody else could have polled more votes.

No Inside Clappers.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

I have not seen a bell yet in Japan that was supplied with an inside clapper. Even the bells that serve as fire alarms in the cities are simply bells or gongs, against which some wooden or metallic object is pushed. These temple bells are rung by means of long wooden beams, hooped with iron, which swing by means of ropes suspended from the belfry ceiling, and are pushed back and forth by natives. The belfry always stands apart from the temple.

Egotism.

[Exchange.]

Professor—"Egotism consists in constantly talking of one's self. It is a very bad habit for a young man to get into." Student—"Oh, I see! Then you would have a fellow admire himself in secret. Well, perhaps you are right; but I can't understand why a person shouldn't share his pleasure with others." The professor did not pursue the subject.

Grant and Ward.

["Gath."]

The friends of Gen. Grant throughout the country may be interested to know that his private affairs are in a flourishing condition. He has one-fourth interest in the banking firm of Grant & Ward, which had an original capital of $400,000 paid in. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., put in $100,000 and James D. Fish, the silent partner, $100,000. The firm, chiefly managed by Ward, did very well, and Gen. Grant desired to come in. He first put in $50,000 and afterward desiring his son Jesse to enter the firm, his associates agreed to let him put in $50,000 more, but in his own name, so as not to increase the number of partners. While Gen. Grant takes no part in making contracts, signing checks, or in the executive details of the business, he is a valuable man through his character and connections, both for credit and for diplomatic work. Besides making large divisions of profits, this firm has about $800,000 of securities belonging to it.

Mr. Ferdinand Ward, Gen. Grant's partner, is worth a million and a half and was only 32 years old last week. He began life as a Presbyterian missionary's son, buying and selling certificates of membership in the New York produce exchange. He predicted that these certificates would go up to $10,000 apiece. They can be borrowed for temporary use by any person desiring to do business in the exchange. Mr. Ward has a fine villa at Stamford, Conn., and there made the acquaintance of Gen. Grant's son, which led up to his connection with the father. He is one of the phenomenal young men in this city. He came from Genesee, and among his earliest transactions was selling to the region job lots of flour left over at the produce exchange.

Mr. Ward, as I have intimated, is the son of the Rev. Dr. Ward, Presbyterian minister at Genesee, N. Y., who was for many years a missionary to India. Rev. Mr. Ward was afterward consul there. His son never went with him to the Indies, but came to New York with the intention of entering Princeton college, but found that his instincts were toward business, and he became the clerk in the produce exchange under our present Comptroller Grant. He has kept the confidence of every employer and friend he began with. The mayor has put into the hands of his banking firm the negotiation of the $30,000 of aqueduct bonds, and Mr. Fish, his first friend of wealth, takes breakfast and dinner with him in Brooklyn every day.

Bound to See the Procession.

[New York Journal.]

A wisp of a boy waited in Fifth avenue, New York, Monday afternoon for the procession. He was clubbed by a policeman for not getting out of the way. He was kicked by a colored major's horse. A hook and ladder wagon knocked him down. Three companies of Jersey militia marched over him. He made his way through the crowd which skirted the sidewalk, cuffed by this man and jostled by that, and got to a fence in front of a Fifth avenue house, stood upon the top of the fence, which was about half an inch wide. He was thinly clad, and as the rain came down grew very wet. When the bands came along playing "Red, White and Blue," "Marching Through Georgia," and "I Never Drink Behind the Bar," the rain ceased to him. He threw up his ragged hat. The rain dripped off his clothes as it drops from an icicle. He was soaked with rain. He hurrahed and shouted in the rain. He was oblivious of the rain. To him it was an Indian summer day. When the Volunteer firemen appeared he was beside himself with enthusiasm. His wet clothes were as tight on him as his own skin. He jumped down from his perch and ran into the street. He caught hold of the rear part of Big Six fire engine, just behind the tiger, and marched, thrilled with happiness at touching the engine with his hands, all the way to the Battery. When he was coming back a heavy artillery wagon ran over him at the Bowery Green and mashed him into the mire. He was pulled out and ran away covered with mud, but full of joy.

Egypt's Gigantic Task.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

There is something unspeakably grotesque in the attempt made by the pigmy state at the mouth of the Nile to establish a gigantic empire in the heart of central Africa. The restored government of the khedive is about the weakest power in existence. Yet it is bent upon attempting a task from which England herself would recoil.

The Soudan, it should never be forgotten, is as large as India. It stretches 1,600 miles in one direction and 1,300 in another. Unlike India, it is inaccessible by the sea. It is inhabited by warlike tribes of the same faith; it has neither railways, canals, nor navigable rivers, excepting the Nile at some periods of the year; and its only roads are camel tracks. From first to last it has never paid its expenses. The attempt to hold it has cost 50,000 lives at least, and the net result is that we are waiting anxiously to know whether or not Col. Hicks has shared the fate that has already overtaken Capt. Moncrieff. To re-establish the authority of the Egyptian government if Egypt were cut off by a ring fence from the rest of the world would be difficult enough, but what chance is there of success when the dwarf at Cairo insists on carrying on his shoulders the burden of foreign empire?

Jeff Davis to an Editor.

[Chicago Herald.]

W. J. Lampton, a Cincinnati journalist, recently wrote to Jefferson Davis claiming relationship. He received the following good-natured reply: "Some years ago a correspondent endeavored to trace my relationship to King George III., connecting therewith a theory that the writer and myself were the proper heirs to a large fortune in England. I replied that I must surrender all claim to the fortune, being quite sure that I was in no degree akin to George; but an editor is a different thing, and I shall be very glad (that fortune in England not considered) to be assured that I am a relative of yours. In the meantime I am very respectfully yours."

RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.

The Broadway Underground Railroad the Next Candidate for Public Approval.

[Croffut in Pioneer Press.]

Rapid transit in New York still clamors for solution. The elevated road, with all its dodging of equitable taxation, is an untold blessing to the city—so great a convenience to travel, and so striking a benefit to property, that litigation against it has ceased almost altogether. But it is insufficient—quite insufficient. For five hours of every day it goes crowded, and does not begin to accomodate those wishing to ride. And these are the very hours that measure the need. As the strength of a chain is only the strength of its weakest link, so the requirements of up-and-down travel in New York is measured by the thousands that stand on platforms between 5 and 7, unable to get on the trains. Moreover, these roads are running to their full capacity. They can run no more than four cars to the train, and the trains can go no nearer together. What next? More elevated roads are objected to, because they are really an eyesore, are somewhat dangerous, and use up valuable ground that is needed for the wagon-way.

The next candidate for public approval is the Broadway Underground Railroad company. This has a charter to construct a tunnel road of two tracks from the Battery to the Harlem river, forking at Madison square and passing northward via Madison avenue and Broadway. It has given a bond to the city to finish this road as far as Central park by January 1, 1887, and the money is promised to complete the big job by that time. But the company is going before the legislature this winter to ask for an extension of its powers—the right, namely, to lay four tracks instead of two, the middle pair to be for express trains, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, including stoppages. In order to do this the whole of Broadway must be dug out twenty feet deep and arcaded the whole width between the buildings, the upper roadway, at the present level, being devoted to its present uses. The company claims that it can daily carry a quarter of a million passengers, or as many as all the public vehicles put together now carry, and this is probable enough.

The chief objection hitherto made to this plan is that it would injure buildings on Broadway, that the jar might shake them down. M. C. Smith, the president, ex-Secretary Windom, Jerome Fassler, of Ohio, and William J. McAlpine, and the Baron Blanc, civil engineers, have been to London this summer, examining the underground road there in its bearing on this difficulty. The road passes under all sorts of great buildings, including hotels, churches, and a large hospital, goes under the great thirty-six-ton monument of George IV., within six inches of the masonary, under hundreds of tottering old walls; and yet Mr. McAlpine tells me that it has never cracked a bit of masonry, or had a cent of damage to pay, and that the trains of a road under Broadway will cause less vibration to the buildings than is now made by a passing omnibus. The reports of the engineers will be laid before the legislature, with maps illustrating and substantiating them.

A Daring School Teacher.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The town of Shenandoah, Pa., which was recently burned, though a place of 12,000 inhabitants, is not down on the school maps. At Wilkesbarre, Pa., a school teacher undertook to remedy this defect by setting her scholars to seek information in the reports of mine inspectors, newspapers and people in town. The facts collected by each scholar were then read aloud to all. Of course it is hard to believe, but it is asserted on good authority that the children took more interest and showed more enthusiasm in this work than they did even in respecting the alphabetical list of the rivers in Hindoostan and of the mountains of South America.

Of course, too, there is danger of the school teacher's dismissal for wasting her own and the pupils' time, but that is one of the risks of the business. If teachers undertake on their own responsibility to excite the minds of the scholars, to loosen their grip on the text-books, to set them to investigating and observing and thinking for themselves, they must also take the risk of running against routine and red tape.

Weston's Advice.

[Exchange.]

E. P. Weston, the pedestrian, is in the habit, by his own account, of giving wholesome advice to the British aristocracy about their diet. He occasionally dines at the tables of the great, and makes comments on the viands somewhat in this style: A lady who sat next to him, and to whom he was a perfect stranger, expressed a desire for beef well done. "Excuse me, miss, but you'll get no more nourishment out of that than out of chips and shavings." Mr. Weston is not without hopes that he will eventually reform the dinners of the peerage, and persuade "our old nobility" that half-cooked meat and a walk of 500 miles in 100 days, make the summit of human bliss.

Nilsson.

[Gath.]

Nilsson has made much money, but her marriage was not fortunate in a worldly point of view. Her husband was a speculator, who took her money and lost it, and went insane. What remained his relatives endeavored to get. She also lost money in American investments. She is making money, and it is to be hoped that she is more than independent. A little of the peasant adheres to her. While singing in New York this winter she has once or twice rebuked talk or noise on the stage, and shown that the extreme north of Europe has hotter blood than the south.

Mary Anderson's Poses.

Olive Logan writes from London that the talk of 5 o'clock teas is Mary Anderson's statuesque poses. Gossip has it that she frequents the British museum and learns of the sculptured Hebe and of Helen the secret of their charm; of the Nereides, the swan-like grace of the movements of sea goddesses; of the various Venuses, the lost art of their wondrous fascinations.