

THE GERANIUM LEAF.

It is very strange, when we come to think about it, on what small cogs and pivots the wheels of fate turn, and what a slight jar will do toward changing the whole machinery and set it to turning in an entirely different direction.

It was a geranium leaf that altered the whole course of my life; but for the trivial leaf, picked by a young girl in thoughtless mood, I should not be sitting here to-day in this pleasant dining-room, where the sun comes in through the vine-wreathed windows and falls upon the geranium pots inside; and this little girl would not be upon my knee, nor yonder red-cheeked maiden on the veranda with young Smithers; and neither would that very handsome matron who has just passed into the parlor have been in her present condition. If you will listen an hour or so I will tell you my story.

It was just twenty years ago this summer that I fell in love with Carrie Dean. She was 21 and I 27—both old enough to know what we meant and what we were about; at least I was, but Carrie was such a little coquette that I used to think she had no mind of her own.

Oh, but she was lovely! all rose-colored and white, and brown-tressed, and pearly-teethed, with the roundest, plumpest figure, as graceful as a fairy in every movement, and with beautiful, shapely hands that were a constant delight to the eyes. I was just home from college, and she was on a visit to my step-mother, her aunt, and my half sister, Lilla, and her cousin. I had seen a good many girls in my seven years at college, and some of the belles of the land; but I had never yet had my heart stirred by any woman's eyes as Carrie Dean stirred it when her glance met mine in greeting; and the touch of her soft fingers completely set me afloat on the sea of love.

I was her slave from that hour—not her slave either, but her passionate lover and worshiper. And, of course, she knew it—and, of course, being a finished little flirt, she coaxed it over me right royally.

There was Fred Town, the country physician, and Tom Delano, the handsome young farmer, both as badly off as I was; and a pretty time we had of it. Fred and I, old chums in former days, were at swords' point now and hated each other splendidly for a few weeks. And Tom I held in the utmost contempt, and railed at them both whenever opportunity presented itself, for Carrie's edification after the manner of men, and was repaid by seeing her bestow her sweetest smiles and glances upon them the next time they met.

Fred drove a splendid span of bays, and almost every day they dashed up the avenue and dashed out again with Miss Carrie's added weight. And Tom was on hand nearly every evening, and she was just as sweet to one as the other, and just the same to me; and that was what maddened me. I was not to be satisfied with a "widow's third" by any means, and I told her so at last, and asked her how the matter was to be settled.

"I love you better than those brainless fools know how to love," I said boldly. "And now decide between us." She had listened to my love confession with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, but when I said this she turned defiantly on me.

"They are no more fools than you are," she said, "even if they have not spent seven years in college. They are gentlemen, and I can't say that for every man of my acquaintance."

And here she shut the door between us with a slam and left me to my pleasant reflections, and half an hour later I met her at the gate with Fred going out for a ride, which was very aggravating. I must confess, I thought over my conduct that night and concluded that I had been a brute.

The next morning I found Carrie at the dining-room window alone and sought her side. She had her hand among the leaves of a sweet-scented geranium, and just as I approached she plucked a leaf and twined it around her braids. I remember just how bright and green it looked among her dark locks.

"Carrie," I began, "I fear I was very rude yesterday."

"I know you were," she said, looking indifferently out of the window.

"This was a bad beginning, but I went on."

"But, Carrie, I love you so, and when I see you with that Fred—"

Here Miss Carrie turned on her heel. "I am not going to listen to you while you slander my friends," she said. "When you can speak respectfully of Mr. Town I will return," and she left me again.

I left the house then, and did not return till afternoon. As I came up the path I met Tom Delano. Poor fellow! He looked like the last rose of summer after a rain.

"Good-by, old fellow!" he said, gloomily. "I'm going away. She has sent me off and I can't stay in the place. I hope you are the happy one—I do, honestly, Al. She said her heart was given to another, and it's either you or Fred. I hope it is you, and God bless you!"

Here Tom dashed away, and left me staring after him in amazement.

I should see her for years, perhaps forever.

When I had strapped the buckle on my satchel, and all was in readiness, I went down to say good-bye to father, mother and Lilla. Lilla was not in doors, and my parents looked at me in amazement.

"But, Allan, my son," pleaded father, "I thought you would enter into business with me. There is a grand opening for you, and I have held the position in reserve."

"I thank you for all that, but I want to travel a year or two before going into business," was all I could answer, and my father gave up in despair.

Lilla was still absent, but it was quite dark, and the train would leave in half an hour, so I left a "good-bye" for her, and passed out into the hall. It was a long, narrow hall, reaching the whole length of the house, and with several rooms opening into it, but as yet it was unlighted, and was as dark as Egypt.

About half way through it, I heard the street door open and shut, and a moment later ran full against someone who was entering.

"It is Lilla," I thought, and reaching out my arms, caught her between them. "Is it you, Lilla?" I said; but she did not answer, only twined her two arms about my neck. "Why, little sister," I said, softly, "do you love me so much?" for Lilla was not demonstrative as a usual thing, and I was surprised at her movement.

"Oh, better than all the world beside, Allan," she said in a whisper, and then as I lifted the face to my lips, the sweet odor of geranium perfumed the air, and my heart gave a great leap.

It was Carrie, not Lilla, whom I held in my arms! She was trying to disengage herself now, but I suddenly caught her light form in my arms, and opening the library door I carried her into the brilliantly lighted room. Her face was hot with blushes now, and her eyes full of tears.

"You are too bad!" she sobbed. "And I hate you!"

But then she noticed my traveling attire and paused abruptly.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked, with interest.

"I was going away never to return," I answered. "But since you said what you did in the hall I have changed my mind."

Carrie pouted.

"I was only speaking for Lilla."

"Then I shall go, shall I, and leave you to marry Fred?"

"I detest Fred!" she cried.

"And you love me better than all the world?"

"So the flirt was conquered at last, and I was the victor."

"But how did you know that it was not Lilla?" she asked, as we sat together.

"By the geranium leaf I saw you put in your hair this morning."

"And but for that you would have gone away and not come back for years?"

"Yes; perhaps never come back for that tell-tale leaf."

"Then we will keep this leaf always," she said, taking it from her hair.

And so we have. I procured a little golden box, and there it is to-day, one of our dearest treasures. Of course I married Carrie, and of course that blooming matron is she.

Tom Delano didn't die of a broken heart, but married a lovely girl out west a few months after his departure; and Fred Town is our family physician and has a pretty wife of his own.

Marry.

The Detroit Journal publishes from an old newspaper, the Gazette, dated July, 1817, the following, which is good advice for 1885:

"If you are for pleasure—MARRY!
"If you prize rosy health—MARRY!
"And even if money be your object—MARRY!"

"A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his Palmyra or gem of many virtues—his Pandora or casket of celestial jewels. Her presence forms his best company—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his surest steward—her lips, his faithfullest counselors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on her heart."

If you love the Creator, you ought to marry, to raise up worshippers; if you love the ladies, you ought to marry, to make them happy—if you love mankind, you ought to marry, to perpetuate the glorious race—if you love your country, you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it—in fine, if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to one and glorious angels to the other."

Homeopathic Perfumes.

The odoriferous molecule of musk must be incomprehensibly small, when we are told the particles one grain of musk had, in a radius of ninety feet, disengaged in one day. No microscopical power has yet been conceived to enable the human eye to see one of these atoms; yet the organs of smell have the sensitiveness to detect them. We cannot imagine their smallness, as it is stated that the same grain of musk undergoes absolutely no diminution in weight. A single drop of the oil of thyme, ground down with a piece of sugar and a little alcohol, will communicate its odor to twenty-five gallons of water. Haller kept for forty years papers perfumed with one grain of ambergris. After this time the odor was as strong as ever. Bordenave has valued a molecule of camphor sensible to the smell to 2,262,584,000th of a grain. Boyle has observed that one drachm of assafetida exposed to the open air had lost in six days the eighth part of one grain, from which Keil concludes that in one minute it had lost 69,120th of a grain.

Bill Arrp--His Children and His Grandchildren.

Our grandchildren are having a good time now. They have finished breaking the bull calf and are very busy making fluttermills under the fishpond dam. The fall is about five feet and they keep the water busy and the wheel, too, and are talking about a little saw-mill attachment. I just let them go along and use my tools and dull my handsaw and gap my ax and waste my nails and leave everything where they didn't find it, for they are on a big frolic now, and will have to go back to school in a few days. I overheard them talking about school, and one said: "I wish there wasn't such a thing as school!" And another said: "Well, I don't, for the school is all right, and I don't want to grow up a dunce, but I wish my school days were all over—that's what I wish."

But Jessie, our Jessie, my Jessie, has left us. She has gone to town to school, and we will not see her but one day in a week. It is mighty hard on us, for she is the light of the house and the comfort of my age. One by one they have to leave us. Ralph has gone to Florida to live and work, and we are regretting lonesome and homesick. We miss them at night and in the morning and at the table. Even the dog looks sad and watches the road for their coming. But all's well that ends well, and we are thankful for the good that is left us. Carl is here yet and a lot of grandchildren. They carry their sling-shots with as much impudence as a town boy carries his pistol in his hip pocket. Two of them made a target of some fine pears in the top of a favorite tree and left the little rocks in the pears. I promised them a whipping but somehow or somehow else they didn't get it. There is always somebody around to interfere with my arrangements. So they wanted to go to the baseball again this evening and I just put my foot down and said no. I determined to punish them and now my opportunity has come. When I take a notion I am boss at my own house, and now I've taken a notion and I'll show the little rascals how to shoot my pears. I'll teach them a lesson.

Later—They have gone to the baseball with their maternal ancestor, and that's the kind of a man I am.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Aurora Borealis.

From the Literary World.

What is the Aurora Borealis? many men have asked and asked in vain. Scientific personages have been much interested in the matter. It was as a participant in the work of the international Polar Research Expedition that Herr Trombolt visited the most distant parts of the European continent. His task was to take observations of the remarkable phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, and principally in conjunction with the Norwegian station at Bossekop, in Finnmarken, and the Finnish one at Sodanki, in the very heart of the wilds of Finland, to effect measurements for determining the height of the phenomenon above the earth's crust. Science, he owns, is still at fault; but in answer to popular hypotheses, it can declare that the Aurora Borealis is not sunshine reflected from the ice fields of the Arctic regions, nor the reflection of sunshine on the surface of the sea, nor the reflection of sun rays in ice crystals suspended in the upper strata of the air. Further, science tells us that the Aurora Borealis is of Electrical nature, and closely related to the magnetic forces of the earth.

While our author was at his post every night the Aurora Borealis appeared; at any rate, there was not a single clear evening when it was absent. Some times it filled the whole sky; often its displays were confined to insignificant and faint phenomena, low in the north, just like those observed in Northern Scandinavia; but sometimes they obtain a magnificence which defied description. He came to the conclusion that the great many different forms might certainly be reduced to a few simple ones. In most instances the Aurora forms belts, or zones, which stretch across the earth in the direction of the magnetic east-west, which zones are formed by a conglomeration of thin sheets of luminous matter, ranged one behind the other, their direction being parallel with the inclination needle. The luminous matter in these sheets is even, or diffuse, or divide into streamers. The red color in the lower edge of arcs and bands often undergoes remarkable changes, and becomes crimson, or purple, or pink, or red-orange or violet. The light, however, is weaker than was to be expected.

Americans Rushing to the Cities.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Population seems to seek its kind, and such inducements as our cities afford prove too attractive for the rural population. In 1880 only one-ninth of the population of Minnesota lived in cities. If the statistics just published, may be credited, one-fifth of her present population lives in cities. Speaking roundly, it may be said that, in 1790, one-thirtieth of the population of the United States was found in cities of more than 8,000 population; in 1800, one-twentieth; in 1810 and also 1820, one-twelfth; in 1830, one-eighth; in 1840, one-sixth; in 1850, one-fifth; in 1860, one-fourth; in 1870, more than one-fifth, and in 1880, half-way between one-fifth and one-quarter. The tendency of modern civilization is to mass population. The strong lights and shadows of our cities, the love of society, the satisfaction of better shelter, better roads, stronger institutions, lead men to crowd together, even when unable to be anything but dependents in the system to which they unite themselves.

Sidewalk vendors in Chicago pay \$100,000 a year to property owners. Steps are to be taken to compel the payment of these revenues to the city.

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

"Unter den Linden" and the Palaces of King William and Bismarck—Berlin's University and the Students Who Slash Each Other in Duels.

A Palace with Pillars and Gables Studded with Gems—Sans Souci, Frederick the Great's Palace, Where He Died, and Its Curiosities.

Special Correspondence.

Berlin, August 28.—It used to be said, "see Paris and die." The saying might be reversed now to "see Berlin and live." Berlin is a great town—quite as much for what it is and promises to be as for what it has been. It is a curious mixture of military glory, classic culture and modern enterprise, and a splendid example of military methods applied to commercial and business uses. Berlin has grown great very recently. The popular idea that its status as a city of objects of admiration in Germany is a curiosity, not to say confusion. The military system here seems to be perfect, and the military men the finest in the world. They are generally tall, splendid looking fellows, and always appear in public as if on dress parade—scrupulously clean and neat in their appointments—every button shining, every thread in its place. Every Sunday they are marched to church, which is little odd, considering that Sunday is kept more as a holiday in Germany, as well as in France, than a day for strictly religious observance. In this respect Protestant communities (Berlin contains only 50,000 Catholics out of its 1,250,000 population) are so much exacting than Catholic, showing that it was not the Protestant but the Puritan element that is responsible for the rigid observance of the Sabbath, since it is confined to Great Britain and the United States. This obligatory church-going is jokingly said to be the principal cause of dissatisfaction with the system of military service, which is, physically, a training for the common people—disciplines and teaches the habits of order, and is making the German nation the best equipped race in the world for all great emergencies. Of course much is done to foster military pride, power and glory. The new Artillery Museum, not completed, is devoted to the extension of offensive and defensive instruments. Every weapon that has ever been known or used is included in the collections. It is, in fact, a museum of the art of war among all nations and at all periods of time, and it is not yet completed—it is still being enriched by paintings, by statuary and by articles of contribution or purchase. The military system is so very perfect and its details so evidently prescribed that one cannot help wondering why some regulator or regulation does not interfere to improve one feature of the costume. This consists of the exceeding tightness and stiffness of the legs of the trousers, which are in painfully thin and insufficient contrast to the heavy overcoat, the topheavy hat and the large feet of the average German soldier. He reminds you of a house built upon piles, constantly liable to disaster from the subsidence of its under-pinning. The rifle practice among them is said to be carried to perfection, and the drilling usually active and severe. Germany does not intend to be taken at a disadvantage, and great expectations are given on the accession of the Crown Prince to the throne. Others, however, think that the Crown Prince would be content to pursue the present policy of fostering the Arts of Peace while keeping prepared for war. He might have tried his hand at initiating great changes had he come into power earlier, but as people grow older they grow conservative, they know that great and beneficent movements are of slow growth and are developed from the inside not applied to the outside of the body politic. The Crown Prince, too, is much under the influence of his wife who, simple, energetic and kindly, still inherits something of the conservatism of her mother, Queen Victoria, of Eng and.

The University of Berlin is the largest and perhaps the best equipped in the world. It has upwards of 5,000 students, and the professors are American, all graduates of our colleges, or the German Gymnasias. The system is, perhaps, as perfect as any system of education in the world, but it is defaced by one glaringly

brutal and barbarous feature which ought not to be wiped out for the credit of humanity and the redemption from barbarism of the nineteenth century. A scarred face is a mark of honor, and Prince Bismarck has carried all his life evidences of his reputation as the greatest fighter of his university. His example may have had something to do with perpetuating the savage practice, which is not engaged in from any enmity of individuals or sections, but to maintain the fighting standard of the corps to which the student belongs. On the occasions when the combats take place the participants are encased in armor all the top of their heads and faces, at which they are permitted to stab away as violently as they please for fifteen minutes. Physicians are in attendance to prevent fatal consequences, but the students are often disfigured for life. A circumstance occurred to a party consisting of two young ladies and a gentleman at a cafe in Berlin quite recently, which illustrates the honesty of the students and the frequency of such places. It was a highly respectable restaurant, frequented by professors and students, particularly because it was the scene of a celebrated Schnitz beer, and the little party of three had just called for some with the usual accompaniments, when a servant came to the table and asked if one of the young ladies had lost a watch. At first both said no, but on the question one of the young ladies discovered that her watch and chain, very beautiful and costly, were gone. The servant was followed and the fact made known. He asked the lady to describe her property, which she did, and im-

mediately after he brought it to her. She gave the man a gratuity and asked to be allowed to thank the finder, who was said to have picked it up outside the cafe, at the entrance. The finder declined to be thanked but was pointed out in the person of a distinguished-looking student—hardly in spite of a terrified scowl—faced—accompanied by two magnificent greyhounds. The girls were from Cincinnati, O., and will vouch for the strict truth of this story. The new picture

gallery of Berlin, and called the "National" Gallery, is back of the Royal Museum, and contains principally Wagner's collection. The most remarkable picture, as well as the one that draws the largest crowd, is Hans Makart's famous "Catherine Conaro." The Royal Museum seen at the same time, which is popularly known as the "Old Picture Gallery," it contains pictures gleaned from the royal palaces—especially from Sans Souci and largely collected by Frederick the Great. The galleries and museums are always open on Sunday and are usually well filled. Thousands too embrace the opportunity for excursions to the country, so that every means of conveyance is crowded. Formerly the shops were kept open a few hours in the morning—or till church time—now they are mainly closed on Sunday and the tendency more and more towards suppressing business on that day, but opening every possible avenue to self-improvement and the enjoyment of the "out-of-doors," which Germans so love and from which so many are cut off by their daily avocations.

From Sans Souci one must return and ride quite to the other side of the town to see Babelsburg. This is the private residence and property of the Emperor, and is built with its own money, one room at a time, when he was Crown Prince, and the most cozy, delightful, homey sort of a house in the world. It is a low, irregular structure, and looks exactly as if it had been built a little at a time, the rooms are up and down two steps and come upon you in the most unexpected manner. Unlike Queen Victoria, who likes to keep Osborne House to herself, the Emperor permits the freest inspection and seems to be happy in having nothing to conceal and in living in harmony with his subjects. It is at Babelsburg that the famous room was upholstered in Scotch plaid out of compliment to the Princess Victoria, her marriage with the Crown Prince. The hideous result can be imagined. The prettiest room is the one dedicated to the use of the Emperor's daughter, the Grand Duchess Baden. It is upholstered in dark green velvet and embroidered in a design of wheat and asters in gold and rarer shades of blue. In the Emperor's room is a chair that the Crown Prince made of pine when he was learning to be a carpenter. It is not ornamental.

It is a motherly housekeeper who shows you over the domain at Babelsburg, and she exhibits with great pride a stick cut from the forest by Emperor William's own hand, and says it is the one he always carries. The dining room is a lovely high room, with a gallery and shelves, upon which are ranged quantities of the most beautiful Venetian glass and miniature men-of-war, carried by members of the royal family. At the head of the staircase are trophies of the chase in the shape of deer heads and antlers; also the contribution of son and grandson. In many respects Babelsburg is a more simple than any country home of a rich merchant prince, but it bears every evidence of being one of the happiest homes in the world.

It is a little curious that the growing beauty of Berlin is lessening the number of persons who live in apartment houses and rapidly increasing the number of fine houses and individual homes. As we are taking up and rushing into apartments and good apartment houses, Berlin is getting away from them—so that the conditions which existed in regard to dwellings in the two cities a few years ago may be reversed within the next decade.

When he strikes you with his point of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better not hold a red-hot iron in his hand than to let a tenth part of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed wood. In South America, where dye-woods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselves respectively on pine, cedar, and mahogany.—Nassau Letter.

An Electrical Phenomenon.

Prof. Tyndall, in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when it was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electrical storm, unless a person stood at some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and, though they were much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lightning, and he escaped with his life. Had his hair been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth, but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of nonball-formed a good conductor and was not hurt.—Cleveland Herald.

Agriculture is a dangerous business in California. Last week a quail broke loose from a vine, rolled down a hill, smashed in a side of a barn and killed a horse.

strain is put upon the people; it is believed that every mark and cent of the indemnity money received from France has been put into the acquisition of railroads by the Government and the building of great public works. Now that a great technical school has been secured, the next great effort is the building of a new Rathaus. The old one is very small. The new one is to be worthy of the greatness and glory of the German nation, and is to take seven years to build. The ground has been bought, but the buildings are hardly begun. Naturally, much of the business prosperity and great activity observable in every department of industry throughout Germany are due to the extent and variety of the public constructive energy throughout the empire, and which dates from the reorganization. Government is the greatest employer, and its efforts are not confined to one town or city, or one department of industry; neither is it controlled by the wretched contract system, which deliberately puts a premium upon dishonesty and incompetence. The work must be the best, worthy of the nation as well as the individual. State palaces are rarely the favorite residences of kings, and the State palace in Berlin is no exception to the rule. It is a stately pile, however, without much claim to architectural beauty, but very good for its purpose, which is the giving of state balls and receptions. It stands at one end of the Unter den Linden avenue, the Brandenburg Gate

forming the limit at the other. It is also at the entrance to the palace—often called the "Electors" Bridge—a statue of the great "Electors" occupying a niche beyond the building. The bridge is adorned with numerous marble groups and figures, some historic, some military, and some mythological. In the morning up of objects of admiration in Germany is curious, not to say confusing. The military system here seems to be perfect, and the military men the finest in the world. They are generally tall, splendid looking fellows, and always appear in public as if on dress parade—scrupulously clean and neat in their appointments—every button shining, every thread in its place. Every Sunday they are marched to church, which is little odd, considering that Sunday is kept more as a holiday in Germany, as well as in France, than a day for strictly religious observance. In this respect Protestant communities (Berlin contains only 50,000 Catholics out of its 1,250,000 population) are so much exacting than Catholic, showing that it was not the Protestant but the Puritan element that is responsible for the rigid observance of the Sabbath, since it is confined to Great Britain and the United States. This obligatory church-going is jokingly said to be the principal cause of dissatisfaction with the system of military service, which is, physically, a training for the common people—disciplines and teaches the habits of order, and is making the German nation the best equipped race in the world for all great emergencies. Of course much is done to foster military pride, power and glory. The new Artillery Museum, not completed, is devoted to the extension of offensive and defensive instruments. Every weapon that has ever been known or used is included in the collections. It is, in fact, a museum of the art of war among all nations and at all periods of time, and it is not yet completed—it is still being enriched by paintings, by statuary and by articles of contribution or purchase. The military system is so very perfect and its details so evidently prescribed that one cannot help wondering why some regulator or regulation does not interfere to improve one feature of the costume. This consists of the exceeding tightness and stiffness of the legs of the trousers, which are in painfully thin and insufficient contrast to the heavy overcoat, the topheavy hat and the large feet of the average German soldier. He reminds you of a house built upon piles, constantly liable to disaster from the subsidence of its under-pinning. The rifle practice among them is said to be carried to perfection, and the drilling usually active and severe. Germany does not intend to be taken at a disadvantage, and great expectations are given on the accession of the Crown Prince to the throne. Others, however, think that the Crown Prince would be content to pursue the present policy of fostering the Arts of Peace while keeping prepared for war. He might have tried his hand at initiating great changes had he come into power earlier, but as people grow older they grow conservative, they know that great and beneficent movements are of slow growth and are developed from the inside not applied to the outside of the body politic. The Crown Prince, too, is much under the influence of his wife who, simple, energetic and kindly, still inherits something of the conservatism of her mother, Queen Victoria, of Eng and.

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mediately after he brought it to her. She gave the man a gratuity and asked to be allowed to thank the finder, who was said to have picked it up outside the cafe, at the entrance. The finder declined to be thanked but was pointed out in the person of a distinguished-looking student—hardly in spite of a terrified scowl—faced—accompanied by two magnificent greyhounds. The girls were from Cincinnati, O., and will vouch for the strict truth of this story. The new picture

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From Sans Souci one must return and ride quite to the other side of the town to see Babelsburg. This is the private residence and property of the Emperor, and is built with its own money, one room at a time, when he was Crown Prince, and the most cozy, delightful, homey sort of a house in the world. It is a low, irregular structure, and looks exactly as if it had been built a little at a time, the rooms are up and down two steps and come upon you in the most unexpected manner. Unlike Queen Victoria, who likes to keep Osborne House to herself, the Emperor permits the freest inspection and seems to be happy in having nothing to conceal and in living in harmony with his subjects. It is at Babelsburg that the famous room was upholstered in Scotch plaid out of compliment to the Princess Victoria, her marriage with the Crown Prince. The hideous result can be imagined. The prettiest room is the one dedicated to the use of the Emperor's daughter, the Grand Duchess Baden. It is upholstered in dark green velvet and embroidered in a design of wheat and asters in gold and rarer shades of blue. In the Emperor's room is a chair that the Crown Prince made of pine when he was learning to be a carpenter. It is not ornamental.

It is a motherly housekeeper who shows you over the domain at Babelsburg, and she exhibits with great pride a stick cut from the forest by Emperor William's own hand, and says it is the one he always carries. The dining room is a lovely high room, with a gallery and shelves, upon which are ranged quantities of the most beautiful Venetian glass and miniature men-of-war, carried by members of the royal family. At the head of the staircase are trophies of the chase in the shape of deer heads and antlers; also the contribution of son and grandson. In many respects Babelsburg is a more simple than any country home of a rich merchant prince, but it bears every evidence of being one of the happiest homes in the world.

It is a little curious that the growing beauty of Berlin is lessening the number of persons who live in apartment houses and rapidly increasing the number of fine houses and individual homes. As we are taking up and rushing into apartments and good apartment houses, Berlin is getting away from them—so that the conditions which existed in regard to dwellings in the two cities a few years ago may be reversed within the next decade.

When he strikes you with his point of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better not hold a red-hot iron in his hand than to let a tenth part of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed wood. In South America, where dye-woods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselves respectively on pine, cedar, and mahogany.—Nassau Letter.

An Electrical Phenomenon.

Prof. Tyndall, in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when it was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electrical storm, unless a person stood at some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and, though they were much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lightning, and he escaped with his life. Had his hair been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth, but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of nonball-formed a good conductor and was not hurt.—Cleveland Herald.

Agriculture is a dangerous business in California. Last week a quail broke loose from a vine, rolled down a hill, smashed in a side of a barn and killed a horse.

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