THE THREE INFINITIES.

and remote blank darkness of the skies, are Silence feldeth the immertal chime eling stars in awful companies, ite whilepers on the lips of ancient Time

ollow waste of the unfathom'd drep ere no sound is, and light is but a gleam in dim twilight shades, where never

dying rays from daytide's golden dream.

dark, obscure, mysterious human heart, There flerce tides shb and flow for everthoughts and dreams and hopes forever

ruln or haven on some unknown shorewast abyom, more deep than starry night, a awful than the midsen's soundless

-William Sharp in Harper's.

A MAN'S HONOR.

es, he had seen distinctly! There, unthe trees where they had believed themunseen, a moon ray had suddenly and as clearly as by day she had red—she, Mme, de Langeolies, in the of that man whom he hated, then slinging together in an ardent kiss, In lasted but a second, then clouds had d across the moon and once more the was plunged in dense obscurity.

was a man of thirty years, of erly figure, solidly built and carelessease in his costume of a forest guard oat of well worn velveteen, trousers of same, tucked into top boots, and a as round cap on the back of the Brave and bust, too, as he was ne, more than one girl of the little ge had openly declared that he would an enviable husband. But Pascal ert had paid no heed to village surmise saip; son of the nurse of the young ite de Laugeolles, he had been brought with him, was his foster brother in and dearly beloved by all at the chawhere the widowed Comtesse de olles had remained to bring up her

al Hubert and Edmond de Lautherefore had grown up together. al, delicate, puny and always a little had in Pascal a firm and vigorous It was he who taught him to arte step—he who protected him and mes of danger came to his assistance. and had gone to Paris to finish his they saw him at the Chateau Langroiles. His mother, however, came often. It was hes, and it was very rarely now that the corner of the earth that she loved best, tid, reticent soul, she had loved only bushand, and remained faithful to that with him she had passed the mappy moments of her life. Here the honeymoon had been spent; here she had become a mother; and here, later on, when M de Laugeolles, as the result of an accident, had died, she had isolated comments of her life.

herself in this forgotten retreat, far from every one, to be alone with her sorrow. Her affection now was concentrated upon her child and upon him who had grown up with him. To her Pascal and Edmond mere really as two brothers. Hereft of fother and mother before he was ten years age, Pascal had fived at Laugeolles, loves by every one, incapable of a bad action, knowing not what a lie was and,

above all, devoted to his foster brother, Edmond de Langeolles. Knowing not what a lie was, did I say! Yes; but nevertheless, when the little gentleman had committed a fault without actually announcing himself the culprit Pascal so managed it that it was always self upon whom the blame was laid. Hopest, upright, tender and affectionate,

his Young master. his twenty-fifth year they count had married-a woman very rich. of poble blood and also very young. Then newly married pair arrived at Lac-Dowager Comtesse de Laualles preceding them a week to prepare d put in order the nest for the two chil-

ould have given his life any time for

al meanwhile had become the head ekeeper of his benefactress. He, too, married-the daughter of a peasant who lived on the edge of the great olles forest. All the connettes in the were as nothing to Pascal Hubert; red Cenette, with her frank, engaging smile, and Cenette loved him—had always loved him, it seemed—for when he asked her hand in marriage she was ready to say

at once. Tam yours, take me.

They were a happy couple, and Mme, de colles, at sight of their joy, was as imppy as they. Pascal's felicity completed for her the happiness of Edmond, for she ed and looked upon them still as two brothers, these children brought up side by

side. strengthless being that he had been as a His young wife was one of those proud patrician women, haughty and dis-dainful, who pass through life like queens com to find interest in nothing mun-

ming to Laugeofles for the honeymoon things were very goy both at the chateau and in the neighbors, M, de Livrey among ing and toasting them, M, de Livrey among athers—M. Gaston de Livrey, more than half ruined in fortune, they said, and who half ruined in fortune they have a dark, olive skinned fellow, with flery eyes, musthes curled at the ends, approaching his tieth year, and with a bold, insolent air, but little love was felt for him by his coun try neighbors. They believed him a man ly to do anything-save good. Neveres he was often at Langeolies, jolly and always agreeable, shooting with nd or amusing the young wife. Before he passed pretty much all the time with his new friends.

The dowager countess, already far aded in years, was failing rapidly. They ike as winter approached of taking her milder climate, perhaps to the shores of the Mediterranean. She refused to go She knew that she was dying, and she desired to pass away in the palace where she and known her happiness. One morning, after a night of suffering,

called Pascal to her bedside. "Do not weep, my lad," said she; "I do not complain, only—I leave behind me a who needs my care. You, Pascal. continued in a lower tone, "are an honest and true man; listen to what I say. I have sent for you to open my heart to you. I am afraid—afraid for Edmond. I tremble for his happiness—it does not seem to me that the wife he has chosen has the te for him that I could have wished. cal. I beseech you, watch over him and If the peace of their lives is threatened, stand between them and that which

Pascal would have spoken, but sols ced the words in his throat. Mme. de-Langeolies smiled sadly,
"Go now, my boy," said she, "I know

You will be to Edmond as you have always been-an elder brother, generous, derotest and unselfish.

But her voice failed her. That night she

Only a few months had gone, when that which she feared had come to pass. Ed-mond's wife—the proud Helene de Lauolles-was ensuared in the wiles of Gas-

on de Livrey. Pascal had seen it coming day by day. But what could be do? Once he had ught to show De Livrey to Edmond in his true colors, to paint him as a man at on despicable and formidable, unworthy be received in his house. But Edmond ad grown angry and refused his counsels. then, troubled and hurt, he had held his that! Kill me if you will, but do not dis searce, but faithful to the will of Mme. de Lonor met I am guilty: I have behaved une.

Laugeoiles, ne watched to see De Livrey hour by hour gain ground with Helens She no longer spoke of returning to Paris, preferring, she said, while in mourning, the retirement of Laugeolles. As for Edmond, he passed his days as

usual, hunting, steeping himself in the life giving breath of the woods. And every day, too, Pascal knew it well, the at drew nearer and nearer-Helene would yield, forget her duty as a wife and give up the struggle. The glance, the word spoken in a certain fashion, the lin-gering hand clasp at parting—Pascal saw it all, saw that De Livrey was slowly but surely winning the young wife from her husband's side And now, tonight, she had promised her-

self to him. This very evening, with his own eyes, he had seen them in each other's arms. It was the first weakness, the first generous, devoted and unselfish." tep. It was time to act. Softly, with the step of a cat, Pascal

glided toward the two lovers, who, with arms still interlaced, were talking in a voice. M. de Livrey was urging. Helene listening, if not yielding.
"But why tomorrow, Helene!" cried De

Livrey; "why always tomorrow? Why thrust from you till then the happiness She shivered visibly, hesitated and was

"So be it; have it as you will, then!" she cried out suddenly. "I know what it will est me, but it shall be as you say. Tonight at 12 o'clock, at the window of my room; the chateau will be quiet, no one awake-

It was 9 o'clock, a night in autumn, a harp breeze rising. Helene returned to the salon where Edmond sat reading. She the salon was was pale and still shivering. "Storm was in the air," she declared; "she was weary. too, and thought of going to bed at once.

M. de Livrey arrived in his turn. 'Yes, the weather had certainly changed: t was going to rain, and rain in torrents. He must hurry to regain his hermitage." Helene, as she had said, went at once to her chamber. There at her window the minutes seemed to her to crawl by like years. A weight of anguish oppressed her heart. Again and again she listened with strained ear. Not a sound broke the stilliess. Soon, her eyes accustomed to the darkness, she was able to distinguish dim-

was wrapped in sleep.

The hour of the rendezvous approached. At last it sounded-twelve solemn strokes Then, suddenly, sharply, through the sllence, a shot rang out. Helene, her hand on her heart, listened and waited, her face glued to the glass, gazing out.

Below, at the edge of the wood, the little cottage nestled in the midst of the trees | egg and dart member is covered with clab Pascal Hubert strode toward it rapidly, b.s. hand still elutching firmly the stock of his Second and Third centuries, this excessive the window. What did it mean? He had till every single member in the cornice was told Cenette that he was on the trail of J often covered with carichments, leaving concher and going to watch in the wood, no plain surfaces to relieve the eye or to perhaps, all night long. Why, then, was give bands of bright light. A remarkable Cenette not asleep? Poor little one: She example of this is the very beautifully exwas afraid, doubtless, for the man she ecuted cornice, taken from some muct loved-ponchers were often wicked, and earlier building, which was used by Maxavenged themselves on the keeper who, entires to decorate the door of the temple to trailed them.

All at once the sound of voices reached Rome, Pascal's ear. Cenette was not alone, then Pascal listened.

"But, Cenette, Cenette, why resist me

Pascal only. If I opened the door to you this evening, it was because I believed that it was he returning while you profited About a year and a half ago he was necessities of his work to take me by sur-three other men, blasting rock. The de-prise. Go. go. I beg of you, before Pascal teased, after the shots were ready, told "Reflect, Cenette; will you still refuse,

when I say to you that otherwise I will dismiss him from my service?" "And do you think, M. le Comte, that Pascal will not ask you why you send him

AWAY Your resistance is senseless. Thave loved far burned. The other men begged him

the door flew open and Pascal plunged in.

"My precious little one?" murmured he fondly; then turning to Edmond, for Edmond it was, crouching now in a corner of the room, white, trembling, a picture of abject terror: Scoundrel!" said he; "what have I done

to you that you should seek to take from me all that I hold dearest in the world? Because I am poor, do you think that I have not a heart like you? And because this poor girl here has neither fine dresses, wealth nor jewels, do you believe that you could buy her with your miserable gold? M. de Laugeolles, your own mother would scorn you tonight did she know the deed that you have sought to do in this house Edmond had thought for a moment that his strong hand; but seeing the danger past, he began to regain a little courage "And to think," resumed the game keeper, that while you came to steal my

sought to make of my wife an unwilling victim, and yours-gives herself. not believe it, yet it is truth I tell you-Mme, de Langeolies has a lover.

Edmond lesped as under the lash of a whip.

"You lie!" he cried. "I lie, do 1" Pascal returned between Printemps. clinched teeth; "come, then -see for your-

And seizing Edmond's arm be dragged him outside into the wood and through the paths running among the trees and

All at once M. de Laugeoiles—the clouds having passed under the freshening wind --saw in the clear moonlight a black mass stretched on the ground.

it was a body, \
"A dead man—here?" cried he.

"Yes," said Pascal: "M. de Livrey, who had a rendezvous at 12 tonight with de Laugeolies. But I watched and waited for him; I had sworn to your mother to guard your happiness, and this"-touch-ing the gun in his hand- 'is why M. de Livrey did not keep his appointment with madame, your wife.

Pascal's voice was hurried, panting, terrible. And just then, through the still an examination in the English language, night, came the sound of shouts, halls and | English literature, English constitution the chateau people; they were roused and scarching the word in all directions. In five minutes, perhaps, they would be at the spot where the two men stood.

Pascal stooped suddenly, rummaged the quaintance" with universal history. dead man's pockets, and drew out some papers. Edmond stood as one bewildered. The papers were letters-Mme, de Laugeolies' letters, as Pascal had believed and ples of the Law of Newspaper Libel."

"See!" said he, thrusting them into Edmond's hands; "these will convince you if you still doubt!"

plainly distinguishable,
"Come, M. de Laugeolles," Pascal resumes "rouse yourself and be a man! sumed "rouse yourself and be a man!
They are coming; you will have to explain,
and you will say to your servants: 'My
wife is false to me. I have killed her

Edmon@phrew up his hands with a gesture of terror.

"For God's sake no, Pascal; no, not

like a scoundrel, I know it; but do not, I bessech you, condemn me to this shame!" SOCIALISM IN SICILY.
"Had you pity for me awhile ago, sir?" Pascal coldly responded. "Had my wife been, like yours, a guilty spouse, would you not have dragged my honor in the mud? And is my honor less valuable than yours, M. le Comte?'

"I was a coward-a coward, Pascal; you ought to have killed me! But pardon, par-don, pardon and spare me—in the rame of my mother?" Edmond added appealingly. In the name of his mother, pardon this unworthy son? Pascal was moved in spite of himself. Again the voice of Mme, de Laugeolles, his benefactress, implored him from her deathbed. "Watch over Edmond, Pascal," she had said. "Stand always between him and sorrow; be to him always as you have ever been-an elder brother,

A wave of the old love swept resistlessly over him, a flood of pity for this man be-fore him, who had striven to take from him all that was dearest to him in the world-he, a giant in strength and morals. who could have crushed with one hand this puny weakling cowering before him,

"Go" he said, suddenly; "go quickly!"
And while Edmond fled like a nare
through the tangled undergrowth Pascal began to call out with his strong, robust lungs: "Hallo! Hallo-o-o! This way;

He was surrounded in a moment. Pas

cal pointed to De Livrey's body, lying where it had fallen. "We were watching for poachers," said ""M, de Livrey and I. We surprised he; "M, de Livrey and I. We surprised one. M, de Livrey tried to seize him; the peacher fired-M. de Livrey fell."-Trans lated for Argonaut from the French

The Roman's Want of Taste.

It was more in the architectural details that the Roman want of taste showed itself, and though they were at first content to copy the Greek moldings and enrichments almost with absolute fidelity, yet the Roman craving for richness of effect soon led them to cover all the various members of the entablature with elaborate surface ornament, a very great artistic mistake, as the plain, flat moldings and fillets, catching the light strongly, served a very important purpose in setting off by contrast the lines of dark hollows and ly through the night the alleys, trees and delicate surface enrichments which the thickets of the park. All the chateau now Greeks applied to a few of the members

The slight commencement of this decadence in taste can be seen even in the very splendid and well designed cornice of the Temple of Concord; it has progressed further in the cornice of the Temple of Vespasian, in which one of the corona is cut into short upright flutings, and the lower orate surface ornament. Later on, in the He reached it; a light shone from use of ornament was carried further still, his son Romulus,-"Remains of Ancient

A Hero of the Future.

History records the unselfish deeds longer? Since Pascal is to pass the night and the bravery of our soldiers in time outside, what are you afraid of? Your of danger, and future history will record happiness, I tell you, depends solely upon the bravery of our workmen who earn their daily bread amid great danger and "And I tell you, M. Edmond," Cenette imminent peril. An inquest was held answered firmly, "what I have told you last week by Mr. Brigliouse, county coragain and again, that I love Pascal, and oner at Parr, near St. Helens, on a man oner at Parr, near St. Helens, on a man named Richard Gill, aged fifty years. by his absence and your knowledge of the working in the shaft of a coal mine with the other men to get into the hopper.

He then lighted the fuse connected with the shots and then got into the hopper. He fancied he had given the dered the houses of the wealthier classes, wrong signal and jumped out of the killing any one who offered resistance. hopper to cut off the fuse. He managed to cut off one, but the others were too usband "Hush, be silent: I love you, I love you, to die than for all." Just then the hop-I say, and you shall be mine"—
With a vigorous thrust of the shoulder per began to ascend and the other men were drawn to the top, and soon after Cenette with clasped hands flung herself Gill pulled the signal wire and they before him. Pascal drew her tenderly to went down to him and found him bad ly injured about the head. He had a compound fracture of the skull, and remained five months in the hospital, but never got over his injury.-London

Lancet.

Spaniards as Shoplifters. Spaniards are now said to be most predominant among the criminals arrested for stealing in large shops or pocket picking on race courses or at great public gatherings. Several Iberians have been caught purse snatching at the Gingerbread fair, and there have just appeared before the police court two men and two women from over the Pyrenees who practiced shoplifting on a large scale. The Spaniards, who had been suspected of pocket picking in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, were dogged by a detective, who saw them enter the happiness, I was protecting yours. You Grands Magasins du Louvre. They drove to the place in a hired victoria You do the jehu of which was one of the men. After having remained for awhile in the shop they saw that they were being watched, so they left the place, entered their vehicle and were conveyed to the

Thither the detective followed them. and although he had no ocular proof that the Spaniards stole anything he arrested the lot, the driver of the victoria being seized by a policeman who had received instructions to observe his move ments. Under the cushions of the vehicle were found three large pieces of silk which had been stolen from the Louvre shops and were valued at a little over forty pounds.-London Telegraph

English Reporters Must Be Educated. There are to be no ignoramuses in the English journalism of the future. A special committee of the institute of the profession has prepared a report in which it is recommended that candidates for admission to membership must pass cal geography. They must also have a "sufficient knowledge" of Latin, either French and German, and "some ac-

But perpaps the most important recommendation of all is that every candidate shall be examined in "The Princi-This is certainly a poser, and any journalist who succeeds in sowing that he has mastered the law of libel will be The steps of the searchers now were well worthy of all the honors which his colleagues can bestow.-Pall Mall Bud-

> Benewing Old Acquaintance "By the way, you remember Miss Kreiligher, whom so many of the boys went wild over, don't you!"

"Yes, and I used to think she was a girl that deserved a good husband. "Well, I married her." "You? You astonish me."-Chicago Trib-

63 63

Causes of the Uprising In the Land of Lemons.

REFORM THROUGH REVOLUTION. a religion. Socialism is now theirs.

By far the most powerful impetus to this

Peasantry Readily Espoused the Principles of Communism-Now They Are Thor-

The antitax war in Sicily grows apace. A revolutionary movement which threatens the overthrow of the constitutional government of Italy is spreading like wildfire all over the island. For at least three months past there has been intense activity among the ultra radical agitators, who have traveled through the country calling on the people to throw off the yoke of servility and urging them to revolt. It is scarcely necessary to say that such advice has fallen on fer



tile ground. Sicily at best has never been con sidered an Areadia of law and order. On the other hand, robbery and murder arealmost looked upon as legitimate means of subsist-ence. The island has always been thought of as the very paradise of the brigand, and the people connive with and every way en-courage this class of citizens.

The inhabitants of Sicily will receive the sympathy of the world in their endeavor to better their wretched condition, says the Chicago Herald. The poorer classes have for ages been the legitimate prey for the richer. They have been burdened with the most exorbitant taxation, while the richer have escaped without any. Corruption is rife wherever there is an officeholder, petty or important; justice is a mere mockery, simply depending on who can give the largest bribe. These manifold grievances, agrarian, municipal and others, have long been the curse of the island, and it is no wonder that its people now endeavor to in-troduce reform through revolution.

One of the most active agitators is Deputy Guiseppe de Felice, the socialist leader, and the government was finally compelled to arrest him. His imprisonment was the ignal for a fierce riot, and the mob stormed the prison, only to flud that their leader had been taken elsewhere. Thousands of workmen and others paraded the streets of Palermo carrying banners with revolutionary inscriptions and shouting: "Down with taxes! Hurrah for liberty and revolution? Mazzara, a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, was the scene of the first bloody conflict, The troops that were called out to disperse the rioters were put to flight, and many of the soldiers joined the mob. All the public buildings were burned, and the sold were prevented from reaching their bar-A regular battle was fought during he night, in which 183 people were killed, In Pretraperzia the mob sacked and plun-

ests in Sicily. Any prominent particular many other countries, where, though not branch of industry does not exist in the isperhaps in so marked a degree, the masses

The land is owned by a few noblemen who live in Rome or Palermo and who lease their estates to capitalists known as "galellotti," or tax extorters. These in their turn divide the estates and sublet them to "subgabellotti," who again lease the subdivided land piecemeal to the peasants, or, retain only one-quarter of their crops, no matter how poor the yield may be. In addition to this they are compelled to pay at enormous tax and provide themselves with ed and the necessities of life. Reduced to the most abject poverty, the estate owner 'padrone' sometimes lends them money at 50 per cent a year.

The day laborer's lot is even worse, if

such a thing is possible. The lowest Chi-



DEATH this is that agriculture, which is the chief support of Sicily, has become totally ruined. The petty farmers and peasantry are held in complete slavery by the capitalists and land owners. The special government com-missioner for the public welfare, Director General Sensalez, has openly declared that the condition of the Sicilian agriculturists and pensants is scandalous and worse than that of any other country in the world.

It was while the misery was at its height The report of the gun had startled and political history, political and physical a few years ago that the brilliant lawyer, since deputy and now imprisoned, Pelice, began to sow the seed of socialism among the discontented population. He is gifted with a flery eloquence and indomitable courage and is a true champion for the oppressed classes. Though the authorities time and again tried to convict him for spreading revolutionary propaganda, be atways managed to free himself on account of his thorough knowledge of the law. He found Sicily the most fertile field for his teachings and traveled increantly from place to place, spealing to the people and urging them to show their manhood in re-sisting the infamous taxation to which they were subjected. He often went disguised as a priest for fear of being arrested. He is looked upon as a Garibaidi, though

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of a different stamp.
It is through his efforts that the various labor unions number today over 300,000 men. The movement is socialistic, though men. The movement is socialistic to a comprehensive respective ages of a young couple who knowledge of theoretical socialism. The eloped and got married at Edgefield, ignorance in Sicily is something appalling. S. C., one day last week.

Of a population of \$100,000, fully four-fifths

000

are unable to read or with For these to

norant masses socialism is a veritable gos pel, which they blindly believe and em orace with all the southern asor and im peto-sity. The dream of an ideal commu-nity where there would be neither rich nor poor, and above all no "tax leeches," and where they might for once get a square meal, is what has caused them to rebel. They abundoned the church when the church abundoned them. They must have

Oppressed by Extortionate Taxation, the are almost ferocious in their enthusiasm and embrace their new religion with a fer vor that knows no bounds. They are the ost eloquent and fearless speakers, preachoughly Organized and Prepared to Fight. ing war against the "tax tyrants" and the rich. They know no fear and throw themselves between their men and the bayonets of the soldlers during the numerous riots. When a socialist leader comes to a country place, the women strew flowers before him and strive for the privilege of kissing his hand.

Originally concentrating their power on the municipal elections, which they virtually control in Catania, Alcamo, Aragona and elsewhere, these workmen and peasant organizations have gradually developed into openly revolutionary societies, with "Equality" and "Fight against capital and present government" inscribed on their ban-

The all powerful central committee in Palermo, which is in close connection with the headquarters of the Italian labor party in Milano, consists of nine members, three for Palermo and one for each of the six other provinces. The chief leader is Gari-baldi Bosco, only 27 years old, but a splendid organizer and orator. He is the right hand of Felize, and, like the latter, indefatigable in his efforts to bring about a complete revolution in the present system of taxation and for the elevation of the

ommon classes.
In case this central committee should be arrested it has a secret reserve committee to call upon in such emergency. All mem-bers of the various societies have a common sign and password, and their organization is so complete that to mobilize their forces takes less time than is necessary for the regular soldiers. They have a secret police which keeps the committees posted on the doings of the authorities. Communism is one of their fundamental principles. If a member suffers any loss, the rest make it good immediately. The organization has opened evening schools and gives its mem-



SICILIAN AGITATOR DISGUISED AS A PRIEST bers free medical attendance and 50 per cent reduction on drugs. Entertainments are given to bring people together, "and thus the workman becomes a socialist without noticing it," as Bosco expressed it to a newspaper man. Every trade has its unions, and the different peasant sections form a common peasant union.

The influential and popular leader, Bosco, says that the uprising of the peop's against their oppressors will not cease ur til a decisive victory against all injustice It is simple enough to find the cause of all this trouble. During the last few years

For him and his followers there exist but total failure; absolute distrust of the poli- He vows bloody revenge unless the rich disticians; enormous taxes to support the gorge their illicit plunder obtained by cruel "armed peace," and first and last the sys-tem which governs the agricultural inter-ery for justice finds its sympathetic echo in of the people are burdened with unevenly distributed taxation; where the rich land owner reaps his fat revenue without proportionate contribution to the public funds. It will indeed be interesting to watch for the result of this emphatic demand for equal rights coming from such an unex-pected quarter as Sicily. A live spark near if you wish, farmers. These latter are most a powder magazine cannot be more danger-shamefully bled. They are permitted to ous than the situation in Sicily is to the stability of the Italian government,

Mr. Weslosky's Aristocratic Hen. At the farm of Mr. Maurice Weslosky of Albany, a Plymouth Rock hen had been set on sixteen eggs-thirteen of which were Plymouth Rock eggs and the other three eggs of a common breed of chickens. The motherly old hen nese cooly lives in luxury compared with hatched out the whole sixteen, but when the Sicilian day laborer. The result of all they were all able to run about according to her clucking she seemed to eye the three little aliens suspiciously. That Biddy disapproved the mixture of the breed was at once evinced by the scorpful manner assumed, and soon she showed it in an emphatic way by falling

viciously on the three strangers and

putting a sudden and violent end to

their young lives.-Cor. Atlanta Con-

A Newspaper in an Earthquake. Probably no issue of a newspaper was ever put in type under more trying circomstances than this issue. The type was badly pied, and as it was put in position it was necessary to wedge it ecurely to keep each shock from undoing the work of days. The compositors stood bravely at their posts, even in moments of the greatest danger, when the brick walls threatened to collapse and bury them in the ruins. We were compelled to move our office after Thursday's shock, and much more damage was done, but we, after all, were delayed but three or four hours with our edition. - Dixon (Cal.) Tribune.

Too Heavy to Go Down.

A correspondent sends the following tough story from Lancaster, which we don't believe: "Several days ago Walter C. Hardy noticed that a lot of tenpenny nails he had in a shed were disappear ing, and he yesterday discovered that about three pounds of the nails had been carried to an elevated place by one of his pigeous and used in building a nest." Philadelphia Ledger.

Twenty-one churches and chapels in England were struck by lightning last on his meals.-Exchange. summer. An authority declares that 70 per cent. of the lightning conductors now in use are in an unsatisfactory con-

The exact site of the famous Black Hole of (Scutta, long supposed to be lost, has lately been rediscovered in the course of excavating the foundations of buildings in Old Fort William.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE

THE STORY OF HOW IT WAS LAID RETOLD BY CYRUS W FIELD

Money, Time and Labor Sunk Into the Depths of Old Ocean Before Access Was Attained-How the Great Eastern at Last Did the Work.

The year 1857 saw, the cable on board of put to sea, but had hardly got more than ever, have caricatured the types of the 300 miles from the coast of Ireland when the cable broke and they had to return So ended the first expedition The next year we tried again, and

thought we could diminish the difficulty and the danger by beginning in the mid dle of the Atlantic, and there splicing the cable, when the two ships should sail east ward and westward till they should land the two ends on the opposite shores. This plan was carried out. They reached mid ocean, and splicing the cables together the ships bere away for Ireland and Newfound land, but had not gone a hundred miles be fore the cable broke. Several times we tried it, with the same result. Then a storm arose, in which one of the ships, the Agamemnon, came near foundering, and at last all were gind to get safely again into the shelter of an English port. I went to London to attend a meeting of

the board of directors. It was not a very cheerful meeting. On every face was a look of disappointment. Some thought that we had done everything that brave men could do, and that now it was time to To make another attempt was folly and madness. So strong was this feeling that when the nore resolute of us talked of renewing the

attempt, the vice president rose and left the room. It was then that we took courage from despair. We had failed already, we could not do worse than fail again! There was a sossibility of success; it was indeed a for

orn hope, but we would try it. Again the ships put to sea, but there was little enthusiasm, for there were few in either bemisphere who expected anything but a repetition of our former experience Such was the state of the public mind when, on the 5th of August, 1858, it was suddenly flashed over the country that the Niagara had reached Newfoundland, while the Agamemnon had reached Ireland, so that the expedition was a complete suc

The revulsion of feeling was all the greater from the previous despondency and for a few weeks everybody was wild with excitement.

Then the messages grew fewer and faint er, till at last they ceased altogether. The voices of the sea were dumb. Then came a reaction. Many felt that they had been deceived and that no messages had ever crossed the Atlantic. Oth ers, while admitting that there had been a few broken messages, yet concluded from the sudden failure that a deep sea cable must be subject to such interruptions that it could never be relied upon as a means of

communication between the continents.

years. Our country was plunged in a trependous civil war, and had no time to think of the enterprises of peace. But in these years ocean telegraphy had Eastern, which from its enormous bulk had proved too unwieldy for ordinary comnerce, was the only ship affeat that could carry a cable that was twice as heavy as the former; but the whole was coiled with

in her sides, and with the mighty burden of 20,000 tons she put to sea. Never had there been such a prospect of success. For twelve hundred miles she rode

ore all our hopes were back across the waters which had been the scene of so many failures.

This last disaster upset all our calcula

tions. Our cable was broken and our money was gone, and we must begin all Fresh capital had to be raised to the amount of £600,000. That single lurch of the ship cost us millions of dollars and the

delay of another year. But time brings around all things, and the next year, 1806, the Great Eastern. aden with a new burden, once more swung her mighty bulk out on the bosom of the Atlantic. For fourteen days she bore steadily to the west, while we kept up our communication with the Old World that we had left behind. It was the time of the

army toward Vienna. Toward the end of the voyage we watched for the land as Columbus watched for the pation of the joy of that hour.

All the ship's crew joined to lift the heavy shore end out of the Great Eastern into the boats, and then to drag it up the beach to the telegraph house, where every signal was answered from Ireland, not in broken utterances, as with the old cable. but clearly and distinctly, as a man talks with his friend; and we knew that the problem was solved, and that telegraphic communication was firmly established be tween the Old World and the New. But our work was not quite ended. There was the last year's cable with its broken end lying in the depths of the sea. As soon as the work of unloading the Great Eastern was done, she bore away to midocean to grapple for the lost cable. It was not diffi cult to find it, and again and again we grappled it. But it was not an easy matter to bring up such a weight from a depth

of more than two miles. Sometimes we caught sight of it us it was held by our grappling frons, but the strain was tremendous, and the nearer we drew it to us the more it writhed like a sea serpent, till it broke away and plunged into the sea.

This happened many times, but at last after repeated trials, it was caught and held so firmly that it could not escape. and being spliced with the cable on board it was paid out safely to the shore of New foundland. Then not one but two perfect cables were laid across the Atlantic. Since that time, now a quarter of a century, tel egraphic communication has not been in terrupted for a single day -Cyrus W Field in Youth's Companion.

The Bright Side of It. Fobbs (the miser)-I wish I were Snap-

Hobbs-Why, Snapples is suffering horribly from chronic indigestion.
Fobbs-But think of the money he saves

An Odious Comparison. Judge-Was there any particular mark by which you could identify the dog which Sam Johnsing-Yes, yer honor, he had a red spot on his nose jess like de one on yer

honor's nose, -Texas Siftings.

respective ages of a young couple who parlor, "you'll have to marry my daughter or stop kissing her?"

"I'll marry her, str," replied Jack calmly.

"It will be engire"—rock.

In Maryland during several hot nights in June, and it was so high we were obliged to use steps to climb into it.—Table Talk.

HAIRY MEN OF JAPAN.

Carious Bace of People That Appear to be Growing Extinct. At a meeting of the Anthropological in-teste Mi Satella Bird (Mrs. Bishop), e well known traveler, rend an interest or paper on the Ainos of Japan, that singular care of "nairy men" who are chiefly found in the bland of Yesso. Miss Bird pent some time in a village of Ainos pear cleano Bay, studying their manners and ustoms; and she illustrated her lecture with specimens of their dresses, utensils two ships furnished by the governmente and weapons, as well as with witern illusof England and the United States, which Irations, some drawn by h . If and others

> people to a certain extent.
>
> Miss Bird cannot decide whether or not the Ainos, were the original inhabitants of Japan. They themselves say that they con pered and exterminated an earlier race of cave dwellers. There is no doubt, however, that they were conquered by the Japanese. The men range from 5 feet 4 loches to 5 feet 6 inches in height, are strongly built and muscular, and in some instances, especially among the mountain Aines, are thickly covered all over, except the feet and bands and one or two parts of the body, with short black hair.

Even children show a thick brown fell The women are not hairy like the men, and have soft, brown skins, where it is not "scaled by dirt," for, according to Miss Bird, these a scale never wash, except for feasts and festivals, and then only hands or feet. The men have fine high forebends, but Miss Bird wonders what they contain, for she has never met a stn pider people. The average weight of their brains is about forty-five ounces.

They are hunters of the bear and other

wild animals, and are rude gardeners. They live on almost everything that is not poisonvegetable or animal, from slugs to beef, and their favorite dish is a "broth of abominable things to me," the phrase of Miss Bird, who was forced to eat of it from courtesy. The list of ingredients reminded some of her auditors of Shakespeare's description of the witches' caldron.

The Ainos live in wooden houses all of the same construction, and sleep on plat-forms made private by curtains. Until the age of nine, children of both sexes live naked, but after that they are completely clothed in a dress of bark cloth and Japan ese cotton. The women are remarkable for their modesty, and only change their clothes when alone and in the dark. They are also very laborious, working all day long, kind to their children, gentle and affectionate.

The men are also very obliging and gentle, with a singularly sweet smile, but very little head for matters outside their own business, and, in general, they have a sad and anathetic bearing. They are reigious, believing in many gods, to which they offer libations of "saki"-that is, rice wine. "Sak!" is like to prove their ruin. They are dying out in spite of the humane efforts of the Japanese Government to preserve them.-London Globe

Death by Falling Is Pleasant.

Most people regard death by a fall as one of the most agenizing forms of dying. This opinion is erroneous. The first fact to be considered is that the subjective feelings in the various kinds of fall are the same. For success we had to wait seven long There are people who have escaped death by a hairbreadth who reached the stage of unconsciousness and who are able to remade great progress. Other facilities we found that we had not before. The Great man who has occupied himself with this interesting question for many years bases his observations on personal experience. and on a large number of cases which have occurred not only in the mountains, but also in war, in industrial establishments

and in railway accidents.

The victim suffers no pain, no paralyzing terror. He is perfectly aware of what is success. For twelve hundred miles she rode the sea in triumph, till in a sudden lurch of the ship the cable snapped and once more all our house were on it. His thinking power is immensely In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

For one whole mouth we hung over the spot trying to raise the cable, but in vain and again we took our "melancholy way" fore the mind's eye, nothing petty or ungentle, soft tones sound in one's ears and die away at last when unconsciousness sets in. One hears the fall of the body, but does not feel it!-Drake's Magazine.

The Animal View of Man. That man is, generally speaking, from the animal's point of view, an object of fear, hostility or rapine is today most un-fortunately true. But whether this is their natural relation and not one induced, and capable perhaps of change, is by no means certain. Savage man, who has generally been first in contact with animals is usually a hunter and therefore an object of dislike to the other hunting animals and of dread to the hunted. But civilized man, with his supply of bread and be war between Prussia and Austria, and every day we received news of the progress of the campaign; we heard of the battle of Sadowa and the march of the Prussian leave the animals in a newly isovered when leave the animals in a newly discovered country unmolested and condescend, when

not better employed, to watch their atti-tude toward himself. first sign of a new world. At length, on July 27, we cast anchor in Trinity bay in the little harbor of "Heart's Content," that seemed to have been christened in anties an ideal place for such an experiment. an ideal place for such an experiment. But, unfortunately, uninhabited islands seldom contain more than a few species, and those generally birds or sea beasts, and in newly discovered game regions savage man has generally been before us with his arrows, spears and pitfalls,—Popular Science Monthly,

Gaslight was first exhibited as a curiosity at the Boylston museum in Boston, Nov. 28, 1815. The Boston Gaslight company held its first meeting July 14, 1836, and be gan to lay pipes in the streets Oct. 16, 1826. The first light was in Dock square Jan. 1, 1829, and there were but twenty in Boston streets in 1834. In 1839 this number had been increased to 180, and in 1880 it had 10,139 gas and 2,276 oil lamps. Electric lighting is now taking the place of gas in many localities in the city. Boston is now lighted by 1,447 electric lights, 8,907 gas, and 2,878 of other descriptions.-Bo Commercial Bulletin.

Ornamental Jade.

The Chinese have cut jade for ages, but never ornamented it except by sculpture. When it was introduced into India the na-tive jewelers, with their quick eye for color, at once saw what a perfect ground it afforded for mounting precious stones, and they were the first to increat them on jade. The India museum in London possesses the choicest specimens of this work known of the best Mogol period.—Philadiahia Leiter. delphia Ledger.

From a Remedy to a Deadly Poison. A mild decection of peach leaves, quickly infused, is a sovereign remedy among old country women for nausea and seasick-ness. If the leaves are brewed too long, a killing solution of prussic acid is evolved -New York Times.

Beecher and Spurgeon.

Brecher had said that Spurgeon awed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel awed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey, and that its value depended on its hump."—Good Words.

Seventeen and fifteen years were the parier, "you'll have to marry my daughter a large led in one of the old country houses.