

### WHO GAVE THE MOST?

A haughty King, of former days,  
Loved to compare his praise  
Through all the coming ages  
What would adorn his name?  
How best perpetuate his fame  
On time-enduring pages?

Would monument or stored urn  
Teach all the world his worth to learn?  
Ambition vaulted higher,  
A vast cathedral should proclaim  
Who gave to God the most—that name  
He carved on base and frieze.

This story he would not divide  
With any mortal. In his pride  
It must be his alone.  
"Was finished, and on chance, will  
His name on tablet gleamed; that all  
The gracious deed might own."

Before the chancel rail that night  
In dream he stood; and saw the light  
Was dim, but dimmer grew  
The inscription on the tablet's face,  
When lo, blazed forth to take his place,  
A name he never knew?

In waking hours, he lightly thought  
On nightly visions. When he sought  
Next time his pillow's rest  
The same dream he dreamed again,  
"Who mars my work," he cried, in pain,  
"Or mocks my name's best?"

Once more the royal dream slept,  
Again the taunting vision crept,  
As twice it came before.  
"Whose name is this? Bring to my throne  
The one whose work supplants my own  
I'll suffer this no more."

An humble widow, clad in weeds,  
Whose daily toil for daily needs  
Scarce kept the wolf from bay,  
Answered the summons. "Who art thou?"  
He sternly said. "Upon thy vow  
Now speak. What canst thou say?"

"My lord, O King," she faltering said,  
"I know your will, and longed to aid  
This glorious work for God,  
The mule which drew the stone—each day  
I brought, at noon, a wisp of hay  
To help him bear his load."

"Alas! I see," the monarch cried,  
"Thy work for God, not selfish pride,  
Which earns the true 'well done.'  
Thy name shall on the tablet stay,  
For I have learned his lesson today  
How love the contest won."  
—*Ruth Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

### A GHASTLY WRITER.

A Most Weird Experience With  
Twistleton, Q. C.

Several strange things have happened to me in my life that my friends could never account for. They could never understand how I got an introduction to Twistleton, Q. C., nor why that learned gentleman, after allowing me to devil his work for him for ten years without putting any thing in my way, suddenly used every effort and influence he was capable of to put an important and valuable junior practice in my hands.

Twistleton, Q. C., was a hard, selfish man. In person he was like a badly dried moth, whose long, old-fashioned whiskers resembled the remains of wings; and there was consequently great surprise when Twistleton married Lucy Travers, who, as you will remember, was the belle of her season. But the Traverses were not so well off as they pretended to be, and Twistleton, as we all know, made his fifteen thousand a year, and had, if any thing, an ever-increasing practice in the chancery division.

Twistleton was undoubtedly a great lawyer and a man of great common sense, but he had two fads. He was a believer in ghosts and he wrote every thing in his chamber upon a Remington typewriter.

Twistleton and his wife were staying one June in Norfolk, at Lady Barnadore's. Twistleton was due in town to argue the great patent case concerning sewing machines of Buncombe and another against Badger, in the Court of Appeals, on Wednesday morning. I expected him back in chambers on the Monday evening, understanding that he intended rejoining his wife at the end of the week; for this case would last at least three days, and Twistleton was in several other cases on the list.

About eight o'clock on Monday evening, I had dined early at my club; and was engaged noting up Twistleton's papers, when he entered with his Gladstone bag and rug, looking, as I thought, tired and out of spirits. When Twistleton was in town by himself he always slept at his own chambers, as in the old days before he was married, and his breakfast (a chop and two eggs) was sent from the "Cook."

Twistleton, having heard that Foss, his clerk, had to say on the subject of retainers, dismissed him. Then he slammed down the windows, which I had opened to let in what fresh air there was in Old Square, carefully closed the door, let himself into the hard chair in front of his writing table, and idly leaned over the papers which were in front of him. At length the outer door was heard to close; Foss had departed, and Twistleton broke silence.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, I'm uncomfortable."

Twistleton, I may remark, was always on the best of terms with me, and treated me as a friend, for I believe I was useful to him. I had made great way in his affections by solemnly advising him to marry Miss Travers when I saw he was bent on doing so; but, since his marriage, I am not sure that this course of conduct of mine had been altogether to my advantage. I looked to him for a further explanation, which I saw was coming.

"Penrose, my dear fellow, who do you think is at Lady Barnadore's?"

I shook my head, being utterly in ignorance.

"Charley Colston," replied Twistleton, trying to carve his whiskers with the paper knife, "Charley Colston."

Poor Charley Colston! It was well known that he had paid his addresses to pretty Mrs. Twistleton in former days, and reports said she had encouraged them. No wonder Twistleton was excited. I knew him to be of an extremely jealous nature.

"Now mark me, Penrose," said Twistleton, shaking his forefinger at me as he would at Lord Usher in the Appeal Court—"what took place yesterday when I was playing tennis? The whole time, sir, he and she were talking and chatting together, and laughing—yes, laughing! Perhaps at my play, for I played abominably. I know it. I could not bear to see them."

Twistleton's tennis was never first rate. He had begun to play too late in life. He was an annoying partner, as he always insisted on leading, taking all the difficult strokes, and falling at them. He was a still more objectionable opponent, as he was always

able to get at the typewriter, anyhow. I said laughing.

"Hush! I don't know," replied Twistleton, solemnly. "It is no jesting subject."

I went my way, wondering how a man with Twistleton's practice could believe in ghosts, and who the deuce had written Charley Colston's name on the typewriter.

The next morning I walked down to Twistleton's directly after breakfast. I found him to be in the wildest imaginable condition. He had taken every precaution, locking up the typewriter, placing the key under his pillow; and yet, here was the message, as he called it, printed in clear, faultless style: "Charley Colston. He is with your wife, Charley Colston."

"I must go, I must go. Oh! Penrose, what shall I do?" he cried in agony, as I entered the room that was his study.

"Go?" I said; "and who is to lead in Buncombe versus Badger?"

He was silent, and buried all of his face, except his whiskers, in his hands. Even his hands, large and uncouth as they were, could not contain his whiskers.

"Think of Writson and Clame. What will they say?" I urged, seeing the effect my words had on him. "They rely on you in this case."

The name of this eminent firm seemed to calm Twistleton to some extent.

"My dear Penrose," he said in a trembling voice, "this is a message; I am sure of it. But I will do my duty; I will stay by my clients."

"Twistleton, you speak like a Queen's counsel and a man of honor," I said, seizing him by the hand, proud to shake it. "If it is a message," I added, to humor him, "it will come again to-night. I will tell you what we will do. We will watch the typewriter all night."

Twistleton wrung my hand with gratitude at this suggestion of mine and calmed himself. I made him eat some of my cold chop, and sent for some brandy and water for him, instead of the tea, which had already stood in the teapot for more than an hour. Then I endeavored to coach him in Buncombe versus Badger, but with small success. Then we went over to the Appeal Court, in which I took my seat; for, though I was not briefed in the case, I had nothing else to do, and was interested in seeing how Twistleton got on with it. He was very able at picking up a case as he went along, and the Court of Appeal never seen him as nervous as he was to-day—not even on his wedding day—and I was quite frightened for him.

Lord Usher, M. R., supported by Smugg, L. J., and Summerbosh, L. J., formed the court. Twistleton came in late; he had been at a consultation. As he entered I heard two solicitors' clerks say to each other, "Who is that?"

"Who is that with the whiskers?"

"Twistleton, Q. C.; he has the biggest practice at the bar."

"He looks like a boiled owl," suggested his companion.

"Drinks, I believe," was the reply.

This was horrible, for Twistleton was a follower of Prebendary Falutin, the great teetotaler.

But certainly Twistleton had a disipated look this morning. His eyes were red, and the lines under his eyes were very dark and hollow; his cheeks were pale and yellow. Something of this kind, I fancy, the Master of the Rolls remarked to Lord Justice Smugg, who nodded assent.

Twistleton rose to open the case, which was a very intricate one, and Lord Usher, according to his constant practice, interrupted him with the regularity of a piece of clockwork every two and a half minutes, and then wondered why he did not understand the case and shook himself impatiently. Much to Lord Usher's astonishment, Twistleton did not yield anything of his staggering retorts by which he used to keep the Court of Appeal in order, and frighten their lordships into deciding in his favor. On noticing this Lord Usher began to chaff and rally Twistleton in a manner that was the admiration of the junior bar, the two Lords Justices, and not least of all, of the Master of the Rolls himself.

At length Twistleton, in exultation on the merits of Buncombe's sewing machine, alluded to it as a typewriter. Whereupon Lord Usher said to himself, "That is it! That is it! That is a question of typewriters, no doubt Mr. Twistleton would have been called as a specialist to give evidence, and would not have been arguing the case before them. At which those in the court who knew of Twistleton's fad tittered; and his Lordship's namesakes who stand about the court put their hands before their faces and shook visibly for a moment or two, and then called out "Hush!" and looked angry. But Twistleton lost his temper over this and asked his Lordship if his Lordship meant to hint that the Court did not want to hear him, and intimated his intention, if such was the case, of sitting down. And then the whole court was really quite silent for a minute or two, in anticipation of a row; and every one ceased to flit and paid close attention to Lord Usher; to hear him, with his blandest and most urbane smiles, explaining how it was the great privilege of that court to listen to Mr. Twistleton, and what a high value they set upon that privilege, and how it was quite inconceivable to him (Lord Usher) that he (Mr. Twistleton) could imagine for a moment that this court or any other court should wish him to sit down. Whereupon Twistleton murmured that his Lordship was very good, meaning thereby that he should like to be with his Lordship in a small room where he could give him a bit of his mind. Then the case proceeded quite regularly. I until Twistleton handed Lord Usher a lot of papers to explain his case; and Lord Usher coming to one, said, with a knowing side glance at Smugg, L. J., that, from the handwriting, it must be a note of Mr. Twistleton's in another case; as he did not know that any one party to this case. And what would have happened then I don't know; only the court rose for lunch.

I heard two or three people say that day that "Twistleton, poor fellow, was doing more work than he ought to;" that "Twistleton was a clever fellow, but he

could not afford to burn the candle at both ends." Indeed, Twistleton's strange conduct in Buncombe versus Badger was the general topic of conversation in the robing-room.

When Twistleton came out of court I had the greatest difficulty to prevent him from rushing down to Norfolk by the night train. He was sure it was true; he believed in the message. I sat him down, and we had dinner together at my club. He had to continue his speech in the morning. I did not think he even knew for which side he was appearing.

We agreed that we would sit up in watches and so keep our eyes on the typewriter all night. There was a sofa in the recess of the window, and Twistleton sent me to bed and placed himself on this. I had my good-night, and took him for the first half of the night. About two o'clock in the morning I woke and went to Twistleton. He was wide awake, reading some papers on the sofa.

"Have you seen any thing?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he replied.

"Nor heard any thing?"

"Not a sound."

We took the lamp to the typewriter and opened it. There was the sheet of paper as he always left it, untouched. Twistleton locked it up again and took his good-night.

"Put it under your pillow."

"I will," he replied; "it's very good of you to sit up like this."

"It's nothing at all, I assure you," I answered.

"Keep strict watch, won't you?"

"I promise you," I said.

Twistleton shook me by the hand, with emotion, and went out; he looked very ill and wretched. I thought, and was sorry for him. Was it a ghost's message, or was that making his life a burden to him? Should I solve the mystery to-night?

I waited about an hour and a half. The dawn came peeping through the painted shutters and made the lamp look dim. I was almost dozing—in fact, I had shut my eyes and lost consciousness for perhaps a minute, perhaps more. A sharp clicking sound awoke me. It was the typewriter.

There, seated on a chair in front of it, playing nimbly on the queer instrument, was a white, misty figure. It had finished the cover down and turned the key, I saw the door leading to the door, and I saw the face and whiskers I knew so well; it was Twistleton himself.

My first impulse was to wake him, but I had heard that it was dangerous to wake persons walking in their sleep. He wanted all the sleep he could get, so I decided to let him alone, to walk down to my own chambers and get some more rest myself. When I got out into Old Square I could not help roaring with laughter. It was too funny. The idea of a ghost sitting at the typewriter, and being frightened out of his wits by them. What a story to tell against him! No one would believe it, it was too good to be true.

I awoke a little late next morning, but went straight down to Old Square before breakfast. Alas! I was too late. There was Foss in misery over a hasty scrawl of Twistleton's. He had gone to Barnadore by the early train; Foss was to make any excuse he thought fit to Writson and Clame. There was the typewriter shattered into a thousand pieces, its intricate machinery a shapeless chaos. I shuddered to think what would happen if there was anything between Charley Colston and Mrs. Twistleton.

In town every one was a-kiner what had become of Twistleton. The rumor went round the law courts that he was insane. I maintained a discreet silence. Mr. Clame was almost crying at Skokoch, murmuring something about "bad news and his learned leader," rose to continue his wrap-up on Lord Usher, unrestrained by the presence of Twistleton, made the Court of Appeal a place of fiery torment to that eminent elderly jurist, Mr. Skokoch. Bustle, Q. C., for Badger, was not even called upon to reply; Buncombe and another were dismissed, with costs.

The early train stopped, as I knew, at every station, forty in number. I could imagine poor Twistleton's state of mind as he pattered along in a slow train to Barnadore. He arrived at the house about breakfast time—I had the story from Grimbleton, who was there—came into the breakfast-room, and his appearance elicited a shout of surprise.

"What has become of Buncombe versus Badger?" cried Lord Barnadore.

"Settled, eh?"

"Not that I know of," muttered Twistleton, sulkily; and then, looking around fiercely, asked: "Where's my wife?"

"Not down yet," replied Lord Barnadore.

Twistleton looked hastily round, as though in search of some one else, and then tore up-stairs to his wife's room. The whole company looked at each other in silence.

There was some explanation about "bad news," but the Twistletons never went into mourning, and Mrs. Twistleton seemed very merry all that day. It is true Twistleton shut himself up a good deal. Grimbleton told me that he never understood the whole business in the least; in fact, in Twistleton's circle it was a sine day's wonder. By the bye, I almost forgot to mention that Charley Colston left the day after Twistleton came to town.

When Twistleton returned to Old Square he was a sadder and wiser man. He gave up believing in ghosts, and did not buy another typewriter. I told Twistleton that I would not let the matter go any further, and I mentioned at the time that he might get the junior brief in Buncombe versus Badger, which went to the House of Lords, where, through Twistleton's clear arguments, Lord Usher and Lords Justices Smugg and Summerbosh were overruled.

That year, mostly through Twistleton's influence, my fee book credited me with £2,000.

I have kept my secret well, but since Twistleton succeeded Lord Usher as Master of the Roll Lady Twistleton has

not called on Mrs. Penrose, and, although my wife assures me that she is rather glad of it, she is always telling me now that she does not think so good a story should be lost to the world as that of "Twistleton's Typewriter."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

### THE HAY CROP.

How Poor Land Can be Made a Source of Great Profit.

Hay is one of the most valuable crops of the country, worth millions of dollars, and upon it depend the life and well-being of millions of animals. Hay must be had, cost what it will. It is a staple crop. In most of the States it is somewhat, according to the abundance or scarcity of the crop, but it seldom or never falls below the cost of producing the same. There is always a sale for hay, and the farmer has little difficulty in realizing on his crop. Some lands are better adapted to produce hay than others. A clay soil, or any strong, moist soil, is well suited to producing grass, while a light, sandy soil is of little value for the purpose.

Every farmer should raise the crops that his land is best adapted to produce. If one has good grass land, let him raise hay and a good crop of it, too. There are writers who contend that it will not pay to top-dress grass lands, but that the better way is to cultivate the land with hood crops for two or three years, until the same is in good condition, and then sow to grass, and keep on so as long as a paying crop can be secured, then plow the land, and treat as before. This may be very well when the soil is not richly supplied with manure, or it costs too much to secure it, but experience has shown that, as a rule, it will pay well to top-dress good grass lands and it does not take much arithmetic to prove it. We have in mind a farm where the land is naturally good, but where the crop of hay was not over a ton to the acre on all the land devoted to grass. This land was plowed and planted one year with potatoes, and sowed down again to grass. The crop that followed for the next three or four years—two crops a year generally—would average more than three tons, and, in some cases, five tons to the acre. This hay sold for twenty-five dollars per ton. This land was top-dressed as often as every second year, and some of it every year.

If it pays to raise large crops, and it is easy to do this if one will use the means. We think there is money in the hay crop for many farmers who are now quite indifferent in respect to its value.

—*Congregationalist.*

### SHE MARRIES LATE.

One of the Characteristics of the Boston Girl and the Reasons for It.

The Boston society girl, as a rule, does not marry young. In this hyperborean climate the female of our species blossoms late. At twenty she is simply a bud, and she does not fairly bloom until she is three or four years older. In cold countries women, like vegetable growths, develop slowly. Here it is winter eight months in the year, and there is small chance for any thing to sprout. At sweet sixteen the sprightly maiden of our modern Athens is in pinafores. At nineteen she is still in short dresses going to school; for this is the English style, you know, and whatever is British "goes" in this town. If she is a younger sister her servitude in the nursery is well-nigh hopeless. But even after she has emerged from the chrysalis of immaturity into the condition of the fashionable butterfly her education is indefinitely continued. In the intervals of social dissipation she is obliged to attend all sorts of lectures on the most abstruse subjects. She pursues eccentric courses of reading, and acquires an intimate knowledge of strange religions and out-of-the-way philosophies. In classes with others of her sex she occupies her time in cultivating the arts and sciences. Thus she is able to attain a degree of mental superiority which renders it possible for her to look down with immeasurable contempt upon her fellow creatures in pantaloons. In case she does not marry, this scorn of the inferior masculine gender is likely to be steadily and progressively aggravated with advancing years.

I have observed with pain that Boston women generally seem to consider it quite the thing to look down upon the men. It is very hard. I really can not imagine why it is. But they do. It appears to be the fashion here to regard the male animal of the genus homo as rather a necessary evil than otherwise. As a producer of money he is useful, but in all else not particularly desirable. If available as a partner in marriage he receives the attention due to such a rarity; but once disposed of matrimonially he lapses into the forgotten condition of other benefactors, who pass their time, when not engaged in business, lounging at the clubs, while their wives are busy forwarding the work of societies for the advancement of human knowledge in various branches. I was talking the other day with a fair acquaintance of mine about the recently announced engagement of a girl we both knew. "What sort of a fellow is the prospective husband?" I asked.

"Oh, harmless," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders, which was evidently intended to express a conviction that a non-interfering disposition was the best thing to be expected in a man.

At any rate, this is the view entertained by the typical young woman of our enlightened metropolis. She marries late, if at all, because the young men—originally too few in number to supply the market—must struggle long and hard in this overcrowded community before they find themselves in a position to support a family. I would strongly advise the Boston girl to "go West" and seek a refuge from old maidhood in far Dakota or Montana, where any thing in petticoats is a premium.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

### THE TOMB OF JULIET.

A Cold, Matter-of-Fact Description of a Famous Sepulcher.

It is not possible to come to or from Venice without paying a visit to Verona. Any quantity of spinsters from America, of both the antique and the modern type, are traveling over Europe this season on their own hook. Parties of three and four are encountered everywhere, acting in a perfectly independent manner, and ignorance of the language of the country where they may be does not interfere in the least with their comfort. Not one of them who gets to this part of the world will miss Verona and the tomb of Juliet, nor will they permit any one else to tempt them to pass by it. Now, I never took much stock in Romeo and Juliet. It always struck me that they were two very ridiculous persons, and the very best thing they ever did was to get themselves out of the way. But as I was told so many times it would not do to be so near Verona and not go there, I went and made the pilgrimage to the tomb of Juliet. The tomb is a fraud. It is nothing but a dilapidated old marble sarcophagus kept in a little hut in the far end of the big garden of a Franciscan monastery. The walk from the outside gate is under an over-hanging arbor of vines, from which great bunches of grapes hang in the utmost profusion. These grapes were really quite delicious and afforded the only compensation for the visit. The sarcophagus is empty, and what has become of Juliet's body can not be told. The sentimental individuals who come to look for their cards for the tomb of Juliet. These cards are cleared out of the sarcophagus, I suppose, several times a year. When I looked into it there were two thousand or three thousand cards lying at the bottom bearing the names of high and low titled persons, from Counts and Countesses down to plain Smith with no prefix. The Capulet mansion is also one of the attractions of Verona. The balcony where Juliet used to stand and listen to the serenades is perched very high up, and Romeo and the other gallants of Verona must have strained their necks to get a sight of her. The churches of Verona are very quaint and very antique, portions of one of them, according to the story of the guide, going as far back as the seventh century. The most interesting sight in all Verona to me was the old Roman amphitheater, comparatively as perfect as when built, and which, constructed entirely of stone, with that Roman cement which dynamite often fails to affect, looks almost indestructible. I do not see why modern builders can not take a lesson from these architects of old.—*Baltimore Sun.*

### THE FINGER-RING.

An Ornament Which Has Ticked the Vanity of Mankind.

Of all the ornaments with which vanity, superstition and affection have decorated the human form, few have more curious bits of history than the finger-ring. From the earliest times the ring has been a favorite ornament, and the reasons for this general preference shown for it over other articles of jewelry are numerous and cogent. Ornaments whose place is on some portion of the apparel, or in the hair, must be laid aside with the clothing or head-dress; and thus easily lost and often not at once missed. Pins, brooches, buckles, clasps, buttons, all sooner or later become defective in some part, and are liable to escape from an owner unconscious of the defect in the mechanism. The links of a necklace in time become worn, and the article is taken off to be mended; the spring or other fastening of a bracelet is easily broken, and the bracelet vanishes. With regard to ornaments fastened to parts of the savage body, mutilation is necessary, the ear must be bored, the nose be pierced, the cheeks or lips be slit, and, even after these surgical operations are completed, the articles used for adornment are generally inconvenient, and sometimes, by their weight or construction, are extremely painful.

In striking contrast with decorations worn on the clothing, in the hair, around the neck and arms, or pendant from the ears, lips and nose, is the finger-ring, the model of convenience. It is seldom lost, for it need not be taken off; requires no preparatory mutilation of the body, is not painful, is always in view, a perpetual reminder either of the giver or of the purpose for which it is worn.

The popularity of the ring must, therefore, be in a large measure due to its convenience, and that this good quality was early learned may be inferred from the Hebrew tradition, which attributes the invention of this ornament to Tubal-Cain the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—Though discovered in 1879, saccharine is just beginning to be manufactured on a large scale, near Magdeburg, Prussia. Having 300 times the sweetening power of cane sugar, this remarkable product is adapted to many uses. It is expected to be especially valuable in medicine on account of its absolute harmlessness.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

—The production of locomotives in Europe during the year 1896 amounted in England to 2,300; Germany, 2,000; France, 1,000; Belgium, 600; Austria, 400; Switzerland, 120; Italy, 70; Sweden, 60; Russia, 40; and Holland, 20; in all, 4,400 engines. The largest works in the world are the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, which are capable of turning out 600 per year. Borsig, in Berlin, can produce 300 in that time.

—The wheat-growing interests of the Northwest, the mining interests of the far West, and the cotton-growing interests of the South are counting on a great increase in demand from home sources on account of the spread of the population in those regions. The low price of wheat for years past has kept the farming interests close to the wall, but with the spread of industrial capacity toward the Rocky mountains brighter prospects are looming up and better prices are in sight. The same influences are at work in the South.—*Public Opinion.*

### FORMIDABLE WEAPONS.

What Destructive Genius is Doing to Make War Impossible.

When first the atom came in sight as an effective weapon of war, its destructive possibilities at once placed a check upon nations disposed toward hostilities, and since then the improvement in torpedo service and the construction of torpedo boats have menaced the navies of the world. But this was only the beginning of a series of inventions in gunnery, projectiles and explosives which, if they continue at the same rate for another generation, will make war actually impossible. Even under the new conditions a resort to arms will be little short of the certainty of annihilation. The torpedo boat, as shown by recent tests of our Navy Department has seen its best days. By the use of the electric light, a vessel can pick out the swiftest of these assailants while yet at a distance sufficiently great to insure its destruction. The self-moving torpedo, however, which can be sent long journeys beneath the water, under the direction of an operator who is capable of indefinite improvement in its efficacy. But it is in other departments that the progress of destructive ingenuity is most marked.

We have commented upon the work done by the new dynamite gun, which proved itself capable of discharging with accurate aim six pounds of dynamite against a target from one to three miles distant. That this can be improved to greater destructiveness can hardly be doubted. At the same time it is announced that a method of packing dynamite shells has been discovered, by means of which they may be discharged from ordinary cannon, with as much ease and safety as if they were the common iron sphere. Even this does not mark the farthest advance of invention. The Russian government is now guarding carefully the secret of a reported new explosive, which has been named "sleetover." The peculiarity of this alleged new form of gunpowder is said to be that it explodes by expanding in one direction, and that in the course to be taken by the projectile. Another explosive exists inside the building. But the subject makes me warm as I ponder over it, and the things which I know about woman's work beside man pour in on my intellect like a young Niagara. You would also be indignant could you know the sum of torture girls put up with to keep floorwalkers and superintendents from falsely reporting them and getting them discharged, the armor they have to wear to keep employers in their places, the things they have to hear and see in silence, knowing that there is no redress but to throw up their livings."—*N. Y. Cor. Albany Journal.*

—A correspondent says: "The scenery of the Straits of Magellan and Smith's Sound is magnificent. Vegetation grows from the water's edge, terraces above terraces, their straight lines ever and anon broken by some beautiful inlet into which an enormous glacier stretches, and the background composed of purple, then snow-capped mountains which throw Swiss Alps and Spanish Pyrenees into insignificance. On a summer day such views keep the traveler on deck from dawn till evening, every turn and twist of the straits unfolding new panoramic effects to the artistic eye as the steamer threads its way through intricate channels between soundings in some places, miles in breadth one moment, so narrow another that the trees almost touch the ribs of the vessel on either side."