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Meets first and third Saturday each month.

SWIFT TRAVELING.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST GREATER SPEED ON RAILROADS.

The Limit Reached is 100 Miles an Hour. To Do Better Will Require Larger Locomotive Boilers, Bigger Wheels and Wider Tracks—The Danger is Great.

"My opinion is that the speed limit of the locomotive engine has been reached with the present gauge of track and diameter of driving wheel," said Expert Watkins at the National museum. "I have been given to understand on very credible authority that an engine on one road has already made a record of 100 miles an hour—of course over a very short distance of perfectly straight and level track.

"If that is to be beaten it will only be done by increasing the size of the boiler, to begin with. To get a greater capacity of boiler it will be necessary to widen the locomotive and therefore the track. If a speed of anything like 120 miles an hour is to be obtained in the future the track must be widened, not by inches but by feet, and the size of the driving wheel proportionately.

"Naturally the question of safety is the first one brought up in connection with a discussion of this subject, and it is asked, Can trains be run with as much security to life and limb at 150 miles an hour as at fifty? My answer to this is No. Take a given stretch of track, in perfect condition, with nothing in the way, and a train is more likely to run off the rail when going at 150 miles an hour than when traveling at sixty. But such ideal conditions are not usually found in railroading.

FACTS TO CONSIDER.

"You must consider that there are such things as frogs and switches which get out of order or misplaced, as well as a multitude of other things more difficult to look out for the more rapidly trains are going. Most important to think of, too, is the fact that if an accident does occur the train in proportion to its speed at which it is going at the moment of interruption. Two trains each going at the rate of 120 miles an hour and coming into collision would quickly be reduced to kindling wood, if not to tooth-picks.

"Another thing worth inquiring about is the number of men that are going to be required to run one of these engines of the future that are to travel 120 miles an hour. Jump on board one of the fast flying locomotives at Jersey City that carries you to Philadelphia at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. Do nothing but watch the signals as you pass with lightning speed through city after city at grade and level railway after railway. You will find that it takes about all your time to catch them.

"How much leisure has the engineer, then, to look after his steam gauge and water gauge, to see to his airbrake, to make sure that every part of his mighty machine is in order, to keep in touch with the train dispatcher's office and to identify any extra trains that pass him so that no mistake shall be made? So tremendous is the strain upon this man's nerves that as a measure of economy the company only permits him to work four days each week, and he spends the remaining three in resting and bracing up for further contests with space and time.

PERCENTAGE OF DEATHS.

"Trains in England, on an average, run faster than in this country. Their cars or carriages are not nearly so heavy as ours; they have not nearly so many heavy grades and sharp curves, and the law gives the railway exclusive rights over their tracks, the infringement of which is punished by fines and imprisonment. In England one person out of every 5,250,000 carried is killed. To ride on the railway in France is more than twice as dangerous, inasmuch as one out of every 2,000,000 passengers is killed. Belgium is much safer than England in this respect; only one out of every 9,000,000 is killed on its roads. Safest of all by far are the railways of Prussia, which only kill one out of every 21,500,000 people carried.

"There are many advocates in favor of making our railroad cars much lighter, the argument being that it is absurd to drag a whole row of houses over the rails in order to transport a lot of comparatively light packages in the shape of people. But it is very certain that heavy cars have the advantage to safety in proportion to their weight. You will notice that the passengers in the heavily built parlor cars always get off with very much less damage in an accident than do the occupants of the ordinary cars, which are usually telescoped by the Pullman or Wagner coaches.

"Extra heavy weight to draw means extra expense for the railway companies, but safety for the passengers they carry means saving of money in damages in these days. Of course you read in the newspapers about the running of Boynton's bicycle engine at Brighton Beach at the rate of a mile in thirty-two seconds, or 112 miles an hour. That may give a notion of the future of railroading as regards speed, but I am not myself of the opinion that the bicycle idea will work any revolution in the business of transportation by rail."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

There is a president in one of our Maine colleges, a bright, smart man, who made a rather peculiar statement in conversation some time ago. He was talking about his inability to quote correctly, and said that, while he had an excellent memory for ideas, sentences and phrases would easily slip by him. "Why, I do not know that I could repeat the Lord's prayer word for word," he asserted. No one would suspect such an admission from the worthy president to observe him in the pulpit.—Lewiston Journal.

There are glaciers in the Himalayas which are from thirty to sixty miles in length, and there is one thirty-three miles long which is flanked on either

HE ONLY WANTED A SLAB.

The Peculiarly Depressing Effect Flat Hunting Has on a Man.

"I beg your pardon," said a cadaverous and dejected looking man as he stopped me on Twenty-third street, "can you direct me to the morgue?" "To the morgue?" said I, "why, yes," and I gave him the needed directions to find his way to that hotel where quiet people go, but sometimes make more trouble than noisy ones could do. "Looking for a friend?" I asked, the journalistic sense coming to the front. "No," said he wearily. "Looking for peace, that is all."

"Indeed?" "Yes," he replied, and the weight of his words was evident, upon his face. "My wife is in the country," he said. "A week or two ago she wrote me that as the public schools were about to begin soon we must get settled for the winter, and she wished that I would look up a pleasant flat for the winter. The rooms must be light and the neighborhood good, and the rent not more than \$50 per month. Of course she expected to have steam heat. She was not dead set on a hall boy, but had no objection to one. She utterly tabooed Harlem, would not of course think of living on a street that was made noisy and sooty by the elevated roads. Otherwise she was ready to leave the selection to me, and she wanted me to exercise my own judgment largely in the picking out of our winter home. P. S.—It ought to be handy to a good school, and I must be sure to see that malaria influences did not exist either in the flat or in the neighborhood. P. P. S.—It would be well to make inquiries regarding the cheapness and excellence of the neighboring markets. Not that it made any difference to her what she ate, but I was such a glutton, and I could not work the market as if I were a millionaire."

"I accepted this easy commission without a tremor," said the cadaverous man wearily. "I knew that the town was full of beautiful flats, with all the conveniences and blessings that the heart of man could desire. I gathered a list of glorious apartments, all within five minutes' walk of heaven apparently, and with my wife's directions in my hat began my quest."

"And did you succeed?" I asked, breathless with interest. "Succeeded?" he answered dreamily. "Succeeded? Yes, I have succeeded. I have been five weeks upon the quest, and I have succeeded. Where is the morgue? I do not want a flat—I want a slab. A dark, malodorous slab, miles from any schoolhouse, without a janitor or hall boy, with all the electric bells out of order, and with every tenant like me, lying down to peaceful dreams."

"Poor man," said I, "I pity you, but do not blame you. For I—yes, I must confess—I have been there myself."—New York Herald.

How a Painter Won a Wager.

Often have sculptors and painters discussed the relative merits of sculpture and painting. A funny story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor, and laid a wager that he could, within a given time, paint a picture which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could do. The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions.

It represented a warrior, his back to the spectator, bending over a sheet of water in the limpid surface of which was reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung and threw back a full length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, landed over the money staked, and the painter doubtless laid it out to great profit and advantage to himself and his friends in the approved "cakes and ale" of the period, after the generous manner of his kind.—New York Star.

Self Made Men.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a crier. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a plowman in Ayrshire.—Exchange.

Making Peace.

Simple words are best, though a very busy man cannot always stop to pick one.

At a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table.

"Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way."

Back went the waiter and said, "If you don't like the way things are done here you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."—Lloyd's Weekly.

Minutely Exact.

The knack of looking at the bright side of things was never developed to such perfection as in the case of a southerner who, after a railroad accident, telegraphed to a friend's wife: "Your husband killed in railroad accident; head, both arms and both legs cut off." But later this correction was received: "First report exaggerated; your husband killed; head and legs cut off, but only one arm."

—Ram's Horn.

Whoever would do good in the world ought not to deal in censure. We ought

LIFE IN A HOUSEBOAT.

NEATNESS AND COMFORT IN FLOATING HOMES IN THE WEST.

Pen Pictures of Natives of the Upper Mississippi Who Spend Their Nights on the Water—They Pay Neither Rent Nor Taxes and Have No Coal Bills.

Down by the water's edge and upon the broad bosom of the great Father of Waters are moored a number of small boats, which are literally floating homes, and invite no small amount of curiosity.

This new Venice is located near the east end of Robert street bridge, and is popularly set down as a tough village. Standing upon a bridge, 75 or 100 feet above the water and flats, and looking down upon these unique homes, you see a desolate stretch of shore line broken by rock piles, decaying ships, irregular stacks of bark and driftwood, fragments of tin roofing, rotten seines, broken barrels in all stages of hopeless disintegration, and all the other detritum and jet-sam incident to the beach of a waterway with tides or a varying volume of water. In the foreground, and surrounded by this abomination of desolation, are moored the string of boat homes.

All are small, but some are larger than others. From the altitude of the bridge they look like chicken coops, or the residences of ultra-fashionable swine. Descending from Robert street to the flats by means of a long flight of steps, the first boat approached is a small unpainted affair, stranded upon a stony strip of real estate temporarily loaned by the river. The windows are curtainless and dirty, no smoke curls upward from the stovepipe on the roof, and you conclude that it is untenanted. There is a window in the door, and a climb to the deck lays bare a bachelor's home, confessed in the comfortable interior.

A THIRTY COUPLE.

The next boat was quite elegant in comparison. It was about thirty feet long, painted dark lavender, and had a latticed porch or veranda, without a awning, but extending around three sides. A shallow flight of steps led from the ground to this porch on the deck, and pretty rustic flower pots and hanging baskets adorned the steps and hung from the lattice work. On the back porch a line full of baby garments fluttered in the breeze, and a big black dog snoring in the sun kept guard over all. The owners of this boat are Dames or Norwegians.

The husband is a turner, and many ornamental pieces of his handiwork can be seen about the boat. His wages are \$2.50 per day, and with no rent, taxes or assessments, street sprinkling or water to pay, and with an industrious, economical and tidy little wife, this young man is much better fixed for saving money and enjoying life than one-half of the men who get double his salary.

Following along the path the third boat is reached, and the young couple who live here are cousins of the turner's family. Such perfection of neatness in every detail of the small household it has probably never been your good fortune to see outside of a New England home. The kitchen floor was as white as soap and honest scrubbing could make it; the round breakfast table was covered by a bright Turkey red tablecloth; the small cook stove shone like a mirror, and every cooking utensil in sight was bright as a new dollar.

The second room was a bedroom, and the same neatness was manifest in the whiteness of the spreads and pillow shams, the worked splasher and shining toilet set. Not a speck nor a spot anywhere. You are astonished into remarking upon this high state of cleanliness of the housewife, who cannot speak English readily, will point with a smile to the oceans of soft water just outside the window, and the explanation is complete, although you leave that house with your respect for the Scandinavian housekeeper raised several degrees.

NEAT INTERIORS.

The rooms of this boat are all neatly papered with a small patterned light paper and bright border of good width. The floors of the sitting room and bedroom are covered with a pretty square patterned oilcloth which looks not unlike tiling, and over this is spread a strip of bright, new ingrain carpet for a rug. In the sitting room stands a handsome hardwood swinging crib, finished to resemble antique oak, and the work of the turner next door, who is second cousin to the month old owner of the crib. Nottingham curtains as white as the bed coverings are up at the windows and looped back with bows of ribbon.

A rustic stand and flower bowl, as artistic as many which adorn Sumner's lawns, holds a healthy species of palm, and rustic baskets filled with delicate vines fill the windows and lend an air of refinement to the room, which is strangely incongruous because of that picture of outer abominations that is imprinted upon the retina of your eyes.

In the fourth boat lives a young couple who are just beginning life. They are Danes, and have only lived on the river for one year.

Their boat also contains three rooms, but owing to limited resources they were unable to fit them up as nicely as might be desired, but the same scrupulous neatness was over everything. The owner is building another boat, which is to be forty feet long and have four rooms when completed. A boat of this size, if built by himself, will cost the owner in the neighborhood of \$100. The boat now occupied by this couple was built by the man at odd times at a cost of \$50.

This man, who is the janitor of a Seventh street building, has lined the walls and ceilings with thick paper, and the house is snug in the coldest weather. The small hold in the bottom of the boat has more or less water in it, and in summer it makes a very good milk house, while in winter they can keep a smelly of meat on the ice without any

THE LAMBS ARE TURNED TIGERS.

The Mock Similes of Yore Now the Terrors of Alabama.

America has produced so many queer religious sects in addition to those she has adopted from the Old World that a new set of similes is needed. It is only when some body of fanatics establish polygamy as the Mormons did, or abolish marriage as the Noyesites did, have all their goods in common like the Hutterites Mennonites, or offer up a human sacrifice as the Freemen of Massachusetts and the Cobblers of Arkansas did, that any one gets excited about it. And the Similes of Choctaw county, Ala., have not only done some "masterful killing," but they have declared war against the United States internal revenue.

Bob Sims, their prophet or leader, was at the beginning only a wild fanatic, but prosecution has turned him into a desperado, and now he is an outlaw and fugitive. His proper name is Robert McMillan, and he was born in North Carolina in 1839. He served four years in the Confederate army and was ten months a prisoner at Camp Morton, Indiana. At the close of the war he located in Choctaw county, Ala., developed a rude education and began to preach a new gospel, gaining in the course of time a hundred or more followers.

At first they were innocent innocents, and were only laughed at, for if one was slapped he obediently turned the other cheek. A little later they got new light and proceeded to resist evil with fearful energy. The Simses refused to pay taxes, and thus came into conflict with the local authorities. Finally a mob drove them out of the county, but they soon returned and lived a few years in comparative peace. Bob then began to manufacture "moonshine whiskey," and the federal marshals got after him. This culminated in a big fight, Deputy Marshal W. B. Strubling had arrested Bob, Sims, and destroyed his still, and had him in custody at Bladon Springs. That night Neil and Jim Sims, brothers of the outlaw, and Bailey, his son, with



NON SIMS.

two or three others, released him, mortally wounding his guard, one Daltich, and killing Dr. A. B. Pugh, who had stopped to chat awhile with Bob. In less time than it takes to tell it, the citizens were on hand with arms, for the rescue took place early in the evening. Bob Sims got away, but Bailey was killed. A rapid exchange of shots resulted in the death of a negro and the wounding of several citizens.

Jim Sims was the last to mount his horse and get out of town, and as he rode up to the others Neil Sims, mistaking him for a pursuing citizen, fired and gave him a fatal wound. This balanced the losses—no counting the negro—two white men killed on each side. Jim, however, might have lived, but the citizens were so enraged that they took him into the woods and hanged him. A mob had already warned the Simses to leave, and the whole sect, twenty-six families—joined in a mad flight into Mississippi. In a few hours the daughters of Bob Sims drove in with an oxcart and took the bodies of Jim and Bailey home for burial. They had appealed to Governor Jones, and he directed the county officials to protect the Simses in returning to their homes.

Take it all in all it's an extremely queer case. Seven years ago a mob decided to lynch Bob Sims in the belief that he was circulating counterfeit money, and he was hanged. A mob had already warned the Simses to leave, and the whole sect, twenty-six families—joined in a mad flight into Mississippi. In a few hours the daughters of Bob Sims drove in with an oxcart and took the bodies of Jim and Bailey home for burial. They had appealed to Governor Jones, and he directed the county officials to protect the Simses in returning to their homes.

Killed by Chloroform.

An English paper declares that the present year has for some reason been unusually prolific in deaths from chloroform. Two were reported during a single week at British institutions—one at Middlesex hospital and the other at Liverpool. The Manchester infirmary alone has been the scene of four or five similar accidents since the beginning of the year. Juries at coroners' inquests have in all cases returned formal verdicts of death by misadventure, which under the circumstances was all they could do. "Nevertheless," says the paper, "the impression is forced upon laymen who have read the medical evidence given at these inquiries that doctors are very much in the dark respecting the action of chloroform upon heart and lungs. It does not carry far to say that death resulted from syncope, for, in one sense or another, all death is due to syncope. The question at decide is whether chloroform acts first upon the heart or upon some other organ. The Hyderabad commission, which investigated the matter with much labor, came to the conclusion, if we remember rightly, that the primary effect was not upon the heart, but upon the respiratory organs, and if this finding is true, it should be possible, with appropriate remedies, to prevent fatal accidents."

Can't Gamble with Coins.

The full bench of the justices of the Bombay high court have pronounced a curious judgment in a pitch and toss case. They decided that coins were not instruments of gaming within the meaning of the gambling act. Their lordships held that an "instrument for gaming" means an article devised or invented for gambling purposes, which a coin is not.

Fashions at Vienna are now under control of the chief of police, who has forbidden women to wear low-cut dresses or

HUNTING THE SEA OTTER.

HOW THIS COSTLY FUR IS GOT TEN IN WASHINGTON STATE.

Perched High Above the Billows the Daring Hunter Watches with His Rifle and Glasses—Unwritten Law That Is Carefully Observed.

It is not generally known that some of the most expensive fur producing animals are killed off the coast of the new state of Washington, and it is remarkable that the extent of territory where these animals are taken is extremely limited, being only from Dungeness point, at the northern entrance to Grays harbor, up the coast to Point Greyville, a distance of about twenty-four miles. The animal referred to is the sea otter, the fur of which is manufactured into the robes of the potentates and princes of the Old World.

Unlike that of the seal, the fur of the sea otter requires no plucking of hair or coloring; in fact, the most valuable skins are those which are speckled through with a silver tipped hair, which is known as the silver tipped fur, the addition of this hair adding 25 to 50 per cent. to the price of the skin.

There are now several hunters engaged in killing sea otters at the place referred to, and the mode of operation of taking them was very interesting to me.

THE "CROW'S NEST."

The hunters build themselves derricks about forty feet high by taking three small poles or pieces of driftwood, each about forty feet in length, and bolting them securely together at one end for the top, they spread them about twenty-five feet apart at the bottom, giving the appearance of a huge tripod. These are set on the ocean beach, about midway between high and low tides, the foot of the poles being anchored in the sand from two to three feet. The structure is then thoroughly braced, and a ladder built to the top by nailing pieces at convenient distances crosswise on the inside.

About eighteen inches below the top of the tripod, cross timbers are secured to the legs, and upon these cross timbers a floor from four to five feet square is laid, and on the oceanward and two adjoining sides walls are built up from three to a half to four feet in height. On the land side, a door is constructed to allow the hunter easy ingress and egress to and from his "crow's nest." On the top of the tripod, which extends about eighteen inches above the floor, a seat is constructed and around the inside of the wall a row of shelving is placed.

At low tide, when the wind is propitious, the hunter hies himself to his crow's nest, armed with a good pair of glasses, a Sharps rifle and a launch and looks down from his perch upon the sea. He scans the line of the ocean just outside of the breakers, where he most expects his game to appear. When the tide first begins to flood his range is about 600 yards, but as it runs in the range is shortened to 300 or 350 yards. Even at these latter distances it requires close calculation to know just how to shoot to overcome the rise and fall of the ocean swell and the effect of the wind upon the bullets. It is said that not one out of 100 shots of the best marksmen is effective. When the tide is full the derrick stands in the midst of the breakers, and a hunter like myself feels a little squeamish looking down from the dizzy heights on the rolling waters below.

The shooting is generally done on a flood tide, so the animal, when killed, will wash ashore, and even then it is sometimes three or four days after one is killed before it is hauled. Undoubtedly many others are killed and never do come ashore.

MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION.

Each hunter marks his bullets with a mark known to the other hunters, and when an otter is found on the beach the first duty of the finder is to look for the bullet and ascertain to which of the hunters it belongs. This is respected among the hunters as sacredly as marks and brands are among stockmen. When an otter comes ashore with no bullet in him, as frequently occurs, the bullet having gone clean through the body, and no notice having been given, it is regarded as a "shick" or "stockmen's parlane," and belongs to the finder.

Sometimes an otter, on receiving a death shot, sinks; but the hunter generally knows when he has hit his mark. By observing the water with his glasses, he can discern, even at the greater distances which they shoot, the coloring of the water from the blood of the animal; and if he does not come ashore on that tide, notice is at once given to the other hunters, who are then on the alert to find him. But I opine that beach combers, in the shape of stealthy Indians, get away with many an otter killed by the white hunters. I have had occasion many times to patrol the beach at daylight during the hunting season, but I always found the tracks of the swash just ahead of me, printed there since last high tide.

The Indians hunt the sea otter in canoes, going out and coming in through the surf. Sometimes they go fifteen or twenty miles to sea and stay out several days. But when they hunt along within a mile or two of the shore there is blood on the face of the moon, and the white hunter "waxeth wroth," for the Indian seizes away his game, by cutting across the haunches and stripping the skin down the body and over the head. The skin is then turned, the fur in, and a board shoved through it. It is then tightened by driving a wedge shaped piece down on one side between the board and the skin, and another contrived on the other. All the grease is then carefully removed and the skin is dried and laid away ready for the market.

An average skin is about five feet long by twelve inches wide, double, or, when cut, twenty-four inches wide, and, in the hunter's hands, is valued at from \$50 to \$120; but these prices leave a handsome margin to the hunter. In Russia an overcoat made from these same otter skins brings from \$1,000 to \$2,000, while in China even more is sometimes paid.

The season for killing sea otter extends from May to October, and so scarce is this game becoming that four or five seasons ago doing well by any hunter. In fact, some go the season without taking any.

The hunters have a rule among themselves—which is strictly observed—that only one derrick can be allowed within a range, i. e., about a half mile, thus giving the whole beach a regularity of appearance not elsewhere observable.—Portland Oregonian.

One Sale in Three Years.

"I found the other day a drummer who had been on the road three years and had made only one sale," he said, as he leaned over the cigar case at the Kimball.

Sobody believed him.

"What did he sell?" asked a listener.

"Suspension bridges,"—Atlanta Constitution.

END OF AN HONORABLE CAREER.

Sudden Death, at Paris, of Major Bundy, a Veteran of War and Journalism.

Major Jonas M. Bundy, late editor in chief of the New York Mail and Express, was born in New Hampshire, but was taken in early life to Beloit, Wis., and was therefore known as a citizen of that state. He was educated at Beloit college, where Matt Carpenter, afterward famous as orator and senator, was his most intimate companion, and the friendship formed there continued during Mr. Carpenter's life.

A course at the Harvard law school completed Bundy's mental equipment, and he was entering upon active life when the civil war began. He entered the army and saw much active service, most of the time on the staff of General John Pope. He had done some newspaper work on the Milwaukee Wisconsin before the war, and after leaving the army became musical and dramatic critic, as well as editorial writer on the New York Evening Post. In that place he was closely associated with William Cullen Bryant.

In 1868 he was made editor in chief of The Evening Mail and after thirteen years service with it was retained in the same position in 1881, the new journal being The Mail and Express. Colonel Shepard, present proprietor, recently provided for a brief foreign tour for several of his writers, and it was while on his vacation that Major Bundy died in Paris.

To the general public he was well known as the author of the campaign life of Garfield in 1880. General Garfield himself chose Major Bundy for that task, and most of the writing was done at Mentor, the work was done in six weeks, and is generally considered the best of its kind ever produced.

HE WAS PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

The Long and Successful Career of the Late M. Grevy.

Francis Jules Pole Grevy, who died the other day at his birthplace, Mont Souvrandy, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, was a typical Frenchman of the middle class. The son of a mountaineer who was a Republican and a soldier, Grevy, at an early age, imbibed the ideas of the republican principles. A character which he whole political career.

On the restoration of peace he returned to his books, and after admission to the bar immediately gained a reputation as an advocate. He participated in the upheaval of 1848, and later on, as a member of the constituent assembly, opposed the designs of Louis Napoleon. The latter recognized his activity by putting M. Grevy in jail, where he remained for several months. From the time of his release until 1868 he figured little in public affairs, and consistently refused to take the oath of allegiance to the empire.

In the year named, however, he yielded to the "establishment" and was at once elected a member of the corps legislaif from the department of the Jura. Upon the fall of the empire his chief period of political activity began. From 1871 to 1879 his parliamentary career was distinguished by all the tact and ability of a great statesman. He was elected president of the republic he gave France seven years of peace and prosperity. Then came the scandal of 1878, which forced him into retirement. Wilson, his son-in-law, was charged with having sold decorations of the Legion of Honor, and Grevy at once resigned the presidency. The remainder of his life was passed in retirement.

An Old Manuscript Identified.

Probably not one person in 10,000 ever heard of Abu Bekr el Belhage. Yet he was the most celebrated Arabian scholar of the Eleventh century. His name came into prominence among the credulous of late in connection with a manuscript owned by the Upsala University museum. It was acquired by the Swedish scholar Haseelquist during his travels in the east in 1749-51, and was presented by Queen Louisa Ulrika to the university. It is in Arabic, but owing to the title page not being genuine the authorship has never been ascertained. Professor Alwardt, of Greifswald, has now discovered that the real title is "Proof of Mahomet's Prophecy," and that the writer was Abu Bekr el Belhage, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries whose writings only a few have been preserved.

Canada's Small Census Gains.

The people of Canada are somewhat disappointed at the showing made by their census returns. The population has increased less than 500,000 in ten years. Yet the government returns were to the effect that 820,000 immigrants had arrived during the decade, and a Toronto paper pertinently asks, "What has become of them, and of the natural growth of the population in Canada itself?"

An Octogenarian Naturalist.

G. W. Dunn, the naturalist, has been in California since 1849, and for twenty-seven years has been collecting specimens of animals and plants from every part of the Pacific coast north of Acapulco. Despite his age and white hair he is still active and buoyant, and has recently completed a remarkable tour through the mountains of Lower California and Sonora, in which he found over 100 entirely new insects and many rare plants.

It is a sort of surprise to learn that the business is very profitable, as societies and the rarest plants for rare specimens, and are for the Palo Alto botanical gardens which Senator Stanford is now collecting. He has collected in his time 70,000 of insects known as coleoptera or horn-beetles, 5,000 orthoptera or horn-grasshoppers, and over 3,000

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MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Former Buys a Horse and the Latter Gets Even With Him.

At 3 o'clock the other afternoon I accidentally caught sight of Mr. Bowser skulking about the back yard. He had acted very restless at dinner time, and I at once felt that something was wrong