



M'GIRNIS THE COOK.

W E had been at work on a survey in the Bitter Root Mountains since early in the spring, and the autumn had found us all disgusted and homesick—all but McGinnis, the cook. Besides, we were furnishing for news. Our mail and the late papers and magazines should have been sent to us every two weeks, but for nearly two months nothing had been seen of the old trapper who acted as mail-carrier, and no messenger or message of any kind had reached us from the outside world.

Every day we exalted from the cook a promise that he would bring our letters out to us in case the carrier should arrive while we were at work on the line. Then we would wait impatiently till evening and hurry back to camp, more than half-expecting that the post had come in spite of the non-appearance of McGinnis. Expectancy was torturing us. Disappointments repeated every evening for several weeks deeply affected the spirits of the party. We became restless and unsociable. We tried to imagine what had happened out in the world since we had lost touch with it, and each feared that some one dear to him had been seized by illness or had met with misfortune. We worried and fretted and tormented ourselves with impatience.

One night after supper we lounged on our damp beds, ten of us in one tent, waiting for bed time. The work of the day had been unusually hard and the hours long. We were too weary and heavy of spirit to do anything but the little patching that was regularly necessary and to lounge.

McGinnis came over from the cook tent to tell us one of his tales of forty years ago. His stories possessed one rare quality. They were reminiscent of the wild life of the mountains in the earlier days, but McGinnis played no prominent part in any of them. We were all curious to learn something about the old man, but our curiosity was never satisfied. Frequently as a story in which he figured gave promise of showing his younger self put to a test of strength or of courage, he would break off suddenly or change the entire trend of his story. But he enjoyed spinning his yarns, and our silence of late had afforded him the opportunity.

"Well, I see you are the same merry crowd as ever," he said, cheerily, as he took the only chair in the tent. "But which of you is it that's coming up the slope now, I'd like to know?"

Several of us looked at him wondering. Those who were busy paid no attention whatever. The camp dog stretched, went lazily to the opening, then grew suddenly alert and began to bark. Almost instantly ten heads were crowded between the tent flaps.

Sure enough, some one whom we could not see clearly in the dim light was coming up the valley. It was evidently a man, following the line of our survey higher up the mountain slope, though only a short distance away. We finally fell over one another in our sudden excitement. Every one seemed moved by the same impulse. A half-dozen pairs of wet and worn-out boots disappeared from the passage between the two rows of bunks at the same instant. Some one ran out and shouted to attract attention. Then everybody else shouted, because there was suddenly shouting in the soul of each.

McGinnis went quietly and lighted the fire he had laid for morning in the cook stove. The head chairman made a place near the tent opening for another bed.

The roddan and the "stake-artist" fell to wrestling, and rolled about in the tent and then out of it with most unexpected agility and high spirits.

A voice said it was not the old mail-carrier, and we became still more curious. Not a member of the party doubted that it was some one bringing our mail.

Two or three of the boys went to meet the newcomer, and the rest of us, half-ashamed of the eagerness we had shown, went back into the tent, threw ourselves down on the beds and assumed attitudes of indifference.

We heard McGinnis calling: "Come over to the cook-tent and eat before the boys start you to talking; they'll never let you stop after."

"I've it," a strange voice answered. We inside sat up again, our anticipation reawakened. A short, heavy-set, square-jawed man, without grub-pack or blankets, limped painfully into the tent and sat down on one of the beds. He was evidently much travel-worn, but his small, bead-like eyes were intensely bright, and their glance from one to another of us was rapid and searching.

"Didn't you bring any mail?" asked the roddan, abruptly. "No," he answered, in a disinterestedly calm voice that lingered unpleasantly in our ears. The stranger felt in the inside of his pocket. "Only a letter I found in the trail at the last creek crossing," he said, quietly, as he again searched us with his small, restless eyes. "It's for some one named Patrick McGinnis," he continued, holding up an unopened letter. "Do you know him?" The old man reached for his letter and silently held it to the light of the nearest candle. Then we all saw that it was crumpled and deeply stained.

into the sleeping tent, where there were lighted candles. "I never liked this one's looks," McGinnis said, by way of explanation, as he wiped the blood from the face of the man who had brought the letter. "He looks like he'd not a hair for you, and that's why I want away and come back unbeknownst to 'em. I seen 'em when I got to the cook-tent, and when they come over 'I was waitin' for 'em wild bear-trap, the only thing I could find."

Both men soon returned to consciousness, and after an effort to free themselves they sat in dogged silence. In about half an hour several of the searching party returned with our pouch of mail, but most of the letters had been opened, and many of them were torn and almost destroyed. Soon after, others came, accompanied by three or four strangers, carrying a limp form, which they laid carefully upon one of the beds.

The prisoners looked on intently and with unmasked signs of fear. Morton, our mail-carrier, had been shot in the back, and, though dangerously wounded, was still living. "Is he dead?" asked the smaller prisoner.

At the sound of his voice Morton, with a convulsive effort, sat up and put his hand to his side as if to draw his revolver, but it was not there.

The men who had come back with the party relieved the old cook of his prisoners and took them out to civilization. They were deputy sheriffs, part of a large posse that for nearly a week had followed the trail of the two desperadoes.

The old mail-carrier, unavoidably delayed, had fallen in their way when they were hard pressed for means of escape, and they had shot him for his horses. Then, learning from the letters of our presence in the neighborhood, they had played at a bold game to obtain provisions and had lost.

We felt that we knew McGinnis better after that.—Chicago Record.

A FOOT-BALL STORY.

The Player Performed a Great Feat, but Didn't Know It.

Harper's Round Table contains a capital football story, in which the following vivid description of the sensations of a contestant in a game between the Harvard and Yale teams is given by one of the Harvard players:

As the play was started I was shot forward, tipping the opposing guard completely over, and we all went down together. I can only remember scrambling savagely over two men, jumping wildly from one man to another, with the ball just ahead of me under the legs of what seemed to be a thousand people. Then I heard a wild, unearthly yell. Nothing like it had ever come to my ears before, and I remember wondering what it could be. It swelled and grew with each moment. Now it died away; now it spread out stronger than ever. I had a queer feeling of wonder if I were still playing the game. Nobody seemed to be near.

Then a black-faced, fierce-looking figure rose up in front of me. I must get out of his way at any cost. I moved aside and thrust my open hand straight into his face, caught his hair and ear, and scrambled all over him. He seemed to be the only one out of the game except myself, and the maddening feeling that I had made some mistake lent me the strength to throw him rolling away on the ground.

There was that same wild, exultant yell again. It swept over the field as I have seen a cloud of dust sweep up a street. And then all in a moment I knew the cocaine had given out and my strength was gone. I got a swinging blow on the head, and lay quietly down with the feeling that I was tired out.

Still there seemed to be no explanation of my being alone, and I started to get up, saying between my teeth, "Get 'em low, Jim, get 'em low." "Oh, Jimmy, my boy! Jimmy! Jimmy!" cried a voice, and an arm went round my neck and lifted me up. "Low, Jack, low!" "Oh, Jimmy," said Jack himself, holding me up, "it's over, and—look at the crowd!"

I could scarcely see, but over to the right somewhere there was a wave of red color that swung back and forth. Then I looked up at the faces about me, and they wavered, too.

"Peter," I cried, with tears rolling down my cheeks—for the life of me I couldn't help it—"Peter, get me up! I'm all right. We'll stop 'em yet. They can't get over that line."

"He's gone," said somebody; "he's mixed. Take him over to the house." But I couldn't let them take me off now. It was too critical a time.

"Why don't they go on with the game? I'm all right, I tell you." "Go on, man, go on? Why don't you know where you are?"

I looked up and saw goal posts over my head, and the next instant there was another wild, wavering cheer and a ball went sailing over the cross-bar.

"What is it, Farragut?" I asked. "Good heavens," said some one near by, "he doesn't know! Why, man, you've run the 130 yards of the field through the whole team, and that's a goal from the touchdown!"

The Origin of Soap-making. At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Folk Lore Society Miss Alice C. Fletcher gave an interesting contribution in a paper entitled "The Significance of the Soap-Lock: A Study of the Omaha Tribe." The Omaha Indians, like many other tribes, have peculiar ideas regarding a continuity of life and a kind of spiritual link between animate and inanimate objects. They believe a piece of any article connects them with the entirety. The hair is thought to have a close connection with life, and one possessing it may work his will upon whoever or whatever the hair belonged to. From this idea came the custom of scalping enemies.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Quinine in India. There was a time when the government of India had to import annually \$250,000 worth of quinine and did not get enough of it even then. After a great many experiments the cultivation of the cinchona tree was made successful in India, and now there are 4,000,000 trees in Bengal, and every rural postoffice in India sells a five-grain packet of the drug for half a cent, while the government makes from \$2,000 to \$3,500 a year out of the profits.

What Fuzzed Him. "When I was a young man," said a well-known civil engineer to a New

HOBSON'S FIRST PLAN.

Merrimac to Fly Spanish Colors and Feign a Chase.

Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson is writing for the Century Magazine his story of "The Sinking of the Merrimac." Lieut. Hobson says, after telling of the decision to sink the Merrimac in the harbor entrance:

Various plans were considered. That of feigning a chase suggested itself from the fact that Spanish colliers were supposed to be on their way to Santiago. One had recently been captured by the St. Paul, and from her it was learned that others were soon expected. By this method the Merrimac would approach by night from the eastward; when about five miles away she would be discovered by blockading vessels, searchlights would be thrown towards her, and she opened, care being taken to fire wide and throw the lights in front and on the sides, to show the splash of striking projectiles.

The Merrimac, upon recovery, would bear in toward the shore to within about two thousand yards, apparently to seek the shelter of batteries; she would throw pitch on the fires to make heavy black smoke, as if forcing to the utmost. She would head in towards the entrance and turn full down the course for entering the channel, blowing her whistle in blasts as of fright and distress. The searchlight would flash across and show a Spanish flag at her peak. On approaching, the lights would be thrown on the entrance to facilitate navigation, but carefully avoiding resting upon her. The shore batteries opening on the chasing vessels would be replied to and kept diverted. If they opened on the Merrimac, searchlights would be thrown in the gunners' faces.

However, an examination of the chart showed the difficulties of navigation to be so great that no sane captain would attempt to take in a collier at night or under circumstances that did not admit of the utmost deliberation. It was known that tugs were used by single-screw vessels of any size on account of the narrow channels of the Chesapeake Point. The chances seemed to be against the enemy's being deceived, and navigation depending upon searchlights would entail chances of failure.

This plan, and various other plans involving the co-operation of the fleet, were discarded in favor of the simpler plan of going in alone by moonlight, just before the moon should set. Surprise, under any condition, could be only partial at best, since a certain amount of light was absolutely necessary for navigation. The conditions for surprise would be more favorable to-daybreak. Moreover, a flood-tide would be chosen so that, in case of breaking the anchorages, the vessel would be set into the channel and have ample time for sinking before the ebbs would tend to throw her out, while the chances of being carried by the tide through the whole length of the narrow channel into the inner harbor seemed improbable. The establishment of the port, or time of high tide, was about eight hours and a quarter, so that the tide would be running strong flood as the moon set. The moon was then approaching full, and calculations showed that it would set at Santiago about half-past three on Thursday, June 2. We were speeding at about thirteen knots—the Oregon had threatened her ability to maintain that speed—and we would therefore arrive off Santiago early Wednesday morning and have most of the day and night of Wednesday for preparations. Thursday was therefore set for entering, though the admiral expressed the opinion that it would be found impossible to complete the preparations in time. The special advantage of Thursday was that there would be an interval of darkness of about an hour and a quarter between the time of moonset and daybreak, while on Friday this interval would be reduced to about half an hour, and on Saturday day would break before moonset. It will be understood that an interval of darkness, though short, might be found of advantage for completing the work or for making escape.

Preparations were therefore begun at once, the greatest amount of detail being required for the process of sinking.

An Apt Reading. Sometimes much amusement is created at the expense of some unsuspecting person by a situation or quotation which places him in a ludicrous light.

"When I was a boy," Mr. Bellevue said, "I had just arrived on leave from the training ship, and was a conspicuous object in my cadet's uniform in our family pew, close to the chancel rail. The reverend gentleman who read the lessons on that particular day was a very tall man. Immense! That's the word. He was big all over. His very head was huge. His chest was like the front of a bull, gigantic; but he got bigger as he went down, and when you arrived at his waist he was enormous. Standing on his stool at the lectern he looked a giant. Dressed in his surplice he cut the most grotesque figure I ever saw. I had not seen him before, and was making all sorts of calculations about his height, girth, breadth of beam, and so forth, while he droned out the lessons. At last he came to the line—I shall never forget them: 'The Lord hath fashioned me behind and before, I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' I looked at my father, and irreverently winked. It was too much for him. I saw his mouth twitch. At last it had to come. He pretended it was a sneeze, and got his handkerchief to his face just in time to save his reputation. After the service I got a wigging. But he had a good laugh all the same."

Feeding the Ears of Soldiers. A returned volunteer tells a story which goes to show that officers were not feasting while the men were living on ordinary army rations, says the Philadelphia Press.

One of our Generals in Cuba entertained some visiting officers at his field quarters near the fighting line before Santiago. The fare resembled in simplicity the legendary roasted sweet potatoes of Revolutionary times, but the host's hearty welcome, and still more, his wealth of good stories, carried along the meager menu.

At length there came a pause. The guests were awaiting "What next," when the old negro servant was heard to hiss into the General's ear: "Give 'em another big one, General. De cook dun serech de hardtack."

What Fuzzed Him. "When I was a young man," said a well-known civil engineer to a New

YORK TRIUMPH MAN.

"I was surveying the route of a proposed railway. An old farmer with whom I stopped for a time, admitted one day, when he saw me figuring in the field, that mathematics always seemed a wonderful thing to him. Being young and enthusiastic, I began to enlarge on its wonders, telling him how we could measure the distances to different planets, and even weigh them; how we could foretell accurately the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the fiercest projectile, ascertain the height of mountains without scaling them, and many other things which I meant should astonish him.

"You can imagine how he set me back when he replied to this brilliant array of facts by saying: 'Yes, yes, these things do seem kinder curious, but what allus bothered me was to understand why you have to carry one for every ten. But if you don't see the durned thing won't come out right.'"

Buried with Military Honors. At the breaking out of the ten years' war in 1808, the Spaniards in Cuba adopted the sparrow as the symbol of their pertinacity and fighting qualities, and applied the name of "cat" to the most contemptuous word to the natives. In March, 1809, a Spanish soldier saw a cat seize a sparrow with teeth and claws. Clutching his musket, he disabled the cat and took the dead bird from its mouth. The occurrence being reported, the cat was tried by drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death, while the body of the sparrow was ordered to be buried with military honors. The best known Spaniards in Cuba were ordered to attend. There were eight battalions in Havana, and the wife of the commander of each sent large offerings of flowers. A tier was prepared and the sparrow was placed on a fragrant bed of roses and lilies. The drum was muffled and the 6,000 soldiers were given the order to march. With solemn tread the long line proceeded to the cemetery on the outskirts of the city, and there the victim of the cat was committed to the earth with military honors.

Bacteria in Dust. In a recent number of the Annales de Micrographie, Dr. Miquel gives the results of some interesting observations made by him in respect of the vitality of disease germs. In May, 1881, he took some earth from the Montsouris Park at a depth of ten inches below the turf. This he dried for two days at a temperature of 93 degrees Centigrade, and then he placed the dust in hermetically sealed tubes, which he put aside in a dark corner of the laboratory. When taken the soil contained an average of 6,500,000 bacteria per gramme. After desiccation the number had fallen to rather less than 4,000,000. Sixteen years later he still found 3,500,000 per gramme, and he was enabled to isolate the specific microbe of tetanus. The inoculation of this soil in guinea pigs determined death from tetanus after an incubation period of two days, showing the remarkable vitality of pathogenic microbes under favorable conditions.—Philadelphia Record.

The Bicycle in German Politics. A somewhat remarkable movement is being started by the devotees of cycling in Germany. It is nothing less than a demand for the due representation of cyclists' interests at all elections, whether municipal or state. Wheelmen in the Fatherland have cause for bitter complaint against the police regulations, which in many cases are not only vexatious, but also nonsensical. They differ too so much, not only in the various states, but even in the towns, that no wheelman on a long tour is able to master them. The taxes imposed upon cyclists too have approached the intolerable point. As a consequence of all this every candidate for a parliamentary or municipal seat will henceforth be asked to answer the question, "What are your views respecting the cycle police regulations and the cycle tax movement? The movement is a formidable one and may be seen from the fact that one in every four electors owns a bicycle.

A Legend of Lace-Making. Many are the myths handed down in relation to the origin of lace-making and of the number one has to select her choice and pin her faith to, discarding the other stories as mere fables.

Here is a very pretty myth, in fact one of the prettiest of all the legends, perhaps. It tells of a Venetian sailor who, on the eve of a sea voyage, gave the woman he loved a piece of beautiful seaweed to keep during his absence in memory of him.

He sailed away, and the girl carefully kept the gift with tender love, and the endurance of his love for her depended upon its preservation. When she saw the seaweed drying up and falling to pieces, she caught the leaves and branches with a fine thread against a piece of linen, and thus invented lace. The lace-maker's art can be traced back to one thousand years before Christ. The finer laces appeared about the first of the sixteenth century.

Abstemious at Banquets. Ex-Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore is in the best of health, although he has attended 600 banquets during the last twenty years. He says: "I always had a good time wherever I went. But I didn't eat much—banquet goers should remember that—and I didn't drink much, and that is why I have not developed any of those many diseases which are lurking in the atmosphere surrounding the gourmet."

Thought He Meant Suspenders. Mrs. Keeley, the veteran English actress, tells an anecdote of a young actress who, in the play, is a boy. She is taken before a judge, who asks sternly: "Now, where are your accomplices?" And the young actress, by a happy thought, improved on the author and answered in artless tone: "I don't wear any. They keep up without."

Salt for the World. There is a salt vein in Kansas at a depth of 900 feet containing, according to a local statistician, enough salt to last the world for a million years.

It is no longer proper to call a girl "sis," if you don't know her first name. Call her "Mamselle" if you want her to call.

PINCIO LOVE MATCHES.

How Some Roman Youth "elect Their Brides."

Among the myriad charms of Rome are the patches of fertility which spring up here and there amid the sea of brick and mortar. The most conspicuous of these is the Pincio and its surroundings. Here nature has ably seconded human skill, the altitude of the gardens and the magnificent view they afford make them unequalled by any other public park. True, their area is small, but what of that? It brings its visitors all the more in touch with one another. And this is the secret of its charm for the Romans, whatever may be its attraction for strangers. For let the truth be told, the Pincio is the great flirting ground of Rome. No should this horrify the reader. It is intended on tout bien tout honneur.

It is probable that the Pincio sees the inception of half the marriages in Rome. It is a curious sociological fact, but the explanation of it is simple. It has been commented upon by numerous writers that Italians are exclusive, though not in the usually accepted sense of the word. They are proverbially open and friendly, especially to strangers, the commercial value of whose visits to their land they appreciate. But this cordiality, even to their own countrymen, has its limit. In no country more than in Italy is a man's home his castle, and, except in the highest circles and where there is no poverty to be concealed, he is chary of his hospitality. This is especially true of Rome and Naples. Therefore, if neither she nor her parents receive many visitors, how is the Roman girl of the bourgeoisie class who is not "in society" to meet the inevitable lover for whose advent and her consequent emancipation from parental tyranny she longs more ardently than young women usually do? The answer is: "The Pincio."

On Thursdays and Sundays, when the hand plays (uncommonly well, by the way), and the park is in consequence crowded to overflowing, the signorina who is the fortunate possessor of a becoming costume dons it and demurely accompanies her mother to the municipal pleasure ground, where each expands to a comfortable chair ingeniously constructed as to be springy, though fashioned entirely of iron. If she be a wise maiden, she will so maneuver that the chairs will be placed on the main pathway where everyone must pass. This being achieved, she may await developments. And, if she have pretensions to beauty, she will not long be left in anticipation. The young man who pass will gaze at her approvingly; and finally one, to whom she may especially appeal, will detach himself from the crowd and take up his stand before her. Thus is initiated the first chapter of the romance. From that moment, without a word or sign, and even with scarcely a look from her, he becomes her swain and faithful knight. Week after week he sees her at the Pincio; he even follows her about the streets. Having ascertained her abode and her name, he generally soon manages to find a mutual friend who performs the introduction. The rest is obvious. Or, if they do not happen to have acquaintances in common, when the silent love-making has progressed far enough, a demand for the damsel's hand is made directly to her parent. Then, as a sedate married couple, they revisit together the scene of their wooing. This procedure, as I have said, is extremely common, and is considered proper among respectable members of the middle class. I have been told that marriages thus made turn out, as a rule, as well as could be desired.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Ponto and Puss. Hereafter, the aristocratic dogs and cats of New York will be interred in a cemetery reserved especially for their use. The canine cemetery, as it is called, is a very well-kept park of three acres in Hartsdale. It has been provided by a woman conspicuously fond of animals. The graveyard is not a potter's field, and a fixed system of fees is charged for each interment. The prices are five dollars for a single interment for cats and small dogs and \$8 for a large dog. The burial plots, if one wished to buy them outright, cost ten dollars or fifteen dollars, according to their size and location. When a plot is purchased the owner is allowed to bury several pets in the same grave. The graves are marked at present by wooden signposts carefully numbered and stuck up at the heads of the mounds. Several tombstones, however, are building by local stonecutters, which will commemorate the names and deeds of the pets. The Hartsdale canine cemetery is the only one in this country. It is modeled after the famous dog cemetery of London, where thousands of dollars have been expended in tombstones and decorations.

Peeling the Earth's Pulse. The fanciful notion which men used sometimes to entertain that the earth is, in some sense, a living thing would probably have derived support from the recent observations of Professor John Milne and others on the silvers and quivers that frequently run through its rocky frame, but escape notice except when watched for with specially constructed and exceedingly delicate apparatus. Professor Milne reports that apparatus of this kind has now been mounted in Canada, British Columbia, the United States, South Africa, New Zealand, Java, India and Argentina, as well as in England and at various places on the continent of Europe.

Gold in the Vatican. The gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

No City Councils There. Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool down.

We have noticed that when birds on hats are not in fashion, the women are more fierce at their meetings in denouncing the killing of songsters to decorative hats.

When a man wants to be particularly entertaining in company, the only jokes and stories he can recall are those best suited to men only.

A traveling man's honeymoon lasts four times as long as that of the average man, for the reason that he is not at home so often.

tively slight, and that the general outlines of great land areas have changed very little for millions of years.

A writer in Knowledge describes a method for mounting the eye of a dragon-fly in such a way that, with the aid of a microscope, photographs can be made through the lenses of the insect's eye. The photographs thus produced are multiple, because the eye of the dragon-fly consists of a large number of minute lenses distributed over its surface, each bringing the rays of light to a focus independent of the others. In fact, every dragon-fly carries in its eye about 25,000 minute and perfect lenses, each of which, when properly manipulated, is able to produce upon a sensitive plate a photograph, microscopic in size, but sharp and distinct.

PULLING TEETH AT SEA.

Dentistry and Physic for Poor Jack Tar While Afloat.

When a sailor on a deep-water ship has a toothache he is likely to go to the captain. The captain gives him something out of the medicine chest to put in his tooth, and if that doesn't cure it perhaps he pulls it. It is a common thing for sailors to pull their own teeth. Their method is to put a string around a tooth and pull it; but dental forceps are carried on deep-water ships, on some vessels a fair outfit of them. A ship captain of long experience said that in the course of his life at sea he had pulled 200 teeth.

The ship's medicine chest on a large vessel is like a closet or cupboard, with a glass door, built in the ship. In this chest the medicine bottles, gill-labeled, are arranged on shelves that rise one above another in receding tiers. It is practically a well-appointed little drug store. There is supplied with the medicine chest a book explaining the uses of the medicines. The captain is likely to have some other book on medical subjects which he has read and studied, and he is likely to have had a good deal of experience before attaining the rank of master of the ship.

The sailors are generally healthy men, but, when occasion requires, the captain prescribes; he is the physician. Limbs broken at sea are of course set there, and there might be circumstances in which the captain would not hesitate to perform a surgical operation.—New York Sun.

The Cost of Solomon's Temple.

Few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire displays, have any adequate impression of the cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villapandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass were equal to the enormous sum of \$34,399,110,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, or \$2,876,481,015.

The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth \$3,231,720,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, \$10,050,000; trumpets, \$1,000,000. This added the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedar, 30,000 hewers of turpentine, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,500 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed \$73,689,550. If their daily food was worth fifty cents each, the sum total for all was \$319,385,440 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated at \$12,726,685,000.

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ON THE TRAIL.