An Answer From a Vedical Point of View Dr. G. L. Beardsley concludes that the dread of dving is quite as intense as the instinct of self-preservation. Indeed, it is not improbable, adds the doctor, that numbers would care less about living were the modes of leaving Cries of recognition would arise. the world a theme for happy contemplation, or an innovation to the routine of plodding that was agreeable. One is remarkably exempt from the crime of hasty induction if he affirms that there is no sane or healthy mortal who antimpates his extinction with any degree of pleasure. The function of dying is actually vegetative—we fall to pieces like a flower. This very fact, that the process is chemical, confirms us in the conclusion that the final three is as painless as the inconvenience is nothing to the feetal pilgrim when he touches on daylight. A moment's examination of the way we are to die will show marks of goodness in our taking off. The degree of sensibility is propor-tioned to the integrity of thet s-ues. An inflammation heightens it; age depre-ciate: it. Any defect in nutri-tion disturbs the comfort of the individual until the carbon c generated in the devitalization of the blood becomes fixed in the cells or is no longer d splaced. The sensory ganglia everywhere part with their irritability by virtue of this poison, and ceas; to conduct cur-The crater a of death are being satisfied, and the process is consummated with this extinction of sensibility prevailing at the ultimate fila-During the progress of this dissolution of the nerve force, this creeping on of the numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and instead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction of approaching to enthusiasm is realized. The sensations peculiar to the therapeutical operation of opium, hasheesh, ether, etc., are not improbably akin to the mental activities of the dying. Barring the hallucinations experienced in the stupor as it gained on the subject. the moriis familiar with naught that borders on suffering. The earbonic acid has poisoned or narcotized the several ganglia, and reflex productions are interdicted. A consummate analges'a prevails. In short, the not on of pain is forbidden the instant that any stimulous fails to excite a response. The condit on to this irria response. The condit on to this irritrack be sound. If this vigor vanishes, reflex phenomena are at an end, and suffering, physiologically speaking, is impossible because of the arrest of the function of the sympathetic. Fortunately, for a wholesome study of one's demise, there are assurances, abundant from vivisection, the testimony of those who have been restored to consciousness and the affirmations of the dying that there is no physical recoil from death. Burney tried hard to resist the efforts made to resuscitate him from drowning, so bew tehed was he by his prolonged slumber. Dr. Solander, the traveler, was so delighted with the sensations of excessive cold that he was the first to lie down in the snow to realize the luxury of such a death. William Hunter was sorry he was not able to "write how easy and delightful it is to die."

Infants die as serenely as there breathe, and not a few among the advanced in of mechanical power and skill. All the ears treat death as a friend to the r infirm ties. Hanging is naturally rated. next to crucifix on, a most distressing helmsman cried out. "Stand ready procedure. But it is reported of those to board her!" The sailor rowing who have been saved from strangula- the bow-oar, slipped t out of the rowtion that the agony promised to be brief, and was rapidly replaced by hallucinations of a fasc nating variety. One would fain believe that the kind God who suffered us to feel no sigh in coming would take no delight in turning our farewell into writhing-nay, He does not quit us at the last. our greatest benefactor in allowing us to sleep out of weariness. Death is, assuredly, no tax collector; its jaws are not the clutches of an assailant; there is no "victory to the grave:" the ghost speeds away from us as it entered with The sense of death, as no ruffle. Shakspeare has it, is most in apprehension. It is the fear of the lonely

## and Surgical Reporter. PHANTOM SHIPS.

night, not the throes of nature, that

makes the leaving painful. - Medical

Same Odd Stories Showing the Hold the Imagination Had on Ancient Mariners. We are not surprised that the ancient mariners peopled the sea, in their quaint mythology, with imaginary crea-

tures, or invested the most common

influences. Following them with their sea-faring delusions, came the monks chronicle, with scrupulous accuracy, saintly interpositions at sea, etc., etc. The sailors were excusable, on account of their ignorance and credulity, but the same apology can not be offered in behalf of the monks. It is not our purpose, in this article, to enumerate the superst tious, and still less to speak of the curious legends, only in so far as they may be directly connected with

In a very rare book entitled "Otia Imperialia," written by Gervase of Tilbury, in 1211, is a very odd story, re-lated with all the soberness of fact. In substance it is as follows:

the title of our art cle.

As the people were coming out of a church in England, on a dark, cloudy day, they saw a cable dangling from the clouds, and, upon examination, found it attached to a ship's anchor which had caught in a heap of stones. Suddenly the cable became taut, as if an unseen crew were trying to haul it up, while clamorous orders issued from the clouds overhead. To their surprise a sailor came sliding down the cable, and was suffocated by the thick atmosphere in the presence of the gaping crowd. His shipmates cut the cable and sailed away. The anchor which they left behind them was made into fastenings and ornaments for the door of the nearest church. Whether they still exist, in commemoration of the wonderful event, we are not prepared

The phantom ship was an object of firm belief to the Norman fishermon, Nectolas,

and would be driven into port whenever the prayers for the souls of the r lost kinsmen had falled to be efficac ous. In "Credul tes Past and Pre-ent." is an account of what follow such a mysterious visitation. The widows and children and friends of the seamen who were supposed to have been drowned, would rush to the quay. no returning cry would be heard from the crew. The bells would sound the hour of midnight, and a fog would steal over the sea, am d which the vessel would disappear. Amidst the sobs and or es of the specta ors of the phantom ship the warning to ce of the debts! Pray for the lost souls in Purga-

tory! There is a legend of a Herr Von Falkenbeg who was compelled to beat about the ocean till the Day of Judgment, on board a ship without a helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the devil. It was common for seamen who traversed the German Ocean to declare that they had met the phantom ship. Some legend of the kind suggested to Coleridge his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There is a spectre ship in it, and dice are thrown for the souls of the crew.

"Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold; Her skin was white as leprosy. The night-mare Life in-death was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold."

The Flying Dutchman was a name given to one of these phantom ships. It scudded before the wind under a heavy press of sail when other ships were afraid to show an inch of canvas She was generally declared to have been seen in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, and was always regarded as the worst of all possible omens. Her crew committed some atrocious crime: the plague broke out among them; no harbor would consent to shelter them; the apparition of the ship still haunts the seas in which the crime- were perpetrated, etc. The superstition originated with the Dutch, though the English sailors put the most faith in the legend. Sir Walter Scott alluded to the

"Or, of that phantom ship whose form Shoots like a meteor through the storm. Full spread and crowded every sail The demon-frizate braves the gard. And well the doomed speciators know The harbinger of wreek and wo!"

ship as a harbinger of wo:

It was probably no uncommon occurrence in early times for seafarers to fall in with ships abandoned to the winds and waves, with corpses on board. Such instances may have suggested the legends. On the other hand they may have had their origin n the looming up, or apparent suspension in the air, of some ship out of sight-a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the at-

We close our article with a Cornish tradition of a phantom ship as related by Mr. Hunt:

One night a gig's crew was called to go to the westward of St. Ive's Head. No sooner was one boat launched, than several others put off from the shore. and a stiff chase was maintained, each one being eager to get to the ship, as she had the appearance of a foreign trader. The hull was clearly visible; she was a schooner-r gged vessel with men had thrown oil their jackets to row with more freedom. At length the lock and stood on the forethwart, taking his jacket on his arm, ready to spring aboard. The vessel came so close to the boat that they could see the men, and the bow-oar man made a grasp at the bulwark . His hand found nothing solid, and he fell, be ng caught by one of his mates, back into the boat, instead of into the water. Then ship The next and lights disappeared. morning the Neptune, of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gw thiau, and all on board perished .-Frank H. Stauffer, in Current.

## HANDEL.

The Circumstance. Which Led Him to Be-

Handel was born at Halle, in Saxony, February 23d, 1685. Unlike most of the great musicians, he does not seem to have inherited his talent; his lungs, had experienced from a five father was a barber and surgeon, nor can we discover in the family any special love for mus.c.

Handel, however, seems to have been a born musician;" he turned everythings and occurrences with prognostic thing he touched into sound. For some time he astonished and amused his parents and all who heard him: but as his love for music seemed ever of the Middle Ages, pretending to to grow within him, his father, who had destined him for the law, banished every musical instrument from the house, and declared that the boy should hear no more of them. The boy, however, managed to smuggle a claver, or key-board of a clavichord, organ, or pianoforte, into the house, and hid it in the attic; and night after night, when all in the house were asleep, he practiced on the muffled keys, teaching himself until he could play upon it

with much skill. About this time his father decided to visit a relative attached to the household of the Duk of Saxony at Wessenfels. The Duke was very devoted to mus'e, and Handel, who had probably learned this fact, implored his father to take him, too; but in vain. Nothing daunted by the denial. the persistent little fellow ran after the carriage until his father discovered him and took him in. He became a great favorite at Wessenfels, and one Sunday afnoon, after the chor had finished sing ng, the organist lifted the child to the stool and told him to play; and play he did, with so much expression and delicacy, that the Duke demanded his name, and sent for his father. He begged the latter to give up the project making a lawyer of his son, pred eted a brilliant future for him if his musical genius were cuttivated, and sent the child away with his pockets filled with coin, and the father converted to the idea of a musical education for his son. - Agatha Tunis, in St.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-France is the greatest egg-producing country in the world

-Berlin has 410 newspapers and magazines. Forty-five are official, 77 political, 148 art stic and scientific, 60 commercial, 20 religious, and 60 liter-

-Every day the London postmen walk a distance equal to twice the circumference of the earth. There are 1,030 of them, and they average twelve niles a day each.

-German colonists in West Africa have m nutely examined the district of Angra Pequena for minerals, and find that the ground is rich in copper and lead, while traces are also visible of silver and gold.

-When you dine with the Viceroy of India you present yourself in the reception room in your regulation swallow-tail, but before you go to dinner you change it for a nice, cool, white inen incket.

-The King of Saxony is badly off for noney and offers to sell the "Madonna San Sisto" of Raphael for \$750,000, When the people of Dresden objected to the sale, he explained that he shared with them their reluctance to have the picture leave the city, but was obliged to have money to live on.

-The latest claimant to the French throne. Antoine Dujal, is a timekeeper in a Marseilles factory at a salary \$25 per month. He says he is the last of the Valois line, a descendant from Francis, Duke d'Alencou-fourth son of Henry I. -- who is popularly supposed to have died without legitimate offspring.

- In Paris a telephonic ticket at half franc is issued at any of Post-offices. which ent tles the holder to a five minutes' conversation with persons at any other of the city Post-offices, or of the Telephonic Company's stat ons. The Telephonic Company offers, at the same rate conversations at any of its eleven stat ons with persons at any other station, or at the residences of any of its members.

No English peer or peeress can be arrested for debt, need serve on juries, or be called out in the militia, and they do not swear on oath, but on honor except when witnesses in any court. They can sit in any court in England with their hats on, can wear a sort of uniform as peers, can carry arms, but not in their pockets, and, if they commit treason or felony, they must be tried by their peers.

-The cost of the last Lord Mayor's pagent w: \$19,200; \$8,570 on dinners, \$5,125 on the procession, \$2,180 on decorations. \$300 on mus'e, \$1,325 on printing, and \$1,675 on general expenses. Of this sum the new Lord Mayor contributed \$10,000 and each of the Sheriffs \$5,000. The figures lead London Truth to remark that there may possibly come a time when Lord Mayors and Sheriffs will be elected for some other reason than that they are prepared to spend money on such tomcooleries.

-The fate of the crowned heads has been minutely studied by a French statistician, who gives a list of the unfortunate rulers of the world. He reckons that up to the present time 2,540 Emperors and Kings have governed 64 antions. Of these soporigns 00 were driven from their thrones, 6 abdicated, 24 committed suicide. became insane, 100 fell dead in battle, 123 were made prisoners, 25 died marvrs. 151 were assassinated and 108 legally condemned to death and exe-

## THE UPPER ENGADINE. .

A Noted Health Resort in One of the swiss Valleys.

In the east of Switzerland, among the highlands of the Grisons, lies a long, broad valley, which although out of the track of the majority of tourists, is visited in summer by some thousands of English people in search of health or pleasure. This upper Valley of the Inn, or Engadine, can also boast of a winter season during which St. Moritz is the home alike of persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, nervous diseases, and other disorders, and of those who ecme for the skating and tobogganning. So long ago as winter of 1867-68 an entry occurs in the visitors' book at the Kulm Hotel, recording the advantages which writer, suffering from disease of the months' sojourn there. Similar testimony was furnished by persons staying at St. Moritz during the rext two seasons. After this, notwiths, anding such favorable witness to its curative capabilities, and the increasing reputation of Davos as a resort for consumptive patients, no one remained at St. Moritz during the winter months unt 11876. This was owing partly to the want of local enterpr se in adve t sing it as a health resort, partly to want of preparation in the shape of stoves and double windows, to enable individuals to continue there during the cold season. Since 1876, however, the number of winter guests has increased. This winter upward of 190 people are spending several months there, and Davos, whose climate is similar to that of Engadine, bids fair in a few years to be over-crowded. There is no need to wat till the passes are covered with snow before making the journey to this upland valley. There are many reasons why travelers should arrive in autumn. The weather is then not so cold, and newcom: s can get accustomed to the air of the Engadine before the severe weather sets in. The autumn, too, possesses recommendations of its own. ber is usually a glorous month and boasts a la ger p oportion of cloudless or only pa tially clouded days than any other month in the year. woods, which in summer masses of sombre green, become resplendent with gorgeous tints of erimon and gold, remind ng one in many ways of the beauties of the America. "Indian Summer." The mountains are ablaze with color, and the eye wanders up their sides to rest on their snow-clad summits, which stand out a clear-cut rel et against the de per lu All these manifold beaut es mir rored in the unruffled surface of the mountain lakes, form a rare comb n tion of rich and harmon ous color ig The snow which falls at this season

stead of ra'n usually remans on the

highest parts of the mountains, but does not long continue in the valley. and the sublimity of the view is thus improved by the dignity which the white mantle lends to the surrounding hills. The summer, however, lke the spring, is, in the Engadine, a transition period of very brief duration. Soon the snowfall becomes more heavy, and the "snowing-in" begins. In two or three days several feet may fall, and one morning finds the ground thickly covered with a garment which will remain for about five months. The time at which this, which marks the beginning of winter, takes place, varies considerably in different years, but it is pietty safe to average its duration from November 14th to May 1st.

The "snowing-in" period is often supposed to be an extremely objectionable and almost intolerable time. Like so many other things, it is not so bad as it is painted. No doubt the thawing of fresh-fallen snow is not pleasant, and the large quantity which often falls tends to make it still more disagreeable; but in a high-lying place, like St. Mor.tz. for instance, the water qu ckly runs off, and owing to t'm extreme dryness of the air large quant es of mois ture speedily evaporate. This transition period does not last long. A few days of unsettled weather lead, as a rule, to the heavy downfall, and then a spell of calm, cloudless days will usually follow. Wheel vehicles are replaced by sledges, snow gaiters are put on, and visitors, as well as natives, give themselves up to the pleasures of tobogganning. The tobaggan is a small sledge, about forty-two inches long, by fourteen inches wide, on iron runners. The rider drags it to the top of a steep snow slope, on which the snow has been beaten down so as to become hard, sits astride it with feet slightly projecting in front, and allows himself to slide. Soon he is rushing through the air at a tremendous pace; all his attention is bent on turning the corners neatly and with the least possible inter-ference with the motion of the machine. Faster and faster he goes down the steep incline, with a cry "Achtung!" to warn any one off the course; at the same time he keeps a sharp lookout for dangers ahead, until he reaches the long piece on the level which ends his journey. Strange to say, there are very few acc dents, although the speed is cons derable, often amounting to more than twenty-five miles an hour. The mode of guiding a toboggan is either by pressing lightly with the heels on the side toward which one wishes to go, or by using one of two sticks held in the hands. By pressing both feet the brake is appl ed and the machine read ly stopped, except when the upper surface of the track glazed with ice; in this case a hait is made by running off the course into the soft snow on either hand. As a winter amusement skating, of

course, holds a high place. At the beginning of winter the rinks, of which at St. Moritz there are three and each at Samaden, Pontreone sino and Maloja. are covered with people, old and young. men, women, and children, the majority of whom appear never to have been on skates before. The difficulties of balancing on two props, which long ex-perience has enabled us to manage without even conscious effort on ord nary ground, are very much increase i when the surfaces in contact are reduced to two narrow edges of steel; and the beginner on these rinks has the misfortune of having all his tumbles on the hard, unyield ng surface of a sold mass of ice. But these difficulties are speedily overcome, and much good skating can be seen on the rinks. So highly is the amusement appreciated that many persons come from England for a short hol day of a month or six weeks about Christmas in order to enjoy it. It sometimes happens that no snow falls while the five lakes in the Engadine are freezing over, and, in conse quence, skating on them is possible. Such has been the case for several weeks this year. Many of the winter visitors, hale and invalid alike, spend the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, on the rinks, and this for the greater part of the four months during which the water continues frozen. Lunch is partaken of on benches on the ice, and although surrounded by snow, people are warmed, and even scorched, by the fierce heat of the sun, which is not only poured down d rectly on them, but also reflected from the surface of the snow and ice around. It is thus that so many invalids are here enabled to regan their strength. The power of the sun's action is shown by the bronzed appearance of those who leave the Engadine in the spring, whose countenances excite much attention and surprise from the pale-faced inhab tants of the plains. Very often persons skating find it necessary to hold up umbrellas and parasols to shelter them from the heat of the sun-a curious and unwonted sight. Fortnightly Review

-At a recent meeting of the Boston Society for Med cal Observation, Dr-Folsom c.ted the vital statistics of Massachusetts for forty years, as showing a decrease in number of deaths from consumption in that State. Only about one-sixth of the total death rate is now caused by the disease. The doctor thought physic ans were too much inclined to give unfavorable prognostics in such cases, and he advised keeping patients quietly in one place, rather than shifting them about in search of a more favorable climate.

Boston Journal. The Baroness de Struve, wife of the Russian Minister, was addressed in French at a recent White House recep-As she replied in English, the society belle with whom she had been conversing asked: "Why do you not speak French, Madam? I am sure you can." The reply of the Baroness was a courteous rebuke to the reflection on her English: "Yes, I speak French, but not in the house of the American Pres'dent. Though I speak English poorly, I speak it here, of course, as well as I can." - Washington Post.

-A champion eater signalized his arrival at Holl ster, Cal., by eating twenty-seven raw eggs at one sitting. After his repast he offered to wager that he could eat three of the larges cans of oysters in town and seven dozen eggs. Those who were present thought he could, and his offer was refused.

San Francisco Chroniele.

RUSSIAN PRISONS. The Horrors of the Pate Reserved

Political Prisoners When an accused Nihilist is sentenced to Siberia, his friends "congratulate each other and say that their beloved prisoner was born under a lucky star." And well they may, hard as is the fate of exiles to "the land of cold and misery, of brutal task-masters, and cruel punishments," when they think of the Central Prison-where in 1878 the political prisoners enforced a demand to be treated as well as murderers by refusing to eat anything whatever until their claim was given attention, a resolution they maintained for eight days and nights-or, worse still, of the famous fortress of Peter and Paul. From "Peter and Paul" three letters written in the prisoners' blood have reached the outside world, and Stepniak has held them in his band. After reading, one does not wonder that exile and death are eagerly sought in preference to this imprisonment. The extracts we make tell but little of the story. There are details of outrage, and of enforced life in cells reeking with corruption, almost too horrible to repeat. Here is a picture of the condemned cells, "real underground vaults, dark at noonday, and infested with loathsome vermin "The small windows are on a level with the river, which overflows them when the Neva rises. The thick iron bars of the grating, covered with dirk, shut out most of the little light that else might filter through these holes. If the rays of the sun never enter the cells of the upper floor, it may easily be imagined what darkness reigns below. The walls are moldering, and dirty water continually drops from them. But most terribie are the rats. In the brick floors large holes have been left open for the rats to pass through. I express myself thus intentionally. Nothing would be easier than to block up these holes, and yet the reiterated demands of the prisoners have always been passed by unnoticed, so that the rats enter by scores, try to climb upon the beds and to bite the prisoners. It is in

these hideous dungeons that the con-

demned to death spend their last hours.

Kv atkovsky, Presniakoff and Soukanoff passed their last nights here. At the

present moment, among others, there is a woman with a little child at her

should be devoured by the rats." And here, finally, is a glimpse of the treatment of the sick, among whom "are horrors that defy description, that only the pen of a Dante could adequately portray. 'Oh, if you could see our sick!' exclaims the writer of the bloodwritten letter. 'A year ago they were young, healthy and robust. Now they are bowed and decrepit old men, hardly able to walk. Several of them can not rise from their beds. Covered with vermin and eaten up with scurvy, they emit an odor like that of a corpse.' But is there no doctor?' it may be asked; and 'What is he doing all this time?' Yes, there is a doctor; there are even two doctors. One, however, is past fourscore, and past work. He comes to the fortress only occasionally. The other is young, and probably kind enough in intention, but not very resolute in character, and standing in great awe of the officers of the jail. he visits his patients he is invariably accompanied by a brace of gensdarmes. lest he should surreptitiously convey letters to prisoners. He enters a cell with a troubled countenance, as if he were afraid of something; never goes further than the threshold, much less approaches the sick man's bed, or makes any examination of him, feels his pulse, or looks at his tongue. After asking a few questions he delivers his verdict, which is almost always couched in the same words: 'For your illness there is no cure.' 'No mercy is shown even to the mad,' says another of the letters, and you may imagine how many such there are in our Golgotha. They are not sent to any asylum, but shut up in their cells and kept in order with whip and scourge. Often you hear down below you or at some little distance the sound of heartrending shricks, cries and groans. It is some wretched lunatic who is being flogged into obedience." -Stepniak.

## THE WORM WILL TURN. A Granger Who Didn't Care to Act As If

He Owned the Earth.

The other day five or six young men, who couldn't be hired for money to saw a stick of wood in two, were putting in the hardest kind of work on Washington avenue with a bat and ball. While they were at it a farmer drove up with his wife and looked for a safe place to hitch while doing some trading. The wagon had scarcely come to a standstill when the flying ball hit one of the horses, and something very near a runaway was the result. As the animals were being calmed down the ball came again and hit the wife on the head, knocking her backwards on the straw and renewing the excitement. A pedestrian held the horses while the farmer tried to soothe his wife, but before she could be helped out the whole gang of boys came rushing after the flying ball, and the team ran into a stable and wrecked the wagon twenty dollars worth.

"I'll tell you what, old man!" exclaimed one of the crowd which quickly assembled, "I'd make somebody pay for this!"

"Shoo! now, but would you?" "And I'd lick those boys if it cost me

my farm!" put in a second.
"What! Three thousand dollars' wuth o' farm fur licking four or five boys!" said the old man in astonishment.

"But aren't you going to do anything?"

"Why, yes. I'll take Sally over to the drug store and rub some specrits o' camphor on her head, and then I'll come back and tell those boys that if they don't be more keerful they'll git themselves into trouble. I don't want to be puttin' on airs and bossin' folks around as if I owned the bull earth, but they must be more keerful-really they must."-Petroit Free Press.

-A town in Buffalo County, D. T., has been named in honor of the first lady resident, Slade. Mrs. Slade was nearly killed in a avelone there in 1883.



en of Mississippi. He was a brigadier general in the Confederate army; is at presenta planter at Holly Springs, Miss., and fluancially interested in some large enterprises of that state.

The Political Writer.

[Boston Transcript.]
"Yes," said the editor to the new political writer, "your article in some regards is very well written, but there are fatal objections to printing it as it stands. Unless you can fix it over a little we shall be obliged to reject it. Yes, the premises are all correct and your argument is perfect, but then you have neglected to say anything about the political cauldron beginning to holl, or the marshalling of the clans, or the tramp of the cohorts, or the grand uprising of the people in support of our man, or the rollst-cal death of the other fellow. These little matters seem to you, perhaps, of no conse quence, but they are essential, sir, indispea-sibly essential to a political article, sir, and without them a political article ian's worth the paper it is written upon."

From One Point of View. [New London Telegram.]

On the train the other day was a negre singing troups, and the prominent "colored gemman" of the band seated himself in the smoking car. When the conductor came along he handed him some tickets, saying: "Dese tickets are for the three ladies in de odder car—two colored ladies and one uncolored.

Hens that are Getting too High-Toned. [Burlington Hawkeye.]

breast. This is Jakimova. Night and day she watches over her babe lest he An exchange says that a Colorado hen re cently laid an egg surrounded by a band. Things have come to a pretty pass if the hens aren't going to lay any more eggs unless music is furnished for the occasion.



GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER Gen. Alger's record is that of a successful self-made man left an orphan at the age of eleven. He worked and studi d until he was admitted to the bar at the age of 23. His health gave way from excessive work and study so that he was compelled to abandon law and engage in the lumber business. He entered the army and rose to the rank of major-general. Since 1865 he has become a giant among the lumber dealers of this

country. How the Fire was Preventeds [Texas Siftings.]

Little Ike Schaumburg prevented his father's store from being burned down the other day. He said to the school teacher: "I am not coming to school to-morrow." "Why not, Isaac?"

"Because we are going to have a fire in our house to-morrow. I heard pa tell ma se

last night."

When Ike went home he told his father about the conversation with the teacher, and although most of the goods had been moved out of the store and the stock was insured for twice its value, the conflagration has not yet taken place. Little Ike, however, has not found it any too cold.

Taking Care of the Sick,

[New York Sun.] "Oh, dear," sighed a farmer's wife, wearily, as she dropped into a chair after a hard day's work, 'I feel just as if I were going to be sick. My head throts, my back aches dreadfully, and-

"By gosh," interrupted the farmer, start-ing up and seizing his hat, "that reminds me. I forgot to give the two-year-old coll his condition powders to-night, an' he's been a wheezin' all day," and he hurried to



BENJ. SL. BREWSTER. The father of Mr. Erewster ranked high at the Philadelphia bar. Young Brewster graduated at Princeton when 18, was admitted to the bar when 22, and has won for himself enviable distinction at the head of the legal profession. A sad accident has marred his personal appearance, but at the age of 68 years he still retains the gallantry and preciseness of dress which has been a marked characteristic of him. His wife is a beautiful and high'y a complished lady.