## The Coast Mail.

A STREET AND STREET

#### CHNCKHATED AND WON.

" Do you play the 'Royal Game,' Miss Ren-

"Bornstimes," was the young indy's reply. And at the next moment the gentleman was pincing the men on the board.

"Why, Lodina Rensington," said Mrs. Blandeskyno, ogling and hustling up to the table at which the young people were seated, "surely you're not agoing to try to play choss with Mr. will. He is one of the very best players, while you don't know anything about the game. You'd

bester let Lovice come and take your place." " if Mr. Lovell desires me to do so, i certainly will," said Miss Rensington, composedly. " Perhaps, Mrs. Blanderskyne, you had better let Miss Rensington try her hand at one or two gumes," said Mr. Lovell, in that easy, firm and quiet manner which is the most effectual way to repel an intrusion.

The time and place of this incident was a social The time and place of this incident was a social entertainment in the parlors of Colonel Austin. The amusements of the evening wore gliding along in any way that the parties who engaged in them chose to adopt, quite free from the re-straining influences of a pre-arranged programme. As for the chess, they had been moving contin-ually i new players being ready to take their places at the table the moment it was vacant. The lasty and gentleman now at the table had never met until that evening, and a formal intro-duction given by the hostess mon after the com-

faction given by the hostess soon after the comrs. Blanderskyne could not have told the difference between chess and backgammon, and knew nothing whatever in regard to Miss Ren-

on's knowledge of the game. But she did w that Mr. Lovell was a wealthy and handdaughter, Lovice, she would be very glad to

accure. "As for that girl, Lodina Bensington, she is just nobody," said Mra. Blanderskyne, addressing a small circle of elderly and middle-aged ladies, whom she had gathered around her "I've known her from the day she was born, and knew her parents before they were married. Her father His mlary was only six hundred dollars, and that was a great doal more than he earned. His wife, poor thing, died when Ladina was only eight months old. I don't know why they gave her such an outlandish name Did you ever hear that name before. Mrs. Lister "" that name before, Mrs. Lister ?"

" No," answered the lady. " Nor I, either, nor any one else. But, as I was aying, her father, the foolish man, wasted a great deal of time reading and studying, and since I think of it now, I remember hearing that he was very fond of chess-playing, and that some of his people thought he spent too much time in that way."

Perhaps he taught his daughter to play when

she was a child," suggested Mrs. Sanborn. "I hope not!" said Mrs. Blanderskyne. "It would be such a foolish way for a poor young "I hope not!" said Mrs. biandersayne. would be such a foolish way for a poor young person like her to waste her time. She has only three hundred dollars a year, and they say she is no close and penurious that she doesn't use more be doesn't use more that she doesn't use more than half of that. But, of course, she does her own sewing. Poor girls like her ought to make all their own clothes, even if roady-made garments are cheap," "I have been told," said Mrs. Sanborn, "that

Miss Rensington makes a little money by giving reasons in German and music, also by copying manuscripts.

"I am glad the poor girl has some way to get along." along," said Mrs. Blanderskyne. "But I was going to tell you more about her father. He died when Lodina was about her lather. He died scared whon I heard of his death, for I was sfraid the poor child would have to go to the poor-house. But it seems he had a little money all the time sut away scmewhere. He kept very still about it, through fear, I suppose, that if his society knew he had anything laid away they would cut down his salary; and no doubt they would have

Then the three hundred a year is the income Lodins roceives from the property left by her father ?" said Mrs. Lister.

t's the way I understand it. The principal she could have and use any time, but she is so close and managing that she adds a little to it the coon emerged from the caudal ex-

# Mrs. Blanderskyne had fallen back a few steps

as the conversion progressed. She knew very well that sho had no right to be trying to hear what these young people were saying, and yet she stood there with a malignant seowl, and heard every word, and then serpen-tined herselt across the room to where Lovice was standing lik a wall-flower. "Just as I told yout" said the angry and dis-heartened mother. "You are always keeping yourself back out of sight! You seem to think the twenty fire hundred dollars a year spent for your wall one will manage your case; but you should show your accomplishments as well as should show your accomplishments as well as your fine clothing. There's that little Lodina, the parson's daughter, only twenty-two years old -seven years younger than you are-and I be-tieve she has actually made a conquest of Mr. Lovell, while my only object in bringing you here to-night was to have you make his acquaint-ance. It's too bad ! Call your father, and let us go home.

Mrs. Blanderskyne's predictions in regard to

the conquest were verified The place Lodina called home, and the only home she had when Mr. Lovell first met her, was a quiet and comfortable boarding-house, where ahe had a right to remain and was welcome, because she was able to pay her board at the end of ach week.

Within six months after their first meeting her wedding reception was given in Mrs. Ward's parlors.

"You may remember my telling you," said Mr. Lovell, addressing his friends, Mr. and Mra. Ward, "that the lady who should be my wife must be able to play chess, and must checkmate me the first time." "Do you hear that, Lovice?" said Mrs. Blan-

derskyne, who was at the reception in full force, her daughter's trouseau outshining that of the bride. "You know how to play chess, and if you had gone right up to the table and played with Mr. Lovell, and beat him, you would have brought him right down to your feet. But it's too fate now. I don't believe you'll ever get a husband, unless you go down as far below your proper position as Lodina Rensington has gone

But the chosen and happy brids of the only man she ever loved could have told the husbandunting mother that a true marriage comes like fortune and sleep-not to those who devise wave to encompass and catch it, but to those who are prepared and ready to accept it as the dearest and best gift of Heaven

#### A Coon Swallowed by a Snake,

Seeing a corner in your paper devoted to the amusing and instructive version of wonderful "snake stories," which have been liberally dealt with, I have waited several weeks for some more able writer to give an account of the strange behavior of a monstrous serpent that met his fate in the presence of several gentlemen from St. Louis, that are abundantly able to do the subject justice, but as they continue to keep silent, I unostentationsly contribute the following, knowing that many of your readers will entertain grave doubts of the authenticity of the report as well as the veracity of the author: Not many months ago, the writer was homeward bound from the South, with several gentlemen of quasi political reputation, who had been sitting as the Louisiana Returning Board, election frauds, etc. When our boat drew up to the hank a few miles below Vicksburg, to take on wood, a number of passengers, I among the rest, ventured ashore. While engaged in drawing down a huge streamer of Spanish moss, my attention was called to a raccoon that was descending er of a leaning tree a few yards away. Approaching, I discovered a very large serpent eagerly inspecting his coonship, and seemingly speculating on the amount of nitrogenous matter surrounded by that glossy hide.

Down came the coon, and his serpentine foe swallowed him without a struggle. By this time a number of the party were on the spot, and were preparing to liberate the animal by opening the abdothe coon emerged from the caudal ex-

### An Incident of the War.

The historian of "The Lost Cause." Edward A. Pollard, declares that the defeat of the Confederate Army of the Valley, near Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, was the beginning of the downfall of the Confederacysince that victory, with the operations of the following month in the same quarter, destroyed the military power of the rebellion in the valley, closed permanently that broad highway of Northern invasion, by which the South had been able so long and so successfully to divert the war from the interior of Virginia to its boundaries, and effectually circumscribed the territory in that State. The battle of Winchester was one of the most sanguinary and hotly contested battles of the war. The actual fighting of the day was confined to a space of about five hours' time after mid-day, and before the final result, over 5000 of Sheridan's army were put hors du combat. The contest ended about six o'clock, with the rout of the enemy, who fled in the greatest disorder to Fisher's Hill. The Confederate historian is probably correct in the importance that he gives to this Union victory, although I believe he is the only writer on either side who has clearly pointed out the reasons which made it so disastrous to the cause of the South. The report of Gen. Grant (page 16) sets forth in a few words, the military situation in the Shenanqoah Valley just prior to the battle. He says:

"The two armies lay in such a position -the enemy on the west bank of the Opequan creek, covering Winchester, and our forces in front of Berryvillethat either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for long distances before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally, the use of the Baltimore and Ohio Bailroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the importance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continuously threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph the order for an attack with out knowing more than I did of General Sheridan's feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on 15th of September to visit him at his the headquarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charlestown, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, what he could do the moment he was authorized; and expressed such confidence of suc cess, that I saw there were but two words of instruction necessary-Go in!"

It is quite evident from all this that General Sheridan had very exact information as to the numbers and disposition of Early's army. The facts as to how he obtained this information make one of the most interesting events of the war; and assume the style of Rue de la Convenconsidering the great importance of the results that followed, the inci-

#### Street Changes in Paris.

The report of the Prefect of the Seine on the subject of the proposed changes in the names of the streets in Paris, which has just been published, provokes numerous comments. M. Herold begins acknowledging that changes in familiar nomenclature are undesirable unless specially called for by public or national considerations. He proceeds forthwith, however, to make the exception prove the rule, and either on his own proposition, or as mouth-piece of the Municipal Conncil, lays before the Minister of the Interior a table for reclassing highways and byways that will stagger the most knowing of Parisian Jarvies. To begin with that prominent landmark the Place de l'Etoile, where stands the magnificent Arc de Triomphe now crowded by Cook's tourists, one of whom may be heard contending with his fellows that this monument is really no finer than the marble arch on Oxford street), twelve avenues radiate from its center, three of which the Prefect of the Seine intends sacrificing, to wit the Roi de Rome, Josephine, and Reine Hortense. In their places the names of Kleber, Marceau and Hoche are to ap-M. Herold expresses surprise that pear. one of these Republican generals have been honored in this spot dedicated to martial memorials, and can only account for the omission by the fury of Imperialist worship. It seems high time that they should have their due now. Four leading persons of the Second Empire are to be relegated to oblivion — Marshals St. Arnrud and Magnani and MM. Abbatucci, and Billault. The first because he owed his Marshal's staff to the abominable crime of which he was one of the principal authors, viz., the coup d'etal. The second, because nobody desires the maintenances of his name. The third because there is a doubt as to its paternity. whether a General of the same name, or the Minister of Justice, the Abbattuci, of the Second of December. As public opinion identifies the street with the latter, there can be no question of its being spared. Billault ought to disappear, be cause talent is no extenuating circumstance in a case of political apostacy. In their place we are promised the names

Lincoln, Beaurepaire, La Boetie, Charras and Rouget de Lisle. Lincoln and Washington are suggested by their proximity to the Champs-Elysees, American spirits, who are expected to feel highly honored at the compliment. Beaurepaire was the heroic defender of Verdun in 1792, and is intended to eclipse Magnan. La Boetie, author of a work called "Contreun," will, it is sup-posed, be in suitable company near Pierre Chandon, the obscure successor of De Morny. The name of the Presi-dent of the Republic, on the 29th of January, the day of his accession, has been suggested as appropriate to the Ex-Rue St. Arnaud, where M. Grevy occupied an apartment, but his well known modesty forbade such a stroke of adulation. is to become Rue de Volney, after the author of "Les Ruines." Charras is to efface Clary, an obscure member of the Imperial family. The Municipal Council, in a sudden whim of classicism, thought of Juvenal, but nobody cared for the Roman satirist outside the Luxembourg. The Rue de Bouille will get rid of an irritating souvenir of the enemy of the Revolution for the peaceful name of an artist of great talent. The Rue Dauphine, emblem of monarchy, must

#### ANATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

WM. COLLIER

flesh as germs, and all the cancerous humor

in the system as food for the growth and

development of one or more cancers,

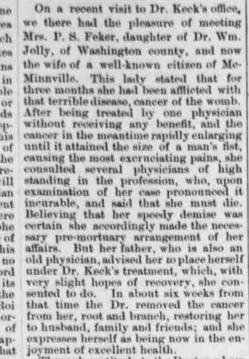
Call and see the Doctor, and, instead of

than the first.

humor.

grave.

ing, Portland, Oregon.



Through gratitude to the Doctor, whom she regards as the savior of her life, and for the benefit of those who are now, or may yet be, similarly afflicted, she desires the publication of the foregoing-a request to which we cheerfully accede,

A soldier told a Courier-Journalist the other day that at the battle of Bull Run hetmet a fellow soldier who was very much excited. "What's up?" "It's getting hot up there." "How do you know?" "Because a sutler's just been killed."-[Louisville Conrier-Journal

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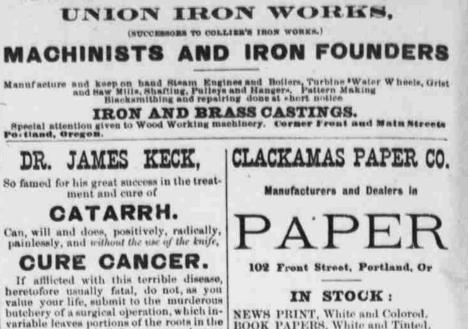
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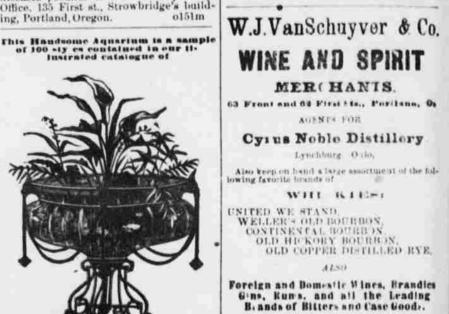
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" It would be well, I think," said Mrs. Sanborn if some other 1 oung ladies would follow her ex-

"For poor girls it is all right, I suppose," said Blanderskyne, with a perceptible curl of her " But 1 do not like to see the forward and pretentious ways of such persons. Just notice Lodins, talking in an easy and familiar way, and even joking and laughing, with a gentleman like Mr. Lovell. See that splendid diamond stud on bosom; and she has no jewelry, except one amethyst ring-her mother's engagement ring, I suppose.'

"Perhaps she will have an engagement ring of her own some of these days," said Mrs. Ward, with a sly but slightly mischievous twinkle in her eve

Mrs. Ward had been listening attentively, but had not spoken before now. That is a very curious insinuation, Mrs.

Ward," said Mrs. Blankerskyne. "You surely don't think that a psor girl like her who has been always taking to edge along into good soci-ety, but has never 3 et received the special attenms of any gentleman, can manage to inveigle Mr. Lovell.

"I don't see where the inveigling comes in," mid Mrs. Ward, in a formal and dignified manner. "But so far as relates to the matter of special attentions, I am not sure that the lady is any worse of than Mr. Lovell himself, You may perhaps know that he calls at our house quite frequently; in fact, my husband and I are, I suppose, among his most intimate friends. He told us one evening last most intimate triends. He told us one evening last week that he had just entered his thirly-third year, but had never yet become acquainted with any young lady who appeared to him to be the one he would desire to bave for a wife." "Particular, isn't he? very!" said Mrs. Blan-derskyne, with a sneer. "Perhaps the parson's daughter will just suit him."

"Mr. Lovell," said Mrs. Ward, "divides his time between bus ness and study, and gives but le attention to company or social amusements. My husband sometimes plays chess with him at our house, but neither of them are very skillful-any first-rate player will beat either or both to-gether, and I would not be surprised if Miss Ren-sington is beating him now. I heard him say that he would never marry any lady wh did not understand chess well enough to check-mate him the first time."

" I will see how they are coming on with their same," mid Mrs. Blanderskyne, "just for my own stiefferting."

Well, Mrs. Blanderskyne," said Mr. Lovell, "I am glad to see you again: I am in need of your sympathy and help. You play chess, I "No, Mr. Lovell, I am sorry to say, but my

hter Lovice is a first-rate player," answered

daughter Lovice is a first-rate player," answered "So you told me before; but for that very reason she is not needed here just at present. It would not be very gracious, or even quite fair, to ask her to assist me against another young lady; that would help me out of my trouble. This is our second game. At the first I was checkmated at the tenth move; this time I have put in requi-ition all my genius and skill, for I am playing or a stake that I would be sorry to lose. Miss Rensington has agreed to allow me to take her to the opera next Thursday evening if I win this sort daughter to aid me in an emergency of this sort; and if you cannot help me, and no one else mess to my rescue. I suppose I am lost." The parason's daughter thought she dotected a roy fittle grim irony in Mr. Lovell's appeal for young that the invitation to the opera would be may fittle grim irony in Mr. Lovell's appeal for young that the invitation to the opera would be may fittle grim irony in Mr. Lovell's appeal for young that the invitation to the opera would be har service, even though she won the next state.

"Garde monsiour?" she exclaimed, presently.

"Out, out, mademoiselle! But if I move my queen out of danger my king is in ckeck, and the next move I am sheckmated. There, I have lost the stake for which I was playing, and have no right to ask your permission to accompany you to the opera, unless you may possibly grant me that relyinger in consideration of the bad luck that ission to accompany you to

privilege in consideration of the bad luck that has attended uny efforts." An assenting smile, with a slight blush around it, was the only answer required. "I observed, Miss Remangton, that you came with Mr. and Mrs. Saubern," was Mr. Lovell's

"Yea: they called for me. It is only a very "Yea: they called for me. It is only a very itle out of likelr way"-- and she was about to dd, " they will have me at my home, on their dd, " they will have me at my home, on their dd," thus was prevented by Mr. Lovell, who

tremity of his living prison, and scram-bled for the tree he had recently occupied. In this attempt he was foiled. The wily serpent seized him, tail foremost, and sent him bowling home, but not as easy as before, for the coon resisted every effort of deglutition, and in this he was aided by the displacement of his fur, for the snake was swallowing him against the nap. Such being the case, we concluded the coon would never find his way out. via the alimentary, and we again prepared to open the reptile. In this we were mistaken, for, after a series of struggles, starts, stops, blind switches, etc. struck the main track, and came backing out, bewildered but not discouraged, and again set out for the tree. But the snake arrested him head foremost this time, and drawing his huge body into a dozen or more lateral angles, curves and convolutions, hoping thereby to retain him, he slid him down his æsophagus like a worm lozenge. "But all to late." The cunlozenge. ning coon had learned the route, with all its by-roads, blind paths, drifts, dips and

angles. He again emerged, only to be seized by the hungry serpent, who now stood guard at the door. This was repeated until the serpent was enfeebled by exertion, and the coon, animated with success, came galloping through like a steer in a cornfield, sprang clear of his foe and regained the The snake was then killed.-Corr. tree.

Globe-Democral. A DOCTOR WITH TOO MANY PATIENTS. Professor Virchow, the celebrated Berlin physiologist, went last spring to Asia Minor for the sake of rest and recreation, and passed a large part of his vacation at Hissarlik, on the invitation of Dr. Schliemann. On his arrival at Hissarlik he found several of the workingmen engaged at the excavations suffering from an obstinate fever, and although it is long since he gave up practice, he took them under treatment. He cured them, and immediately his reputation as a magician was established there; and as there were many sick people everywhere in Asia Minor, and nowhere a doctor or an apothecary, the fame of the great magician spread with great rapidity from village to village. Every morning when Virchow left the little wooden shanty in which he slept, he found, first a few persons, then a crowd, and at last a mass of people, encamped in front of the door, and waiting patiently, but with eager glances, for his appearance. send them away was impossible, for they needed his help sorely, and they had often come from very long distances, on foot, on horseback, on camels, or carried on litters and in bas-But to help them, involved an alkets. most complete sacrifice of rest and recreation, for they were many, and the consultation generally demanded the em-ployment of two or three interpreters. The sacrifice was made, however, and it has an odd result. For the purpose of making some geological observations, Virchow had a hole dug in the bed of a dried-up river in the neighborhood, and people noticed that, until the hole filled up with water, the magician climbed down there and made some curious re-

searches with a lighted candle. As soon as Virchow had left Hissarlik, the people assembled around the hole, lined its sides with neat brickwork and marble, baptized it "Virchow's Well," and now, since the magician has gone, they bring their sick to this well to be cured by drinking its waters and by ablutions,

the house in my carriage, which will that.

reliable form. Some attempts have been made to tell this story in the newspapers, but always with an effort to give a romantic gloss to the affair which has detracted from the simple and interesting truth. The writer hereof passed through all the fortunes of that glorious day in one of the New York regiments, and feeling desirous of learning the actual facts as to how Sheridan obtained his information, he recently wrote to the person who has been accredited with giving it-a lady, supposed to be living at Winchester -requesting the facts and permission to make them public. Both were given a few days later in a letter from Washington, and the writer is glad to be able to furnish to the thousands who will feel deeply interested in the matter, the statement of Sheridan's informant in her own words: "On the 10th September, 1864, a colored man came to our house and gave me a little package of tin-foil about one-half an inch square, which he said contained a note from General Sheridan, desiring me to give him any reliable information I could of Early's forces. I had spent an evening with a rebel officer the same week, and, as the war was the most interesting subject, he talked of it. I asked many questions, and he replied to them; so, when General Sheridan's note came, I knew all he wanted to know, answered his note, and rolled it in the same foil. The colored man put it in his mouth and went away. The next I heard of it was the booming of cannon on Mon-day morning. You well know the result of that day. The general called in the evening and told me it

was on my information alone that he gave his orders of attack." The writer of the above now fills a place in the Treasurer's office of the Treasury Department, Washington. Her name is forwarded to the Times with this communication; but as she probably does not crave the notoriety which would follow its publication, it is withheld. Of all the thousands of Union women at the South during the war who helped along the good cause, it may be questioned if any of them had a better opportunity to aid it, or improved it better, than this one. She performed an inestimable service for that cause, by giving this information, and deserves the gratitude of every patriot for it.

THE CHARMING PARBOT.- A very nice-THE CHARMING PARBOT.—A very filee-looking old clergyman took a handsome young lady to see a wonderful parrot last week. "My dear," said he, "this is one of the most remarkable birds I ever saw. You will be charmed with him." They stood looking at the bird for some time, but it preserved a digni-fied silence. The old man spoke: "Howdy do, Polly? Won't you speak to us?" The old gentleman's voice was to us?" The old gentleman's voice was dovelike in its softness. The young lady bent forward with a look of angelic ex-

demned because the late Prefect, dent deserves to be preserved in a val, did not think fit to consult his Council before christening it. The present ediles suggested in its stead the Marseillaise, but M. Herold, for his own reason prefers the supposed composer of that melody, Rouget de Lisle. The clerical sounding Rue des Carmens is to be retained, and the priestly Rue de la Visitation will become Rue St. Simon, because that aristocratic worshiper of kings had his abode there. "Is not this a tri-unphant answer to those who accuse us of blind exclusiveness?" asks the Perfect. Georges Sand is to perpetuate her fame in the appropriate precincts of a theater near Paul Louis Courier. Marie Louise and Marie Louise Antoinette streets are to have "and" interposed between the double name, according to the original idea of their founders, who never thought of these royal personages, but only of their two daughters. "Where is the cause for laughter or complaint of intolerance?" here again inpuires M. Herold. Ledru-Rollin is to bowl over a Colonel named Lacuee, whose only claim to distinction consisted in having been killed at Austerlitz, though his remains are promised preservation by way of transla tion to another locality. The too familiar sound of mazas to peccant journalists is to vanish in favor of the encyclopædist Diderot, and Edgar Quinet is to wipe out Bouleyard de Montrouge, "which ill responds to geographical truth." The Rue d'Enfer has already been converted into Denfert (the name of the defender of Belfort), although the Prefect is no partisan of this play upon world .- Corr. London Mirror.

WOMEN AND SCHOOLS .- The registration of women voters for the school committee is going on actively in Massachusetts-more actively, it is said, in the country townships than in the cities. The Rev. O. D. Mayo says: "No one but a careful observer can estimate the damage to the schools (in New England country districts) from the heartless and stolid stinginess of hundreds of these boards of school committeemen during the past five years. It is not too much to say that the entire class of superior teachers in these towns is in the market biding its time to remove to more favorable localities,' The excellent effect which women's votes may have in these schools can hardly be estimated. Su-perintendent M. A. West's experience in her Illinois districts leads her to say "A woman is much more apt to have an eye single to the good of the school in casting her ballot for school officers. Six years' experience as County Superintendent has convinced me that in many cases party politics, whisky or business considerations control the votes which select school officers."- [New York Tribune.

BEIDGINO THE STRAITS.-The French engineer, M. Verard de Santa Anna, who has devised a scheme for constructing a viaduct across the Straits of Dover, will soon go to England with the view of en-listing the aid of capitalists. He esti-mates the cost of the viaduct at \$60,000. 000, but his figures are undoubtedly too He proposes that his viaduct shall be high enough for the largest ships to pass under, and the span long enough not to endanger the safety of sailing ships beating up or down the channel. Every pier of the viaduct will have to be much stronger than the Eddystone Lighthouse, because it will necessarily be much higher, and broader at the base and top, so as to secure the double object of allowing ships to pass underneath, and enabling a superstructure substantial enough to bear the weight of a railway train to be built upon them.

