

## FASHIONABLE DOGS.

That Have Had Their Day and Then Stepped Out.

Some points on dogs? Certainly. There are a great many points on dogs; and you would care to print." The speaker was a dealer in pets on Eighth street, and as he spoke a yard, attested the presence of the various breeds and gradings.

You know there are fashions in dogs, just as there are in everything else. A lady who goes to follow the fashion would not be seen on the street leading a last dog than she would wear a 2-ribbon bonnet or an old-style dress. It would be a loss of prestige to her that she should be wearing a dog of the fashion's votaries. Like other fashions, too, that of dogs is subject to changes. Not to go back too far, they have been with the black and tan, but they have as a breed, gone out of style. In England the black and tan is a deal larger than he is in America.

There he is a ratter, but in this country a pet dog must, as a rule, be small, and the smaller the better for its purpose. While in England a dog must weigh for this variety is fifteen pounds, they have been bred here so that when two years old they only weigh a pound and a quarter. Such a dog would be worth \$100. The terrier superseded the black and tan and held his own for a while, only to give way to the Yorkshire, which, by the way, is nothing more nor less than an old edition of the skye, procured from the smallest obtainable specimens of the skye, until a very small dog was produced, looking like a mouse in every thing but size. The system of breeding dogs down so much below the normal size renders them very liable to diseases of a scrofulous nature. Those I have named are the dogs of the past, as much as the pointer and the spitz. They are dogs that have their day and must now give way to those whose day is to come.

### THE COMING DOG.

What is the coming dog and where is he coming from? The coming dog is the fox terrier. The perfect he must have a small white triangle on the forehead. There are not many of them extant yet, but it is not hard to see that the pug soon be cast aside for its more highly successor. Mrs. Smith already says; as soon as Mrs. Jones sees it must have one, too; and then it will not be long before Mrs. Brown and Robinson will have fox terriers. By that time there will be another in vogue. Of course he will come abroad, where all high-bred dogs are supposed to be. But a dog that many that are bought under the impression that they are late imports have never been out of the city. It is very likely that the aristocratic white who, after he has been in a smart street mansion two weeks will be brought up on scrapple. Many of us go to the American Steamship lines to buy dogs from men who have just arrived with them from Europe. Some cute customer has become one of this, and buys common dogs and smears dirt and grease on their coats. He stations himself at the wharf when the steamer has sailed and salutes madame with: "Very fine dog. Him good stock. Which him over in engine room. Him dirty, but look good when he's shed."

Madame knows very little about dogs, but she is a pretty stiff price, and she has the impression that she is getting a bargain. Others color common dogs to suit the demand. There is a great deal of this kind of thing done. There is a barber in this city who has a pretty good business in fixing up dogs for sale, coloring, dyeing and curling them in the most approved style.

Do all the good dogs come from abroad? Oh, no! Many of the finest specimens we have come from alleys where there is scarcely enough to raise them. That pair of spaniels there," pointing to two silken-haired, black-and-white beauties, who were frisking about in the little yard attached to their kennel, "were raised by a Russian emigrant in an alley not far from here, but sometimes had scarcely enough to eat. They are worth \$150, but that she would not part with them until he is compelled to do it."

"Not spitz, but pomeranians?" "What has become of the spitz?" "The spitz is in bad favor with most people, but we shall sell a good many Germans. They are sold, though, the pomeranians. A spitz by any other name smells just as sweet." "Among wealthy men like George Childs or A. J. Drexel, shepherd dogs are great favorites. I sold one to a prominent newspaper man some time ago, but he brought him back afterwards and bought a lot of new chickens. The dog had used the old lot up so badly that they were not good for anything. There is a class of people, too, who have plenty of money, that have their favorites among the dog kind and are carried away by every new furor. That's the reason Philadelphia has so many fine Newfoundland. There are some good specimens of that variety in most localities. Some good stock was introduced years ago, and it has been kept up. Bull dogs are a fancy for a lady, eh?" "Yes."

"I know a lady on Walnut street who will have no other kind, and she will buy one, either, until he has been returned to her—that is, set to fight with another, to see whether he has grit. She becomes very much excited over such a scene and always buys the win-

ning dog. She has lots of money. You would be surprised if I told you her name."

"When a dog goes out of style what is done with him? Throw him away like old clothes?" "Suppose you don't want to throw away your old clothes," replied the dealer; "you sell 'em or give 'em to your poor relations, don't you? Just so with dogs. You can't lay them away in the garret, and if you have a fine house you don't want it full of old-fashioned dogs. If you want to follow the styles you will have to sell your pets about once a year, and sell them cheap, too. Second-hand dogs are just like everything else second hand. No matter how good they are, people won't pay much for them."

"Yes, we raise a very large number of dogs every year. The mamma dogs are kept by farmers while they are raising their families. But we are preparing a place down town, where we can keep more of them together without being a nuisance to the neighbors. Last year we sold about 800. It pays us to have the style change once in a while."

### THE USE OF SALT ON LAND.

The advantages, says an American paper, of using salt on land and in feeding all kinds of farming stock have often been discussed, and there is enough on record to satisfy the most incredulous, and to stimulate progressive farmers most sedulously to pursue agricultural tests of this substance in every way. The usefulness of salt in curing and promoting the health of our domestic animals has long been known in the United States. The ancient writers often allude to it. Pliny, the naturalist, seems to have known little or nothing of the use of salt in agriculture, but was well aware of its virtue in feeding cattle. "Herds of cattle," says he, "being contentous of a salt pasture, give a great deal more milk, and the same is much more agreeable in the making of cheese than where there is no rocky saline ground." John Glauber, an eminent chemist of Amsterdam, who published several esteemed works on the practice of chemistry about 250 years ago, was so thoroughly convinced of the economy of using salt as a manure, that he obtained a patent from the Government of the United States of Holland for the sole disposal of the privilege of applying this valuable mineral to the barren lands in that country. Gervase Markham, a learned writer in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., who was equally noted for his skill in many foreign languages and for his knowledge of the various branches of agriculture, published a great variety of treatises on the management of land, and closed his agricultural labors by the publication of a work entitled "Markham's Farewell to Husbandry," in which the following passage occurs: "If you be near unto any part of the sea-coast, thence fetch great store of salt and sand, and with it cover your ground which hath bene formerly plowed and hackt, allowing unto every acre of ground threescore or fourscore bushels of sand, which is a very good and competent proportion; and this sand thus laid shall be very well spread and mixed among the broken earth. And herein is to be noted that not any other sand, but the salt is good or available for this purpose, because it is the brine and saltiness of the same which breeds this fertility and fruitfulness in the earth, choking the growth of all weeds and giving strength and comfort to all kinds of grain or pulse, or any fruit of better nature."

Sir John Sinclair, one of the foremost agricultural writers of his or any other age, advocated the use of salt for the three following reasons: First, that by allowing the sheep to lick it the rot was effectually prevented; second, that his cattle, to whom lumps of it were given to lick, were thereby protected from infectious disorders, and the cows, being thus rendered more healthy and being induced to take a greater quantity of liquid, gave more milk; third, that a small quantity pounded was found very beneficial to horses when new oats were given them, if the oats were all moist. —[Chamber's Journal.]

### ENGLAND'S DECAY.

Moreover, all but the lower classes in England are gradually yielding to an insidious relaxation and Oriental luxury analogous to that of the Romans just before the fall of the empire. During the present generation England has finished every time she has been brought to a fighting issue with any nation of anything like her own size. If ever a nation was bound in honor to go to war it was England when she plighted her word to protect Denmark against Prussia and Austria in 1863. If England had been consistent to her traditions she would have fought Russia in 1877, and again France in 1879, when French bondholders and usurers forced France to seize one of the guiding reins in Egypt. England's antipathy to hitting anybody of her own weight forced her into an artificial arrangement with France, a course of which the only outcome possible was the necessity of England's chastising poor little Egypt. A war with France, or with anybody but negroes, Asiatics, Zulus or Egyptians, might have the effect of bringing about England's political unity with Great Britain, so that in the British parliament a member from New Zealand or Manitoba might sit side by side with the member for London or Greenwich. If so, then for England to get into a good way would be in the long run a great thing. —[Exchange.]

From what I read in the papers about harmony existing at Buffalo, I am inclined to believe that during my summer vacation the dictionary has been somewhat changed. Be kind enough to state that perfect "harmony" reigns likewise in my establishment. —[Satan in Life.]

### SHALL WE ABOLISH HANGING?

It has been the fashion of late to extol certain foreign methods at the expense of our own, chiefly because the latter has somewhat broken down. Two of these foreign systems in particular have been glorified, and no doubt both have certain undoubted merits of their own. The guillotine is most effective as a means of destroying life. It is an unerring, nearly automatic machine, and probably annihilates without unnecessarily protracted pain. Its inventor went so far as to claim for it that the sufferer felt merely a pleasant freshness about the neck and nothing more. To the sensitive mind however, there is something terribly disgusting in decapitation; it is horrible to see, or rather to hear, the head fall into the basket amid the torrents of blood. The Spanish garrote again, which is obviously Oriental in Origin, and an adaptation of the bow-string, is also instantaneous in its action. The old mechanism, which is simply a rope and a piece of stick used tourniquet fashion, has been improved into a brass collar encircling the neck, and containing a sharp point which is forced into the spinal marrow. But neither of these forms are really so far superior to ours as to be entitled to supersede it. After all, one method is as good as another, provided it fulfills certain indispensable conditions. Capital punishment is intended to remove the criminal, to extinguish a life forfeited to the laws, and if this can be accomplished promptly, without inflicting torture, encouraging bravado, or demoralizing the executioner, the desired end is achieved. These are not unattainable results, and so long as they can be compassed by hanging there can be no sufficient reason for trying to domesticate exotic methods of execution. It has also been mooted recently whether some more scientific process might not yet be adopted with advantage. The chemist and electrician have tremendous agencies at their disposal, one or other of which might be utilized for the destruction of the criminal. But poor humanity is already beset by murderous enemies, and legislators may well pause before they permit the development of the means of taking life. Great practical difficulties, too, would probably supervene in giving effect to any new process, whether by poison or electricity. The intervention of some skilled agent would be indispensable; the fatal poison must be administered scientifically; the dread forces of electricity must be set in motion by some expert, and it might not be easy to persuade doctors of savants to act as executioners. But a still stronger objection exists to this or any kind of change in the manner of carrying out the penalty of death. It is not likely that any such change would easily secure legislative sanction, not from any positive dislike to accept this or that new method, but because the opening of the question at all would end in the abolition of capital punishment altogether. Whether society can quite afford to part with one of its greatest safeguards is beyond the scope of this paper to discuss. But all who feel that the law which exacts a life for a life is our best and perhaps our only protection against the growth of homicide will prefer to leave our system of execution unchanged. An imperfect process is better than none at all, and it will be better to adopt reasonable improvements than bring about abolition by vain search after an impossible ideal. —[The Fortnightly Review.]

### SOME DIFFICULTIES OF SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE EDITING.

The remark is not wholly novel that it is not an easy thing to edit a first-class magazine. It requires something approaching omniscience to tell what will please the public, and something closely allied to omnipotence to obtain it. The gift of prophecy is one of the most obvious of a magazine editor's specialties, while he has far less power to shape the demand for his wares than the leaders of any other craft. He can, it is true, often create a demand for some novel improvement, but inevitably the public appetite outruns the ability of the caterer of its intellectual food, and in every fresh want he manufactures he is arousing a new fiend to torment him. A good instance in point is the growth of magazine illustration, a device which originated with the publishers, but which, like a rolling stone at the heels of a boy running down hill, gives them much trouble to keep ahead of it. —[Boston Courier.]

### HOW HE WON HER.

"I am sorry for you, sir, but my daughter has been brought to a life of luxury, and I can never allow her to become your wife." "But you forget. I am a proper broker." "Yes, I know; but the markets are very uncertain, and you may be a poor man to-morrow." "But I own a rolling-mill, too." "So I understand; but the iron business is subject to great fluctuation." "And I have three woolen factories, am a member of a jobbing firm, and own a large amount of real estate." "All of them uncertain properties. Even real estate is being ruined by high taxes. Have you nothing else?" "Yes, I own a newspaper." "Oh! I beg your pardon. Take her, my dear boy. She is yours." —[Philadelphia Call.]

### REMINDED HIM OF HOME.

"What awfully soggy biscuits they had on the table this morning!" said Mrs. Weissbrod to her lord and master, who sat by her side on the veranda of the country hotel; "really I couldn't eat them." "They reminded you of home, didn't they, dearest?" replied Weissbrod. "No wonder they made you homesick and destroyed your appetite." Mrs. W., who prides herself on her cookery, gives Weissbrod a look which is one part reproach to nine parts murder, and then leaves him to enjoy his cigar in solitude.

### LORD BEACONSFIELD'S YOUNGER DAYS.

Disraeli was essentially warm-hearted and generous, and when he took his first plunge into public life he went with the stream which was then carrying most young men, not trained at public schools and the universities, toward humanitarian theories of all kinds; but from the first he showed a disposition which would have made him unfit to work with Parliamentary Liberals. In his earliest speeches and writings his satire always flies straightest when leveled at the petty devices of place-hunting, at political hypocrisy, social sham, and dull arrogance. There was no pettiness in him; he had a poet's mind, which took grand sweeping views of things and conjured up gorgeous visions of human progress and national triumphs. He might have become the most dangerous of Radical agitators; but he settled into his proper place as a defender of the institutions which had made England great, and as a friend of the most highly cultured, most spirited and most tolerant aristocracy the world has ever seen. If he had been educated at the College of Winchester, instead of in a private school of that town, and if he had afterward gone to Christchurch, or to Trinity, Cambridge, he would have been drawn toward Conservatism in his boyhood; but it so happened that at his Winchester school, and at another in Walthamstow where he spent a couple of years, he had much to put up with on account of his Jew looks, and he seems to have imbibed a passionate hostility toward Toryism because it was expounded in these places by a Low Church Parson's "bullying brat," and by "the haughty snuffling son of a city knight." He did not often allude to his school days, but from casual remarks it appears that he must have been an opposition leader in them both. "My first tyrant," he used to say, "was a boy we called Freckles (the Parson's brat)." He lorded it over two cringing ushers; he called me a son of Belial for reading 'Roderick Random' on a Sunday, and we were always fighting." Of the city knight's son at Walthamstow he said: "He was a fat boy who became my enemy because I nicknamed him 'Sir Loin'; I might more appropriately have given him some name connected with sheep, for he was sheepish at work, but would run at me like a battering ram in the playground, and he had a shoulder-of-mutton fist." —[Temple Bar.]

### AND THE DAUGHTER AND HER MOTHER STILL PURSUED HIM.

The recent engagement of a Boston young lady to a young man well known in the social circles of that city, recalls the amusing attempt of the young lady's mamma, some time ago, to secure a husband for her fair daughter. A handsome young Boston bachelor of wealth and education happened to pass the same season at a summer hotel with the designing mother, and feeling that fate had thrown the young man in her way she proceeded at once to lay plans for his capture. She hired a small room adjoining her apartments, fitted it up sumptuously and then invited the favored young man to enter, on the "Spider and the Fly" principle. She left them alone together as much as possible, and even went so far as to hire equipages and invite the young bachelor to accompany them. But all to no purpose. The gentleman had rather pronounced views on the subject of matrimony and positively refused to be caught. Summer lengthened into autumn and still the daughter languished unmet, when the gentleman in an unguarded moment mentioned that he was soon to take a Southern trip. Not to be thus eluded, the mamma made plans for a similar journey, announcing that the gentleman was to be one of the party. However, the young man was too clever for feminine machinations, and was well on his way before the lady was aware of his departure. Nothing daunted, she followed in hot pursuit and came up with the fugitive in New Orleans. Thence they went in company to Florida, the mother feeling confident that, under the seductive influences of a tropical winter, her desired end would surely be accomplished. But the heart of the bachelor was adamant, and by a clever coup d'etat he escaped once more proceeding north. Again he was followed, and it was only after some very plain conversation with the mamma that she gave up the task as a hopeless one. A little while ago she laid siege to the heart of another young man, not so skilled in the art of self-protection, for he fell an easy victim to her well arranged plans. Madame has another eligible daughter in the field, and it is rumored that a husband for her has already been selected by the watchful mamma.

### SOMETHING NEW.

A pair of embroidered, fancy-looking suspenders hung in front of a Michigan avenue store yesterday, and a young farmer halted to examine them. "Something new?" he asked as the proprietor came out. "Shut out, my friend. Dose ish batent suspenders." "Are you the sole agent?" "I vhas. Dot batent came out about two vheeks ago, und my brudder in New York sends me a shob lot yesterday. You can't puy 'em no blace else." "What don't look very strong." "What? If you can preak dose suspenders by shumping over nine fences I gif you ten hairs!" "I wonder how they'll wear." "Shust like iron. Here ish a hair of dot batent," he replied as he unbent his vest, "dot I haf worn over two yars!" The farmer had gone before the dealer saw where had made the slip, and then he looked after the retreating figure and mused: "I guess I let der batent part alone und go in heafy on der embroidery peesness!" —[Denver Tribune.]

### LOST \$200,000 ON ONE GAME.

While riding in the environs of Newburg I was shown the plain house near the river of a gentleman who lost \$200,000 at one game of poker. My informant said he was a man of good average qualities, but had been brought up in the most penurious manner by a rich father. His father thought that the only way to make a boy appreciate a fortune was to give him nothing at all; so that the boy, it is said, hardly was given food enough, and sometimes went around the markets hungry and asking help. At last he received a million dollars, but the gambling passion broke out in him and some sharpers took from him about a fifth of his fortune, and it was only discovered when he brought suit for the last few thousands, which, according to his education, seemed dearer to him than the previous bulk of money he had silently paid up.

### ONE BAD ACTOR AND A HALF-DOZEN STICKS MAKE UP WHAT IS CALLED A COMBINATION.

Some of the combinations want to die so bad that they borrow money to go to Texas on. Of course they never come back.

### "THE BABY WALKS."

I received a very important letter this week. It contained the announcement that "the baby walks." It is with no desire to pun that I say that this is a great step forward for the baby. Of course this event has not been entirely unexpected in our family. I have been looking every day for the news for some time past. Our baby has been a remarkable baby from the very first, and a large number of his immediate relatives have been waiting with bated breath for the tidings that his long journey had commenced. The particulars of this auspicious event are not at hand, but I can see in my mind's eye just how the wonderful occurrence took place. The baby is out in the country staying with his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," and I suppose if they had been near enough to a telegraph office they would have sent me a dispatch about the supreme event. Although the baby's fat legs are ridiculously sturdy, he has had all along a great diffidence in trusting to them. Now, last Sunday I held and still maintain that the baby took one distinct step towards his devoted father. The news was incredulously received as being too good to be true, and the whole family from his grandmother to the kitchen girl, collected around to see if he would take another, but the little rascal seemed to think it was the biggest kind of a joke to bring the father's reputation for veracity into question by laughing and holding on to a chair, but refusing all the while to move away from it. It was all in vain that I held out my hands and all the endearing inducements I could get him to take the necessary steps to come to me. He would keep one hand on the chair and reach out the other; but not until he had clenched his pudgy hand around my finger would he let go the chair. Once I had enticed him in this manner to quit the chair, and then suddenly withdrew my hands from his, leaving him standing alone. He hovered a moment in wavering indecision and then instead of stepping forward sat emphatically down and resumed his favorite style of locomotion. He never crept as an ordinary baby would have done, but sort of hunched along. He would sit down, and putting a hand now on one side of him and again on the other, his fat little body swaying this way and that would hitch along with his little dumplings of feet ahead of him like a railway cowcatcher, and in this way he moved over the floor in a sitting posture at a speed that was wonderful. Practice had made him so perfect at this sort of movement that he evidently came to look on walking as an ornamental superfluity. It was most comical to see him forge ahead, as the boat racers call it, with both hands full, holding them up from the floor and swaying forward without any help from them. He occasionally took to his feet, and with breathless haste would work his way along the wall in a hand-over-hand fashion until getting too elated at his new excitement, would upset and roll helplessly over on the carpet. These accidents shook his confidence for the time being in the stability of things, but happily a baby's memory is as short as a baby, and the perils of pedestrianism were braved again and again. Often the poor little fellow looked like a battle-scarred veteran after his tumbles, but it is a lucky thing that babies are exceedingly elastic, otherwise the population of this country would not be as great as it is now. Anyhow, another competitor has entered into the walking match: "The baby walks." —[Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.]

### ADVENTURES OF THE ALPS.

The Vienna correspondent of the London "Daily News" describes at length the hardships recently suffered by two young men and a lady on the Rax Alp. It appears that another of the party, also a young man, had leaped across a fissure, and his companions thinking he had fallen went in search of him. They had not proceeded far when they lost their way. This was on Saturday. On Monday night hunger made them all very weak and miserable. They boiled some straw, cut into small bits, and this was all their dinner on Monday. In the middle of the night one of the men remembered that he had some tallow candles in his pocket. These were cut into small bits and swallowed. Their wanderings on Tuesday were of as little avail as those of Sunday and Monday had been, only that all got tired so much sooner, and were forced to return to their port of safety before the night set in. On Wednesday morning the young girl declared that she felt unable to walk, and the two men, who were brothers, decided that they must set out alone in search of help and nourishment for their companion, but the fog had grown worse, and the snowstorm was so violent that after half an hour they turned back. They found the girl unconscious, and they rubbed her with snow and ice to revive her. When day came on Wednesday they gave up all hope, and they decided to shoot themselves with a revolver one of the brothers had brought with him in hopes of firing from the top of the mountain. They all three agreed that they preferred dying in this manner to being slowly starved to death. On Thursday morning, however, they reached the shelter-house, where a man and his servant kept a small inn. Here they refreshed themselves, after having spent four days and four nights in the ice and snow of the Rax Alp. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. In Vienna the station was crowded with persons eager to see the heroes of the day. The three looked very thin and wasted as if they were just recovering from a fatal illness; but they did not complain of anything being the matter with them. They were gratified to hear of the safety of their other companion, in search of whom they had endured so much.

### THE STORY OF THE STATUE.

That the profession of arms has its sad as well as its brilliant side is shown in rather a striking manner by the sculptor of the monument on the edge of the Niederwald. The German, in his passage from youth to age and from civil life to the landsturm, goes through many transformations, each of which seems to involve for him keen domestic grief. First as a recruit he is taken from his fond parents to serve his three years, from twenty to twenty-three, with the colors; secondly, as a reserve man, between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven, we see him called upon by the voice of duty and the written order of the superior authorities to quit his much loved betrothed in order to join his old regiment in view of war; and thirdly, as a soldier of the landwehr, to which he belongs from twenty-seven to thirty-two, he is represented as tearing himself away from his affectionate wife and several small children to defend the menaced fatherland against invasion. At the age of thirty-two, after twelve years' service, actual or potential, the German soldier forms part of the landsturm, and as he will now be only required to protect his own home, he is not separated from any one. It is only in connection with his three first periods of service that he figures on the great national monument, and to the German of a sentimental cast the representation of the sufferings to which he is subjected can scarcely be encouraging.

### NEIGHBORLINESS ON THE FARM.

We are all too selfish. We should be more neighborly, co-operating one with another. It is natural for old folks to think olden times the best, but they speak an important truth when they say that people were more accommodating and kindly disposed to others forty years ago. It would be better for us if we were so to-day. It would be better for us financially. The majority of us live on small farms. Yet because of our selfishness, and the selfishness of others, we are compelled to purchase almost as much farm machinery as if we lived upon a farm four times as large. If four farmers would club together they could have all necessary machinery, provide for its wear and tear, and shelter, for really less than one-fourth of what their selfishness makes those items cost them. As it now is, the farmer markets his small production of grain and stock alone, and must submit to lower prices than if he had a larger quantity. If farmers would be a little more neighborly, and put their grain or stock till they had a car-load, or several car-loads, they could get better prices for it at their home market, or could ship it themselves and save the middleman's commission.

Again, farmers could save money by clubbing together and buying their household supplies in larger quantities. Groceries and clothing could be purchased at wholesale prices because purchased in wholesale quantities. But we are too selfish and unneighborly to do this. But there are still higher and nobler gains. We have been given social and spiritual natures. The gift was not a mistaken one. We should develop these elements of our being, because to do so makes us better. Selfishness is fast making social intercourse obsolete in the country. The possibilities for human society are not great among the isolated farm homes. We should not make them less. Let us all be more neighborly and sociable, more kindly disposed one to another. We shall be richer in wealth of earthly goods, of mental gains and spiritual charms. We shall all be more truly happy.

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