A curious sight was witnessed one afternoon on the wharf at Cincinnati. A gentleman, accompanied by two fine specimens of the water spaniel, went down to the landing of the Newport ferry, at the foot of Lawrence street. Somehow he became separated from the canines, or rather they failed to follow him aboard. The boat had got out in the stream, when the dogs caught sight of their master and discovered he was fast leaving them. Standing on the edge of the float, they both set up a vigorous velping, which attracted the attention of the bystand-

Suddenly the older and larger dog plunged into the river and began to swim rapidly toward the Kentucky shore. He had gone about 100 yards when he seemed to become aware that his brute companion had not followed. Turning around, he swam back toward the spot where the younger dog stood. As he drew alongside the float he made no effort to get aboard. The two began to bark at each other-to-hold an animated conversation in the dog tongue, as it were. The older dog, as he floated by the side of the landing, barked encouragement to the more timid animal, and apparently was newing the latter to jump into the water. The barking duet lasted some minutes, and then the younger dog, seemingly convinced by his companion's assurance, grew bold, and suddenly bounded into the river.

The first dog gave a delighted yelp, and, both turning their noses toward Kentucky, began to swim straight across, side by side. Both continued to bark until they reached the shore, and could be heard on both sides of the river. The people on the ferry and the Kentucky shore saw the strange race, and, with people on this side and on the bridge, watched it to the end. The dogs landed opposite to the barracks, where they were awaited by their owner, who, with several other gentlemen, had hurriedly walked down the bank. There was no limit to the delight of the two animals as they rushed up to their master. The river at that point is nearly half a mile wide. The action of the dogs seemed to indicate that they had a lan guage of their own, and the paternal manifestations of the elder brute were most interesting to see. - Cincinnati Commercial Gazette,

Familiar Quotations.

The number of quotable and much quoted things in The Merry Wives is considerable. Shakespeare had an extraordinary knack of saying what would bear repetition, and prove a future bon mot, in all manner of altered circumstances. How often have we not occasion to remark with Nym, "His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it." But how seldom, alas! in the changes and chances of mortal dinner parties, can one observe about the lady who sits next him at the feast, "I spy entertainment in her!" "You are not young, no more am I," is a quotation more frequently appro-

priate, though never to be ventured. Again, "He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor"-how well it corresponds with the charming modern vulgarism, "George is a general courter, up with all, on with none." Often we are tempted to exclaim with Shallow, "Though we are justices, and doc-tors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some sait of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Nor is any quotation from all Shakespeare more frequently in the human mouth than that of Mrs. Page, "What the dickens." "The wild Prince and Poins," spoken of by Mr. Page, runs now as a mere nousehold word; and a household word is the jolly host's de-scription of Fenton: "He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May." This is Chaucerian: He was as fresh as the moneth of May." Who but Shakespeare could have put the essence of youth into so few words, and those in the host's mouth?—Andrew Lang in Harper's Magazine.

A Good Subject.

The native Egyptian is an extremely good subject for surgical operation. Clot Bev, the founder of modern medieine in Egypt, has it that "it requires as much surgery to kill one Egyptian as seven Europeans, In the native hospital the man whose thigh is amputated at 2 o'clock is sitting up and lively at six." Shock is almost entirely unknown, and dread of an impending operation quite an exception. In explanation may be noted the resignation inculcated by their religion; the very small proportion of meat they eat, and the total absence of alcoliol from their diet, and in general their regular, abstemious out of door

life. - Science.

An Ingenious Prisoner. A prisoner who was being taken with some other criminals in a train from Le Mans to Sille le Guillaume contrived to effect his escape in a very clever manner. Each of the culprits was in a small cell, and, having managed to conceal a saw about his person, the captive in question set to work on the floor. He succeeded in sawing out a piece of wood sufficiently large to enable him to drop on the line when the train stopped at a station, and his escape was not discovered until the party arrived at their destination .-New York Post,

The Bust of Cassar Augustus.

Two years ago last summer, at a kirmess given in Keene, a bronze bust of Caesar Augustus, loaned by Mrs. C. H. Faulkner, disappeared and was supposed to have been stolen. A few mornings ago the missing bust was found on Mrs. Faulkner's front steps, where it had evidently been left by some person during the night.-Concord People and Patriot.

Sometimes to the Strong,

"That rival of yours seems to be in a fair way to cut you out. He's a pretty athletic fellow. Are you not afraid of him?"

"Il Oh, no; but her father is, so he has a better show than I have.' Harper's Bazar

A Strange Pennsylvania Accident.

We were the victim yesterday of one of the most distressing accidents ever known in this territory, writes the editor of the Mifflin Center (Pa.) Blade. Yesterday morning our wife took occasion to do the family washing, having been kept from it carlier in the week by being very busy-putting up our winter supply of apple but Among other articles of wear ing apparel which she included in the wash was our white vest, rightly thinking that the white vest days were about over, and intending to do it up and lay it away against the return of the next picnic season.

Now, unbeknown to her, in the lower right hand pocket of this vest there was a large roll of bills, twelve ones and a two \$14 in all. She did not discover the roll, and after having vashed the garment thoroughly she hung it out on the line in the back vard to dry. All might yet have been well had it not been for Mr. Ferdenbaugh's large brindle cow, which is

well known to most of our citizens. While our wife was in the parlor visiting with Mrs. Parmley, who called to see how to make her grape pre serves jell, this beast—she deserves no better name-broke through our back gate and deliberately ate up our vest, money and all! When our wife reached the scene of trouble the beast was ust swallowing the last bill, with evi-

Our wife seized the mon and rushed at the marauding intruder, but she only tossed her head, kicked sideways with both hind feet, and leaping lightly over the fence trotted off, switching her tail defiantly. Neither the vest nor the money, we are sorry to say, seemed to have any bad effect on her scoundrelly good health.

Our wife immediately informed us of the accident, and we instantly called on Mr. Ferdenbaugh and demanded that the animal be slaughtered, doubting not that we should find our money in the first of that suite of stomachs with which we learn from physiology the cow is provided. This Mr. Ferden baugh refused to assent to. He pleaded that he was a poor man, and, as he had recently bought the cow, that all his ready money was in her. We nat urally replied that all of our ready money was in her, too, but it failed to move him.

It was a sad affair, take it all around, but one about which nothing can be done. Our wife's excuse for not looking in the pockets before she began her laundry operations is that she had gone through our pockets for money for twenty years and never found any, and had therefore become discourage I. And, if the reader will believe it, that beast of a cow had the effrontery about the middle of the afternoon to lie down under a tree directly opposite our house and contentedly chew her cud-remasticating our \$14, we doubt not.

Remember, ye editor needs money worse than ever since the cow ate up that roll of bills. Pay up, you delinguents! Cordwood taken the same it-the cow can't more than gnaw the bark off that at the worst.

The Zetetic Philosophy.

The Zetetic philosophy, which proves absolutely and without a shadow of doubt that the earth is a plane and not a planet, has in it no theories. but establishes its conclusions upon facts alone. Many of these facts are of such a nature that not to know all about them will soon be deemed a sin of ignorance.

The people should know that the surface of standing water is level. whether it be in the form of a pond, a lake, a canal, a sea or an ocean, and that it makes no difference at all how many people, in consequence of fidse teachings, believe it to be curved; that in no surveyor's operations in the coustructions of railroads, tunnels or canais is any "allowance made for the curvature" of the earth's surface, although the books tell us that it is necessary; that the view from a balloon in the air is that of a flat earth, and not a globe; that the river Paraguay in 300 miles does not fall a foot; that but ten feet six inches, and that the Nile, in 1,000 miles, falls but a foot,

Sailors can see the light at Cape Hatteras forty miles out at sea, whereas on the globe theory it ought to be more than 900 feet below the level line of sight; strain your eyes as you please, you can never see a ship coming "up," for, at the furthest distance that you can by any means see, a ship is on a level with the eye; the horizon always rises on and on just as you rise on; if the mariner were to take a "globe" with him with which to navigate the ocean he would wreck his ship; meridians are straight lines diverging from the central north toward the south in all directions horizontally-"parallels of latitude" only are circles-and on a globe, the point ing of a compass north and south is clearly impossible; sailing westerly is sailing round horizontally with the north star on your right hand, and sailing easterly is sailing in the same horizontal mode, with the north star on your left — and all the money in the United States treasury would not buy a proof of so much as the bare possibility of sailing down a globe, under a globe, and up the other side!-Carpenter's Folly, Philadelphia.

A Story of Mrs. Chanler.

Miss Amelie Rives had a host of ad mirers when she lived in maiden meditation at the home of her ancestors, Castle Hill, Va. She was a petted and spoiled beauty and treated her lovers with indifference and sometimes, it is said, with absolute rudeness. Once, according to one story, when a dozen gentlemen called upon her in the morning, she entered the parlor in a bewitching riding habit, excused herself, mounted her horse, rode an hour or two, and finding the gentlemen waiting for her on returning, she went to her studio back of the parlor and amused herself by drawing caricatures of her admirers, representing them sitting in various attitudes of idiotic vacancy -- New York Telegram.

HUNTING THE NICKEL IN THE SLOT.

Peculiarly Honest Tramp Who Lives

by Saction, Yes Is No "Sacker." While sitting in the Fulton ferry house about 3 o'clock yesterday morning, my attention was attracted to a seedy individual who had just entered. I had no difficulty in establishing his status in life. He was a member of that profession who looks upon the world as its "oyster," and unceremoniously opens it upon the slightest opportunity. He was a tramp. His clothes were cut-or rather torn-to his calling. Hard times hung from every angle of his body. His nose was the only bright spot about him. That had been burnished by whisky until it looked like "a gilded halo hovering round deeny.

Watch that man," said an official to me. "He has got some way of getting nickels and pennics out of these 'mickel-in-the-slot' machines over there. You see, the machines are often out of order and the money dropped in sticks in the slot. That man comes here regularly every morning and sucks them out. It is none of my busi-

ness, so I never interfere with him." I watched. The man approached a tutti-frutti machine, stooped down and placed his mouth over one of the slots. A long-drawn-out suction followed, as if the machine was a delicious lemon on Katzenjammer day, and then he straightened up with a penny between his teeth. Down he went again as a kinglisher goes for a smelt, and back again with his prey in his mouth. This was repeated until the slots had yielded up thirteen centsone nickel and eight pennies.

When the tramp went away I followed him outside and engaged him in conversation. I found him to have more than his share of the grim humor that characterizes the tramp brotherhood. He drew himself up with a lu-

gubrious dignity and said: The suction idea came to me about three months ago. I first had to satisfy myself that it was a legitimate business. The nickel, I reasoned, does not belong to the person who puts it in the slot, as he took chances with the machine and got left. It did not belong to the machine, because it had rendered nothing for the money received. Having thus satisfied my conscience I commenced operations. business has developed beyond my greatest expectations. The interest on the capital invested is enormous. No expenditures; all receipts. I make from \$1 to \$2 per day. My hours are long, it is true, and most of my business engagements are at night. But it's 'way ahead of being on the road. I don't like the country. The haystacks are too far apart, and the careless handling of shotguns by farmers has always shocked me.

"I am glad to have a metropolitan "Here occupation," he continued. there is a field for ingenuity. The man with an idea cannot be kept down. My business is almost too much for one man to control. It takes me a long time to get around to all the as cash-in fact, we had rather have ferries and depots, and I am thinking of letting out part of my territory.

After a pause, he said reflectively "I hope this won't get into the papers. The slot machine companies might undertake to shut me off. If they do, it will be a severe blow to the trade and commerce of the country. I am the inventor of the 'snap,' and as such I am entitled to the profits. Recollect, though I make my living by suction, ward. - New York Herald.

The Man in No. 7.

One night when three or four of us boys boarded a sleeper on the L. and N. road going south from Cincinnati, a passenger in lower 7 began to snore as soon as we were in bed. He had a terrible snore for a human being, and after several of us had called to him and failed to stop it one of our crowd slid out of bed, reached into No. 7, and with great definess affixed a spring clothespin to the sleeper's nose, It was, of course, expected that he would wake up in a few seconds; but, to our surprise, he did not, while at for the last 500 miles the Amazon falls | the same time he suddenly ceased to

By and by all of us dropped off to sleep, and every one in the car was up before No. 7. In fact, he slept so late that the porter parted the curtains to arouse him. After one look he jumped back with a yell, and when we burried up we found the man cold and dead, He was lying on his back, hands locked under his neck, and the clothespin had pinched his nose all out of shape. The body was taken to Cincin nati, and mest of us had to attend the inquest. It was there testified to by the doctors that the man had died of heart disease, but I tell you we didn't hanker to do any more joking for a full year.-New York Sun.

Ten Hindoo Commandments.

There are ten commandments hung on the walls of the Hindoo theologica college in Madras. Homeward Mail reproduces them: "(1) Pray to God as soon as you rise from your bed-5-5:10 a. m. (2) Wash your body and keep your surroundings clean - 5:10-5:30 a. m. (3) Prostrate yourselves before your parents or guardians, and take good exercise-5:30 to 6:30 a. m. (4) Prepare well your school lesson-6:30-9 a. m. (5) Attend school regularly and punctually, and do the school work properly. (6) Obey and respect your teacher and the teachers of the other classes, and other respectable persons. (7) Read till 8 p. m. at home. (8) Pray to God and go to bed-9 p. m. to 5 a. m. (9) Keep good company and avoid bad company. (10) Practice righteousness at all times."—London Standard.

New Outdoor Game for Ladies.

Ringoal is a new English out of door game for ladies. It is played with grace hoops and sticks and two nets eight feet high and ten feet square. It is proposed to make it rival and rule out tennis, if possible, as it exercises both arms, both shoulders, both hands | friends and said: and the whole body in the running and turning necessary to catch the hoops before they reach the goals or -Sol's Ridge Cor. New York Evening from. -New York Commercial Advernets. - Washington Star.

THE BOY KNIFES A BEAR.

BUT HIS FATHER MODESTLY AP-PROPRIATES THE CREDIT.

A Tale Which Involves the Loss of a Fine Buck, the Death of a Good Dog and the Anger of Abner Grimes-It's a True Story. and That's Its Chief Trait.

Abner Grimes is the politician of the ridge. He has been constable, postmaster, town clerk and justice of the peace, He has his eye now on the legislature. Statecraft is his hobby, but he mingles it with lumber, agriculture and a general country store. His only recreation is chasing the deer in the wildwood and bunting coons. He has a son Uriah, Uriah is rising 16, and is a stub-and-twist specimen of the true backwoods boy.

"Riah," said Abner Grimes the other day, "from the way the weather looks I in a laughable act from life in which believe there's a deer over back of the a bear and linen duster won him conmountain. Seems to me as if it was a

"Well, pop," said 'Riah, "let's take the dog and go fetch the deer in."

"Why, that's so!" exclaimed Abner, as if the suggestion was a sudden revelation to him. "We can do that, can't we?"

So he took down his gun, called the dog, and he and Uriah started for the mountain, three miles away. 'Riah carried no gun, it being his duty to handle the dog and drive for deer, while his father stood on the ridge at a runway and put lead in the deer when it came bounding by him. But Uriah had a big like proportions. Nothing daunted, hunting knife in a sheath at his side,

"Start a buck, 'Riah, or a big doe," said Abner. "Don't waste time on any fawns.

hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when the dog struck a trail and away he went. 'Riah followed, and in less than ten rods came up with the dog. It might have been a deer track the dog had struck, but if it was it had led plump up against a six foot bear, and the six foot bear had his back against a rock and his eyes on the dog. The latter, emboldened by the presence of his master, pitched into the bear.

The bear welcomed the dog to his embrace, gave him a couple of squeezes, and tossed him oil with such vim and precision that his limp and almost dessicated carcass just missed 'Riah's head. The dog was extremely dead.

"S-a-a-a-y!" said 'Riah, speaking to the bear in a tone of remonstrance. "By Jim! That was pop's best dog, and, I tell you, he'll be madder'n thunder!"

Just then Abner's voice, mellowed by distance, but very distinct withal, came down through the woods from the runway up on the ridge. It said: "Hay, 'Riah! Come up here with that

dog, quick!" "Well," said 'Riah, still speaking to the bear, "if he 'spects me to carry that dog up this ridge he's mistaken! But won't he be madder'n thunder!"

All this time the bear stood with his back to the rock, his eyes snapping, and his jaws dropping foam. Riah looked at the unjointed body of the dog, and then surveyed the proportions of its unterrified unjointer. The latter got tired bear story, and it is cheerfully given of waiting, and moved forward to clear as one of the incidents of the Richthe woods of 'Riah. 'Riah unsheathed his hunting knife and braced himself.

"Hay, 'Righ!" came the voice of Abner down from the ridge again, and this I am no 'sucker.' And he faded away time there was impatience in it. "Why in the gloom Williamsburgh ferry don't you come up with that infernal don't you come up with that infernal dog?

"I hain't got time to explain that to pop just now," said 'Riah, in a confidential tone to the bear, "and I hain't goin to scare you by hollerin' back at him."

The bear didn't seem to care whether Riah had time for explanation or not, don't occur often; surely people can and evidently was a good way from any afford a few shillings once in a lifetime intention of being scared. He reached to buy a real gold ring?" out for 'Riah with one fore paw. 'Riah lunged forward and socked the long blade of his knife in bruin's neck. Bruin countered on 'Riah's chest and sent him sprawling on the ground.

The blood spurted from the hole the knife had bored in the bear's neck. As Riah fell the voice of the hunter was again heard on the hill.

"Hay, 'Right" it said. "Why in thunder don't you come up with that dog?" 'Riah was too busy to answer just then, for he had all he could do to get to his feet before the bear climbed on him. The boy and the bear had a lively tussle, but it was a short one. The first stab the bear received was fatal, and two other thrusts, equally good, let out still

death struggle 'Riah was tired out. He leaned up against a tree to get his wind. Then he heard his father coming have their choice of pearls, corals and down off of the ridge, crashing through the brush like a wild steer.

"He's-mad!" panted 'Riah.
"Hay, 'Riah!" Abner shouted as he came down the hill. "What in thunder's the matter? Where's that dog? Why don't you come up with him? A buck bigger than a heifer went by me, and here I hain't got any dog? It'll be wuth twenty votes for me if I get that buck! Why don't you come up with that dog?"

When Abner hove in sight he discovered 'Riah leaning against the tree of minute guns, which involve the loss sobbing for wind. He didn't see the bear that lay a few yards the other side. "What in the name of Nimrod is the matter with you?" he gasped. 'Rah pointed to the bear.

"Holy smoke!" yelled Abner, and he made for the nearest tree. "He's-he's-dead," panted 'Riah. "So

is-the dog. That's the-reason-I didn't -come up-with him." Then Abner looked the bear over and mourned for the dog.

"We wasn't hunting bear, 'Riah," said he, deprecatingly. "Deer was what we while a column of water, flame and started out to get. Still, we'll take home our game. But you should have come up with that dog. 'Riah, and, great Casar! attached to the shell used at night,

Abner and 'Riah toted the bear home, and then Abner went out among his "Why don't you come over and see the

votes to me."

IN BRUIN'S EMBRACE.

Locomotive Engineer's Experience While En Route to a Convention.

J. W. Cutter is a trusty guardian of the cab on the Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore. He commenced his experience in 1863 as a fireman, and as vivid recollections of the days of he civil war. In 1865 he was one of 1 number of citizens of Chillicothe, O., who burned the bridge over Payne's creek to prevent the threatened raid of Johnny Morgan's band of marand-The creek was in a shallow state, and had Morgan's men been so disposed could have easily waded the stream. The citizens of the quiet Ohiotown, however, were crazy with excitement and applied the terch to the only bridge in the vicinity. Morgan clanged his plans and did not bother them, but pushed further north. Mr. Cutter attended the last Richmond convention and posed as a star actor

siderable fame as a joker, It was near Sisterville, W. Va., and the cinders from the locomotive of the train upon which Cutter was a passenger flew thick and fast. It was a detriment to white collars and a menace to light clothing. At one of the stations a stop was made, and Cutter rushed into a neighboring store, threw down a dollar and seized the first linen duster within reach, regardless of size or beauty of artistic finish. Now, Mr. Cutter is a short man, and, as luck would have it, he secured a duster that was intended for a man of giraffe and amid the shouts of the other dele gates, he donned the duster. His thirty-six inch breast was lost in the forty-four duster, while its folds Riah went off with the dog, and he draped loosely about his hips and dangled just above his heels. The circumstances of purchase nerved him to supreme indifference, and he cared not for conventionalities and laughed

> At Sisterville the train stopped for an hour, waiting for connections. The gay throng of engineers and their wives left the cars and roamed about the picturesque West Virginia hamlet. In one street a wandering son of Italy was grinding a hand organ and direct ing the mazy waltzes of a huge cinna-mon bear. The bear became very much enamored of Mr. Cutter's duster. The color was the same as the shaggy hair of the bear, and the latter imagined that a long lost brother had been found. At once, the large, affectionate heart of the forest terror rib, and he made a wild rush for the unsuspecting engineer and the cinnamon colored duster.

mockingly at tailors' signs.

Protestations were in vain, escape was impossible. The huge arms of the dancing bear firmly grasped Mr. Cutter's, and he was compelled to finish the waltz with a very uncongenial partner. The friends of the engineer roared with laughter and even the italian smiled. At last the embrace of the bear became uncomfortably close, and, after a desperate struggle, Cutter broke loose with the remnants of a fully demoralized duster and his face

quivering with fright. The Ohio engineers indorsed this mond convention. - Denver News.

Purchases of Sham Jewelry.

Apropos of the sham jewelry busiiess, says a writer in a London journal. I have inquired who are the largest patrons of it. "Americans are good glyptologist customers here," said the salesman. attainable. Those big heavy bracelets you see there are bought chiefly by publicans' wives. We sell plenty of wedding rings at 1s. 3d. each," "But marriages "Ah, you don't understand. These wedding rings are bought by poor people and slipped on when the real thing is at the pawnbrokers. It is not before the marriage, but after, when the rainy day comes, that these rings are bought, We sell grosses of them," "Who are your best customers?" "Well, there are rich women who have their own jewel sets imitated, Americans, the profession' and mashers, the people she have come down in the world, When these latter go away for their holidays to see their friends, they don't | nas no peer."-N. Y. Tribune. ike to show their poverty. For a few shillings they can get such a stock of ewelry that in their own towns and villages they are kings and queens, Then we seil a good deal to mashers more blood, but when the bear fell in its on bank holidays and during the holiday season. Here are some pins, now, that cost a shilling each. They can diamonds. A pin like that would gain any young man the respectful admiration of the bank holiday crowds at Margate or Brighton. The masher's favorite jewel, however, is the one and three penny ring, set with rubies and diamonds.'

New Distress Signal.

A new shell, to take the place of all distress signals now used in marine signaling, such as rockets and firing of much valuable time, has lately appeared. It is intended that the shells shall be distributed about a ship, but particularly kept on the bridge within easy reach of the captain. When he desires to give a signal of distress, instead of losing time in loading and firing a cannon, or touching off a rocket, he seizes a shell, pulls the cap off the detonator, scratches the fulminate with the rough end of the cap, and throws the shell overboard. In twenty-five seconds there is an explosion, and a loud booming report is heard smoke shoots up at least 100 feet in the air. An extra appliance of a rocket is what a buck we'd have got; wuth twenty and thes is thrown to a great height by the explosion, and itself explodes in the air. The tin cylinders of the shell then float about on the water, and we they have the name of the ship stamped on them, they serve in time of disaster to tell of the ship they came

CONNUBIAL BONDS.

How They Can Be Severed in the Province. of Victoria, Australia.

An Australian colonist recently caused

to be inserted in the newspapers the following brief announcement: "Not having heard of my wife for the past ten years, I intend to marry again. John Leary, Post-Office, Geelong." A husband who has waited a whole decade in the hope that his errant spouse may turn up hardly appears open to the charge of being short-tempered, but unless the laws of the colony of Victoria already include a statute of limitations applicable to matters countrial and covering the case of Mr. Leary, it would seem that that gentleman is at length prepared to run the risk of committing bigamy rather than continue any longer in the condition of single blessedness. Probably the above unnouncement is to be explained by a measure now before the Parliament of Victoria, and which will in all probability shortly become law. This is the socalled Divorce Law Amendment bill, by which, in that portion of the British Empire, the dissolution of the marriage tie is to be greatly facilitated. By this measure a divorce may be granted on various grounds not hitherto admitted as justifying so extreme a remedy. Desertion or habitual drunkenness, with neglect or cruelty on the part of either husband or wife, will henceforth enable either to obtain a divorce a mensa t there. If either commits a violent assault on the other, or is convicted of crime, the injured party may, in either ease, demand not a mere judicial separation, but a final and complete dissolution of the marriage. Legislation of this sort is calculated to shock not a few people of this country, but there can be no doubt that the public feeling is overwhelmingly in its favor in Victoria. Indeed, on the passing of the act, a rush of discontented husbands and wives, anxious to avail themselves of it, is anticipated from the other colonies, and a clause has accordingly been inserted cendering it necessary that married persons must have been domiciled in the country for two years at least before; their petitions for divorce can be entertained.-London Standard.

AN ANTIQUE CAMEO.

Rare and Expensive Gems Just Procured by an American Collector.

One of the most important accessions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art made this fall is the addition which Maxwell Sommerville, of Philadelphia, thumped joyfully beneath his fifth has just made to his collection of gems there. This is a beautiful antique cameo of Jupiter "Egiochus, preserved from the first century. It was brought by Mr. Sommerville, who has just returned from Europe, and placed by him in the case among his collection. Hair considers it the crowning piece of his splendid assortment of gems. The cameo has long been desired by the French Government for the Louvre, and negotiations for its purchase were in progress, but Mr. Sommerville secured it at a cost, it is said, of more than \$50,000.

The head is engraved on a piece of thrysoprase as large as a man's hand. The stone is of the finest texture, and is of itself one of the rarest pieces of the size known. It is of the close of the spech of Marcus Aurelius, or the earlier years of Commodus. The style is Preco-Roman, but exceptional for that period. Dr. Hall, the curator of the nuseum, in speaking of the gem, said it was one which archmologists and glyptologists have cause to regard as un-

"It is," he added, "a cameo of chrysoprase of India. It was first made known to the learned world in 1887, through the Gazette Archeologique, though nearly a century ago it formed part of a famous English collection. The subject is Jupiter Ægiochus, wearing the Dodonean oak leaf wreath; a treatment so rare that only one other representation of it is known in art, and only two Homeric lines authenticate the joining of the attributes together. For size, vigor of treatment, rarity of subject, proof of the identity of the stone as to material and place of origin by its precious maculations, as well as for the high estimate put upon the immense gem by savants and glyptologists, and fame in the learned journals, this gem

EDITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

How a Wide-Awake Newspaper Man Feathered His Own Nest

"Suppose," said the city editor to the young man with checked trousers who applied for a situation as a reporter, you go out and write up an account of this funeral."

The new reporter started forth, and n the course of time handed in the following:

"The funeral of Mr. Silas Jones was a grand but solemn affair. There was a profusion of flowers from Briggs, the florists, and any quantity of rich mourning dresses, most of which were from Smith & Co.'s drygoods store. The long, somber procession composed of carriages from Robinson's livery stable, headed by the hearse belonging to Jenkins, the undertaker in charge, moved toward the last resting place over the smooth road that had so recently been regraded by Brown & Sons, contractors. The ceremony in the cemetery was impressive and in every

way satisfactory." The report was very much garbled by the city editor, but the reporter is wearing flowers, receiving boxes from Smith & Co., and taking frequent carriago rides, just the same. Merchant Traveler.

A Subsequent Discovery. Archie de Veu (jealously)-Who, was that scare-grow you just met on the

stairs? Mabel Blossom - That was an old friend of mine. Archie de Veu-Ah! indeed fearcas-

tically), was he the ugliest man you could find?

Mabel Blossom (sweetly)—Yes; ba