Faith! but I loved the little hand That used to wear this time-stained thing! Its slightest gesture of command Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so,
Or smoothed my hair—why should I speal
Of those old days! It makes, you know,
The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove! I think it almost understands That reverently and with love I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me, With its old fragrance, far and faint, Because my mother wore it, she— On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

THE ARMIES OF THE FUTURE.

What a Prussian Major and a French Colonel Have to Say.

(Chicago News.) Two noteworthy books have just appeared in continental Europe. One is the "Nation Armies," by M. de Goltz, a Prussian major. On the heels of it comes a book called "l'Europe Sous les Armee," by Col. Hennebert, the former professor of the military school at St.

Cyr, France. Both these works, from directly opposite political standpoints, agree in one thing, which is that the first European nation which relaxes its vigilance will infallibly lose its military position and prestige and be the victim of every collision which might ensue. The Prussian major says that if war is to be avoided a nation can only escape it by being so prepared that no other nation will dare to be its aggressor; in other words, nations unwilling to perish by the sword must become bankrupt in peace; they have simply a choice between two evilsnational subjugation or national insol-

While the French colonel is not so brutally frank as the Prussian major, in his Gallican courtesy of speech, his postiion amounts to about the same thing, while both agree with Von Moltke-that "the empire of the world is obtained only by war and by war alone can be maintained."

Further than this the Prussian major contends with his late chief-now on the retired list in effect that the scientific war method now adopted by Germany is inseparable from an offensive brutality; that German tactics are to strike crushing blows on the field of battle; but, above sti, that the foe must be paralyzed by the employment of gigantic masses, the conqueror says, with Mark Antony: "Happen what may! misfortune is un chained, let it go whither it will."

On his side, the French colonel, with the idea of waking up and warning France, which country he asserts is wholly unprepared, shows that not mere armies but armed nations are hereafter to meet on the battle-field. Deducting everything, the real number of troops available in the field in Europe now is: Germany, 3,860,000; Russia, 2,500,000; Austria, 1,265,000; Italy, 2,570,000. This would give the triple 7,500,000, and the quadruple alliance 10,000,000 combatants, with 1,600 batteries of field

The same destructive emulation is apparent in naval matters. When Italy constructed 100-ton guns, Eugland immediately produced a monster cannon of 200 tons, throwing a projectile of 6,000 pounds, piercing armor three feet thick. For the last twelve years Woolwich arsenal has turned out a field battery daily, while England, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Russia, France and Austria are expending millions yearly in defensive and other fortifications.

But Col. Hennebert points out that it is chiefly in Germany that offensive armaments are being created and offensive works constructed; that these point in two directions, toward France on the west and Russia on theeast; while, even at the moment of writing, in the in-trenched camp at Strassburg, railroad trains stand filled with supplies of all kinds prepared to start in any direction on receipt of a telegram from Berlin.

The conclusion of both writers is that the next war must be of a destructive violence which has been unknown up to the present day; that on both sides will be displayed, in this struggle to the death, all moral and material forces possible for the work of mutual annihila-

The Atmosphere of the Interior, [Clara Belle's Letter.]

Permit me to instruct you in the mat ter of furnishing your summer homes in case you are going to have any hand in it. Carpets should be chosen with a view to their being a background to the furniture of a room, while the wallpapers must be selected with an eye to their forming what may be termed the atmosphere of the picture made by the interior. This is the foundation of the new art ideas in furnishing houses, either in the country or city. Walls, therefore, should be papered or painted in a manner that will not make them more conspicuous than the furniture of the room, and this dogma must rule with regard to the decorations on the

Therefore, whether paint, paper or calcimine be put upon the walls, it should be in neutral tints and tertiary colors. Choose, therefore, for your country houses what are called quiet colors for paper, paint and calcimine; but for the friezes and dados let a more decided taste rule, giving freedom and boldness in the figures or flowers for these decorative parts of your apartments. If you decide to paper your walls, let the grounds be of an agreeable, soft color, and the figures as small as the size of the apartment will permit, and put on in vanishing effects, rather than staring or striking; in a manner, so to speak, as to give one a blow in the

Wilkins' Star Proverbs: A small soul has plenty of elbow room in a narrow-

A PARTRIDGE'S STORY.

[Alphonse Daudet.]
You know that partridges go in covand build their nests together in hollow of the furrows, so that they rise at the least alarm, scattered in fli-Our own company is numerous and gay, established on a plain at the edge of a large wood, with good pickings and fine covers on both sides. Thus, since I first knew how to run, well feathered, well fed, I found my life a happy one. Nevertheless, one thing disturbed me a little. It was this famous opening of the hunting season, of which our mothers began to talk softly among themselves. One old member of our company always said to me at such

"Have no fear, Rouget,"-they call me Rouget on account of my beak and claws, the color of service berrieshave no fear, Rouget, I will take you with me on the opening day, and I am sure that nothing will happen to you.'

This is an old cock, very cunning and still active, although he already has a horseshoe marked on his breast, and white feathers here and there. While still young he received a shot in his wing, and as that made him a little heavy he looks twice before flying, takes his time and always comes safely through. He often took me with him as far as the entrance to the woods. There stands a curious little house nestled among the chestnut trees, silent as an empty kennel and always closed.

"Look carefully at this house, little one," the old fellow said to me; "when you see smoke rising from the roof and the door and the shutters open, things will be going badly for us.

And I had confidence in him, knowing well that this was not his first season. In fact, the next morning at break of day, I heard some one calling softly in the furrow: "Rouget, Rouget!" It was the old cock. His eyes were wonderful to behold.

"Come quickly," said, "and do as I

I followed him, half asleep, running between the clods of earth without flying, almost without jumping, like a mouse. We went toward the wood, and I saw in passing that smoke came from the chimney of the little house, the windows were open to the day, and before the wide open door were huntsmen, ready equipped, surrounded by leaping dogs. As we passed one of the huntsmen cried: "Let us try the field this morning; we

will go to the woods after breakfast. Then I understood why my old companion took us first to the forest. Nevertheless, my heart beat, above all, when I thought of our poor friends.

of the wood, we saw the dogs running in our direction. "Lie down, lie down," said the old fel-

Suddenly, just as we reached the edge

low, crouching. At the same time ten paces from us, a frightened quail opened wide his wings and his beak, and flew up with a cry of terror. I heard a fearful noise, and we were enveloped by a strange smelling dust, all white and warm, although the sun had scarcely risen. I was so frightened that I could run no further. Luckily, we had entered the wood. My comrade squatted behind a little oak, placed myself near him, and we remained hidden there, looking out be-

tween the leaves. In the fields there was a terrible noise of guns. At each report I shut my eyes, completely stunned; then, when I decided to open them, I saw the plain, big and bare, and dogs running, searching in the blades of grass, in the little bundles of grain, turning on their tracks like mad creatures. Behind them the huntsmen swore, shouted; the guns shone in the sun. At one moment, in a little cloud of smoke, I thought I saw, talthough there was no tree near, someming ny like falling leaves. But the old cock told me it was feathers; and, in fact, a hundred paces in front of us a superb gray partridge fell in the furrow, turning up his bloody head.

When the sun became very hot, very high, the shooting suddenly stopped The huntamen returned toward the little house, where could be heard the crack-ling of a big fire of vine branches. They chatted together, gun on shoulder, and discussed the shots, while their dogs came behind them, tired, with lolling

"They are going to breakfast," said my companion, "let us do like them." And we entered a field of buckwheat, which is near the wood-a great big white and black field, in flower and in grain, with a smell of almonds. Handsome pheasants with golden-brown plumage were-feeding there also, lowering their red crests for fear of being seen. Ah! they were less haughty than usual. While eating they asked us for news, and if any of their number had fallen. During this time the breakfast of the huntsmen, at first quiet, became more and more noisy; we heard the glasses clink and the corks of the bottles ly. My guide considered it time to return to shelter.

At that hour the woods seemed asleep. The little pools, where the deer came to drink, were troubled by no lapping tongue; not the muzzle of a rabbit in the wild thyme of the warren. But a mysterious trembling was to be felt, as if each blade of grass sheltered a menanced life. These wild creatures of the forest. have so many hiding places-the burrows, the thickets, the wood-piles, the brambles, the ditches—these little wood ditches which retain the water so long after it has rained. I confess that I would have liked to be at the bottom of one of these holes, but my companion preferred to remain in the open, to have room, to see about him, and to feel the free air before him. It was well for us

that he did so, for the huntsmen came into the woods, Oh! that first shot in the forest-that shot which tore holes in the leaves like an April hail, and scored the barknever shall I forget it. A rabbit made off cross the road, tearing up tufts of grass with his extended claws. A squirrel ran down a chestnut tree knocking off the green burs. There were two or three heavy flights of big pheasants, and a tumult among the branches and the dry leaves at the wind of this shot, which agitated, awakened, frightened everything that lived in the wood. The field mice ran to the bottom of their holes. A horn-beetle came out of a Prof Briggs, of Berlin, well

erack in the tree we were squatting, we were squatting, and rolled his big, stupid eyes, filled with terror. And then blue dragon-flies, drones, butterflies, poor insects flying wildly from all onles, even to a little beetle with scarlet wings, who placed himself close to my beak; but I was too frightened myself to take advantage of his fear. rolled and

his fear. The old cock remained calm. Very attentive to the barking and the sounds of the guns, when they approached, he made me a sign, and we went a little further, beyond the reach of the dogs and well hidden by the foliage, Nevertheless, I thought at one time we were lost. The path which we had to cross was guarded at each end by a sportsman in ambush. On one side was a big jolly fellow with black whiskers, who made a whole arsenal jingle at each movement, hunting-knife, cartridge-box, powder flask, without counting gaiters buckled to the knee, which made him look still taller: at the other end a little old man leaned against the tree, smoked his pipe tranquilly, winking his eyes as if sleep-ing. Of the latter I was not afraid; but the big fellow beyond ...

"You know nothing, Rouget," my comrade laughing; and fearlessly, with his wings spred out, he flew almos against the legs of the terrible whiskered

And the truth is that the poor man was so entangled in all his hunting apparel, so occupied in admiring himself from head to foot, that when he got his gun to his shoulder we were already out of shot. Ah! if sportsmen knew, when they believed themselves alone in some corner of the woods, how many steady little eyes watch them from the thicket, how many restrain a laugh at their awk-

We kept moving, always moving. Being able to do nothing better than follow my ancient companion, my wings kept stroke with his, in order to fold themselves motionless as soon as he stopped. I have still before my eyes all the places which we passed; the warren pink with heather, full of burrows at the foot of yellow trees, with a green curtain of oaks, where I seemed to see death hidden everywhere; the little green path where my mother partridge had so many times taken her brood to walk in the May sun, where we all hopped about, pecking at the red ants which swarmed on our claws, where we met conceited little pheasants, heavy as chickens, that would not play with us.

I saw it as in a dream, my little path-way just as a hind crossed it, high on her slender hoofs, her great eyes wide open and ready for a leap. Then the pool where they go in parties of fifteen or thirty, all of the same cover, rising together from the plain to drink water from the spring and splatter about the little drops which roll over their lustrous plumes. In the midst of this pool there was a clump of bushy alders; it was on this islet that we took refuge. The dogs would have needed a famous nose to seek us there. We had been there for a moment when a roe-buck arrived, dragging himself on three feet and leaving a red track on the mosses behind him. It was so sad to see that I hid my head under the leaves, but I heard the wounded animal drink at the

pool, panting, burning with fever.

The day declined. The reports of the guns were more distant, became rarer. Then all was still. It was finished We returned slowly toward the plain to get news of our companions. Passing the little house in the woods I saw something horrible.

On the edge of a ditch hares with red for and little gray rabbits with white tails lay side by side. Here were little paws joined by death, which looked as if begging for mercy, and closed eyes which seemed to weep; then red partridges, grey partridges, which had the horseshoe like my comrade, and young ones of this year's brood, which, like me still had down under their feathers. Do you know anything sadder than a dead bird? Wings are so full of life! To see them folded and cold makes one shudder. A great deer, stately and still, appeared asleep, his little pink tongue hanging out of his mouth as if to lap once more.

And the huntamen were, bent over this slaughter, counting and drawing toward their game-bags the bloody paws, the mangled wings, careless of all these fresh-made wounds. The dogs, coupled for the journey, wrinkled their lips and pointed, as if making ready to throw themselves anew into the underbrush.

Oh! while the great sun sank and they all departed, weary, their shadows growing long over the hillocks of earth, and the pathways damp with evening dew, how I detested them, men and beasts the whole troop! Neither my companion nor I had courage to throw, as usual a little farewell note to this day as it ended.

On our way we met unfortunate little creatures, struck by a chance shot, and lying there, abandoned to the ants and field-mice, their muzzles full of dust; magpies, swallows, lightning struck in their flight, lying on their backs and stretching their little stiff claws toward the night, which descended quickly, as it always does in the autumn, clear, cold and damp. But the most grievous of all was to hear, along the woodside, at the edge of the meadow and below in the willow thickets by the river, anxious, sad, scattered cries, to which there was no answer.

Education in Scotland.

[Chicago News.] An intelligent writer sets forth that the progress of education in Scotland since the passage of the educational act of 1872 has been very remarkable. Out of a school population of 612,000 no less than 500,000 are enrolled, and 85 per cent. of these are in actual attendance, which is double the number at school previous to the operation of this With this great influx of pupils, mostly, of course, in the lower grades, the scholarship has improved, and the number now examined in Latin, Greek, and mathematics is almost four times greater than formerly.

Female vaccinators have been introduced into Madras, so that native women need not have their prejudices shocked by being treated by medical

A.S. CI HRIE. The state of the

Charle delicered without clusters the least -

A PUZZLE IN BOSTON.

The "Japanese Crystal," a Mirror of Second Sight. Lilian Whiting in Inter Oce

We have been having a little private sensation of our own here at Hotel Vendome. I believe the mid-summer days are the accepted season for these legends and this will give you a variation from the annual sea-serpent. This little sensation of ours is a Japanese crystal. who has not looked into its depths has yet one sensation of life, at least, in reserve, and if he be curious in the tricks and trances of demonology, he has yet something to live for. The Japanese crystal is not common. It is cut in the round, oval and egg shape, and varies in its size. The egg shape is held to be the best for experiment, and it must be wrapped, or rather held, in a piece of black cloth so that only the side upper-most shall be presented to the eye. Black silk cannot be used as it is a nonconductor, but black woolen of any kind will serve the purpose. The Japanese crystal is said to serve as a micror of the spiritual light in the hands of one who has the mediumistic temperament. Faces of those long since passed beyond the shadowy portals of the silent land, scenes that are recorded in the book of fate to be sometime enacted; the faces of people still unmet who will have to do with our lives. All these, and more, are said to be revealed in this stone, to him who has the temperament through which its revelations may come.

A party of people was grouped last evening in a parlor on the fifth floor of Hotel Vendome, so high that no re-flections from the street were possible, and it was suggested that the Japanese crystal be examined. In the hards of one of the party curious visions appeared in it. The lady holding it had chanced never to have seen the stone before, and she looked incredulously as a face appeared to her in it. The first picture was her own face (a natural reflection, she thought, as she was looking into it), but beside her own appeared the face of a stranger whom she had never seen, and, as has been said, the height of the room from the street utterly precluded the possibility of a reflection from without, and as she sat with her back to the window there was the same impossibility strangers to the gazer, but when de-scribed were recognized by others in the room and verified by photographs to the

Then came a series of pictures. There was a suspension bridge over a great people seeming to climb the trestle work, as if to escape from drowning in the water below; and with this a profound impression that the scene was some months distant in the future. Space would fail to relate the various tableaux that appeared in that stone, and many of the most singular circumstances and coincidences and related associations can not be narrated. Among other faces appeared that of Emerson by the side of a beautiful young woman, whom no one in the room could recognize. The properties of the Japanese crystal are very singular, and in the hands of some persons even extraordinary.

An Englishman's Views.

[George Alfred Townsend.] A British gentleman said to me durhome exclaims against our underground railroads. They are dingy, damp, subterranean, and here you ride to business with not a shadow falling on your newspaper, reading as you go, and every handsome woman's face receives all the benefit of the sunlight, and you can look from one end of the car to the other and recognize your friends." Said I: "We gave up noble streets for such a benefit." "Yes," said he, "and that is where you are really a young, strong nation; you recognize the greater necessities in spite of the little decencies. You give your streets up for the benefit of the many instead of hesitating at the discomfiture of the few who may not like the noise."

[Foreign Letter.] Here, if you ask a man for a light, the chances are ten to one that he will pull out a handful of brimstone matches and you won't know which is which." offer you one, but that is never done anywhere else. In Spain they make quite a formal matter of asking for a light. The gentleman who wishes that accommodation approaches the smoker, removes his hat, and says: "Will you favor me with a light from your cigar? or words to that effect. The gentleman addressed also removes his hat, then carefully brushes the ashes from his cigar and presents it with a bow. The other man accepts it with an equally elaborate abeisance, lights, returns the weed, then both bow again, wish each other good day and depart.

Potato Growing in Alaska. The potato can be grown in Alaska in favorable seasons only. The ground is dug up and covered with a layer of kelp, and after this fertilizer has been exposed to the air for a week or two it is dug [Chicago Tanes.] under, and the soil shaped into high, narrow beds, and planted in shallow drills. The sun's hear alone is depended upon, and every opportunity given it to penetrate the ground, which in that frigid country not only gives out no warmth of its own, but frequently re-mains frozen throughout the year at a depth beyond the influence of the sun's

Kind Editorial Consideration.

(San Francisco Post.) The officers of a British man-of-war in the harbor gallantly fired a salute as the Jersey Lily arrived in town last week-Langtry bangs, as it were. [There is no British man-of-war in the

joke, we let it go.-Ed. Post.

three times loses the right of suffrage.

Letting Off the Steam

[Prof. Blackie in Cassell's Magazine.] There are more interesting cases by far in which excitable persons, knowing their own weaknesses, have proexercise on purpose to divert their ex-citement from a hurtful to an innocent channel. An instance of this we find in the life of Oberlin, pastor of Ban de la. Roche in the High Alps, in the south of France. Oberlin was one of the best of men, and endeared himself to his peoole almost beyond example. Besides being an earnest pastor, he was a maker of roads, a builder of bridges, a reformer and philanthropist generally, who transformed his parish from a chaos of lesolation into a beautiful abode of Christianity, civilization, and comfort. It was not to be wondered at that a man with so many irons in the fire should be somewhat impatient and have a little trouble with his temper. At such times Oberlin used to run backward and forward in his room, beating his hands together rapidly with a re-sounding noise, until his temper regained composure.

Those who are familiar with the history of the Brontes will remember what is told of their father, the eccentric and excitable incumbent of Haworth. Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and, when excited would fire these at the door of the outhouses, so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistols at any hour of the day in their pastor's house. If we are not mistaken, he had another outlet for his emotion, setting up a bolster and boxing it when he was angry; but of this we are not so sure.

A Live Poultry Car.

[Chicago Journal.] An invention of an extensive poultry shipper in Indiana is so designed and con structed as to enable the shipping of live fowls any distance by rail without any of the drawbacks attending the handling of "crates" and "baskets," which are the bane of the express agent everywhere. The car is not unlike a stock car in general appearance, having four or five decks or floors far enough apart to accommodate standing poultry. Each deck may be separated by portable parfor any one or any picture in the room to be reflected there. These two pictures were succeeded by those of Each compartment is provided with a main door, which locks as hereafter described, and each door has a sliding door, which locks independently, for use lady who saw first these unknown faces in transfer. A simple contrivance of rods and staples locks with a lever crank every door at once, and a storm curtain protects the fowls in bad weather. A river, and apparently an accident to a feed and water trough, which holds feed train; this vanished, and there again and water for a trip to the scaboard, and appeared the bridge with numbers of will not allow the latter to splash out, tops off the completeness of the inven-

[Scientific Journal.] It is well known that vessels built of thin steel will rust through rapidly if not kept constantly painted. This is found to be the case to a remarkable extent in such vessels when navigating the rivers draining from the interior of the African continent, the waters of which possess the power of corroding and eating through steel plates very rapidly. In view of this, it has occurred to Mr. A. Dick, of London, the inventor of the new alloy known as 'delta metal," to apply it to shipbuilding purposes, as it successfully resists corrosive action. A steam-launch ing the week: "I wish we had force of called the Delta has, therefore, been character and public opinion enough in built entirely of this metal and is for London to have such reflroads as these the present at the Crystal palace interelevated ones of yours." Said I: "Is it national exhibition. Delta metal (which possible that I see an Englishman who is an alloy of copper, zinc and iron) concedes anything?" "Why," said he, having been proved by repeated exper"almost every Englishman who goes iments to be equal in strength, ductity and toughness to mild steel, the plates and angle-pieces are of the same thickness as they would be if steel were used.

The Drinkers of Blood.

[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.] They haunt the abattoir every week and drink the warm beef blood by the cupful. It is caught as it flows from the animal's throat. It benefits thin blooded persons. Some time since a woman came to the stock-yards who said her physician had told her she must drink beef blood. "But I never can do it, never!" said

she, shuddering. "But it tastes just like milk," said the gentleman appealed to. "Come, I'll blindfold you and give you a glass of milk. Then I'll give you some more milk, or a glass of blood, then a taste of milk until you get them mixed up, and She consented, and drank the class

first given her with a relish, "An! that was the milk, Now I think I can try the blood," she told him. "But madam, you have drank it al ready," said the gentleman.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It is not generally known that the popular "Mother Hubbard" cloak was an accident. Mr. Worth, having some yards of an unsaleable fabric on hand, gathered it up into a sort of bag, cut slits for sleeves, and trimmed the bot-tom with flounces. It is doubtful if he himself knew what he meant to do with this "gathered bag." One day a lady saw it. "Oh! what a queer thing!" she cried. "I shall never wear that." The next day she tried it on, the third she bought it. And in three seasons' time every woman in Paris wore a "Mother Hubbard."

Romance of a Lost Diamond. La Lanterne has a remarkable story of

the diamond "Sunbeam," valued at \$500,000, the property of Queen Vic-toria, who entrusted it to a Bond street jeweler to be set, and from whom it was stolen in 1866. In May there died in a miserable lodging in Strasburg a man of 70, in whose pocket was found the diamond wrapped in a letter proclaiming himself the thief. The diamond was so well known that he dared not sell it.

Bread Already Sliced. A novelty in the baking trade is a loaf of bread that does not require cutting after it is baked. It is shaped like harbor, but rather than spoil Mr. Dodd's oke, we let it go.—Ed. Post.

In Sweden a man who has been drunk which by pulling gently are detached, three times loses the right of suffrage.

Vienna bread, and so made as to form layers or affects of uniform thickness, which by pulling gently are detached, thus avoiding the use of the knife. DETAILS OF THE STORY

Of the Man Who Had His Face Torn Off by a Shell,

[Scientific Journal.]
It is almost impossible for the unscientific reader to believe what is related of Jean Moreau, a French artillery-man, wounded in the Franco-German war, whose story is told by Gen. Am-bert in the second volume of his "Souvenirs Militaires," which is shortly to be published in Paris.

A brief outline of the case, from The London Globe, has been going the rounds of the press, but the following details are so extraordinary in their character that they are given in full: "Moreau entered the service in 1870.

and the 3d of January, 1871, was en-

gaged in the affair at Bapaume. To wards 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while he was loading a cannon, he was struck down by a shell, which, bursting across his face, tore away his nose, eyes, the upper jaw, and a portion of the lower. He was left for dead on the field, but after a time recovered his senses, and by chance staggered, falling at almost ever step, on the road to the village of Ervil liers. The colonel of the Twenty-fourth regiment sent him from this place by carriage to Arras the next morning, where he stayed till the 4th of Octo ber following. He was transferred to the military hospital of the Val de Grace at Paris a fortnight later, and remained there till the 26th of March, 1872, when cicatrization was nearly complete. All the soft portions of the forepart of the head having disappeared, and the bony-frame work being crushed in various places, the unfortunate man presented the appearance of a veritable death's head, with two cavities for the eyes, one for the nose, and a large opening for the mouth. However, by ingenuity and patience a wax resemblance of a face was invented, and fitted with the utmost exactitude to the healthy portions of the flesh which still surrounded the immense cicatrix. The adhesion, which is almost hermetic, was completed by a natural cushion of skin, which thus, as it were, keeps the border of the mask in a groove. The inner cavity has also been utilized, one of its use being by means of lint, to guard the patient against the effects of sudden alternation of heat and cold, while the upper jaw and the palate are protected by a plate to which are attached a row of false toth, and mastication of the hardest kinds of food is successfully performed.
"Thanks to the disposition of the nat-

ural parts and to the ingenious shaping of the mask, and particularly that of the false nose, respiration is rendered possible through its nostrils, and indeed has regained the normal direction, from below to above. The system of aeration is assisted by two small holes toward the inner angle of the eye, creating a current of air, the eyes themselves of course being closed. The sense of smell, strange to say, has been regained, while the voice possesses its natural tone and clearness. Thus Moreau-who when he removes his mask, it is needless to say, presents a most hid-eous aspect in consequence of the disappearance of a great part of the bony portion as well as the muscles which should cover them, and of whose head there literally remains only the brain and the cranium—is enabled by the wonderful exercise of medical skill and constructive talent to breathe, eat, speak, smell, and even, so it is said, to play the flute. The mutilated soldier, who is fond of chatting about his campaigns, possesses that resigned air common to blind men, and his sense touch, moreover, has excessively developed. He lives at Favril, Landrecies, in the Nord department, and ekes out his pension by the sale of a pamphlet recounting the facts of his wondrous cure. 'Perhaps,' says Gen. Am-bert, 'it would have been well to have kept silence about this poor fellow; but it is not sufficient to only show the glories of war; every one should know the sacrifices of the soldier. This one has given more than his life, for each day which passes is a martyrdom, Moreau never complains. He is held in great respect by those who know him: and feels a genuine pride in showing the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast to the many curious travelers who turn out of their way to see the

'homme a la tote de cire.' Photographing Rogues.

[Chicago News.]
The process used is the dry-plate process, and the picture is taken instantaneously. It was found best to introduce this method, as it successfully overcomes any attempt on the part of the sitter to spoil the effect of the picture by making faces at his captors. While he is unconsciously looking at the camera the operator quietly squeezes a little rubber ball like that on a syringe, two tin slides fly open, and instantly the "phiz" of the criminal is on the plate to stay. The detectives say it works to a charm. and they have not nearly the wear and tear of muscle and wind in making a recalcitrant rogue sit still as formerly.

Mexico's Population.

[Chicago Times.] The census of Mexico gives the population at 9,686,777. No state has 1,000, 000, two states have less than 100,000, and several states have less than 200,000 inhabitants. But Senor Romero thinks that the population is really not far from 12,000,000. Eighty-two per cent. of the population lies south of the paral-lel of Tampico. More than half the wealth of the republic lies south of the northern boundary of the federal district in which Mexico City is situated.

Gardening for the Insanc.

[Inter Ocean.] New York is arranging to try a new method of treating the insane. Under the idea that occupation is good for the diseased mind, the state has purchased a 1,000-acre farm on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York city. All kinds of useful and fancy gardening will give occupation to patients who can be trusted. The experiment will be carefully noted by other states. Without doubt the step is in the right direction.

Philadelphia Call: A dimple is a bewitching depression in a lady'st cheek which makes an impression hard of suppression and ends in oppression.

New York Journal: Strawberries are nature's sweet blushes materialized.

Choras Wichell Carine, inweren Etc.

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