

A SERENADE.

Slumber has stilled the note
In the thrush's tender throat;
But "chirp" the cricket sings
And the nightingale's dark wings
Flutter along the night,
Through the pale starlight.
Soft may time eyelids meet,
Sleep on, O sweet!

Never a stir 'mid the stars
Of the jasmine at the bars
Of her enlacement, looking away
Toward the unborn day.
Mount, and an entrance win,
Steal in, my song, steal in!
Soft may time eyelids meet,
Sleep on, O sweet!

Steel in, but breathe not above
The lowest whisper of love;
Hence, and her there
In 'till holy air,
Glide into her dreams, and
A memory of me.
Soft may time eyelids meet,
Sleep on, O sweet!

—Clinton Scollard in American Magazine.

THE CIRCUS BLACKS.

The first time I saw Puss Black she was tobogganing in a butler's tray down the golden stairs of the mansion house at San Francisco. As tobogganing was not at that time a fashionable pastime in the States, I concluded that Miss Puss had evolved this novel amusement from the depths of her own mischievous consciousness. Being a sad and promiscuous flirt, even at the age of 10, she had doubtless done the DeLilah act by the head waiter in order to obtain possession of the butler's tray. However this may have been, her tobogganing was scarcely a success. She bumped, bumped, down half a dozen stairs with a delightful grin on her countenance. Then, alas! a yell and a shriek, a vision of long red legs and flying yellow hair, a rapidly descending confusion of youthful anatomy; and another tumble. This time it was Puss's head that came in contact with the hard floor at the foot of the stairs.

I asked the youngest where she was hurt as she lay back in my arms with closed eyes, and she touched one dimpled hand to her forehead. The chambermaid brought water, and I bathed the poor forehead, and then I kissed the place to make it well. Then I kissed it again, because I somehow thought that Miss Puss liked being kissed by a grown up mustache. I kissed her a third time because I rather enjoyed the performance myself.

A coquettish smile appeared on Puss's rosy mouth, and my vanity took alarm. I felt that the little flirt was deliberately leading me on. I turned the injured innocent over to the tender mercies of the chambermaid, and walked forth to keep a business appointment connected with the mining interests that had brought me out to California.

A few days later I was at a party given to celebrate the birthday of a little girl who was the only daughter of one of the richest mining men in San Francisco. It was a good old fashioned American party, where old and young mingle in the Virginia reel and round the festive bowl of lemonade. I came across a very agreeable woman of handsome middle aged presence, who knew her California like a book, and told me who all the queer people were. Sure of her own pedigree, which was of the best South Carolina brand, she could afford to be cynical on the subject of Pacific Coast ancestry. She watched the new arrivals through an imposing tortoise shell eyeglasses and checked them off one by one for my benefit in a vein of gentle sarcasm.

"Ah! Here come the Circus Blacks," said Mrs. Penderlip, calling my attention to a group proceeding toward us from the direction of the door. "What superb diamonds Mrs. Black wears! And just to think that her mother used to keep a stall in the market, with a pipe in her mouth and her hand tied up in a red handkerchief! I've bought many a cauliflower of her myself."

"Why do you call them the Circus Blacks?" I asked.

"Everybody knows them by that name—partly, I suppose, because they act and dress as if they belonged to a circus, and I have heard a legend to the effect that Mrs. Black once traveled with a circus. Black first saw her when she was performing her great bareback feat on a couple of wild steels at Sacramento, where he kept a tailor's shop. He got into mines after he was married, and that's how he made his money."

At this moment the Circus Blacks swept by us in solemn and stately procession. There really was something about them that suggested the "grand entrance" of a well regulated circus company opening the performance, the crack of the ringmaster's whip being represented by the sarcastic click of Mrs. Penderlip's eyeglasses.

Mrs. Black was a short, stout man with a stubby beard. His bald spot just came up to Mrs. Black's magnificent diamond necklace. Mrs. Black was unquestionably a fine figure of a woman. Plump, black haired, red checked, in her yellow satin train almost covered with point lace, and with the upper portion of her vigorous frame dressed chiefly in diamonds, she looked a very goddess of bullion.

Behind Mr. and Mrs. Black walked two little girls. One was about 14, dark, plain and scowling, dressed in pea green silk, with her hair in pig tails, and a horrible red, coral necklace resting on her collar bone, like the mark of the hangman's noose. The younger girl was blonde, smiling and coquettish. The real Valenciennes petticoat arrangement, which she wore over a light blue silk slip, stopped short above her knees. Her infantile and very bare bosom contained several rows of costly pearls, and in her ears she had large, single diamonds, which gleamed against her yellow locks.

I am only a man, and consequently not posted in details of female attire; but I gathered the impression that the younger Miss Black was, to put it mildly, insufficiently clad. I was pleased for her sake that the room was warm. Apparently, my views were shared by Mrs. Penderlip.

"Just look at Puss Black!" she exclaimed, in a hoarse tone. "She looks like a ballet girl or a circus rider. The story about her mother must be true. They say blood will tell. Those long, silk stockings fit like tight."

Miss Puss Black turned her pretty head at that moment and caught my admiring eye. She smiled, in sweet and not displeased surprise, and I recognized the interesting young heroine of the amateur tobogganing episode.

When the royal progress of the Circus Blacks was over, when Puss's papa was taking his whisky straight, in company with other mining millionaires in a retired corner of the "palatial mansion," when Puss's mamma was discussing son's vantage with the proudest matronage of glorious California, I looked for Miss Puss with intent to claim her hand in the giddy waltz. I found her sitting in a corner with a dozen youthful dandies, in pumps and frizzes, about her. She was queening it with a right good will, and there was not a female creature within twenty feet of her. She had learned thus early to dispense with chaperones.

Miss Puss affected indifference toward me at first with a coquetry that was quite nature; but her vanity was presently kindled by the thought of being the object of grown up attention, and the little dancing school-boys were sent about their business. We

and she did not take kindly to the British variety of that class.

Judge of my delight, my surprise and my hope when Puss Black singled me out from among her circle of admirers to be the trusted companion of her daily walks, her favorite partner at the balls, her general utility man and her cavalier at the Campagna hunts. After several weeks of this kind of treatment I arrived at the conclusion that Miss Black returned the love I felt for her.

There came an evening so full of tender glances, of sweet and subtle smiles, of delicate and wonderful witchery, that my whole life and destiny seemed to lie in the hollow of a girl's dimpled hand. It was a beautiful little hand. Cased in a long glove, the dainty hand lay lightly, like a white flower, upon the black coats of Puss's partners. The Quirinal ball room had never seen a lovelier presence than Puss Black as she appeared that evening. There were clouds of white tulle about her, caught up with white water lilies, and hily buds peeped lovingly from under the golden tulle that lay low on her graceful hand. Not one of the principles, of coquetry and seduction, who glared at her with veiled, well bred contempt from under their haughty eyelids could compare with her for beauty or charm. They were mortally jealous of her. Princess Gligi went so far as to refuse Puss's hand in the grand chain of the lancers. On the other hand, some of the most magnificent male grandees of Rome laid themselves beneath the little, white slipped feet of the California girl. Puss seemed to say to me with her eyes, "All this triumph and success and homage are for you." She danced the cotillon with me, and Count Castelnovo, who led it, looked stiletto and vendetta. The supreme moment of my life came when I found myself alone for a moment with Puss in a little, pale blue satin alcove, lined with shining mirrors, that gave back the reflection of her slender white figure. I had just clanked her with a marvelous hooded mantle of white feathers, and her blue eyes looked up into mine, like forget me not springing from under a snow drift. Coquet as she was, there was no coquetry in that glance.

Just then a loud laugh in the corridor broke the silence. I hurried Puss out of the alcove, and Mrs. Black waiting with Count Castelnovo at the head of the stairs among the palm trees. Mrs. Black looked brilliantly handsome and rather vulgar. She wore an uncommonly self satisfied expression.

"Mr. Bruce," said the ex-circus rider, imperiously, "will you give me your arm, and let Count Castelnovo escort my daughter?"

Puss reminded me of a beautiful, great white bird as she skimmed down the stairs before me in her feather cloak, with Count Castelnovo playing the part of a hungry, fortune hunting hawk.

I had barely seated myself at Mrs. Penderlip's side at the pension dinner table, on the following evening, when that good lady put up her eyeglasses, and looked at me inquisitively. "I suppose you've heard the news," she said.

"The old news? The Wall street panic? That happened two weeks ago."

"No. Puss Black's engagement to Count Castelnovo."

The blow fell with cruel force. I kept my countenance, but I was badly hit.

"I thought Mrs. Black was playing for a title," said Mrs. Penderlip. "She announced the engagement to all her friends this afternoon. I heard it discussed at Mrs. De Haven's tea. Mrs. De Haven is a New York woman. She has never been willing to know Mrs. Black, but, of course, a titled son-in-law will make a great difference. I told Mrs. De Haven today that there was no truth whatever in the story that Mrs. B. had been a circus rider, or that her mother sold cabbage. I said that I had known Mrs. B. since she was a child, and that her mother was a very lovely woman, and a perfect lady. You see," I cursed this worldly old person, "I heard this morning that the Wall street panic cuts impossible for me to exist in America on my reduced capital, so that I shall have to end my days in Europe. I can make an excellent living as a pedigree voucher for newly enriched Americans."

Mrs. Penderlip's eyeglasses fell on her plate with a sadomic crash.

"Between ourselves," she continued, picking them up, "this engagement has been the saving grace of the Blacks. Their social race was almost run, and I have it on good authority that their names were to have been stricken off the court list before the next ball of the Quirinal. Mrs. Black had the indiscretion to send an arm chair made of a piece of California 'big tree' to his majesty, and she favored the queen with a floral offering in the shape of a goose of white camellias swimming in a sea of gore represented by red ones."

I finished my dinner in silence, and strolled down to the Corso and past the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I left a card for Mrs. Black. I tried to feel gay and festive, and I hummed to myself as I walked a celebrated American melody, "A Climbin' up de Golden Stairs." But the rollicking tune sounded like the funeral dirge of my affections. For was not my acquaintance with Puss Black closely connected with stairs? And had not Puss climbed to a title on the golden stairs of her father's California mine? I smiled grimly at the whimsical bitterness of my thoughts, but my heart was heavy within me, for the one love of my life was the future Countess Castelnovo, the child of the "Circus Blacks"—C. Adams in The Epoch.

An Independent Little Newgirl.

Every morning about 8:30 a little newgirl jumps on the Broadway car at New York street, her arm full of papers and the broken stump of a cigarette between her little red lips. She is a sturdy little barefooted thing, 8 years old, perhaps, certainly not more, blue eyed and flaxen haired, with a brimless boy's hat on her head. She asks no favor of sex, but jumps on the train at full speed, slips through the conductor's detaining grasp, hides under the steps of omnibuses and gives back cuffs and gibes with a venom that would not disgrace the noblest work of the creator. The people in the street car tell a number of stories about her, that she supports her drunken mother, is an orphan with one little crippled brother, who lives down in Bleeker street in a dark cellar, but it is impossible to get at the truth of things where a child is in the case and our sympathy is excited. A very benevolent looking gentleman in clerical garb tried to solve the problem by stopping her as she was leaving the car last week, and saying, "It must be acknowledged—a very young woman's Christian association tone: 'My child, what is your name and who are your parents?' 'My name,' replied this young person with the rusty knees and torn hat, 'is Mrs. Lily Langtry, and my parents are attending to their business and makin' their fortune' at it, if you please."—New York Cor. Hartford Courant.

A Peculiar Request.

A Tacoma (W. T.) jury failed to agree upon a case of deadly assault, and eleven members signed a paper stating that the "eleven do not consider the one obstinate man a qualified juror; that he is essentially lacking in certain qualifications necessary to constitute a good juror. We would, therefore, ask that in making up the jury list in future for this county his name be left off."—New York Tribune.

WONDERS OF ALASKA.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE INLAND PASSAGE.

Magnificent Appearance of the Coast Line—Visiting the Indian Cabins—A Place for Pioneers—The Wonderful Muir Glacier—Fall of Icebergs.

How shall any one describe the glories of the inland passage, with snow capped mountains on the main and islands on the opposite side, rising often to the snow line, staying the mighty Pacific from rocking one's steamer; a twelve day trip and the total course of 2,300 miles from and return to Tacoma, W. T.? Many a scene is like the Hudson at the Highlands; and many another like the Aegean sea skirting the coast of A. Minor; and still others like Switzerland's most beautiful mountain bound lakes; while the general combination, making a succession of beauties and sublimities, is purely Alaskan. Those who contentedly tucked themselves in their little beds along the Atlantic can have no idea of the republican magnificence of our beloved country as she stretches across the continent and reaches her fingers to Asia.

So many are the windings in the archipelago and mainland that in Alaska alone our country has 15,000 miles of sea coast. A large percentage of the coast line is precipitous from the water's edge, and is clothed with primeval forests of spruce, fir, pine, white cedar, and adorned with arbutus and other gaudy hardy flowers. Of the inexhaustible fur seal, salmon and cod fisheries I need not speak, for they have a world wide fame.

The range of the passengers to visit the "franchises" or street of Indian cabins in each village where we land, and to purchase the wildest carving or picture from the most splendid surroundings, would prognosticate the grief of other travelers who should come here only after the Alaskans had entirely abandoned heathenism, which degrades them, and been exalted into American citizenship, for which so many of them are earnestly hoping. Totem poles, Chilout blankets of Rocky mountain sheep's wool, black slate carvings, horn and bone spoons, painted dancing masks and masks, beaded moccasins, Esquimaux seal skin boots, parkies, war clubs, canoes, paddles, wood turners, water tight red baskets, sharks' teeth earrings and necklaces, gold and silver carved necklaces, finger rings, armlets, anklets, labrets, or lip pins, with matings, gambling tools and the like, were absorbed by the passengers as readily as sunlight harnesses drinks the miasma of swamps.

A PLACE FOR PIONEERS.

Were 50,000 of our ambitious toilers in the Empire city to start for Alaska with their wives, by either the Northern or Union Pacific railroad, and keep their eyes and ears open on the way, about 10,000 of them would reach here and make fortunes, and the rest would find openings on routes for their talents and energies and create wealth for themselves all along or anywhere along the lines. But the cornerstone of this prosperity would be their taking their homes with them, a thing which can invariably be done by every man if he will. In times past the neglect of this excellence has turned too many of the pioneer settlers of our country into drunkards, brigands, idlers and brutes. Men must carry something beside their cupidity and avarice; they must carry their dignity, purity and hope with them if they would be successful immigrants.

At Fort Chester, on Annette Island, Alaska, is a process of receding a thousand Christian Indians from Matlakathia, in British Columbia, a settlement organized and instructed by William Duncan during an administration of twenty-six years, who now ded themselves moving away from the unequal land laws of the Dominion and the ritualistic tyranny of the Anglican church, to seek religious liberty and equal rights in our dear country. We saw a little way of six sail, constructed by an Indian boat builder, leave Matlakathia as the advance division of this movement, full of spirit and sober virtues. When settled they will raise the population of Alaska to 41,000.

The greatest natural wonder of this trip is Muir Glacier, in Glacier bay. This glacier is about sixty miles long, and five miles from the bay it is about twenty-five miles wide. In its course it is fed by nine principal and eleven lesser glaciers. This accumulated mass of ice moves by an inexorable law through a gap of mountains only two miles wide, piling and jamming itself up into towers and pinnacles from three hundred to a thousand feet high, grinding the mountains till they have yielded it a sand beach of beauty and smoothness. The near mountains are from 2,500 to 4,000 feet high; Mount Grillon, ten miles away, is 16,000 feet, and Mount Fairweather, distant twenty-five miles, is 15,000.

FALL OF THE ICEBERGS.

At its projection into the sea the glacier travels at the rate of forty feet a day, availing icebergs into the bay with the sounds of thunder and earthquake. These retain the splendid blue tints of the parent glacier, when floating around us in great masses, some of them 400 feet square and standing from fifty to 100 feet out of the water. The fall of these icebergs rocks our boat like a storm, and we count twenty-six of them at one time. But the steamer fearlessly lies to within 600 feet of the place of metamorphosis from glacier to iceberg, her soundings with her longest line showing no bottom, no rocks, no shoals. When the iceberg is first wrenched from the breast of the glacier it plunges almost out of sight in the sea, then rises to its full height, as if seeking to regain its place, and again sinks to rise again, and again till it finally finds its equilibrium and is carried away by the wind or tide or both. This operation is stupendous and strikes awe into the soul, and yet casts such a weird magnificence of magnetism over the spirit that one leaves the Muir with regret.

What an improved American way of doing a glacier is this! Here there is no guide, no dookie, no carrying your own rations, no breathless climb, no diminutive Mer de Glace, no loss of altitude, for everything is seen from sea level; no sleeping over night in a hospice or refuge at the half way point; but to be carried in ease and elegance to shake hands with the mighty glacier, to watch its operations from the cushioned saloon of a floating palace; this is the American way furnished to every corner by the Pacific Coast Steamship company. To land on the sandy beach and traverse the glacier is an inviting and easy essay, accomplished in a couple of hours; and men, women and children did more or less of it according to fancy. The Muir is the largest of five important glaciers, repaying the attention of the curious and scientific, every one of which surpasses in interest anything that Europe has to offer.—Elliott F. Shepard in New York Tribune.

A Lesson from Japan.

A lesson against the slaughter of birds comes from Japan. In that country insect pests have become so numerous that it is a custom to pick the fruit for the market before it is ripe to prevent its destruction by insects.—Boston Budget.

New Orleans has a brass band of fourteen members that are all newboys.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Salicylic Acid Condemned as a Food Preservative—Why Men Soon Grow Bald.

Salicylic acid in various forms, particularly salicylate of soda, has been extensively used in the preservation of food within the last few years. Many recipes for preserving fruits and food, which have been peddled through the country, contain salicylic acid. The impression has prevailed that in the small quantities in which the drug is used it is quite harmless. Good Health states that recent investigations show the contrary to be true. This substance has been used in France much more extensively than in this country; and the matter was finally brought to the attention of the central committee of hygiene. A thorough investigation was made, which resulted in the recommendation that the government should prohibit absolutely by law the use of salicylic acid or its compounds, even in small amounts, in any article of food or drink. This would seem to set the matter finally at rest.

Too Frequent Shampooing.

It is the opinion of the senior editor of The Science News that the practice of frequently washing the head in warm or cold water, at home, with or without the adjuncts of soap, alcohol, ammonia or perfume, is deleterious, and promotive of early loss of the hair. Men are continually washing the head. Many do this night and morning under the false notion that it is necessary to cleanliness and promotive of a vigorous growth of hair, and when alarmed at its rapid disappearance in early life they are at a loss to understand the reason. Women do not shampoo or wash the hair as often as the other sex, and consequently they are, in a large degree, exempt from baldness in middle life.

A Poultice for Poisonous Wounds.

A slice of raw salt pork is an old fashioned poultice. An improvement upon it now suggested is raw, fat salt pork and onions, equal parts, chopped up together, and applied in a thick layer to wounds made by rusty nails or the teeth of dogs or other animals. Such wounds are not only very painful but dangerous. The above poultice is said to extract the poison, allay the pain and inflammation and heal up the flesh in a way superior to drugs, and in a wonderfully short time.

The Normal Gait of Man and Woman.

Dr. Giler de la Tourette finds the average normal locomotion in persons whose gait is unaffected by nervous disease to be, for men, twenty-five inches length of space; for women, twenty inches; the step with the right foot somewhat longer than that with the left; the lateral distance between the feet in walking, about four and a half inches in men and about five inches in women.

Antiseptic Mouth Wash.

Most of the damage to the teeth by fermentative and putrefactive processes in the mouth takes place at night during sleep. A physician recommends that the mouth be rinsed well, before going to bed, with the following mixture, which completely sterilizes the mouth, cavities in carious teeth, etc.: Thymol, 4 grains; benzoic acid, 45 grains; tincture of eucalyptus, 3½ fluid drachms; water, 25 fluid ounces.

A Test for Sewer Gas.

A simple test for sewer gas: Saturate unglazed paper with a solution of one ounce of pure lead acetate in half a pint of rain water. Let it partly dry, then expose in the apartment where sewer gas is suspected. If the latter is present in any considerable quantity the paper darkens or turns black.

A Healing Substance.

A drop of warm mutton suet applied to cold sores, at night upon retiring, soon causes them to disappear. Mutton suet is also an excellent remedy for parched lips and chapped hands. For cuts and lacerations it is equally good. Its healing properties make it useful in these little accidents and ailments so common to children.

Cocaine for Whooping Cough.

Dr. Richard, of Halle, is reported as having treated whooping cough with remarkable success by penciling the pharynx three times daily with a 5 per cent. solution of cocaine.

A Simple Nervine.

Cream of tartar water, sweetened, not only cools the blood but is a wonderful nervine, as the French know, who always sip sweetened water.

Remedy for Hiccoughs.

The application of a bit of ice to the lobe of the ear is one of the remedies in vogue for hiccoughing.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Manners and Customs Practiced in Polite Society.

When a lady leaves home for the season, as usual, or for a short trip, she sends p. p. c. cards to such of her friends only as she is indebted to for unacknowledged civilities, accompanying them with her temporary address, if she sees fit. Upon her return, mere acquaintances are not supposed to show any consciousness of her presence until she is ready to resume social life, which she does by sending out her visiting card with her receipt day engraved upon its left hand corner. Such is the convenient etiquette of large cities.

After a prolonged absence, strict etiquette requires that the card be left by a lady in person upon all acquaintances and friends with whom she wishes to resume her former intimacy. But, instead of this wearisome round, the broken threads of social intercourse may be taken up by sending out invitations for an afternoon tea.

About Weddings.

It is the place of the bride's parents to furnish the wedding invitations. The groom is supposed to furnish his ushers with gloves, ties, and sometimes scarf pins. For an afternoon wedding the groom's dress should be a black frock coat, a white four-in-hand tie and gray trousers. Gray or brown trousers, a frock coat and dark four-in-hand tie represent the correct dress for a father who escorts his daughter to the altar. At a home wedding, as at church, the minister faces the company, which brings the bridal couple with their backs to the guests. The groom generally presents some souvenir of the occasion to each of the bridesmaids. Fans, rings, bangles, miniatures, prayer books and lamps have served when nothing else could be thought of. The bouquets of the maids and the boutonnieres of the ushers are the gift of the bride. If she desires an unusual fashion or fabric for the bridesmaids' toilet she provides these also.

Hints Here and There.

It is generally in bad taste to point at persons or objects when at any entertainment. Persons in heavy mourning rarely go where evening dress is necessary.

Palm trees in pots and orange trees are favorite and appropriate house decorations for weddings.

It is now the proper thing in serving an elegant dinner in courses to have a separate style and design of plate for each course.

HOW TO DIE EASY.

MYSTERIES INTO WHICH THE GERRY COMMISSION HAS BEEN INQUIRING.

How Shall We Execute Our Criminals? The Garrote and the Guillotine—Death by Prussic Acid—A Flash of Lightning Is Best.

How shall we execute our criminals? To a certain degree a distressing question to inquire into, but in reality a most humane investigation. Experts are divided in their opinions upon the subject, and when experts disagree—why, experts disagree. Some hard shelled experts of a very conservative frame of mind nail their colors to the mast and hold that Jack Ketch's hempen noose, also known as Judge Lynch's "cravat," is the proper thing when in the proper place.

Others of a more advanced frame of mind suggest the garrote. The guillotine also has its advocates, especially among the inhabitants of sunny France, and there are those who favor prussic acid or some other violent poison. Gas comes in for a share of favor; water has its disciples; but the enterprising students of this country seem to be pooling their issues in favor of electricity.

Not to be behind the times, an American physician has invented a flash of lightning, said to be almost equal to the natural article. In this instance it all came about through the inquiries made a year ago by Commodore Gerry's commission, appointed to inquire into a more humane method of executing the death penalty.

At that time a select number of prominent physicians were consulted and asked in the interest of science to answer a series of questions upon the subject of capital punishment. Among the physicians consulted were Dr. E. J. Kauffmann, a graduate of Berlin, Paris, Edinburgh, Toronto and New York, and a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of electricity while pursuing his medical studies.

Dr. Kauffmann was much impressed with the barbarity of executions by hanging, and before making his report to the commission began work upon an electrical machine, which was to produce a miniature flash of lightning or continuous electric spark twelve inches long, and calculated to produce death in the two-hundredth part of a second.

This may seem to be quick work, but it is comparatively slow when we take into consideration that the genuine article, "real lightning," produces the fatal result in the ten-thousandth part of a second—at least that is about as near as it has been accurately gauged up to this writing.

One of the first questions asked by the commission was in regard to death by prussic acid or any other strong poison. Taking prussic acid as a basis, Dr. Kauffmann replied that there was a case on record in which a man swallowed an ounce of prussic acid and yet only expired twelve minutes later, after suffering great agony. Dr. Kauffmann thus concluded that prussic acid was not quick enough and could not be relied upon, and in addition that prussic acid and its salts were available in commerce, and that it would not be advisable to teach the public a mode of death which would be comparatively painless.

The second question referred to the garrote and guillotine, and, according to the doctor's replies, these systems are comparatively ancient and barbarous, and nations employing them were seeking for a more humane and scientific method of executing criminals.

The garrote, says Dr. Kauffmann, is worse than hanging, as by its use death is only caused by strangulation or suffocation. Suffocation, he also claims, is the cause of death in the great majority of executions by hanging, and is the great objection to the use of the rope. In fact, if Dr. Kauffmann remembers rightly, statistics show that over 80 per cent. of persons hanged die from suffocation.

One of the last questions asked the physicians by the commission, said Dr. Kauffmann, was:

"What would you suggest as a better way of death in criminal cases, and what would you suggest to compensate for the difference of effect upon the criminal cases? or words to that effect."

Death from electricity, replied the doctor in substance, either by shock or by a conversion of the animal fluids into gases, causes very little change in the body. Indeed, the greater the shock the less change there is in the body. Therefore death from an intense shock, which would kill a man in say the one-hundredth part of a second, would make no visible change in the body. Now, as there is insufficiency in this country of bodies for the purposes of scientific research, Dr. Kauffmann suggested that the bodies of all executed criminals should be turned over to the proper authorities for the purpose of scientific, pathological and physiological research.

In Dr. Kauffmann's opinion criminals would dread such disposal of their bodies more than death itself. Naturally it is admitted that there are so few executions that the bodies thus furnished would not supply the demand, but it is claimed that bodies of criminals killed by electricity will be in such a good condition for scientific research that they will prove of incalculable value to physicians.

The miniature flash of lightning outlined by Dr. Kauffmann could be applied to the criminals either standing or sitting down, and the base of the skull is suggested as the most suitable spot, though other physicians favor the back of the neck. It has also been suggested that the criminal might be placed in a room and that the air should be gradually withdrawn, thus giving the condemned man a painless death. This system is objected to as being quite as painful as hanging, for death would be caused by suffocation.

The fumes of charcoal have also been advocated, but are opposed on the plea that they range with chlorine gas, one of the most pungent gases, and accordingly charcoal would cause a painful death. Carbonic gas has also been talked of as a comparatively desirable form of inflicting death, but it is opposed on the plea that it is not quick enough.

After reviewing all the suggestions made there would seem to be no doubt that electricity will be the executioner's weapon in the future, and that, combined with delivering the bodies of executed persons to physicians for the purpose of scientific research, it will strike quite as much terror into evil doers' hearts as that well termed "relic of barbarism," the hangman's noose.—New York Herald.

Water Tight Compartments a Snare.

It is well understood by those who are familiar with the construction of foreign steamers that water tight compartments are a snare and a delusion. In many cases they are hardly tight enough to hold common shot, and the braces are seldom sufficient to withstand the water pressure. The recent loss of a vessel off the English coast, in which many lives were sacrificed, goes to show that our marine, as well as locomotive and civil engineers, have something to do in the way of strengthening structures.—Railway Review.

Cordova, or leather color, is one of the favorite fashionable "street" colors.