

A COLORADO STORY.

WHY THE RIVER AT TRINIDAD BEARS THREE NAMES.

Queer Kink in Nomenclature Explained by a Rocky Mountain Editor—The Romans of the Lost Mexican Soldiers Who Were Bound For St. Augustine.

"Some queer kinks in nomenclature to discoverable in this country of ours," said Colonel William Stapleton of Trinidad, Colo. "Running right through the town of Trinidad, in which I live, is a little river, which familiarly and indiscriminately does its muddying business under three names. It is called variously the Las Animas, the Purgatorio and the Picket Wire. The names came about in this way:

"Santa Fe claims to be and is about the same age as St. Augustine, Fla. Both towns are considerably over 300 years old, although I forget the exact date of their settlement.

"Back in the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards at Santa Fe made a military detachment to go overland to St. Augustine. The old ones didn't know anything of the country which lay between. All they were posted on was the distance and the general direction, as they knew the latitude and longitude of both places. Rather late in the fall some 700 of them, steel clad soldiers, camp followers, baggage train and women, pushed in through the Raton pass over the trail now followed by the Santa Fe railroad, and at the beginning of winter made a camp at what is now the site of Trinidad, which sits fairly in the mouth of the Raton canyon, looking out on the plains.

"There they were on the very threshold of the Rockies. To the east of them, over which their course must trend, lay an utter waste of plains, apparently without limit. All that winter the Spaniards camped in the mouth of the Raton canyon. With wine, women and song, they put in a hilarious time, and probably had as much fun as they ever had before or since. Winters are not rigorous and spring comes early in the vicinity of Trinidad.

"With the first coming of the early grass the adventurers banished their arms, fitted up their homes and got ready to move. The camp followers, the women and the extra baggage they sent back to Santa Fe. When last seen, the party bound for St. Augustine, numbering several hundreds, were marching down the valley of the little river by which they had camped.

"That was the last ever heard of them. Not a feather ever floated back to tell the story of their fate. With the last flap of the last banner and the latest gleam of the rear-most steel cap they disappeared from the earth. To this day no one is able to make a suggestion as to what became of them, except that it is supposed they were butchered by the Indians.

"Fifty years ago there was an old Comanche chief named Iron Shirt, because of a rusty old shirt of chain mail which wore, but neither he nor any of the other Comanches knew anything of the origin of the garment nor where it came from. It had been in the tribe further back than the short Comanche memory could reach. Many have supposed that it was a relic of this Spanish expedition of three centuries ago, which had apparently marched off the earth that far away spring day in the mouth of the Raton canyon.

"But now for the kink in nomenclature. I was thinking of the disappearance of these Spanish soldiers seemed so serious and witchlike that it made a profound impression on the superstitious people they had left behind. They named the little river Rio de Las Animas, meaning the River of the Lost Souls, and it is supposed to hold the story of the expedition's dark fate and repeat it to itself in the river language, which the Mexicans do not pretend to understand.

"When the French fur traders under Sublette and St. Vrain came trapping in those waters from St. Louis, in a French effort at translation they made out that the River of the Lost Souls must mean the Purgatorio river, and so gave the river its translated name of Purgatorio.

"Later, when the American bull whacker marched through on his way to Santa Fe, he accepted the French name, but called it the Picket Wire. To this day the river wears all three titles, as the reader would soon learn by turning to the Trinidad newspapers, where he would find cattle brands advertised as having their ranges variously in the Las Animas, the Purgatorio and the Picket Wire.

"Every man picks out his name for himself, but they all mean the same river. It isn't much of a river either, only about 20 feet wide at Trinidad. The Mexicans, however, loyally stick to the name of Rio de Las Animas, and Mexican mothers tell their children of the soldiers who, hundreds of years ago, marched from there and were never heard of again."—Washington Star.

Just Like a Woman.
A young and well-dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third and sent it off. The three telegrams read:
First.—"Never let me hear from you again."
Second.—"No one expects you to return."
Third.—"Come home, dearest. All is forgiven."—Pearson's Weekly.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

MET A REAL INJUN.

But His Statement Was Promptly Disputed by the Other Boy.

"I run away wunst t' fight Injuns 'n I'll bear," remarked the redheaded boy as he spat out a straw he had been chewing.

"How'd ye git back?" asked the boy who had a rag tied around one of his toes.

"Pap," said the redheaded boy laconically. "Juvver do it!"
"Whim! Wunst."
"Bout how long ago?"
"Lass summer. Didn't want no b'ars in mine—just Injuns. Seems like when ye read about it it don't take much t' kill Injuns. Jest th' least little tap, 'n over they goes, 'n th' hero, he stands up 'n says, 'I am avenged!' They're off ferce, though, real ones is."

"Shucks!" said the redheaded boy. "I kin read all that myself. Tall about how ye run away."
"Me father he licked me 'bout readin Injun stories, 'n I begun that day savin part o' me vittals t' take away. 'N I watched when me mother wasn't lookin 'n swiped me winter overcoat out o' th' press where th' moth balls is. When th' clock struck 12, I sneaked out o' th' home 'n made out th' fast's ever I could."

"Lonesome, wasn't it?"
"Kind o', but I went on. I had me father's old revolver 'n I calculated I'd find a knife on th' first Injun I killed."
"Where'd ye go first? I was nos' t' Indiana when pop?"

"I went out t' Sixty-third street—ye remember that vacant lot where we waster play?"
"Shucks, that ain't far. Why, when I run away, I was goin'—"
"Huh, so was I. Ye lissen. I found some wood 'n made a match fire. I wasn't goin' t' be surprised by any Injuns."

"Ain't no Injuns on Sixty-third street."
"That's all ye know. Ye'd better tie yer ears round yer head—ye had. I laid down in th' shadder 'n presently I heard stealthy footsteps."

The redheaded boy looked apprehensively behind him, but seeing nothing began to whistle the "Bowersy Girl."
"I rolled over 'n put me hand on my trusty wespin 'n"—He stopped mysteriously.

"Huh. Don't believe it was"—
"N I seen a real Injun all in warpaint, 'n with two pistols 'n knives 'n a lot of fresh scalps in his belt, 'n"—
"Hully gee!" breathed the redheaded boy, moving closer.

"I—I jest remembered how had me mother'd feel t' have me killed 'n—I I got out fer home's fast's I could."
"Had they missed ye?"
"Naw. Ye ain't goin' t' tell."
"Say, he was 'bout 6 feet tall, 'n he looked husky. He"—

The redheaded boy suddenly got up and turned a handspring.
"Say," he yelled, "they's a man what's a actor as lives right next that vacant lot. I seen 'im once at th' they-they 'n he was doin a Injun song 'n dance in warpaint, he was. Smart, ain't ye?"

"Ye're a liar!" said the boy with a rag tied around one of his toes. He spat on his hands as he said it. And they fought until a big policeman came around the corner on his way to dinner. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Carrie's Blunder.
Little Carrie had been instructed to learn a Scripture verse with the word good in it. Accordingly her parents taught her. "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day."

The little maid repeated her text many times softly to herself before the beginning of the general exercise, in which all the Sunday school classes were to join. Then, when her turn came, she sent a ripple over the audience by reciting, in clear but lisping accents:
"It is awful to be good on the Sabbath day."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Worried.
"I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said the friend of the family. "He's not a poker player."
"I know he isn't," replied the father ruefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he is."—Chicago Post.

When It Was.
Physician (to government clerk)—Well, what do you complain of?
"Sleeplessness, doctor."
"At what time do you go to bed?"
"Oh! I don't mean at night, but during office hours."—Tit-Bits.

A Warning to Knickerbocker Girls.
There was a fire at the seaside hotel. The local fire brigade responded valiantly. One lady, who was in cycling costume, at the cry of alarm leaped from her chair and went to the window. "Save me! Oh, save me!" she shrieked. But the brave fireman on the ladder paused not. "Ladies first," he said and passed on to the chamber above, where the girls wore skirts. —London Wonder.

Old age is not one of the beauties of creation, but it is one of its harmonies. —Mme. Swetchine.
Honest designs justly resemble our devotions, which we must pay and wait for the reward. —Sir Robert Howard.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Realism.
"This picture belongs to the realistic school."
"Ah!"
"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

JOHN BROWN'S FARM.

Kate Field's Desire to Prove That There Is Poetic Justice in the Nineteenth Century.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind. The time had come to carry out the dream of my girlhood, when, through Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, I appealed to the present owners of John Brown's farm to help me save it from auction. Owing to the generous response of one woman and 18 men, the farm of 240 acres was bought, a good tenant secured, and when I visited the Adirondacks in 1892 our property had trebled in value. The house was in good repair, and John Brown's grave was the Mecca of tourists.

The subscribers to the John Brown fund were Mrs. R. C. Waterson, Boston, and Messrs. Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, William H. Lee, George A. Robbins, George Calot Ward, Henry Clews, D. Randolph Martin, Le Grand B. Cannon, Charles S. Smith, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Sherman, Jackson S. Schultz, Elliott C. Cowdin, Thomas Murphy, Charles C. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Tousey and H. B. Clafin, all of New York city.

Of our 20 subscribers nine have already joined John Brown in his march of eternity. The last to go was Jackson S. Schultz, with whom I had serious talks about the disposition of the farm a few months before his death. Sinclair Tousey, long our faithful secretary, wrote letters of warning when he felt the angel of death approaching. Both friends realized the necessity of putting this historic farm in such condition legally as to fulfill the original intention. Being the first subscriber, I had a defined idea of what I wanted. My desire was that the farm should be held as sacred ground, to prove that even in the nineteenth century there is poetic justice. I wanted it to be the center of a great state park. Nature made the Adirondacks the sanitarium of New York no less than the storehouse of its waters.

With more faith than ever in the ultimate destiny of the north woods, I am more anxious than ever that John Brown's farm should be given to the state, to be held forever as a park for the people, every care being taken to preserve the house intact. I know that Mr. Schultz, Mr. Tousey, Mr. Chittenden and Mr. Cowdin would advocate immediate action could they speak from beyond the tomb. Mrs. Waterson has assigned to me her interest in the property. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, our secretary, Mr. Salem H. Wales and Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon cordially indorse the proposition of state ownership, the last named subscriber suggesting that a tablet be placed near the grave of John Brown to bear the names of the purchasers of the farm and the donors to the state of New York.

Mr. Henry Clews, who as trustee holds the deed of the estate, is ready to do our bidding. I therefore ask my colleagues or their representatives to give him the authority needed to accomplish the purpose for which John Brown's farm was saved from auction.—Kate Field.

THINK WE ARE TRICKY.
British Provincial Newspapers Say the Yankee Hates to Pay What He Owes.

Some British provincial newspapers have been commenting, with considerable asperity, upon what they regard as American sharp practice over the Paris Bering award. All are possessed with the idea that the British lion has been fooled and think it is time he began growling. The Newcastle Journal, a Tory newspaper not without influence, the other day made these sage remarks:

"It goes against the Yankee grain either to hand over money illegally obtained or money due by contract or the award of arbitrators. What with being kept out of our Alabama surplus money, paying for the costly Bering sea inquiry and still waiting for compensation for the seizure of British sealing vessels, this country may well regard American arbitration as a kind of 'Heads I win, tails you lose' game, at which we should in future refuse to play without some guarantee against being deceived by a rignarolo of phrases and legal verbiage into fresh losses and damages in addition to those which first led to the controversies in relation to the Bering sea fisheries and the Canadian fisheries long ago."

An After Election Correspondence.
"The shortest correspondence on record," said Congressman Covert of New York yesterday, "passed between Amos Cummings and me a few months ago. Shortly after the November election, when Amos was defeated for congress, he was appointed subway commissioner of New York at a salary of \$5,000 a year. When I heard of it, I sent Amos this letter:

"Dear Amos— Then I drew a picture of a human hand and wrote in red letters across the palm the word 'Shake!' Yours, Covert."

"Two days later I received a reply. It read thus:

"Dear Jim— Underneath was a human hand stretched in the opposite direction from that drawn in my letter and bearing on the palm the word 'Thanks.' In the corner of the page was an excellent delineation of a champagne glass half filled with wine, and under it the words 'With pleasure. Yours, Amos.'"

"But I always believed that Amos' reply was not genuine. You ask me why? Because I never saw him with a half filled glass. It was either brimming over or empty."—Washington Times.

Lent.
Strange to tell, the familiar term of Lent has nothing in its origin significant of fasting. It is derived from the Saxon term—lengthen, tide or spring—the time when each successive day steals a few minutes from its night. In English literature we have repeated allusions to Jack o' Lent, a sort of puppet, generally personated as a lean and ragged scarecrow, which boys jeered and threw stones at, much as the Guy Fawkes of later days was treated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HAVE YOU THE TIME?

THE ODDS ARE TWENTY TO ONE THAT YOU HAVE NOT.

Some of the Reasons Why Most Timepieces Are Always More or Less Out of the Way—How Correct Time Is Received Daily From Washington.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred keep incorrect time. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are just in the act of regulating their watches in front of a window that has a chronometer in it. If you ask a man the time, and his watch is wrong, he is invariably going to the watchmaker that very day to have it put in order. No one has any idea of keeping the correct time. All believe that they have it in their pockets, and none ever gets it except at the moment of setting his watch.

If you have a friend in the railroad business and stop him in the street with a friendly "Hello, old fellow, what's the time? You always have it correct," he will haul out his timepiece with an important air and give the hour in a voice that shows he knows what time it is and that he is never wrong. A square or two farther on you chance to meet another friend in the same line of business. You ask him the time, receive an answer, smile to yourself and pass on. There was ten minutes' difference between them. Every time the station-house bell strikes a hundred men pull out their watches with a confident air of being correct and put them back with an expression of extreme surprise. We all live, flourish and die in time, but no one keeps the correct immediate record of the moments that beat out slowly and surely the limit of longevity.

An experienced jeweler and watchmaker, when asked the reason why so few people kept good time, said that nine-tenths of the causes of bad running watches was due to carelessness and irregularity in winding. A watch should be wound at the same time every day, and it ought to be regulated on one day every week at the noon hour, when both hands come together. The finest watches cannot be made perfect, and the best way to detect any difference between the two hands is to reset them at 12 o'clock, and if they are not exactly together make them so by holding the longer and winding the hour hand up to it.

An expensive jeweled watch ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 is very seldom in good running order simply because the owner is afraid to let a jeweler tamper with it and does not dare touch it himself.

In a large city correct time, absolutely correct time, is a matter between some dozen or two of men who follow almost every stroke of the pendulum and correct their chronometers with as much daily regularity as Captain Cattle did his famous timepiece. Women are said to be the most careless in the attention to watches. A lady has a watch presented to her by a gentleman friend and voluntarily promises to keep it in the very best running order. The gentleman friend has his misgivings on that score, but he gets the jeweler to put it in good shape a couple of weeks ahead and thereupon hands it over to the lady. Now, that watch has been running like a chronometer until the fair owner gets hold of it. The first thing she does is to notice the time in a store window, and as her watch does not agree with it she sets it accordingly, putting the regulator away over to one side. That night she forgets to wind it up, the next morning she winds it up only half way for fear of breaking the main spring and sets it by another clock in the afternoon. Then it runs down inside of eight hours, and she thinks it is running wild—as it very likely is, since she has put the regulating lever back and forth no less than six times in the course of a week. After this she wonders why the watch is always wrong and blames the jeweler.

Correct time comes into Philadelphia every day at noon by telegraph from the United States time observatory at Washington, where the "drop ball" makes an electric contact that sends the signal all over the country. The first clock in the city communicating with the observatory wire is at the Maritime Exchange. At 56 minutes after 11 the hands of the clock automatically click into place by the action of the magnet and the little train of wheels attached to it. Thus the Washington time ball becomes at once the authority for all clocks and an infallible adjuster. The statehouse clock is wound and regulated weekly by an expert chronometer maker, who sets his own watch by Washington communicated time and carries it immediately to Independence hall. Many large manufacturers and business places where it is necessary on account of the number of men employed to have strictly conscientious time employ a man to wind, keep in order and regulate their clocks the year round. Clocks kept closely to the mark in this way are very seldom in need of extensive repairs, and like intelligently regulated watches have less tendency to go wrong.

The Washington observatory clock runs for years together and has never varied more than six seconds for any one year.

It is kept true by continual quadrant observations on the altitude of the sun at its meridian. As the earth's revolutions become slower only by the fraction of a second in a thousand years it may be said that we are unable to take advantage of the natural means afforded for absolute time regulation in spite of the care that has been exercised in the making of timepieces. For 26,000 years, since the first recorded mention of any instrument to measure time, in Isaiah xxxviii, 8, men have been at work constructing appliances of all descriptions, all of them more or less faulty, to tell them when to eat, sleep and get up again. Is there no one to invent a fin de siecle watch that shall be able to keep up with the earth in point of exactitude?—Philadelphia Times.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. John A. Logan will spend the winter abroad, it is said.

Joel Chandler Harris was a journeyman printer in early life.

The commander in chief of the sultan of Morocco's army is a Scotman, by name Knid McLain.

United States Ambassador Bayard has promised to deliver the annual address in the autumn to the Edinburgh Philosophical society.

Mr. Gladstone has written such a vast number of letters during his life that his autographs bring only sixpence in the English market.

Joseph Mannel, 98 years of age, and his wife Sarah, 96, have just celebrated their diamond wedding in Kennebunkport, Me. They both enjoy good health.

Henry Dunant, the founder of the Geneva Red Cross society, is now, at 67, in great poverty and nearly starving. He spent all he had in promoting his idea.

The Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M. P., who is 93 years old, can beat half the crack whist players in the London clubs. He was a schoolmate of Lord Byron.

Senator Nelson of Minnesota has a fine farm of nearly 400 acres under the best system of cultivation. He has lived on it since 1871. This year he has large crops for sale.

The Duke of Cambridge received the notice of his being superseded by Lord Wolsley with such disappointment that it is feared by his friends that his life will be cut short.

William M. Everts, in his retirement at Windsor, Vt., is said to take a keen and lively interest in public affairs. He reads and writes with difficulty, but enjoys good health and spirits.

Hui Kin is the first Chinaman to be ordained as a Christian minister in the eastern part of the United States. He is a Presbyterian and has lived in New York since he came to this country, 20 years ago.

Embassador Bayard's family have been holding office continually under the United States government for 100 years, James Bayard, the embassador's grandfather, having been elected a delegate to the federal congress in 1796.

Lord Dufferin's son, the Earl of Ava, who traveled through this country last season, is soon to be married in London. The young lady is said to be clever and charming and an heiress to a peerage as well as to a fortune.

Young ladies who wish to possess titles are informed that there are still six marriageable dukes in England—namely: Grafton, age 81; Richmond, age 77; Norfolk, age 38; Marlborough, age 24; Roxburgh, age 19; Manchester, age 18.

W. S. Stratton, who owns the Independence mine of Cripple Creek, Colo., is a carpenter by trade. Three years ago he walked from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, a distance of 30 miles, in order to save the fare, which amounted to \$4. Now he has an income of \$1,200,000 a year.

It costs something to have an emperor for a friend. The recent visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Lord Lonsdale cost, it is said, \$200,000. This is not quite as bad as was the case in which the Duke of Buckingham had Queen Victoria as his guest at Stowe. The costliness of her reception was so great as to bankrupt him.

TURF TOPICS.
Azote can beat 'em all from A to Z.
William Penn will change hands this fall.
Guy, Mascot and Flying Jib are on a "back seat."
Benzetta may not be seen any more on the turf this season.
A new source of revenue to track managers—fine the drivers.

Klamath is gaited forward not unlike the black gelding Guy, 2:09½.
California has produced more than one noted "plow horse," but only one Azote.

C. W. Williams calculates he must have lost about \$40,000 on his big Galesburg meeting.

French mutuals in France pay a tax to the state, and consequently a record of the bettings is kept. Last year Paris bet \$37,800,000 in this form alone on horse races.

M. F. Dwyer looks none the worse for his English campaign and is at the races daily. Mr. Dwyer says that in his opinion the English horses average better than ours.

In Philadelphia recently Joel P. Bailey drove his black and gray road team, carrying with him Colonel A. Louden Snowden, who weighs 225 pounds, a mile over the Belmont track, without a skip or jump, in 2:41½.

Miss Lucy B. Griffin, an elocutionist, created quite a stir in Albia, Ia., recently by appearing in full knickerbockers. She ordered a saddle horse and rode astride to the houses of several women friends. Some of them fled from her in dismay, and none would go to the pavement to greet her.—Horseman.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.
A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic to life.—J. G. Holland.
Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.
Live as long as you may, the first 20 years are the longest half of your life.—Southey.

When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something. The soul wakes and grows.—Browning.
Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.—Goethe.

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit for strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.—Rabelais.

Particolored Animals.
Almost every group of mammals has some members conspicuously striped, others spotted or covered with rosettes. Even those that are plain or self-colored exhibit stripings or stars as a frequent abnormality. Thus, most donkeys and horses show some trace of stars, of dapplings, or, in rarer though common cases, of zebra markings. Most lions show here and there on their sides rosettelike markings recalling the spots of the leopard. A very large number of self-colored animals have ringed tails or spotted bellies. Another frequent occurrence is a disparity in coloration between the young and the full grown skin among many animals. Dr. Bonavia mentions that the plain colored puma gives birth to spotted young, while many deer, tinted a uniform brown when adult, are barred and spotted when young. He might have added that lion whelps almost invariably are spotted, and that tapers are born with whitish spots on a brown ground color.

His general conclusion is that all mammals were originally spotted, and that stripes have resulted from the fusion of rows of spots, and self color from the obliteration of spots. So far he might find many naturalists prepared to agree with him and all naturalists-willing to consider the collection of old and new facts tending toward his conclusion. On the other hand, however, Eimer, a German naturalist who has made a special study of the markings of animals, has shown at least an equal weight of evidence in favor of the view that spots are the result of bands breaking up and are newer than bands in the history of animals. For our own part, we do not think that there is enough evidence to draw a definite conclusion either way.—Saturday Review.

The Great Wall of China.
Authorities differ as to the exact date when the great wall of China was built, but the consensus of opinion appears to be that it was begun at least in the reign of the Emperor Che-Hwang-Te, the founder of the Tsin dynasty, who ascended the throne in 231 B. C., and died 210 B. C. There does not seem to be any reason for doubting its actual existence. It is true that the late Carter Harrison of Chicago, when visiting China in 1886, wrote home that he was inclined to look upon it as a myth. Subsequently a paragraph went the round of the papers, copied from the London Times of Aug. 5, 1887, which attempted to show on the authority of Abbe Larrien that the great wall "does not and never did exist," that there are indeed "square towers of earth faced with brick at considerable distance from each other, but these were never joined together by any wall, as originally intended."

This paragraph called out a lively controversy which was settled in favor of the wall. Among others, H. S. Ashbee wrote to Notes and Queries insisting that he himself had seen the great wall; that he had climbed upon it, and though he had never measured it nor traveled along it for any great length he could bear out evidence that it extended from the point where he stood upon it in a straight line, unbroken save in places where it has been allowed to fall into decay, as far as the eye could reach in either direction. "While crossing the gulf of Lian-Tong I plainly saw, from the deck of the steamer, where the great wall started from the sea. Further, in the same part of China, but unconnected with the great wall, I observed the square towers in question."

Idleness—Its Varieties.
Idleness plays many parts. There are the constitutionally indolent—those who, like Dr. Johnson, are never physically ready to get up in the morning, but who, like him, are possessed of a conscience which compels them now and again to face the reflection of what they have—compared with what they might have—done and to stand agnast at the comparison.

There are those whom circumstances have made idle—riches, absence of motive for exertion; ill health, real or fancied; indulgent friends and much more often by self-indulgence. That idleness is one of the seven deadly sins give them no sort of concern. It is of the essence of their complaint to have no feeling of their own infirmity. They are asleep. They cannot tell their dreams, for they do not even know that they are dreaming.

Giving up, nerveless relaxation, has become a habit, and to them—as to the immortal Mr. Toots, though from a different motive—nothing is of any consequence. But whereas it was his own convenience, his own feelings, his own comfort, that never were of consequence to the unselfish Toots, it is precisely your convenience, your feelings, your comfort that are, to the idle man, of no consequence. Floating idly about on "the great Pacific ocean of indolence," he makes first one compromise, then another, with self respect, until he ends by sacrificing the esteem of his fellow men on the private altar of his own sloth. His affairs get first muddled, then embarrassed, then decaying, then desperate, and he feebly flatters himself with an idea of repose, now that all is gone.—Chambers' Journal.

The Death Penalty in Ohio.
A movement is on foot to dispense with the prayer at executions hereafter at the state penitentiary. Deputies Dawson and Stackhouse both favor the change on the ground that in the time occupied by the prayer prisoners often lose their nerve or otherwise would go through the trap perfectly cool. The change contemplates having the religious service in the death cell just before the execution. Another and more important change, for which there is more agitation at present, is as to the method of inflicting the death penalty. Secretary of State Taylor, Harry Miner of the board of pardons and others advocate the adoption of electrocution in place of hanging, and a bill embodying the proposed change will be introduced in the legislature in the coming winter.—Cleveland Leader.