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ONE of the keepers in Bushey Park, England, lately discovered two fine bucks lying dead in a ditch, with their horns locked together. Both animals had received severe body wounds.

DR. KING, an American lady, who is physician to the family of Count Li, at Shanghai, has greatly increased her reputation there by the successful performance of a delicate surgical operation.

IT is said that Henry M. Stanley does not greatly care for America any more, but the Americans in London do not intend to give him up. They will wine and dine him and give him a silk flag and a silver shield.

THE London *Times* will be about $75,000 out of pocket for accepting as genuine a batch of manuscript that not one Yankee editor in a thousand would have given a second look at without smelling mice.

AN Indian squaw picked up $500 worth of gold nuggets in the Franklin County hills in Maine, and sold it in Portland. Several bands of prospectors will set out in the spring for the site of the reported finds.

THE wealth of John D. Rockefeller is estimated at $130,000,000. He devotes two hours daily—from seven until nine in the morning—to the examination of the pile of letters addressed to him, soliciting money for various purposes

PRESIDENT VAN HOME, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, thinks that a journey around the world will be made in thirty-eight days within a few years. This will be when the great transasiatic railroad across Russia shall have been completed.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, the Paris banker, lives in the fear of the commune. His cellars are almost impregnable, and his pictures and jewels are protected in such a way that the most grasping mob could not reach them He lives in a state of constant fear.

THE French Academy of Science ha discovered, by experiment, that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet. Therefore it is the proper thing to sleep with one's head to the north and feet to the south.

A FRENCH lieutenant, who was under the influence of liquor, got up in a Paris cafe and declared that the French would have a war with Germany within three months, and he has been court-martialed and suspended from duty for a year for his remarks. He was too previous in giving the snap away.

A DISPATCH from Berlin says that since Prince Alexander of Battenberg jilted Princess Victoria she has become so ill-tempered that Emperor William has offered her $50,000 a year if she will live outside of Germany. It is probable that the Princess will take up her residence with Queen Victoria.

ONE of the most intrepid explorers of the day, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a French lady by the name of Mme. le Ray, mother of the Duc d'Abrantes, who has been for several months engaged in Eastern travel. After having visited Babylon and Nineveh she traversed the Persian deserts, amid terrible privations, in order to reach India. For five days and five nights her little caravan had to encamp in the wilds without meeting a living soul or even discovering the slightest trace of a human being. During all this time the cold was so intense that Mme. le Ray's fingers were frostbitten and her guides became seriously ill. She managed at last to reach the Persian Gulf, where she embarked for India.

ONE of the most remarkable women in England is Mrs. Meredith, who has created and directed the career of that complicated organism known as "Mrs. Meredith's Institutions" with a degree of unerring good judgment and wonderful executive ability. Her father during her childhood held an official position connected with the prisons in Ireland, and was early impressed with a desire to do something to mitigate the desolate lives of the women convicts. Some time in 1860 she began speaking at the "Social Science Congresses" and elsewhere of the evils which resulted from the incarceration of women at Brixton, shut off from all beneficial outside influences, and of the imperative need to make decent citizens of the discharged convicts. In 1866 she obtained leave to visit the inmates of the prison, and many years she made it her daily duty to go to the woman prisoners with words of counsel and sympathy. Feeling that a helping hand must be stretched out to the discharged prisoners if their promises of reform were to be fulfilled, Mrs. Meredith established a refuge for them in houses adjoining her own home, and later opened a mission on Chaplain road, where they are employed at laundry work or needlework, and no female prisoner is allowed to pass from out the prison gates without some attempt being made to reclaim her to the ranks of honest citizens. These women, though hardened by crime, possess one instinct of womanhood hard to kill—love for their children and a desire to save them from corrupting influences.

The postage on a letter from the United States through England to India is 5 cents. The postage on a letter mailed in England for India is 10 cents. On account of this the English business public is making a big kick against the English postal department.

AMELIE RIVES.

BY FRANKLYN W. LEE.

SHE seize[d] ... and the ...nch flowe...
From the diamond-pointed gold
Had the glow of wine and the pow'r bestowed
By the fabled fount of old;
For palsied Age, when it quaffed a draught,
Wore the crown of youth again,
And Youth itself, when a draught was quaffed,
Felt a flame at heart and brain.

She seized a brush, as a Raphael would,
In a half-inspired way,
The colors spread till a Venus stood
Where a sleeping Cupid lay.
Her rosy tints like they were that morn
In the misty long ago,
When Love's queen sprang from the sea, new born
For the human race's woo.

She clutched a star, but it slipped and fell
To the pool her pen had made,
And quenched its fires in the impure well
Where so many feet had strayed;
She held a bud, but its beauty fled
From the smile her Venus wore—
The petals drooped till the rose was dead.
And the hand reached forth no more.

HE WAS SOT IN HIS WAYS

A Southwestern Judge Who Could Not Be Trifled With.

THE most sensational legal complication that ever aroused the interest of a law-abiding neighborhood was the outgrowth of a trial held before Judge B. W. Quirk, of the Hickory Flat circuit in Arkansas, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago *Times*. The circumstances, told with the necessary dryness of detail, are as follows:

One John Peters, a sober and industrious man, failed to come home one night. This occurrence was so unusual that his wife, becoming alarmed, aroused the neighborhood, and men, women, and children turned out in a general search. The next day John Peters' coat was found near the river bank. Marks of a struggle were also discovered. Immediately there arose a cry that the man had been murdered; and, about this time, there came along a reputable citizen who declared that

SEARCH FOR THE DEAD.

he had, several days before, heard Sim White and Al Miller swear that they would kill Peters. The two men were arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace. They avowad their innocence, and their lawyer declared that they could not be held for murder until it was proved that a murder had been committed. This proof was not long wanting, for a fisherman soon arrived with the information that he had found the body of Peters. The body was identified, and the preliminary trial proceeded, resulting not only in establishing the fact that White and Miller swore that they would kill Peters but that they were overheard to declare that they would drown him. They were held over and were indicted by the Grand Jury.

When the case came up before Judge Quirk of the Circuit Court some of the ablest lawyers in the State were in attendance, for White and Miller were not friendless, and moreover they were not without means.

After more than a week of "skirmishing" a jury was impaneled, and then the great trial was begun. The majority of the people, including the press, a four-column folio set in small pica and printed in the back room of P. B. Whitson's cross-roads store, believed that a verdict of guilty would be rendered, and bets were made with persons who believed that the prisoners were guilty, but who thought that the jury might be "Culvered."

The trial had not proceeded far when it could be clearly seen that the Judge

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY."

was convinced that White and Miller were guilty. This jurist was something more than a peculiar old fellow. He was a decided character, and so set were his opinions when once formed that no argument and no proof could charge them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, when all the testimony had been heard, "I don't think that it is necessary to go into an argument concerning this case. The guilt of these men is so clear that it would be a criminal act to waste the county's money in prolonging this trial. Now, prisoners, the best thing you can do is to confess your guilt and throw yourselves upon the mercy of this court. Have you any confession to make, Mr. White?"

"No, your Honor, except that I am innocent."

"Have you any confession, Mr. Miller?"

"None, except to say that I had nothing to do with the killing of our friend Peters."

"All right," said the Judge. "I see that you do not desire any mercy, but if you expect to escape punishment by making a prolonged fight, let me tell you you will meet with nothing but disappointment. I am here as the fearless agent of justice. I have made up my mind. I have determined that you are guilty, and nothing on earth can change me. Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire and agree upon a verdict."

The jury, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of guilty.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "to expedite matters, and thereby save expense to the county, I will sentence these men now. The law may be in favor of delay, but justice is not. The law might permit the Sheriff to take these men to jail and feed them at the county's expense until some distant day of execution should arrive, but justice, the one bright flower in our judiciary garden of weeds, looks up and says: 'No, Mr. Sheriff, these men must be hanged forthwith.' So take them out when the death sentence has been passed and hang them to the most convenient tree. Prisoners at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence."

The prisoners stood up, and just as the Judge had pronounced the last words of the sentence the wife of Mr. Peters uttered a shout and bounding toward the door threw her arms around a man who had just entered the court-room. A wild commotion followed.

"What's the matter?" the Judge demanded. "Who is the man that the bereaved window is hugging?"

"I an't no bereived widow, jedge," the woman answered, "fur this is my husband, safe and well."

"Silence, woman," the Judge demanded. "You ought to have better sense than to interrupt this court."

"Your honor," said a lawyer, "I suppose my clients can now go free?"

"And why so, sir?"

"Can your honor ask such a question when Mr. Peters stands here before you?"

"Who is Mr. Peters?"

"Your honor, I cannot understand you."

"But you will pretty soon. The Mr. Peters that this court has taken into consideration is dead."

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Peters, stepping forward.

"You may think you are not, Mr. Peters, but you are. Never in all my professional career," the Judge continued, "have I ever seen facts that so clearly and strongly establish the guilt of two men."

"But, Judge," Peters pleaded, "that can not be, for no murder has been committed."

"Mr. Peters, you have not examined the evidence as closely as I have."

"But here I stand in refutation of all evidence."

"Mr. Peters, you have not read as many text-books on evidence as I have.

THE JUDGE KNEW THE LAW.

The case against these prisoners is perfectly clear. They swore that they would drown you, and your coat was found near the river. Is not that strong evidence?"

"Yes, but——"

"Hold on. The body of a man was taken from the river and identified as your remains."

"But I am here to refute the identification."

"Ah, you are here to throw an obstruction in the way of justice, are you? I have heard on several occasions that you are a man who has very little respect for the decision of a court. And you have come around here to bully me, and that, too, in the face of the strongest evidence that was ever brought before a court of justice Mr. Sheriff, issue a bench warrant of arrest for this man on the ground of contempt of court, and then proceed with the hanging. This court, blind as it is to everything but justice and the true form of law, is getting tired of being browbeaten."

A Question of Relative Va'ues.

"John! John! Wake up!"

"What is the matter, Maria?"

"I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. Maybe it's a burglar."

"Mrs Billus, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?"

"There's $10 worth, at the very least."

"And do you suppose madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly, dad-dinged $10, madam?"

(Angrily) "Why not, John Billus? Isn't your life insured for $5,000?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Closest Man on Record.

"Gregory is awful close," said a man to a friend.

"Yes, but he is not nearly so close as his father was. The old man was pretty well off, and he did have a warm affection for a dollar. He was taken ill once and his physician told him that if he did not go off to the springs he would die. The old man replied: 'Let me see, I'd have to stay there about two months at an expense of at least two dollars and a half per day. I can't stand the cost, Doctor. It would be cheaper to die.' He didn't go, and after the funeral the leading people of the neighborhood expressed satisfaction at the result."

The Crucial Test.

Maine Lawyer—What is your opinion of the character of Deacon Blank?

Witness (cautiously)—I never heard nothin' agin him.

"Don't you know him to be an honest man?"

"Wall, he's been fair an' square in all his dealin's with me, and with others so far as I know."

"Isn't that sufficient to prove him a man of sterling integrity?"

"Wall, I dunno. I never traded hosses with him."—*New York Weekly.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

PROF. ELSOM DISCUSSES MANY INTERESTING TOPICS.

Timely Advice to Consumptives—What Physical Man Is Composed Of—How to Make a Light Without a Match—Other Curious and Instructive Facts.

Food and Consumption.

Friend, you and I have dear ones we know must leave us soon by means of that devastating American plague, consumption! Let us reason together. At the tables of how many farmers and mechanics, I wonder, is the buckwheat breakfast gone into disgrace? We all readily can recall the time when countless multitudes of families broke their fast of twelve hours, and faced the work of a blustering winter's day, with nothing but greasy buckwheat cakes and molasses. They might almost as well have eaten sawdust. And what had they for dinner? Salt pork and potatoes. And for supper? Potatoes and salt pork for a change—sometimes cold, and made palatable with vinegar! Oh, I forgot the pie—the everlasting pie, with its sugary center and its leathery crust—the one titillation of the palate that made life tolerable. Good bread and butter or milk, abundance of fruit, beef, mutton, and nutritions puddings—all these things are within the reach of people who have left the East, and at this time these sturdy Westerners are noted for being the most progressive farmers in the world; but they have cost something, and have not really been deemed necessary. The people have not realized that what they regarded as luxuries were necessaries, and that the food upon which they have depended for protection from a more rigorous climate, and for the repair of the wastes of labor, has been altogether inadequate, and is leaving them with blood impoverished and lungs tuberculated. After taking into account all hereditary influences, upon which doctors place great stress in treating of the cause of phthisis, insufficient nourishment is alike responsible.

In most instances the deposit of tubercle and the inflammation to which it naturally gives rise is directly traceable to poor food. There are many men who by a change of living render the tubercles already deposited in their lungs harmless. Vitality becomes so high in its power that it dominates these evil influences, and they live out a tolerably long life with enemies in their lungs that are rendered powerless by the strength of the fluid that fights them. I have seen consumption cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through passive exercise in the open air and the supply of an abundance of nutritious food, and have not the least doubt that it can be prevented in most instances by the same means.

No human being can long endure the draft made upon it by a cold climate and by constant labor, unless it is well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Somewhere deterioration will show itself, and in all countries where people are poorly fed consumption decimates the populace. There should be by this time some improvements in the West and North in consequence of the increased intelligence of the people, but so long as so many of them are unsettled, moving and moving, leaving good places vacant to be taken by ignorant, often filthy, foreign population, it is not likely that statistics will show much less tuberculosis for years to come.

When we are sick we hire a physician who can live only by people being sick. If we could hire doctors to keep us well, if a code of ethics could be adopted that they would only be paid for preventing disease, and could be permitted to prescribe for each family its way of living, there would be but little difficulty in routing from its stronghold that most fatal and persistent enemy of human life which we call consumption, but which is not, it being just the opposite. Consumptives do not consume.

Man.

Demonstrations in chemistry have shown that man, the being that performs those marvelous things, is formed largely of condensed air, or solidified and liquefied gases; that he lives on condensed as well as uncondensed air, and, by means of the same agent, moves the heaviest weights with the velocity of the winds. The strangest part of the matter is, however, that thousands of these human beings composed of condensed air and going about on two legs, on account of the production and supply of those forms of condensed air which they require for food and clothing, or on account of their honor and power, destroy each other in pitched battles by means of condensed air; and, further, that many of the peculiar powers of the bodiless, headless, conscious, thinking and sensitive beings, housed in this building of flesh, are the result simply of its internal structure, and the arrangement of its particles or atoms; while chemistry supplies the clearest proofs that, so far as concerns this, the ultimate and most minute composition and structure, which is beyond the reach of the intellects of even this marvelous age, man is, to all appearance, identical with the ox, or even the lowest forms of animal creation.

Eyes.

By far the most remarkable arrangement regarding the eyes of animals is observable in the vision of the insect races. In this instance the eye is fixed to the head, whether because another provision is better is of no consequence; but such is the fact, and see how nature has compensated the lack of moving processes. In the common fly, which offers a ready example, are seen two small, round projections at the side of the head. These little, dull protuberances are not, as many suppose, single eyes. Each projection contains many thousands of eyes. These are placed in rows, each one of which is capable of transmitting an impression of outward objects, and by this means the fly can see as well behind as before, as well down as up, and is therefore put on its guard against attack constantly. A German naturalist counted 6,266 eyes in a silk-worm. The writer of this article counted, by means of the micrometer, 14,000 eyes in a drone fly, and, by the same method, 27,000 eyes in a dragon fly. It has been proven by actual experiment, with the help of good microcopes, that each one of these eyes is capable of receiving an independent and distinct impression.

A Light Without Matches.

To obtain a light instantly without the use of matches, and without the danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus as about the size of a pea; upon this pour some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point, the bottle to be filled about one-third full; then cork tightly. To use the light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter, and then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim, its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last all winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Money in It.

Some time ago three persons made an extensive tour of the country, selling a polishing material, which they peddled from house to house. After an absence of seven months from home, they returned rich, and made it all by selling the following:

Oil vitriol	1 ounce
Sweet oil	½ gill
Rotten stone	1 gill
Rain water	1½ pints

This will be thoroughly mixed and well shaken before using, put in a little perfuming to make it smell good, stick on a French label, that nobody can read, boom it in the papers as a newly discovered polish, made by some prehistoric tribe of Indians, and a bushel of money can be made at selling it. In any event, it is a very fine polish. Apply with a soft rag. If the people don't read the papers too much, many a country clerk can make his board and pin money putting it up and selling it.

Good Milk.

There are many differences of opinion regarding what constitutes good milk. At creameries they use the lactometer, etc., as a dictator, when it should be used only as a guide, as the chemist can prepare counterfeit milk, resembling the original in appearance only that the lactometer will pass as good, even above the average, but chemical analysis will detect at once, hence is the only infallible criterion of a pure article. The results of two hundred samples analyzed give the following average component parts of good milk:

Water	840	parts.
Milk sugar	45	"
Oil (butter)	40	"
Caseine (curd)	40	"
Phosphate of lime	17	"
Chloride potassium	9	"
Phosphate magnesia	4	"
Soda (free)	3	"
Chloride sodium (salt)	2	"
In every	1,000	"

Fixedness of Purpose.

It is a very common observation that many very worthy people, more particularly among the rural districts, have no fixed purpose in life, but spend their days in a kind of passive quiescence, and are borne along by the strongest tide, generally toward the glare and glitter of the city, or fields and pastures new beyond the sound of their village bells. Few people in any of the walks of life cultivate that mental energy which is so essential to marked success or grand achievement. A transient impulse toward a particular end, followed by a period of doubt, apathy and indolence, is usually supplemented by failure and disappointment; but when some ruling purpose or passion is the main object of a person's existence, then will his thoughts, aspirations and efforts tend in the one direction of the accomplishment of high and noble aims.

J. F. ELSOM.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

Shoes Are a Blunder.

"Few people know how to take good care of the feet," said Miss Moffett, the physician chiropodist of Detroit, as she sat in a low, cushioned chair and held a lady's foot in her lap. "All feet are not perfect by any means, but it is always the bad fit of a shoe that produces corns, bunions and other injuries which afflict the feet. I do not believe that it was ever intended that shoes should be worn. The ancients believed this, for they wore sandals."

"Why should sandals be worn?"

"So that the toes shall have room to breathe. The great toe, you see is on a line with the arch of the foot, and should stand out separate from the others. The ball of the foot and the heel serve as two pillars to balance the arch, which is a bridge to the body. Every step that we take that arch elongates like the springs of a buggy. A high-heeled shoe throws the whole structure out of balance because we cannot raise one part without making a false foundation. We are taught to consider the pointed shoe beautiful, but how can it be beautiful when the foot is thrown out of proportion? People cannot walk, they can only hobble."

"Have you many customers with malproportioned feet?"

"All my patients have trouble with their feet or they would not need my services. A lady will come in and say: 'My foot has been abusing me all day.' I at once ask, 'What have you been doing to your foot?' It is a very elastic member, filled with nerves and blood vessels, and capable of doing a great deal of work. Look at the foot of a dancer and see what it can accomplish. The Germans call the toes the foot's fingers.

"It is recorded of the Germans that in a certain memorable battle they removed their shoes and braced themselves with their bare feet in order to successfully receive the charge of conflict. My foot is so sensitive that I can tell by walking across the floor if the carpet is clean.

"A rounded, well-molded foot is a good one. It must be in proportion with the size and weight, and also shaped to support the ankle. The shoe should be longer than the foot. It is the short shoe that does all the mischief."

The Benign Witchery of Candle Light.

There are so many women who have passed their first youth who appear at the balls in New York and receive the devoted attention of men for whom they must entertain a most grandmotherly interest, that the question of light has becoms a most important one, so these foxy caterers to the female complexion had taken a leaf out of French books and lighted their rooms with candles, the silver candelabra being set in the walls so that the light falls from the side, not above, while pretty little fluted petticoats of rose silk shade the colored candles. A side light, especially if it is rose-tinted, takes ten years from a woman's age. No wonder we are in favor of abolishing the deadly electric lamps, and the flaming gas, if wax candles are such thieves of time.—*Hartford Courant.*

A PEEP INTO A HAREM.

A HALF HOUR WITH SULTANAS AND ODALISQUES.

The Empress of Germany Visits Constantinople and Is Accorded Extraordinary Courtesies—She Visits the Harem and Describes What She Saw.

THE Empress Victoria Augusta of Germany relates some interesting incidents in connection with her late visit to Constantinople. The Sultan showed himself a pleasand agreeable host. For the Empress' sake he extended courtesies such as had never before been received by any visitor to Constantinople. With his own hand he assisted the Empress to her carriage, after which he stepped in and chatted with her all the way during the drive to the Yildiz Kiosk. This shocked the Mussulmans, of course, and they were dreadfully jealous of the Empress. Her Majesty was, of course, unveiled, and they could see how handsome she was and how her fair skin

THE EMPRESS IN THE HAREM.

contrasted with their dusky complexions. Besides, she smiled and appeared quite at her ease with the Sultan, and such conduct was to them simply incomprehensible. There was no precedent for it in all Turkey.

The Empress tells with delight of her visit to the harem and her exploration of the beautiful gardens in the Sultan's grounds which are justly claimed to be the loveliest in all Europe. For a week before she saw them hundreds of servants were busy cleaning the place and assisting the gardeners in putting the grounds in condition. Like everything else in Turkey, they suffer terribly from neglect. Although they are visited daily by the ladies of the harem, the Sultan himself takes very little interest in them, and the menials are allowed to do about as they please. All the streets leading to the palace were cleaned so that the royal guests might not carry away a bad impression of the Padishah's domestic establishment and its surroundings.

EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The party arrived at the harem in carriages. There they were saluted by a guard of soldiers, all smart and neat looking, in shining new uniforms—although, poor fellows, it is quite probable that, like many others in the service of the Sultan, their salaries were unpaid. All the servants of the harem were decked out in white garments, beautifully embroidered. Being but little accustomed to such elegance (clean linen is a luxury to them), they hardly dared move lest they should spoil their finery. The visiting party consisted of the Empress, two of

PASTIME IN THE HAREM.

her ladies of honor, and the Sultan. As they entered the gates they found the odalisques—beautiful young girls from Circassia, Armenia, and the Caucasus, with a fair sprinkling of Greeks, drawn up in a row on both sides of the arched passage way, and all attired in the most elaborate toilets.

Their dresses had been made expressly for the occasion, and showed a remarkable variety of styles, some of them being of the latest Parisian order and others a compromise between the robes of the Turkish lady of rank and those of the Western European. Such a sight in any capital in Europe except Constantinople would have been an impossibility. It was incongruous in the last degree, and the Empress, although she had come resolved to show surprise at nothing, could not repress a smile. Some of the dresses, as she learned afterward, cost as high as $600 each.

The Sultanas received the Empress in their palace, where a splendid reception had been prepared for her. She expressed surprise, no less at the wonderful richness of their dresses than at the priceless jewels of great size and purity which they wore on neck, arms and fingers. In the harem as well as in the Sultanas' palace the orthodox Ottoman garments are worn, although when the ladies go out, which they always do in carriages under escort, more modern styles are affected. Victoria Augusta sat on an exquisitely

THE DANCING DERVISHES.

upholstered divan and chatted pleasantly for an hour with the Sultanas, while ebony skinned Nubian slaves waited on them with refreshments. She had a glimpse, too, of some of the amusements of the harem, and the sweetest singers sang and the finest musicians played for her gratification. Like others who have been privileged with a glimpse of the inner life of the seraglio, she noted the indolent luxury of the women, their love of friends and their passion for knowledge concerning the outer world.

She received the impression that a majority of the women were comparatively happy and contented with their surroundings, ambition and the qualities that belong to higher intelligence being found among the Sultanas only. Some of the latter, she discovered, were in no wise behind European ladies in education and feminine accomplishments.

One afternoon, shortly before his departure for home, the Emperor visited the famous mosque of the dancing dervishes and occupied a box at one of their great religious ceremonies. A band of Oriental musicians rendered sacred music that sounded jarring and barbarous to his ears; long litanies were chanted by single dervishes and the responses made by a choir of young dervishes.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

A Famous Winter Sleigh-Ride in Iowa—Meeting a Lecture Engagement.

ELIZABETH Cady Stanton wears the crown of her seventy-odd years—a cheveiure of silver-white hair—with beautiful dignity. She recounted to a party of friends, recently, some of the stirring experiences of her earlier years, and they listened with absorbing interest to the stories of heroic efforts made by this pioneer woman.

"It was in 1871, or thereabouts," said Mrs. Stanton, "that I found myself in Lyons, Ia., in the worst storm of the winter season. All the railroads were blockaded with snow. I was to lecture in a town forty miles distant on that night, but how was I to get there? The landlord of the hotel said it would be presumption to try. I would founder in the snowdrifts. I

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

asked him if he was willing to let me have a good team, sleigh and driver, to try the way.

"'But, madam, the snow is too deep.'

"'Will you let me have the team?'

"He yielded at last, and even saw me out to the sleigh, and gave me a hot plank for my feet. Then he tied me up in a buffalo robe, fastening the two corners around my neck. I wore a woolen hood over my bonnet, and must have cut a remarkable figure. When about half-way to the town I was trying to reach we met a party in sleighs.

"'What are the roads like?' called my driver.

"'Impassable!' came back the answer.

"'Not impassable, since you have passed,' I shouted from my hood.

"We kept on and drove up to the hall where I was to deliver my lecture at exactly eight o'clock. All the bells were ringing merrily, that being the signal that I had come and that the townspeople were to rendezvous at the hall. I had a crowded house, and felt inspired by forty miles of sleigh-riding to do justice to my subject. A few weeks later I met Gen. Kilpatrick, whose lecture, 'Sherman's March to the Sea,' was to follow mine. He was in Chicago then, and said the reason he failed to fill his engagement in Iowa was that travel in that State during the rigors of such a winter was impossible. I then told him of my trip, and asked him how he expected to give 'Sherman's March to the Sea' if he could not even take a mareb across Iowa."

By Telephone.

Fremont street station was called up by a female voice the other day which inquired:

"Can my hired girl be taken out of the house by an officer for striking me?"

"No, ma'am."

"The officer must see her in the act, mustn't he?"

"Yes'm."

"I thought so. He would also have to see me, wouldn't he?"

"He would."

"All right! You needn't——"

And before the line was cut off a child's voice was heard saying: "Now, ma, go in and make her tired in one round!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Gallantly Rewarded.

He—What are you reading, Clara?

She—How to be beautiful.

He—You have no need to read such a book as that.

She—Why not?

He—Because you are beautiful already.

She—I think you asked me for a kiss last night?

He—I did.

She—And I refused it?

He—You did.

She—Well, you may take it now.