A RARE SIGHT.

The Church of the Capuchins at Rome and Its Strange Cemetery.

Some things are done in Rome in a way that would seem strange enough to the good people of other countries. Let me give you an instance. At the end of the Vis Capuccini stands the little old church of the Capuchin monks, a church of plain exterior, but rich within with marbles and paintings. Here is the celebrated St. Michael by Guido, a figure known in every Christian land by the aid of engraving and photography. But it is not of St. Michael that I wish to tell you; it is of the good brethren of the Capuchin order, that now are with the saints, we trust. Under this church is their burial place, and their place of resurrection, too—a temporary resurrection before the final one. To see that this is properly done is the duty of the living members, not merely their burying but their rising again, to be clad in their monkish garb and placed in the niche to which they are entitled according to date and regularly established order.

When in the church go to the left-hand corner near the great altar and by a high railing that shuts you from the dimly-lighted side chapels, you will see a bell-rope, pull it. Not always the safe thing to do, but here entirely so. Soon will appear behind the railing a snuff-colored old gentleman—little black cap like a bowl, fitting tightly to the back of his head, feet in sandals, all the rest of him enshrouded in dingy brown—ask to see the cemetery of the brethren and he will bid you meet him at a side basement door outside of the church; here, after waiting a few minutes, you will hear the key rattling in a lock venerable with the dust of ages; the door opens, the monk steps aside and you pass in and down a little narrow stair-way into a long corridor, from which opens a series of rooms. These rooms are small burial plats. The floor is soft brown earth and smooth as a floor; with rows of cypress twigs planted at the head of the many graves. All the furniture and adornments of these rooms are made of human bones—bones of departed Capuchins. The candelabrum hanging in each room is from head, finger and arm bones. Any one who has visited an arsenal will remember how sabers, bayonets, pistols and the various implements of destruction are woven into decorative wall designs, rosettes, stars and the like. Let him but imagine human bones so used and he may call up a picture of the ghastly mural decorations of this strange place, where scarce a space on either wall or ceiling is not embossed with some tasteful design constructed from the three hundred and odd bones that go to the making of our anatomy. Anyone who doubts the picturesque and decorative qualities latent in a human skeleton should visit the cemetery of the Capuchins.

Every alcove or niche, and there are many, is occupied by the skeleton of a long-since departed Capuchin, dressed in the garb of the order, their cowls falling forward over the grim skull. The effect is hightened by scraps of hair and beard still clinging to the skull and jaws. The order of promotion, or rotation, is as follows: Should one of the brethren die, the ground being full, then the one who has been the longest time in the ground is taken up and dressed, and the brother who is the oldest occupant of a niche has to give way for the new comer, who takes his place in the niche, the old one being dismantled and his bones distributed among the thousands that go to the wall building and decoration of the place. He has had his day, and has thus suddenly been merged in the general whole.

Many of the skeleton statues hold between their bony fingers a card on which is written name and date. Some, if they state the truth, have been so held for more than a century.

These rooms, while not altogether cheerful, yet are so grotesque and so decorative in their furniture and upholstery that the impression made is by no means so awesome as one would suppose; and, strange to say, there is no charnel-house odor about them. This is explained by the fact that the ground in which the monks lie buried is holy earth brought from Jerusalem, and that it absorbs all the impurities that might otherwise prove offensive. If this be really so there are other parts of Rome that should be sprinkled with a little of it.

As you pass from these dimly-lighted chambers of death to the light of day, a small coin, dropped in the hand of the good brother at the door will not be taken amiss, nor are you likely ever to regret either the time or money given for so rare an experience.—*Rome Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A Remarkable Bird.

A well-known centenarian has just died in Paris. His name was Lenoir, and he was one hundred and three years old. Lenoir was a parrot. He was born in the reign of Louis Seize, and never quitted the house where he first saw the light, having been handed down by will to the different owners of the house. Lenoir was a capital talker, and knew a number of phrases, which he often brought out *mal a propos*. Since the reign of Charles X. there was a good deal of difficulty in getting the bird to learn any thing new. However, a servant with Radical sympathies taught him in a few weeks to say: "Vive Gambetta!" This he occasionally varied with "A bas Robespierre!" which he had been accustomed to say during the Reign of Terror. The last words of this remarkable bird were, it appears; "Grace pour Marie Antoinette."—*N. Y. Post.*

—This is the style in which the Denison (Tex.) *News* described two of the young bloods of that town at a ball: "Walter Nevins wore a polka-dot tie, and Jim Simpson was just too-utterly-too-too for anything."

—A contemporary thinks that spring poetry would be missed like spring greens. Well, what are the poets but spring greens anyway?—*Boston Transcript.*

—There were twenty-seven bridal couples at one Washington hotel a few days ago.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

A Bit of Advice to Silly and Romantic Young Women.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers every thing! Not those "young ladies," who, going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and *cartes de visite* with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give your charming verses or boquets. No matter "what other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for every thing. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation.

And, above all, tell your mother every thing. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your best friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—*Fanny Fern.*

"THE CURSE OF SLANG."

A Fair Girl Graduate Illustrates the Truth of Her Essay's Title.

"Mamie," said a grammar-school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?"

"O, yes," gushed Mamie; "and it is too lovely for anything—a princess slip of white surah, the back cut off a little below the waist line, and full breadths of silk gathered in so as to hang gracefully over the tornure, and three bias ruffles on the——"

"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend. "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?"

"Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have begun it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax!"

"What's the subject?"

"The Curse of Slang."

"Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?"

"Difficult! Well, I should giggle! I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for the commencement, and I've a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the Professor's optic by pleading illness, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. It'll paralyze you."—*Norristown Herald.*

RACHEL'S CUPIDITY.

How the Great Jewish Actress Solicited Valuable Gifts.

Rachel, the famous tragedienne, was as avaricious as she was gifted. On one occasion she was invited to dine at the house of a wealthy Parisian who worshipped her genius. Observing a magnificent boquet of flowers that adorned the center of the table she exclaimed: "How lovely!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said her host with true French gallantry, "*permettez moi de vous presenter cela,*" at the same time lifting the flowers out of the massive silver vase in which they rested.

"But, monsieur," said Rachel, "'twas the vase that I admired."

"*Parfaitment, c'est a vous aussi,* (this is yours also)" said the ever-polite host.

When the repast was finished she asked her friend to send her home in his own carriage, as she was afraid some one might rob her of her silver vase if she returned in a public cab.

He assented readily, but as he handed her into the vehicle he said imploringly: "You will at least return my carriage, will you not, mademoiselle?"

It may be presumed that the coach came back.—*Texas Siftings.*

WILL SHOW UP.

A Prominent Citizen Contemplates a Surprise for Chicago Detectives.

"I'm going to Chicago to show myself," said a conspicuous, talkative passenger to a crowd of listeners in the smoking car. What for? Well, I'll tell you. 'Tain't because I'm proud of my personal appearance, though folks do say I'm a man that's likely to attract attention in a crowd. You see, there's five or six men up in Chicago who have been looking for me for a month, at least, so I have heard. Why they haven't found me is more than I can imagine. I live only fifty miles from Chicago, in a right smart of a town. I'm quite a prominent citizen, too. There ain't nobody down my way that don't know me. My name is frequently in the papers. There isn't a conductor or brakeman on the railroad who doesn't know me by sight, and most of 'em to talk to. Yet these Chicago fellows haven't been able to find me. I haven't any idea on earth what they want to see me about, but I'm going up to Chicago to show myself just for fun."

"Who are these fellows who have been looking for you?"

"City hall detectives."—*Chicago Herald.*

—A veritable "sink," akin to that of the Humboldt river, in Nevada, is in process of formation at the mouth of the San Lorenzo in California. Where formerly a large stream cut its way through the shifting sands to the ocean but a small stream, easily stepped over can be seen.

—Among the wonderful products of art in the French Crystal Palace was shown a lock which admitted of 3,647,385 combinations. Heuret passed 120 nights in locking it. Fichet was four months in unlocking it; afterward they could neither shut nor open it.

IN THE LONG AGO.

Picture of a Great School-Strike in a Peoria Academy in 1853.

These strikes by the school-children are nothing new. But they don't develop and bring out and down the strong hand of the ruling power as they used to. Among the sunny memories of my own school days there glows, bright and soft as a summer sunset, the picture of the great strike at Hinman's, in Peoria, away back in 1853. Hinman's was the greatest school in the West. The dear old man was superintendent of public instruction, board of education, school trustee, county superintendent, principal, assistant and janitor. He had a pleasant smile, a firm temper, and a slate frame. He also carried about his person a grip that would make a blacksmith's vise crawl into the scrap heap and hide itself. We used to have general exercises Friday afternoons, at which we were wont to recite in vociferous concert the multiplication tables, the States and capitals, and such thrilling rhetorical exercises as "Will you *walk*? or *ride*?" and "They tell *us* to be MODERate, but *they*, THEY — torevelinpro FU-sion!" It was thrilling. But after we had learned all these chants "by heart" and could chant them off with our eyes shut, "Old Hinman" introduced an innovation—"speakin' pieces." Upon that we struck. We endured it three weeks and then we determined to boycott the whole business. All the boys went into it. Bill Smith and Hub Tuttle, Rob Gregg, Ed. Easton, Steve Bunn, Bill Rodecker, Hen Keener and all the big boys, too. The first boy called on to "speak" was to announce the strike, and as my name came pretty well up in the alphabet, I stood a good chance of being leader, a distinction for which I was not at all ambitious, being of tender years and of a ruddy countenance and sensitive feelings. But a boy named Allen, who was called ahead of me, flunked and said his piece. "Hohenlinden," although we made such suggestive gestures at him that he forgot half of it and broke down and cried. When I was called I refused to speak. Being pressed for a reason, I said, in faltering accents, that "there wasn't goin' to be no more speakin." When the old man, with unfeigned surprise, asked me who said so, I said "all of us did." Then he said there would be "a little more speakin'" before the close of the session, and so he led me out upon the rostrum. Then and there, with feelings which I now shudder to recall, I did my first song and dance act. I had often before performed my solitary cachuca to the lascivious pleasing of "Old Hinman's" slate frame, but never had I accompanied myself with words. Boy like, I had selected for my piece a poem expressive of those peaceful virtues I most heartily despised, so that my performance, at the inauguration of the strike, ran somewhat like this:

O, not for me (whack) is the rolling (whack) drum,
Or the (whack, whack!) trumpet's wild (whack) appeal. Boo hoo!
Or the cry (Boo hoo!) of (whack) war when the (whack) foe is come,
Or the (Ow) brightly (whack) flashing steel (whack, whack).

I can not convey to the most vivid imagination the gestures which accompanied the seven stanzas of this beautiful poem. Suffice it to say that they kept pace with the old man's peculiar system of punctuation, until at last, overcom. with conflicting emotions, I went sobbing to my seat and wondered why an inscrutable Providence had given to the rhinoceros the hide that the eternal fitness of things had evidently prepared for the school-boy.

But I forgot my own sorrows and dried my tears, in the enjoyment of the play, as my compatriots developed it. Mr. Hinman, who had been unusually gentle and self-restrained with me, lost his temper with the boy who followed me, and there was a sound of revelry for the next hour. He shook boys until their teeth rattled so you couldn't hear them cry; he hit Mickey McCann, the tough boy, one whack with a skate-strap and Mickey ran out and rolled in the snow to cool off; he hit Jake Bailey across the thighs with the slate frame and it hurt so that Jake couldn't howl—he just opened his mouth and gasped and forgot his own name; he pushed Bill Haskell into a seat and the bench broke; he shook Dan Stevens so that his feet didn't touch the floor for five minutes; he ran across the room and reached out for Lem Harkins, and Lem had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowltons with both hands at the same time, and the Gibbon family, five boys and a big girl, he hit all at once with a girl's skipping rope and they raised such a united wail the clock stopped; he kept the atmosphere of that old school room full of dust and splinters and lint, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, until his old arms ached and all hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us, in a sickening tangle of strap and cane and slate frame, rattan and skipping rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"WHO says there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as one being and shrieked, in tones of anguish:

"NOBODY!"

And I, who led that strike and was its first martyr, I have been "speakin" ever since.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Oddities of the Atmosphere.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth we should see nothing but an intense and sharply defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere, or some similar medium for it to act upon; but if the air about us extended to a height of seven hundred miles the rays of the sun could not penetrate it and we should be left in darkness. At the depth of seven hundred feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through only seven feet of the purest water.—*Science.*

THE COCOANUT.

Interesting Figures as to Its Importance as an Article of Commerce.

The South Sea Islands export immense quantities of copra (the broken or crushed meat of the cocoanut, sun dried for shipment to oil-crushers, who extract sixty per cent. of its weight in oil), the trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the Germans who ship principally to Europe. San Francisco oil-crushers are the chief manufacturers of cocoanut oil in the United States, and handle nearly all the copra sold in this country, which they procure from Samoa, Tonga or the Fiji Islands. The importations of copra exceed fifty thousand dollars annually. The United States imported in the year 1885, ended June 30, cocoanuts, coir fiber, coir yarn and oil to the value of $1,780,000 (exclusive of copra). The importations of fiber and yarn for 1885 exceeded $4,000,000. The consumption of the fiber in the United States has increased rapidly in the past six years, as shown by the importations of 1879 being only $1,800,000.

The largest cocoanut-fiber manufactory in the world is located in London, England, where great quantities of cocoanut husks are in stock. Often 1,500,000 of the husks are in store at one time, while enormous quantities of the fiber are being disposed of. Often twenty tons are shipped in one consignment, going to all parts of the world. About 12,000,000 nuts are landed in the United Kingdom yearly. Nearly all of these nuts are imported in the husks. After the nuts are removed from the husks they are sorted as to size and quality and are then sold to fruit dealers, confectioners, etc. The husks are passed through a powerful crusher driven by steam power, which flattens and partially softens them. They are then thrown into huge tanks, each holding many thousands, where they undergo a steaming and soaking process for several hours. After the husks are sufficiently soaked they are ready for the mills, which consists of cylinders or drums, each being studded on its periphery with two thousand or three thousand steel teeth. They are driven by steam and run with great rapidity. Each husk is divided longitudinally into thin slices, and each piece is passed into the mill separately by the workman or feeder, he retaining a firm grip of it so as not to allow it to pass out of his hands. After one-half of the slice of the husk is thus cleaned the feeder reverses it, passing in the other half. Each slice of husk is passed through three of these mills in succession. This method of cleaning the fiber, though apparently a very dangerous one, is gone through with wonderful rapidity. A recent invention in machinery for extracting the fiber from the husk on the plantation where the nut is grown, it is said, will probably revolutionize the system of producing coir fiber from the cocoanut husk, in the fact that they are a small portable machine, enabling the most ordinary laborer to prepare the fiber at a cost fifty per cent. less than the one now in use in England. In Ceylon, India and other countries where the coir fiber is prepared for shipment by the natives, the husks are placed in ponds, often in mud, where they remain several months to rot. Even six months soaking is sometimes required to loosen the fiber sufficiently to enable natives to rub and wash the fiber clean.

New Orleans imported for the year ended December 31, 1885, cocoanuts to the value of $82,128, or over 5,408,500 nuts. These nuts are largely used for desiccating purposes. One of the largest houses in the United States engaged in that business is located in St. Louis, Mo., were over 2,000,000 nuts are annually consumed for that purpose. Twenty-five per cent. of the cocoanuts gathered for shipment to the United States are rejected, being small, cracked or otherwise defective, as nuts for desiccating should be sound and contain the milk, it being evidence of the sweet condition of the nut. Twenty-five per cent. of the cocoanuts gathered for shipment to New Orleans and rejected represent 1,352,125 for 1885, which would have produced over 676,000 pounds of copra, and yielded 405,600 pounds of oil, and 270,000 of oil cake, equal to cotton-seed cake as food for stock. Apparently the rejected cocoanuts on the Caribbean coast of Central America would sustain a profitable business in the manufacture of oil, either by erecting small plants on the ground for producing the oil or shipping the copra to New Orleans where oil mills are already established, and where the trade in cocoanuts, copra, oil and cake could be made as famous as the trade in cotton-seed products is now. But there is still another much greater waste existing in the cocoanut trade of Central and South America and the West Indies, which should be used to augment the commerce of New Orleans. From figures above given we find that by including the rejected nuts, 6,760,625 nuts must have been grown last year on the cocoanut plantations that supply the New Orleans market. The husk of each nut contains one-third of a pound of the fiber called coir, and as none of this fiber was saved it is clear that a waste of about 2,253,541 pounds of coir fiber existed in connection with the cocoanut trade of New Orleans, and if valued at the average of last year's importations, would amount to $50,000. The copra would perhaps amount to $15,000, making an additional value to the cocoanut importations of New Orleans of $65,000, thus showing that nearly eighty per cent. of the available commercial product of the cocoanut palm that contributes to the New Orleans importations is not utilized. The improved plantation machines for extracting the fiber from the husks will certainly enable the cocoanut planter to save the coir fiber at a very small cost, and by extracting the oil from the rejected nuts the profit of the grower will be largely increased and the cultivation of the cocoanut tree rapidly extended.—*Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—The latest purist version of "smoking" is: "Cigarette or pipe smoking is objectionable to the ladies."—*Chicago Times.*

A ten-year-old girl who rescued two children from certain death at Lisbon, Portugal, has been awarded a silver medal by the King, put in a college to be educated, and quite a respectable sum has been collected, which will constitute her marriage portion.

Pine creek, Baker county, Oregon, is dried up, and fish by the thousands can be seen dead in the bed of the stream.

James C. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, committed suicide at Elmira, N. Y., by shooting himself through the head with a rifle.

There were two Japanese and two colored men in the late graduating class at Ann Arbor.

"Josh Billings" is the only inscription that the dead humorist's monument at Lanesborough, Mass., will contain.

PERILS OF INFANCY.

"Doctor, why is it that so many children die before the age of 5 years?"

"The subject is a complex one, and in its analysis we have to consider not only the various conditions surrounding the infant, but the still more important one of the latent tendency to disease. The fashionable mother, the self-indulgent father, hand down to their children overwrought nervous systems and weak physical powers, which result in early death, or more often a life of protracted feebleness. Very little of the common sense which is exercised in the rearing and preserving of choice stock exists in relation to the human animal. It would require too long a time to enter into all the questions of heredity which influence the fate of the child. They are, however, of vital importance both to the individual and to the race. That the race is gaining in intellectual capacity is an undoubted fact; but we are losing just as much or more in physical power. We see no such robust forms, such perfect development of the muscular system as existed fifty years ago. We are breeding children in and in, and every generation will witness smaller and smaller infants, who will at the same time have more delicate nervous organisms, and, as a result, more nervous diseases. Add to this the enervating environment, the houses, the sleeping apartments, the nurses and attendants who govern its food and raiment, and we may easily imagine the result in the feebleness of the infant."

"Gil Blas writes: 'My troubles commenced just nine months before I was born,' and the same assertion may be made of the children of to-day. For healthy, strong offspring, there must be healthy, strong parents. The peril of the child lies not so much in the adverse conditions of its life as in its incapability to withstand them, and this is due in a great measure to the physical condition of its parents during gestation."

"But, doctor, may not something be done to remedy this weakness in the parents?"

"Much. If parents will understand that upon the integrity and strength of their nervous system depend the health and life of their infants, and at the same time add to their own happiness, the result will be less mortality and less sickness of their infants."

"What will best strengthen a feeble nervous system?"

"Fresh air, exercise, less struggle for fashionable or social distinction, and careful attention to the food or drink which supplies the elements of nervous force. If the system has not power enough at first to eliminate these from food, then they may be taken as medicine. And since we know upon what the nervous system depends for strength, the combination of phosphorus, albumen, protagon, etc., known as DUJARDIN'S LIFE ESSENCE will furnish the material in a proper form for absorption, and even for feeble children there can be no better remedy."

One dollar and fifty cents per bottle at all druggists. Snell, Heitshu & Woodard, wholesale agents, Portland, Or.

The British Government has seized the Kermadic Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean.

The wheat crop of South Australia will average seven bushels to the acre.