

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
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That Tolleston club shooting affair was deplorable, but quite natural. Whenever men get to quarreling about "ducks" somebody is sure to get hurt.

The United States Court of Appeals, at New York, in a recent decision, held that natural gas is a mineral—for all legal purposes at least. It may be of interest to know that the United States "imports" natural gas from Canadian wells and that there is a duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem under our tariff laws for the invisible stream that comes over the border in pipes.

"Don't go to boring for any artesian wells around here; you might strike fire." Such was Sam Jones's advice to Boston people in a recent sermon in that city. The Georgia Evangelist has been stirring up the down East Yankees in a way they despise. He considers the "Hub" a very bad town and says he never struck a city where wickedness of every brand was considered so "respectable."

A Detroit paper, in speaking of Mayor-Governor Pingree, superfluously asks: "Can he be both Mayor and Governor?" The question reminds one of the unfortunate client who stated his case, behind the bars, to his attorney. The legal luminary sententiously said: "They can't put you in jail for that." "Yes, but they have," said the prisoner. Mr. Pingree might with equal propriety answer the question of his home paper by simply saying: "I am." There is no question of can or can not in the case. Mr. Pingree simply IS Mayor of Detroit and Governor of Michigan and probably intends to hold down both jobs regardless of legal quibbles. Possession is nine points in law.

The metropolitan St. Louis Globe-Democrat is somewhat disgusted with the variegated way in which the "official" returns for the last November election have been tabulated. No two tables agree and "almanacs" and other books purporting to give official returns are considered quite as unreliable as a city directory. One makes the McKinley aggregate 7,107,304 and another 7,105,729. A third authority, which has communicated with all the State secretaries, places the McKinley total at 7,121,342. It is to be hoped that this country will never have an extremely close election, for there seems to be no way to get the exact figures even after months of unexcited counting.

The Cuban war may result in great financial benefit to the United States—no matter how hard it may go with poor old Spain and the unfortunate "Gem of the Antilles." Cuban tobacco has been scarce for some time, and as a result experiments have been successfully conducted in Florida and Southern Georgia during the summer of 1896 which go to show that tobacco quite as good in every way as that grown in Cuba can be produced on American soil. It has been a surprising thing for many years that our farmers have not led in this branch of agriculture as in others. We have climate and soil of every known variety within our borders and should be able to grow anything that sprouts beneath the sun and stars.

Oh yes! So generous; and yet—and yet—we can not forget that want and privation exist in our own land, and that the great revenues that enable William Waldorf Astor to outdo the Queen and Prince of Wales by subscribing £2,000 for the benefit of Indian famine sufferers are largely drawn from the tenements of New York City. We may also be pardoned if we experience a twinge of jealousy and animosity when we are told that Princess Chimay's American millions have been sequestered to keep up a Belgian palace, and that the income from millions of New York Central bonds are spent in maintaining the almost royal palace of Blenheim. In this connection it may be appropriately stated that the most shocking disclosures concerning the English nobility have recently been made in London courts. Young Sir Robert Peel has also just published a novel—said to be practically an autobiography of himself—in which he shows up his own sporting proclivities and criminal intrigues. "High" society in Old England seems to be about as "low" as the Caucasian ever descends, from all accounts.

English financiers are said to be considerably worried over the unprecedented tenacity with which gold stays on this side of the Atlantic. Ordinarily at this season gold flows from the United States to Europe. The fact that it does not is surprising—and disagreeable to John Bull's people. Our financiers take renewed hope and confidence from the situation and leaders in the commercial world assert that conditions are better with us than at any time in four or five years.

A FOREIGN VIEW.

The American citizen of average intelligence has well-defined views on existing conditions and is as a rule not slow in telling "what ails us" even if he can prescribe no remedy. Naturally there is a wide range to these ideas, and our financial depression is probably the prime factor in more angry disputes and undignified debates than any subject of general interest that ever occupied the attention of our people. All sides of the question have been fully canvassed and we all know the ideas of the leading parties. There is literally nothing new to be stated from any point. In the "off year" therefore, we may be pardoned for looking abroad for new ideas and may with propriety endeavor to "see ourselves as others see us." The London Spectator in a recent leading review formulated foreign ideas in a comprehensive way, from which we gather that the "political bogey" has been laid but that continued despondency still prevails in spite of our restricted imports and largely increased exports at substantially increased prices. After hitting both parties because of their numerous alleged financial fallacies and trying to show that the currency system is entirely responsible for our numerous "panics," the Spectator argues that we are in fact suffering from a chronic depression induced by too much party meddling with commercial interests and concludes by saying that "commercial prosperity will receive American wooing coyly as long as the belief prevails in influential quarters that there is nothing alarming in the currency question."

GOD'S ROADS.

Farmers and bicyclists are ardent advocates of good roads, as a rule, and seldom neglect an opportunity to "ride their hobby" which is a "good enough Morgan"—all things considered. The sentiment favoring improved roadways is not confined to any particular locality. But something besides sentiment is needed. "Faith without works is dead." Sentiment grades no highways. Correct ideas on the subject will not preserve the surface of a turnpike, nor fit up ruts in the right of way. Taxes and muscle and machinery, and a proper care of the work after it is completed are necessary to the end so much desired. The Vermont Legislature has taken the proper route to secure the consummation of the hopes of wheeler-men and all who ride in vehicles, by passing a law requiring heavy wagons to have wide tires. If every farm wagon in Indiana was provided with three-inch tires, the office of the supervisor would in a year or two become a sinecure. The roadways would in time become reasonably smooth without other attention in a majority of places. Indiana should have such a law—framed with due regard to existing conditions requiring a gradual change to wider tires.

If all men were honest, peaceable and virtuous, a good many lawyers would be compelled to hunt another job.

If some people would stop talking and go to "sawing wood" they might be able to liquidate their current obligations.

If water would run up hill there would be no necessity for mill dams.

If we could skim the Milky Way with the Great Dipper we might run a creamery without cows.

If the Man in the Moon would put on blue spectacles things would look queer sometimes.

If * * * If * * * If * * *

What is claimed to be a perfect cure for "hunchback" children is reported from Paris. It is a new process altogether, by means of which the spine is kept straight for ten months. A cure is effected by the natural growth of the child in that time. Thirty cases have been treated in this way by Dr. Cullot without a single accident. The Doctor insists that there is no longer any need for any child to grow up a hunchback, but he is doubtful of his ability to cure adults of this deformity.

The enterprising Associated Press informs us that Palatka, the Cahaba train wrecker, is cross-eyed. This is important. One would naturally think that such a monster would be knock-kneed, bow-legged, hump-backed and have sure-enough horns on his head, with a forked tail withal to frighten timid souls, but we have been left in the dark as to these details of the arch-fiend's make-up.

Edward Rosewater, chief of the Bureau of publicity and promotion of the Trans-Mississippi exposition to be held in Omaha from June to November, 1898, acting for the exposition directors, has approved and accepted the plans for a silver palace. This palace is to be one of the imposing features of the exposition, and the central figure in a portion of the ground is to be called El Dorado. The building is to be four hundred feet square, surmounted with mammoth ornamental towers, and the entire structure will be covered with rolled silver.

The silver to be used in its external covering will be contributed by the miners of the great West. Over 300,000 square feet of external surface will be covered by the precious metal. The "silver palace" will be used entirely for the display of the mineral products and progress of the West. The amount of pure silver to be used in covering the walls and dome of this mammoth building has not been definitely estimated. It will largely depend upon the thinness of the sheets of pure metal that can be used for this purpose.

ON THE PASTURE.

ROYAL TRANSGRESSOR TURNED OUT TO GRASS.

Modern Desecrators of Sacred Things May Also Get a Tumble—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage in this sermon uses a weird and strange scene of ancient times to illustrate the behavior of modern people who desecrate sacred things and for their arrogance get a bad tumble. His subject was, "A King Eating Grass," and the text Daniel iv. 23, "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws." He said:

Better shade your eyes lest they be put out with the splendor of Babylon, as some morning you walk out with Nebuchadnezzar on the suspension bridges which hang from the house tops and he shows you the vastness of his realm, as the sun kindles the domes with glistening almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the air of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires. Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the glory of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" But in an instant all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from heaven, saying: "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, The kingdom is departed from thee, and thou shalt dwell with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will." One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on his way to the fields, a maniac and rushing into the forests he becomes one of the beasts, covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb trees for nuts.

Aged men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their bones in the sleeping place of their fathers, and children wondered at the length of the way and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly springs upon the view of the captives, with its gardens and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzza is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor there, for it was not home. The Euphrates did not have the water gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their untuned harps, were not as graceful as the trees which at the foot of Mt. Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great city was not so sweet as one breath of the acacia and frankincense that the high priest kindled in the sanctuary at Jerusalem.

On a certain night a little while after these captives had been brought to his city Nebuchadnezzar is scared with a night vision. A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and forebodings which keep talking in the night. He will find that the eagles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine quills. The ghosts of old transgressors are sure to wonder about in the darkness and beckon and hiss. Yet, when the morning came, he found that the vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors and therefore are apt to sail away before we can fasten them. Nebuchadnezzar calls all the wise men of the land into his presence, demanding that by their necromancy they explain his dream. They, of course, fail. Then their wrathful king issues an edict with as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the prophet came in with the interpretation just in time to save the wise men and the Jewish captives.

Do you not learn from the misfortune of this king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason? There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as derangement of intellect—to have the body of man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of horrible sights the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds the most horrible is the maniac's laugh. A vessel driven on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies upon the winter's beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects and capacities. Christ's heart went out toward those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs, cutting themselves among the tombs.

We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine of such tremendous power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the last impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human hand could engineer the train of immortal faculties.

How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar the use that God makes of bad men. The actions of the wicked are used as instruments for the

punishment of wickedness in others or as illustration of some principle in the divine government. Nebuchadnezzar subserved both purposes. Even so I will go back with you to the history of every reprobate that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great extent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power and how God glorified Himself in the overthrow and disgrace of His enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and wicked Cyrus destroys it. Persia fills the cup of its iniquity, and vile Alexander puts an end to it. Macedonia must be chastened, and bloody Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be destroyed, and corrupt Napoleon accomplishes it. Even so selfish and wicked men are often made to accomplish great and glorified purposes. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlative perfidy and meanness when they sold him into slavery for about \$7, yet how they must have been overwhelmed with the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they saw he had become the prime minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny, yet stand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend, the locusts, and the hail, and the destroying angel, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of His people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are chaff in a whirlwind! In some financial panic the righteous suffered with the wicked. Houses and stores and shops in a night foundered on the rock of bankruptcy, and healthy credit, without warning, dropped dead in the street, and money ran up the long ladder of 25 per cent., to laugh down upon those who could not climb after it.

Again, let us learn the lesson that men can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the temple and carrying them away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The laying of heathen hands upon them and the carrying them off as spoils was an unbounded offense to the Lord of the temple. Yet Nebuchadnezzar committed this very great sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk up and down the earth, cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on sacramental day take the communion cup, while their conversation and deeds show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament! It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith. Sinai stands near, with its fire split clouds, and Calvary with its victim. The Holy Spirit broods over the scene, and the glory of heaven seems to gather in the sanctuary. Vile indeed must that man be who will come in from his idols and unrepentant follies to take hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. O, thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back with you to Babylon!

Those also who desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath for any other than religious purposes. This holy day was let down from heaven amid the intense secularities of the week to remind us that we are immortal and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is a green spot in the hot desert of this world that gushes with fountains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robes of our piety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far off on other days, alights upon the earth, and the song of heavenly choirs and the hosanna of the white robed seem to mingle with our earthly worship. We hear the wailing infant of Bethlehem, and the hammer stroke of the carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Gethsamane, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord of the Sabbath! With that sea of business and gayety, so that dry shod we may pass between the worldly business of the past and the worldly business of the future.

But to many the Sabbath comes only as a day for neighborhood visiting, field rambling, hotel lounging and political caucusing. This glorious Sabbath, which was intended only as a golden chalice from which the thirsty should drink, is this moment being carried down to Babylon. I do not exaggerate the truth when I say that to tens of thousands there is no distinction between the Sabbath and the week-days, except that on the Lord's day they do not work, while they eat more largely and dissipate more thoroughly. Sabbath breakers are like hunters who should compel their hounds to take rest while they themselves continue on the weary chase, for men on the Sabbath allow their bodies, which are merely the animal nature, sufficient repose, while their immortal nature, which should be fed and refreshed, is compelled to chase up and down this world's highway.

How shameful to rob God of his day when he allows men so much lawful acquisition, even of a worldly nature, on the Sabbath, for, although men themselves are commanded to rest, the corn and the wheat and the grass grow just as rapidly on the Sabbath as on other days, so that while they sit in the sanctuary they are actually becoming richer in worldly things! While you are doing nothing your bonds and mortgages are all accumulating interest for your estate just as fast as on other days. Men hired by the month or year are receiving just as much wages while quiet on the Sabbath as they are the hardworking week-day. No, I say how utterly mean it is, when God is adding to your worldly estate on the Sabbath as certainly as on other days, that any should not be satisfied with that, but attempt to seize additional secular advantage from the Lord's day! Have you never noticed the curious fact that our worldly occupation frequently seems to be divided into sections of six days each?

Every week we have just enough work given us to do in six days. God makes just enough breaks in our continuous occupations to thrust in the Sabbath. If you have not before noticed, observe hereafter that when Saturday night comes there is almost always a good stopping place in your business. All things secular and spiritual in providence and revelation seem to say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When the six days of creation had passed, God stopped work-

ing. Not even a pure flower or a white cloud would He make, because it was the Sabbath, and, giving an example to all future times, he rested.

He who breaks the Sabbath not more certainly robs God than robs himself. Inevitably continuous desecration of the sacred day ends either in bankruptcy or destroyed health. A great merchant said, "Had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This remark was made in a company of merchants, and one of them said, "The Sabbath is the best day of the week to plan successful voyages." He has for years been in an insane hospital and will probably die there.

Those also repeat the sin of Nebuchadnezzar who in any way desecrate the holy scriptures. Teher are men who use the word of God as an instrument of angry controversy. Bigots at heart and zealots, in the advocacy of their religious peculiarities they meet other sects with the fury of a highwayman, thrusting them through and through with what they consider the sword of the Spirit. It is a wonder to me that some men were not made with horns to hook with, and hoofs to kick with, and with claws to grab with. What Christ said to rash Peter when he struck off the ear of Malchus He says to every controversialist, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Just in proportion as men are wrong will they be boisterous in their religious contentions. The lamb of religion is always gentle, while there is no lion so fierce as the roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Let Gibraltar belch their war flame on the sea, and the Dardanelles darken the Hellespont with the smoke of their batteries, but for ever and ever let there be good will among those who profess to be subjects of the gospel of gentleness. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Reed and Dockery.

Speaker Reed and Congressman Dockery are getting quite chummy nowadays. Mr. Dockery makes suggestions and loafs up around the Speaker's desk a great deal. The other day he corrected an announcement made by the Speaker, and the correction was graciously received. At another time there was a sharp little tilt between Mr. Barrett and the Speaker. Mr. Reed was at great pains to make his ruling clear, but Mr. Barrett insisted that a clear interpretation of the English language showed the Speaker to be wrong. "The interpretation may not be correct, but the House has thought it correct for a long time." By this time Mr. Dockery was leaning on the side of the Speaker's desk. "That was right, wasn't it, Dockery?" whispered the Speaker. "Most undoubtedly," said the Missouri man, and business proceeded.—Washington Times.

Why They Don't Marry.

A correspondent relates this incident of a recent dinner in Philadelphia, at which Archbishop Ryan (Roman Catholic) and Dr. Watson were present: "It would be a great mistake to suppose that the archbishop dwells in an atmosphere of ghosts or is saturated with gloom. It was quite delightful to see him and Dr. Watson fraternize and exchange felicities. The archbishop said the inquiry had been made why all the nine Muses are represented as unmarried. It was suggested in reply that it was thought more in accordance with delicacy and sentiment that they should be pure, unmarried virgins. But the archbishop's response was: 'No, that is not the reason; it is because all those who woo the Muses are so poor that they are never able to propose marriage to them.'

The Czar's Hard Job.

Some idea may be formed of what the Russian Emperor has to go through by the fact that the ceremonies connected with his coronation eight months ago have not yet come to an end. On Friday His Majesty held another reception in the Winter Palace, to receive the congratulations of more representatives of his faithful subjects. Several hundred persons were represented, comprising 165 different deputations, each one with bread and salt on costly gold and silver plates or other works of art. Long tables in the palace were again loaded with these gifts to the Czar, as Moscow in May last, and the ceremony observed was exactly the same.—London Standard.

Two Points Established.

The position of the missing arm of the Venus de Milo, which has so long been a puzzle to artists and archaeologists, is again discussed by the Illustration, which publishes documents entrusted to it by the Marquis de Tregoff-Lanvaux. The documents, which are worthy of all confidence, establish two points, namely, that it was between March 4 and 11, 1820, and not in April, that the statue was discovered, and that it was then complete, and held an apple in her left hand and supported drapery with the right.

Just a Hint.

Claim-jumpers have been so troublesome about Westmoreland, Kas., that when Charles Ott saw a man hauling lumber on to his land he went out to talk with him, but finding that useless he got a spade, and while the man was away after another load of lumber, dug a hole six feet long and three feet wide in the ground. The man came back, looked at it, and, instead of unloading more lumber, took away what he had previously left there.—New York Sun.

Peculiar Paris Institutions.

The Paris municipality has resolved to increase from 98 to 400 the number of infant schools, or rather places where young children are taken care of while their mothers are out at work. These institutions are a kind of second-class crèche, serving not for infants, but for children under the school age of six. The existing institutions have 4,700 inmates and cost 86,000 francs a year. The cost will now be increased to 530,000 francs.

HAPPY (?) HOOSIERS.

A Chicago Newspaper "Pokes Fun" at Our Legislators.

These are great days for the iconoclasts and cold days for the shades of certain immortals. A Chicago astronomer recently proclaimed that Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Laplace and others who have humbugged the world for a long time were mistaken; that we do not live on the outside of a globe which is but a small part of the universe, but that the earth is in reality a hollow shell, and that we are on the inside. This Koresian egg-shell has been cracked at last, metaphorically speaking, or, to change the figure, a Chicago astronomer has at last got at the milk in the world cocoon.

But Indiana, also, as might have been expected, has no intention of lagging behind the procession, and one of the solons of its legislature has demonstrated that even if there is no royal road to knowledge there are short cuts. Euclid and Euler were passably fair geometers in their day, but the pi they discovered is not exactly to the taste of this Indiana legislator and geometer. This particular solon may be contemplating squaring the circle or he may have certain circles within circles, or wheels within wheels, but at any rate, he has had quite enough of pi, that is of those troublesome figures 3.1415927. His own mathematical education was probably retarded, if not completely arrested, by his youthful struggles with this mathematical pi. Even the shortening of this pi to 3.1416, still popular in the district school, is not enough for this radical reformer, and with the boldness of genius he solves the puzzle of how to cut this particular pi in such a manner as to get liberal results simply by calling it in the free and easy manner of Indiana statesmen not 3.1415927, but 3.2. By this ingenious device this statesman "calculates" that he will save the children of the State 1,250,626 hours of time every year, which otherwise would be devoted to the absurd, old-fashioned pi.

By a similar happy thought another Indiana statesman has kindly come to the relief of the farmer who heretofore, on the occasion of his visits to Indianapolis has been compelled to order up the whole bill of fare at the hotels to make sure of a "square meal." The French menu, however, is no longer to defraud the agriculturist when he dines at a city hotel. The Indiana boniface must print in plain English "goose livers," if that is what he means by pate de foie gras, and no longer play tricks with a hungry farmer who orders "patty day for grassy" as desert. With a few more changes in geometry, French and the solar system, and a strict adherence to the Indiana board of health rules for kissing, life will soon be a continuous round of pleasure in that beautiful commonwealth.—Chicago Record.

DENSITY OF POPULATION.

The Most Thickly Peopled Spot in the World Is in New York.

In the February Century is a paper by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer on "Places in New York," in the course of which the author says: Cross the Bowery now, and you will enter the famous Tenth Ward—a true tenement house district, forming part of the most crowded city quarter in all the world. As a whole, the city of New York below the Harlem River (the Island of Manhattan) is more densely peopled than any other city in the world, counting 143.2 persons to the acre, while Paris counts 125.2. Then one-sixth of the entire population of all New York (reckoning now with the parts above the Harlem too) is concentrated upon 711 acres of ground. Here, on the lower East side of our town, in the summer of 1894, there dwelt some 324,000 souls, averaging 476 1/2 to the acre, and a certain section of this great area—the Tenth Ward—showed a local acre-average of 626.26. The most thickly peopled spot in Europe is the Jew quarter in Prague; but it is only one-fifth as large as our Tenth Ward, while it shows a density scarcely greater than that of the whole of the 711 acres in which the Tenth Ward is contained—485.4 per acre. Nor is this the worst that our 711 acres reveal. Sanitary District A of the Eleventh Ward (bounded by Avenue B and Second street) contains 32 acres, and in the summer of 1894 each of them bore 986.4 human beings. This is the very thickest, blackest coagulation of humanity in all the known world. No European place of anything like the same size even approaches it, and its nearest rival is a part of Bombay where the average population over an area of 46.66 acres is 759.66.

Yet it should be remembered that while our acres are thus more heavily burdened than any others, places can be found in European, as in Asiatic, towns where people are more uncomfortably crowded within doors. There the houses are low, and thus our floor-space to the acre is much more extensive. Moreover, although we are now more crowded than ever before, our sanitary state steadily improves. During the decade which closed with 1874 our death-rate was 30.27 per thousand; during the one which closed with 1894 it was 24.07.

Quite Evident.

It was fifteen or twenty minutes after the tiff. He was willing to leave it all in the dim-shadowy past, but it was evident that she was not.

"Here is an account of a woman who insisted upon burying her pet dog beside her deceased husband," he said, looking up from his paper.

"She couldn't have thought very much of the dog," she returned in a cold, uncompromising tone.

Immediately thereafter he adjourned "sine die."—Cincinnati Post.