

French Hotels.

Several of the French newspapers have taken up the subject of hotel extortions. Hotels are everywhere reaching, or rather they have already reached, a ridiculous pitch. Still the public is to blame. Our fathers used to travel in stage coach or diligence and put up at an inn or albergo. What the cheer, what the welcome and what the comfort of the old fashioned inn was, has been said and said over and over again. Now, however, things have changed. The modern man defines a competency, in his own mind, as having a little more than his neighbor. So the porter is to-day called a concierge, the cobbler is a shoe manufacturer, the inn has become hotels and the innkeepers are hoteliers. The modern man has been transformed into hotel keepers or hoteliers. The European hotel is a palace as far as the dining room is concerned, and a barracks as far as the sleeping rooms go. The dining room is covered with gold and crystal, costly paintings adorn the walls, and the statues adorn the niches; and plush-clad servants move noiselessly or noisily, as the case may be, behind the visitor's chair. The bed room is a bare, cold-looking place, small, uncomfortable, with a clock that does not go and a chimney that does not draw. On the other hand it is provided with an electric bell and a copy of the rules and regulations of the hotel in a gold frame. To these regulations you must conform under pain of expulsion. The modern traveler exists for the benefit of the hotels, and not the hotels for the benefit of the traveler. The traveler is the victim of an organized corporation of industrials, who agree among themselves and form syndicates to exploit him. The inn or albergo are no longer kept and served by the people of the country; the stewards and waiters who attend upon you at Trouville during the summer will attend you at Monte Carlo during the winter; the charges will be exactly the same in both places, and in both places you will be obliged to pay for candles that you have never burned, for the attendance of the hotel keepers, who never received, to say nothing of food that you have never eaten and omnibuses that you have never even heard of. In Normandy you will find it impossible in the grand hotels to have cider, and in Burgundy you will find no Champagne wine. In the one place the hotel keepers will force you to drink champagne, and in the other Bordeaux, and you will drink it and pay for it and try to persuade yourself that you are happy. You would likewise pay ten or twelve francs for a long and mediocre table d'hôtel dinner served in a grand style, with all the massive silverware and abundance of flowers on the table. The fish will be cold and the meat flabby, but you will eat it and pay for it, although at home you would grumble if your fish were not hot, and you never had any omelette or anything else of the kind. The fact is that you are paying not so much for your dinner, or your paltry bed-room, or for the indifferent attendance, as for the architectural beauties of the palatial hotel, its statues, and the gilding and carving of its interior. The fact is that people, I suppose, who have arrived at the melancholy state of having more money than they need or more vanity than brains, and to dine in palatial hotels and to dine in piddled saloons, but there is absolutely no reason why the restaurants to which the price of each dish on the carte. Then at least the victim would rush knowingly to his fate. America has had not a little to do with the demoralization of the European hotel-keeper. The millionaires of the New World have come over to Paris, to Vienna, to Rome, to Naples, to Florence, to hunt and craving after the refinements of an old civilization. They had unlimited confidence in the power of money, and so, money in hand, they asked for the biggest pearls that were ever seen, the biggest mountains, the biggest pictures, the biggest artists, the biggest singers, the biggest churches, and the biggest stage plays; and, perhaps, of all the big things that were given them, that which most completely came up to, and even surpassed their idea of bigness, was the hotel bill.—The Parisian.

Ownership of the Roman Pantheon.

Liberal and church papers at Rome are engaged in an animated discussion of the ownership of the Pantheon—whether it belongs to the church or to the nation. The organs of the Pope hold, of course, that the building is the property of the church, and never having been taken from it, any question about its restoration to the Pope is wanting in common sense. The organs of the liberal party affirm that the right rests with the State on aristocratic and archaeological grounds, if no other, the Pantheon being an ancient monument. More moderate organs, however, maintain that all uncertainty as to the ownership of the building in which lie the remains of Victor Emmanuel should at once be removed. Victor Emmanuel is not the only man whose remains lie within these famous walls. Raphael also is buried there. Some doubt as to whether the dust of the artist was really there, and examination disclosed the fact that it lay precisely where history had recorded that it lay—near that of Maria di Bibbiena, niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, to whom he had been betrothed. The Pantheon is the best preserved ancient monument in Rome. It probably owes its preservation to its having become, as early as the seventeenth century, a Christian church, just as the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the hill of the Capitol owes to a belief long prevalent in the dark and middle ages, that it was a statue of Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor.

Southern War Records.

A reporter of the Star one morning dropped into the large building on G street, corner of Twentieth, where the official records of the late war are being compiled. General Marcus J. Wright, who is engaged in collecting the records of the Confederate side, was found in his office. He said: "Very many of the most valuable official papers of the Confederate army were lost or destroyed in the general breakup and surrender. Our purpose is to get copies of all such papers, and thus make complete the official record of that side. Such of the papers as were preserved were obtained by the Government, and I was appointed to procure duplicates of those that were lost."

"But how do you get these duplicates?"

"From the officers of the Confederate army. They preserved papers of every report, every official paper they sent to Richmond, and many of them kept copies of every official letter they wrote."

"Did they turn over their papers entirely to you?"

"Oh, yes. As a general rule they give them to us, but where any of them have papers they wish to keep they allow us to make copies of them, and we return the originals. General Joseph E. Johnston turned over to us all his papers, containing all his reports, official orders, and reports of his subordinate officers. I have also all of General Pemberton's papers, and that gives us a complete record of the Vicksburg campaign as conducted on the Confederate side."

"What about the records of the army?"

"Yes. We preserve the papers and they are accessible at all times to these gentlemen, if they should wish to see them or make copies. They give them to us very willingly, as it relieves them of the trouble and care of keeping them, and does not deprive them of any use they would wish to make of the papers. We take every precaution against loss by fire or otherwise of the papers we get. We have printed copies of each one made, and eighteen or twenty copies are distributed around among as many of the departments and other Government buildings, so that in case of fire we are certain not to have them all destroyed."

"General, these records are to be published by the Government, are they not?"

"Yes, sir; that is what we are collecting them for. The purpose of the Government is to make up a complete official history of both armies of the civil war. The Record for the year 1861, of both sides, will be ready for publication about the time Congress meets. The volume will be printed by the Government, as any other public document, and the usual number distributed among the departments and members of Congress. Then the law provides that the work shall be stereotyped, and sold to the public at the cost of printing, so that any one can obtain the work at comparatively little cost."

"Will the records of the two armies be printed separately?"

"Yes, separately, and in consecutive volumes."

"Will the records be edited?"

"No, not at all; simply compiled so as present in the order in which they were issued, the official reports, letters, orders, etc., of the war. The compilation is in the charge of Colonel R. N. Scott, of the Third Artillery, United States army, and a man better qualified for the work could not have been selected."

"How long will it take to finish up the work?"

"It will require several years more to complete the work for all the years of the war."

"Haven't you recently returned from a collecting tour in the South?"

"Yes, sir; I got back a few days ago, and I obtained a number of very valuable papers. I first went to see General Joseph Wheeler, in Alabama, who commanded the cavalry in Bragg's army. He held in his entire file of papers and reports, covering the time from his entry into the Confederate service until the close of the war. I next visited Indian Territory, and got a set of papers covering the military operations of the Confederates in what was called the District of Indian Territory. The district was commanded by General Albert Pike, Maxey (now United States Senator from Texas), and D. H. Cooper. These records are quite important. I also got all the official papers of Lieutenant-General H. S. Evell (since dead), who held an important command in the Confederate army. I next visited General E. Kirby Smith, who commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, and got his records. During the war his department was for a long time pretty effectively cut off from Richmond, and his reports were therefore incomplete as to his military operations. I found his files very incomplete, though. Colonel Richmond of McMinnville, Tenn., promised to send me the official files of General Leonidas Polk (Bishop Polk), who was killed during the war. These papers will cover some very important military movements. I have many of the papers of General Beauregard, and he has promised me the remainder as soon as his book, now in press in New York, shall have been printed. He held, as you know, very high commands, and his files will cover some of the most important operations of the war. This winter I shall make a trip to New Orleans, Mobile and Memphis, where I will get papers of interest from Ex-Confederate officers residing at those points. The printing of these is equivalent to the publication of an official history of the war. The reports, battles from officers on both sides, and other official documents, which are preserved, and they will speak truthfully and impartially of the great events of the war. I had undertaken, on my own account, the collection of Confederate records, with the view of publishing them, when Congress passed the act authorizing them to be compiled. I had procured very many valuable papers, and I immediately turned them over to the Adjutant-General of the army. Subsequently it was decided to have an ex-Confederate officer to collect the papers of that side, and the position was tendered to me."—Washington Star.

Taxing Bachelors.

The General Council of the Department of the Rhone in France have just adopted a resolution calculated to win the great citizens of France, though adverse critics have variously characterized their proceedings as stupid, ridiculous and extraordinary. But while this ultra-radical body are thus stigmatized by opponents of the "male persuasion," their resolution is likely to gain for them the good will of the ladies, and especially of those ladies of mature years who are condemned to single blessedness through the shortsightedness, if not selfishness, of bachelorhood. The resolution which has gained for the Rhone General Council this distinction is one adopted on the motion of M. Ferrer, and in favor of a substantial tax on matrone celibates. Convinced that continence is alike unnatural and impossible, that vows of celibacy promote immorality, and that a woman who brings up two children renders more service to the country than all convents, they are in favor of deducting 25 per cent. from certain classes of bachelors, the product of this tax on celibates to be applied to the relief of indigent children. The Paris papers are disposed to deride the Rhone General Council. One evening journal exclaims: "The great citizens of France, in favor of such a resolution, are in favor of such a resolution as the elect of the second town in France." But the men who had the courage to vote for the tax on celibacy are not likely to be affected by the shafts of journalistic ridicule. It may be worth while to quote some of the terms of the resolution. "Considering," says the Council, "that celibacy is contrary to nature and the ends of Providence, to be born, to bear children and to die being the law imposed on all who exist; that it is bachelors, military men, sailors, lawyers and men of all conditions who fill all the States with corrupt opinions and evil morals; that churchmen, Trappists, and all the so-called higher world, are irremediably given up to debauchery and to shame, which is worse than death; that the support of abandoned children will be provided for by deduction of a quarter of the pay or pension of every employe or pensioner who is a bachelor and a resident in the department of the Rhone, from the most modest employe up to the highest official who belongs or has belonged to the army, magistracy, or any public administration whatsoever. If this has not the effect of increasing the financial resources of the department, it may be expected to promote matrimonial desires among the bachelors of Lyons and other places in the district. A man who balances the blessing and disadvantages of married life will find a wonderful make-weight in the 25 per cent. of his pay condemned by the General Council. Some cavaliers question the justice of condemning the celibates to support abandoned children as an unmerited reflection upon the blessing and disadvantages of married life; but then the Council adds, 'and that the children should be maintained by the bachelors rather than by men who have to support legitimate families.'

AN ENGLISH DAIRY SHOW.—If the cheese did not wear the stars and stripes to its great extent as it might, the cute Yankee inventions for dairy farms did. From a "cow-milker promoter," a neat little moral and mechanical influence, the reserved laconic obstinate and obstructive Albany, to the "hen persuader" of a Cochon, there is everything dairy-like in this show that the land of the West can proudly exhibit. A Maryland churr—alas, no dairymaid with it! A Goshen golden pyramid of butter, and a massive, nasal-ranged expeditor of "How we get it," a Westchester and Buffalo cheese press, with a slab-sided and drawing patente, and all the forms of dairy farming automatically and prosperously are here. Can it not be an event of the milkman of the future that he supplies England with the "milk" of this country is a vile sham at a fearful price. It is all "skim" with a thick creamy price. A man who has brought his matured mind down to milk says this kingdom produces 1,600,000,000 gallons, or 440 gallons for 3,700,000 cows per annum. And this is the "milk" of the world. One-eighth is used for rearing calves; the rest is used in making cheese produce to the extent of 50,000 tons, or, if it were butter, one-half that tonnage. Really two-thirds of the milk is used for the table, pure and simple, if it be so. The real cheese product here is 26,000 tons, and butter, 90,000 tons per annum. It is needless to say that this is no within one-half of the supply equal to the demand. America sends here on an average 50,000 tons of cheese, and Canada, France, etc., fully 60,000 tons per annum. The imported butter here is valued at \$25,000,000 per annum. The exported British cheese and butter does not amount to one cent in value. Thus it can be seen that England pays the sum of \$80,000,000 per annum for cheese and butter. It is that "guilt" of milk for John Bull the body! Talk about turning England into pasture land after that! I don't know that this show presents anything that would be a "wrinkle" to your American dairy farmer, either from the horn of a cow of Kerry breed, or a churn of Buckingham structure. I am told that America can turn out cheese and out-milk all creation! To say more, who can and who would? Modesty forbids.—English Corr. Baltimore Sun.

PUTTING RASPBERRIES.—Till within a few years no horticulturist would have questioned the propriety of cutting off close to the ground the canes of raspberries that have produced a crop of fruit. While most advocated removing the canes as soon as the berries were gathered, a few recommended a delay in pruning till winter or the following spring. Those who advocated late pruning held that the leaves on the canes which have produced fruit are useful in the formation of sap, which goes to nourish the roots of the bushes. At present the belief is general among the intelligent fruit-growers, that the sooner the old canes are cut out the better it will be for those that remain. It is now acknowledged that the vitality of the canes is exhausted in producing a crop of berries, and that their presence among the canes that are to bear fruit the following year, is a great disadvantage. The old canes are likely to crowd the young ones, and to cause them to grow in bad form.

SHILLY-SHALLY.

"Well, Philena," said Uncle Job to his wife, "are you going to see sister Hopkins to-day?"

"I do not know whether I will or not. Sometimes think I will, and then again I think I won't. There's a good deal to do to-day and it looks like rain."

"I don't think 'twill rain," said Uncle Job, plastering his chin with lather.

"Maybe it won't, Job, but it looks a little like it—kinder grayish like. Still, we might get the umbrella, and maybe I'd better go. But I'm most afraid Mary Ann can't do all there is to do."

"Hurry and make up your mind, Philena," called Job after her, as she slowly retreated kitchenward, taking down her back hair as she went.

"Mary Ann says she can get along with Sully's help, and I do know but I'd go if I thought I shouldn't have company this afternoon, and it didn't look so doubtful about rain—leisurely dragging the comb through her hair.

"Mother, what dress will you wear?" called out Mary Ann.

"Well, I do know which I'd better wear. Which do you think I'd better?"

"Your brown alpaca, of course."

"If I would if I thought it wouldn't rain, but if it should rain it would spot it, I'm afraid. I rest on I'll wear the black one. It's a little faded and bracked, but if it should rain it won't hurt it."

"Come, come, Philena," cried Job, "hurry up! I'm going out to larness the mare."

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can," twisting up her hair, "Mary Ann, you may take down my brown dress, while I change my shoes; though, come to think on't, maybe I'd better wear these, for if it should rain I'd hate to get the others wet. Still, these don't look hardly suitable to wear with the brown dress. Perhaps I'd better wear the black one. You may take down the black one, Mary Ann. These shoes are too shabby to wear with the brown one. Maybe I'd better take them off. Come and see what you think of them, Mary Ann."

"Change them quickly, mother, and put on the brown dress. Father's hitching the mare to the buggy now."

"Is he? Well, I'll take another look to see if I think it likely to rain, and if I think it ain't 'twill wear the brown one. It don't look as much like it as it did, but there you can't tell much about it this time of year. But I guess I'll risk it, and wear the brown one. Get me a pair of stockings, Mary Ann."

"Where are they, mother?"

"In the bureau drawer, I guess. Look there first."

"Which one? They are not in the first one."

"Well, then look in all of them, and if they ain't there, look in the basket under the bed."

"Here they are under the bureau, but there's no stockings in them."

"But there? Well, I meant to have them mended Saturday, but I didn't get to it."

"Philena! Philena!" called Job.

"Yes, I'm almost ready. Mary Ann, take a needle and darn up the holes in my stockings will you? No, you needn't! I'll do them myself. I mean to have 'em mended Saturday, but I didn't get to it."

"Here's your dress, mother; do put it on for you more'n a minute longer."

"Oh, I can't wear the brown dress with these shoes; bring the black one; it's good enough for such a day as this, for I'll be anything 'twill rain."

"Philena Marie! Mathews! [voice from son's] where outside I ain't a-going to wear that old umbrella, 'tween rain and snow. I'll be there in a minute, Job. Mary Ann, look in the closet for the umbrella. Good lord! there's hardly a hook an eye on this dress, but I guess I can pin it so 'twill do. I ought to have put some on, but I didn't get time. Mary Ann, do hurry 'round and get me a pair or two."

"I can't find the umbrella!"—in another second accents from the closet.

"Can't you? Well, run out and ask your father if he won't go to the barn and look for it. I let George Washington take it to play circus, with 'em I don't suppose I ought to, but he cried for it, so I let him have it."

"Father, Father!"—who had more to endure than his namesake did in his boldest time—"mother wants you to go to the barn and look for the umbrella."

"Moth-er! what's the matter? 'tween rain in a week—clambering to the ground. 'Tell your mother if she ain't ready time I get back I won't wait another!"—but Mary Ann had gone.

"I do declare, Mary Ann, I'm a good mind not to go now. I know it will rain, but I shall come back sopping wet, and shall get such a cold."

"I can't find the umbrella! 'twain there."

"Job Mathews! I'm not going to stir one step without it. It will rain cats and dogs."

"No, you ain't. Tie my bonnet quick, Mary Ann. There goes the string. Never mind—I'll hold it on. The wind don't blow much. There's a pin on your waist. Give it to me, quick!"

"You ever a-coming?"

"I'll be dog-goned if I'll wait much longer!"

"Just a minute, Job. Oh, here's the umbrella, right under the sofa. I'm coming now, quick! I find my gloves. All right. Here I be, Job. Mary Ann! he's gone!"—Waters Rural.

SHORT ITEMS.

The wife of Senator Edmunds will remain in Carlsbad during the coming winter.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is to receive the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

United States Minister Foster is making a tour of Mexico, and is meeting with marked attention.

Senator Hill has abandoned the hope of reconciling the Democratic factions in New York and gone home.

Governor Simpson, of South Carolina, and Holliday, of Virginia, who have been visiting Philadelphia, have returned here.

The "Homing Instinct" in Pigeons.

One of the most striking powers possessed by animals is that of finding their way home from a great distance; and over a road with which they are supposed to be unacquainted. It has long been a question whether we are to attribute these remarkable performances to a purely intuitive perception by the animal of the direction and the practicable route to his home, or whether they are the results of a conscious study of the situation, and a definite carrying out of well-planned plans.

Probably the most prominent example of this wonderful power is the case of homing pigeons. These pigeons are very strong of wing, and their intelligence is cultivated to a high degree; for their peculiar "gift" has made use of since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The principle of heredity, therefore, now acts with much force; nevertheless, each young bird must be subjected to severe training in order to fit it for those arduous temptations which annually take place among first-rate birds.

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ALL SORTS OF ITSMEN.

Selfishness will eat into our spiritual joy like canker.

There is no place so secret where there are no temptations.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—Jonathan Swift.

The time to save money is when every body else is spending it.

Experience is a torch lighted in the embers of our own delusions.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

In temptations and affliction man is proved how much he hath profited.

It is out of life's darkest clouds that some of life's sweetest consolations come.

The Utes object to being civilized, and the white men on the border object to being Utilized.—Boston Courier.

What have you to remark about my singing?" asked an irate vocalist. "Nothing," replied a spectator; "it is not remarkable."

Albany Journal: It turns out that General Jos. Hawley wrote "Beautiful Snow." For Mark Twain himself has said it. The exposure has cast a gloom over the entire State of Connecticut. It is understood that the Hartford Court will ask Mr. Hawley to resign.

"Oh," said the afflicted wife, weeping over his remains, "he said he would take off the flannels anyway, and the poor man, in the twilight, he soon would go to the place where flannels are never needed."

Bridges' (to caller): "Will ye have a little mirt while I look at ye?" "No, missis haint to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the end of her nose to say she want to home, and she was mistaking that wart."

A Lebanon paper says a rooster, that place daily lays an egg. This is something for the hens to crow over, but the rooster ought to be ashamed of himself. He might advocate the rights of the female sex without usurping them.

Mr. Edward Compton, the leading man in Miss Neilson's company, is a son of one of the old English school of comedians. It is to be hoped he is an improvement on the gifted Harlow, who supported the fair Adeline on the occasion of her Western tour.

THE MOORISH TEA-POD.—There is a good deal of coffee imbibed by the lower classes of citizens, in small coffee-houses not frequented by the elite of Moorish customers. Almond, especially sour milk, roasted and ground with the berries, and the mixture is sometimes scented with rose-water. In the towns, too, the water-seller's bell seems to tinkle incessantly, as with goatskin water-bag he perambulates the dusty streets in quest of thirsty customers. Milk, especially sour milk, is the pet "quencher" of the country folk. But green tea is, if not the national, certainly the favorite beverage of the higher classes, who to a man prepare for the perilous strivulation of Hyson to the gentle exhilaration of Pekoe, Congo and Conchou. Most well-to-do natives smoke tea both before and after the last three meals of the day; so the reader will be prepared to believe that the consumption of green tea in Morocco is larger in proportion to the number of its population—say 7,000,000—than in any other country. The tea equipment usually consists of a bright brass tray, elaborately chased, whereon are placed tiny glass, tiny glass tumblers and a small metal half-shaped tea-pot, in which is put half a pound of Hyson, with sufficient loaf sugar and boiling water to make a slim syrup, often flavored, in lieu of cream, with marjoram flowers, orange blossoms, citron leaves and blooms, wormwood, or ambergris. To see a Moor calmly sip a dozen or more tumblerfuls of the scalding and sickly-sweet infusion at one sitting, is a sight calculated to inspire the European spectator with a profound admiration of the adamant nature of nature of man's nerves and gullets.—Tinsley's Magazine.

A WOMAN WHO REFUSED AMNESTY.—Some of the "advanced" French journals have lately given proof of their innate capacity for hero-worship by extolling to the skies the civic virtues and moral excellences of a female luminary of the Commune hitherto unknown to fame. This lady has recently been arrested by the President of the Republic, but from her lofty nature the pulling sentiment of gratitude is conspicuous by its absence, if we may judge her character by a letter she has addressed to that august functionary upon the subject of her fellow-convicts. An interesting feature in her curriculum of study was a brand-new catechism, in which she exercised her pupils daily. It commenced as follows: "Who created you? Nature." When the commutation of her sentence was announced to her, she commented upon that act of grace in these remarkable terms: "I have erected in my heart a Paris and a France after my own taste. But as this France of mine does not as yet exist, I prefer to remain here among the savages. My hour is not yet come. I am proud, and do not choose to incur the reproach of moral weakness in the endurance of my exile. I know that Paris takes a deep interest in me, and that the Government would be delighted could it discover the least blemish in my character. A martyr to her convictions, Louise Michel, offered freedom and return to the real France which, perhaps fortunately for Europe, differs so widely from the France created by her fervid imagination, choose to remain in a penal colony and to inoculate her peculiar doctrine upon the rising generation of her fellow-convicts. An interesting story of our vicious neighbors may reasonably congratulate themselves upon her selection of Numea as a place of residence, and upon the circumstance that their native country does not come up to her notion of what France ought to be in order that its moral condition should justify her in returning to its shores."—London Telegraph, October 4th.

The Simple Tunnel.

The engineering enterprise of the present age is so great that there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that even before the St. Gothard tunnel is completed it is contemplated commencing a third gigantic tunnel through the Simplon. A company for the construction of this tunnel and the railways in connection with it was formed in 1874, and it has already laid down the line from Lausanne through the valley of the Rhone, and across the foot of the Simplon. The French ministers, together with M. Gambetta and also President Grevy, are very anxious that this colossal undertaking should be proceeded with without delay, and it is affirmed that the French Government intends to apply to the chambers for a grant of 45,000,000 francs for this purpose. It is asserted that the Italian Government is disposed to undertake the construction of a line from Isili, at the foot of the Simplon, which will bring the tunnel into connection with the Italian railway. This line, it is estimated, will cost some 25,000,000 francs. Concerning the tunnel itself the following details are taken from the records of the posts and telegraphs. Though the Simplon will be longer than either the Mont Cenis or the St. Gotthard, it is thought that the construction will not be more difficult. The entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel is situated at an altitude of 1152 meters above the level of the sea, and the Mont Cenis tunnel at 1590 metres. The entrance to the Simplon is at the level of the sea, comparatively low, and the railway leading to it from Lausanne is quite straight, with an incline in no case greater than one in 100. On the northern slope, however, the incline will be greater—13 in 1000. In consequence of the low position of the tunnel the work will be subject to such constant interruption by the snow as has been the case with the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels. The Rhone on the Swiss and the Rivera on the Italian side will furnish the necessary water power for the boring, and, thanks to the warmth of the climate of the canton of Wallis, it will not be necessary to suspend operations even in the most rigorous season. The tunnel will be even longer than the St. Gothard, as this latter is but 15 kilometers in length, whereas the Simplon will be 17 1/2 kilometers long. Geologists are of the opinion that the stone of the Simplon is less hard than that of either Mont Cenis or St. Gothard, and it is calculated that the boring can be proceeded with at the rate of from nine to ten meters per day, so that the tunnel will probably be completed in less than seven years from the date of its announcement. The estimated cost of the enterprise is 80,000,000 francs—74,000,000 francs for the tunnel itself, making 4,000,000 francs per kilometer. This estimate may be considered as little more than a guess, as the St. Gothard Tunnel, which is being constructed for 5,500,000 francs per kilometer; but 1,000,000 francs will be expended on the completion of the tunnel, and 5,000,000 on the building of a large international station at Brig. Only a small portion of the 80,000,000 francs which will be necessary to carry out this enterprise will be raised by public subscription—that is to say, only 13,300,000 francs. The remaining 66,500,000 francs will be granted to the company as follows: The Swiss Government will subscribe 5,500,000 francs; the Canton of Waadt, 5,000,000 francs; the Canton of Wallis, 1,000,000 francs; the Cantons of Berne, Freiburg and Geneva, 2,000,000 francs; the Swiss Western Railway Company, 5,000,000 francs, and France 45,000,000 francs.

LOVE-SICK MAIDENS DETERMINED TO DIE.—Many months ago, in that part of the city of Bordeaux which is known as the Quartier de la Comedie a scene was enacted, which, if it had been allowed to take its course, would have warranted the change of the name of the district into that of tragedy. Two young sisters, dressed in white garments, were discovered half asphyxiated in a room, from the middle of which a brazen sent forth the deadly fumes of burnt opium. Two revolvers were close to their hands, and the windows were immediately opened, and after two or three days care in the hospital the girls recovered. They had been crossed in love, it appeared, and deeming life not worth keeping, they did their best to abandon it quietly and painlessly. So closed the first act of the drama. One day, by the side of an avenue of poplar trees leading to the residence of a gentleman of Bordeaux were found the bodies of two young women. Blood was trickling from their corpses, and lay in a pool around them. Two revolvers were close to their hands, and the people who quickly collected around the spot recognized in the dead before them the sisters who had previously attempted to commit suicide, as mentioned above. A letter addressed by one of them to a local paper throws a little light on the history of these poor maidens. "We shall die," so ran the letter, "close to his abode"—the name of the owner of the avenue of poplars was here mentioned—"to relieve him, his family and his friends of the trouble of repeating what they have heard, namely that I had played a fearful comedy in order to become his bride."

A THREE-YEAR OLD BOY DRINKS CARBOLIC ACID AND DIES.—A distressing case of accidental poisoning by swallowing carbolic acid, the victim being the three-year old son of W. H. Heiser, Cashier of the Seventh National Bank, was reported to the Coroner yesterday. During the summer, while Mr. Heiser's family were away, carbolic acid in various vessels was distributed through the house to prevent the ravages of moths in the carpets, furniture coverings and winter garments. The cupful which the child partook of was under a sofa in the parlor, and had been overlooked by the family on their return from the country. On Saturday the little fellow, except under the sofa and drank some of the burning acid. He sprang out and fell into convulsions, and the sickening odor of the disinfectant told the story. Physicians were sent for, who administered antidotes, but without avail, and the child died on Sunday morning.—Philadelphia Times.

The best insured man will get a trim mad, when his wife tells him that she made "blunders for the boys" out of his just winter's ear-muffs.