

## THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil and tender.  
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown  
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor  
Going down.

"It is right!" she whispered, waking, (for her spirit seemed) to hover  
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bed-time of this world's  
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her  
Answered, "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures  
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;  
But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures.  
Long ago.

And again she called at dawn-fall, in the sweet old summer weather.  
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and Robert—have they come?"  
"They are so," the old man faltered—"all the children are together,  
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothing, but his grief grew strong and stern,  
Till he choked and stifled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,  
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer  
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, halting, broken, and broken verses,  
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving words,  
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,  
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely—  
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,  
For the life of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,  
Lay at rest.

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;  
Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,  
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and heaven will restore me  
To your side."  
—[Brandon Baner.]

## A REGISTERED LETTER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"A wild night, Marcelline," said the postmistress to the letter-carrier who had just come in.  
"Wild, indeed, Madame Lefevre," replied Marcelline, "I'll be bad going to the midnight mass."  
As he spoke, he shook out his old cloak all white with snow, while the postmistress sorted the letters.  
"There! that is done," she said, "Put warm yourself before you start out."

Marcelline threw down his leather bag black and shiny in spots, and came close to the roaring stove.  
He was a little, wiry, tough-looking man. His face, browned by sun and wind, was as wrinkled as an old apple. His nose was a thought too red, his eyes sparkled, his mouth was smiling; it was a good face that called forth friendly words and cordial handshakes. His mustache had a military ferocity, and on his blue blouse with its red collar a worn scrap of yellow and green ribbon told all his past—drawn in the draft, seven years of service, re-enlisted, petty officer, wounded at Alma, wounded at Solferino, honorably discharged. Then Marcelline had been given the place of postman on the Champagne route—400 francs a year, pension of 100 francs, making a total of 500 francs.

And for ten years, for 500 francs, Marcelline made twice a day, morning and evening, his round—Cize, Philomene, le Vaudoux, Chateaufort, Maisonneuve and Siane, a circuit of seven leagues in all weathers. With his 500 francs he took care of a wife and four children; the eldest was six.

But Marcelline had acquired the bad habit of a little haste, as he called it. In every village he had old acquaintances, almost friends. In every house he found, in exchange for the letter he brought, a glass of wine, that seemed to him to put strength into his heart and his legs. His nose grew a little redder; it even happened once that he had lost a letter, not a very important one fortunately, but it might have taught him a lesson.

"Here they are, Marcelline," said Madame Lefevre, "two letters for Cize, one for Philomene, one for le Vaudoux—nothing for Chateaufort."  
"That's good," said Marcelline. That "nothing for Chateaufort" spared him a league and a half of rough walking.

"For Siane," went on Madame Lefevre; "pay attention! A registered letter."  
"It is not the first."  
"No, but—" and Madame held up a great envelope, bristling with stamps and notices, beside which spread out, like blotches of blood, five enormous red seals.

"That's worth caring for," said Marcelline, laughing. "Whose is it?"  
"For monsieur, the Mayor."  
"Well, it will go through his hands, never fear."  
"Not any more than through yours," said Madame.

"No, but more of it will stick to his." With this philosophic reflection, Marcelline dropped the letter into his leather bag, which he buckled carefully. He put on his cloak and opened the door.  
"And above all," cried Madame after him, "don't begin Christmas eve too soon!"

"Don't be afraid!" and Marcelline was in a moment out of sight.  
The cold pinched sharply; the piercing wind blew up little whirlpools of fine, dry snow. Marcelline jogged along briskly, muttering:  
"Not much Christmas! A mouthful for six and a glass of water! But, after all, there are those who have nothing."  
Hullo, Marcelline! cried suddenly a rough voice.

Marcelline turned.  
"A glass of wine?" said the voice.  
"Hum," grumbled Marcelline to himself, "attention, registered letter!" Then, aloud, "I'm late now; no, thank you!"  
The window of the "Pineapple" public house, which had opened, closed again, and Marcelline, proud of the victory over himself, went whistling out of the village.

This was indeed courage. To refuse a glass of wine in such weather, when he had still three good leagues up the mountain before him. But how light he felt when he proudly resumed his journey. He felt light, but his bag seemed heavier than ever. Never had it weighed so upon his shoulders.

"This rascally bag," he grumbled, "it is that letter. What can be in it? If it should be bank-notes, judged by the weight, there should be a fortune. This rascally bag!"

And still grumbling, "The rascally bag!" and whistling at intervals, he went down toward Philomene. Below him stretched the valley, lost in the shadow, dotted here and there with lights, for the night was almost black. But he knew every village and every house, and in the blackness he recognized far away the house of the ironmaster, with every window lighted up. The joyous scene "Yes, yes," murmured Marcelline.

"There are some lucky people in the world. They have money, all they want, and with money one can do anything. Just get a little and it's like a snowball, it rolls up bigger and bigger. Some have all and others have none. There they are by the fire, and I, out here in the snow. And what the good for their amusement to-night I couldn't earn in a year. And yet they say God is just!"

Why did these ideas come to him? He had never envied any one. Why then did he stop and gaze fiercely at the lights shining below him?  
He shook himself together.  
"Forward, Marcelline," he cried, "forward, march!"  
But the wind whistled and moaned in the pine trees like a crying baby, and Marcelline passing in thought from the ironmaster's house to his own, saw his four little ones gathered around their mother, by a scanty fire of fagots; he saw them searching in the cupboard for a forgotten bread-crust; he saw them going to sleep, all four on the same little wretched straw mattress. Oh! poverty, poverty, it is hard! And to think that right here, in his bag—  
"Registered letter!" he thought. "If it should be bank bills! Imbecile! It is for the Mayor. It comes from the prefecture. It is probably only papers and they register it and put on these big seals for a grand effect. Yes, but—if it should be bank bills!"

His face flushed red at the thought that had crossed his mind. "I haven't drunk anything either," he murmured, with a shudder.  
He entered Philomene. At the door of a peasant's house he knocked. A window opened.  
"Oh! It is Marcelline. Come in!" He went in.

"What all this?" asked the man, "You're pale. Have a glass of wine."  
"No, no, thanks," said Marcelline, in a dull voice. In rubbing his bag he had felt the registered letter brush the tips of his fingers.

The man had taken a glass, he held the bottle all ready to pour.  
"No," repeated Marcelline. And without another word he hurried out. The ends of his fingers seemed to burn at the remembrance of the red seals. Bank bills, as many as there were there, how many things one could buy with them!

He began to whistle, his breath failed him, and he felt his legs tremble beneath him. Without intending to, without wishing to, he had unhooked the bag, he had taken out the letter and in the half-light reflected from the snow he saw, like drops of blood, the five great red seals.

Quickly he took the letter and felt it carefully to find out its secret. But the envelope was thick and hard; the paper cracked under his fingers with a little dry noise that sounded fearfully loud, while the night wind whistled in his ears.

"Thief! thief! thief!"  
"Thief! thief! Marcelline was a thief!" he cried, with a fierce gesture. Then, seeing that he was alone, he came to himself and fell at the side of the road, murmuring, his head in his hands, and crouching:  
"This is frightful! But I have drunk nothing!"

Slowly he re-opened the leather bag and slipped in the letter; slowly he rose; slowly still he crossed the road. It seemed as if an implacable, invisible hand held him fast to this spot from which he would have hurried away. The road to Siane was straight before him; a half hour more and he should have finished his round, the letter would be given to the Mayor and he would be safe.

Then he put the letter back in the bag with an angry gesture, and marched on with a measured step, striking with his heel and counting as he used to do in the regiment. Ah! how far away it was at that time. How poor they seemed to him now, the brave boys of the soldier, which had made his heart beat for fourteen years. What a fool he was to enlist! Fighting in the field, hard fare in the camp, suffering in the ambulance. His medal! Great things indeed. A bit of ribbon on his blouse. How much better he would have done to start out, like his brother, to seek his fortune.

"It was by this road he went," thought Marcelline, as he started across the great road to Geneva, whose white length to his right stretched along by the forest of Siane, "by this road."

That long white road, he had only to travel along it—and he stopped.  
The forest, he thought, "is quite near. Ten leagues, what is that? Taking time to go for the wife and babies, one could be there to-morrow morning. And once there, one is safe. The Mayor is not expecting this letter. If people missed us to-morrow, they would think something had happened to me in the night, that I had fallen into a hole or something, and that my wife was looking for me. Suspect me? Oh! no. Marcelline is an honest man, an honest man!"

The sweat stood on his brow. Panting, with his eyes fixed on that white line which lost itself in the night, he repeated in a low voice, "An honest man."

His hand slipped under his cloak, unbuckled the leather bag, and trembled as it touched the five red seals.  
"Yes; but if I were wrong," he muttered. "If there were only papers in it," thought Marcelline, he cried, "on with you!"

But no, he remained there motionless on that cursed road that led to the frontier. And for the third time, carried away by irresistible temptation, he drew from the bag the registered letter, saying:  
"I must know what is in it."

Very cheerfully with the point of his knife he raised one corner of the envelope enough to slip in his finger, and draw up one of the papers it contained. The task was a delicate one, he must go slowly, very slowly, in order to tear nothing. If it were only papers!

The night wind whistled in his ears, "Thief! thief! thief!"  
But he did not hear it. He thought only of one thing, to know what was in that letter. He had only one fear, of not succeeding or of deceiving himself. At last he got hold of a corner of the inclosure. He took a match, lit it, and by its light saw—a bank note.

It was really bank notes. His head swam. The envelope was heavy, the sum must be enormous. He was about to tear it open to count it, but again he stopped.

"Let me see, let me see," he thought, "I need not hurry. I must plan out everything. A trifle spoils all sometimes. I will go home. I will tell Genevieve that we are going away. She will begin to ask questions. She will want to know everything. Bah! I will make up a story. I will tell her but she will not believe me. Would she consent? Yes, yes, she must. To be rich, isn't that before everything? Are there not hundreds and thousands whom all the world bows down to, who begin just this way? Not to be caught, that is all. We will put the babies into the little cart. By daybreak we will be at the frontier. The gendarmes? Well, don't the gendarmes know me? Don't they know that Marcelline is an honest man?"

He folded the registered letter, and instead of replacing it in the leather bag, slipped it into his pocket. It was his, then with a strident voice he cried out, "Forward, Marcelline, forward! you are a rich man!"

But he had hardly taken a step forward when his voice died in his throat. Behind him on the road he had just left, he heard voices, clear and piercing. It was the loud indistinct murmur of a crowd.

"Christmas?" cried the voices.  
"Thief?" replied the sombre depths of the forest.  
Terrified, he tried to leave the voices behind him, running faster and still faster. And then a dizziness seized him. He knew not why he ran. Some one was after him, that was all. But who? His conscience or the gendarmes, he knew not which. Where was the danger? Everywhere.

In the shadows, to the right and to the left, he saw everywhere vague forms which followed him; the branches bent low over his head like arms to stop him. Terror at all these strange visions strangled him. Wildly he ran along, the blood throbbing in his temples; then suddenly fell heavily in a dead faint.

When he came to himself, he was lying before the fire in his own room. Genevieve and the children were kneeling crying around him. He did not see them. The people of Siane, who, coming from the midnight mass, had found him, were there also. He did not see them.

"The letter! the letter!" he cried, with one bound he sprang to the leather bag, which had been thrown on the ground in a corner. It was empty.  
"The letter! the letter!" he cried, Then he remembered, and drawing from his pocket the big envelope with the five red seals—still unbroken—he rushed out like a madman straight to the Mayor's.

"A registered letter!" he cried.  
"Oh! indeed," said the Mayor, laughing. "What a state you are in. One would think you had come to ask pardon for a condemned criminal."  
"Well they might," said Marcelline, "But take the letter first. It is a little soiled—I fell down—I—I!"

His legs trembled.  
"A drop too much," said the Mayor.  
"No, I had drunk nothing," said Marcelline quietly, "and it is just for that reason that I have brought you my resignation."

The Mayor had broken the seals, examined the bank notes and glanced over the accompanying letter.  
"Your resignation?" said he. "Well, I should think so—I can understand that."  
"Ah! you know—"  
"I know you are rich, my good fellow."

Was this a joke? or had the Mayor in some way looked into his conscience and read the whole story? Marcelline became pale at the thought.  
"Rich?" he murmured.  
"Why, yes, there is no doubt about that. This letter tells me of the death of your brother, Jean Marcelline, who died at Toulouse, where he resided, on the 8th of this present month. According to his last wishes all he possessed has been disposed of by Michael Dulac, notary of that city, who sends to me the amount of twenty-four thousand francs, which I am instructed to turn over to you."

"Ah!" said Marcelline, overwhelmed, as he took mechanically into his hand the big envelope that the Mayor offered him. "Jean is dead, and I am rich?"  
Then after a moment of silence, "It makes no difference," he murmured, so low that the Mayor could not hear him, "I should have been a thief, just the same."

Then turning he added, loud enough this time—  
"But I am still an honest man, thank God!"  
"No one ever doubted it, Marcelline," said the Mayor. "But take my advice and be more careful. A glass of wine too much goes to your head, and you might have some other time."

"You are right, sir," said Marcelline, and he went off whistling, with his head in the air.  
Was Marcelline an honest man? I should say, yes!

## WOULD MAKE A STRAIGHT RIVER.

"A Southern Engineer," in the Engineering Magazine, says that the only solution of the Mississippi River problem, "at once scientific and sensible," is to give it a straight channel from Cairo to the Gulf, and thinks it a wonder that the "demands of navigation alone have not already compelled this kind of improvement." He admits that in such a channel that the river would have nearly twice its present velocity, and if he had stopped to think a minute he would have seen that the demands of navigation do not call for any such current.

Five miles an hour, which is somewhere near the present rate of the current, is a good strong tide for any ordinary steamboat to stem, and there are many places in the river now where a boat has to hug the shore to make any headway at all, and if the current was increased to ten miles an hour there is not a boat on the river that could get from Baton Rouge to New Orleans.

Furthermore, with such a current the corroding power of the stream would be enormously increased, and the slightest deflection of the current towards either bank would speedily eat into it and restore the bends which had been gotten rid of. If the channel of the river could be made as straight as a string, an utterly impossible feat, nothing could keep it there but massive dykes of solid masonry reaching to the bottom of the stream on either side, and it is a question how long they would stand.

"Southern Engineer's" solution looks very well on paper, but so far from being either sensible or scientific, it is absurd. —[New Orleans Picayune.]

The physicians in Mexico who have been endeavoring to cure typhus fever by administering cooked spiders, have succeeded in killing their patients and at the same time advertising the almost incredible low degree of civilization prevailing in that country.

## HAWAII.

### TIMELY FACTS ABOUT THIS KINGDOM AND ITS PEOPLE.

Location of the Sandwich Islands—Their Inhabitants and Rulers—Queen Lilioukalani and Her Palace.

The kingdom of Hawaii is about as large as New Jersey and has a population as large as that of Hoboken. The area of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands is 7,929 square miles. The area of New Jersey is 8,320 square miles. The population of the little kingdom which has just been turned topsy-turvy is about 80,000. The population of Hoboken is about the same. Queen Lilioukalani ruled over about as many people as does the mayor of Hoboken.

The twelve beautiful islands of Hawaii lie in the Pacific Ocean, on a line between Mexico and China. They are 2,100 miles southwest of San Francisco, and it requires only four days' voyage on a fast steamship to reach them. They extend in a line 350 miles long from northeast to southwest. Eight of them are inhabited, and the others are small islets and uninhabited. They are the language of the adventurous Captain Cook discovered the islands a century ago. They had a population of 300,000 healthy and happy pagans. These have been civilized off the face of the earth till there are only 35,000 pure-natives left. They are of a bronze brown, and have black straight hair. Some of the men are almost giants, and much exceeded Europeans in stature. Excessive fatness, and in some parts of Africa, is considered beautiful, and native women who are inclined to embonpoint are much admired.

The natives are not Africans and not Malays. They belong to the Polynesian race, and are cousins, so to speak, of the inhabitants of New Zealand and Samoa. Five thousand miles of sea lie between Hawaii and New Zealand, but the two peoples can understand each other. The musical Hawaiian speech may become the language of American opera. It has twice as many vowel sounds as Italian.

The Queen who has lost her throne is Queen Lilioukalani. This is her Sandwich Island name. Her everyday name was Princess Lydia. Her neighbors who didn't like her called her "Mrs. Dominis." One day there came to the Sandwich Islands a gay sailor boy of the name of John O. Dominis. He fell in love with the princess, who was heir to the throne, and his suit was so successful that he married her. He never furling any more sails on a ship, and was known as the Prince Consort.

Only four years ago Prince Dominis was walking on Broadway, having come to New York with Queen Kapiolani, who was on her way to attend Queen Victoria's golden jubilee. He died a short time ago, and the widowed Queen Lilioukalani is now mourning for him.

She is a cultivated Hawaiian woman. She speaks English, is a promoter of charity fairs, and gives a garden party once a month to tourists. She is assisted to receive by the standing army, the members of the House of Nobles and the Hawaiian brass band.

The standing army of the Sandwich Islands is a force of about 150 men, divided into the "Queen's Own Guard," the "Household Troops," and the "soldiers of the line."

Connected with the palace is a "gilded chariot of state," and all the machinery for being a monarch.

The palace is a beautiful building, and contains forty rooms. It stands in the capital, Honolulu, is three stories high, and is built of concrete. It contains costly gifts from the kings of Europe and the princes of Asia. It measures somewhat the progress of the Hawaiian Islands that, though the Queen's ancestors were cannibals in the last century, the palace contains a library and a music room. In the throne room is the world-famous yellow feather cloak.

There is a beautiful bird on the Sandwich Islands which has under each wing a small tuft of golden feathers. King Kamehameha I. wanted to be a swell in the Pacific Ocean, and he wore a yellow feather cloak of these feathers. To measure it like a sealskin sash, this golden-feather cloak was forty-eight inches long and 138 inches wide at the bottom.

It was one of the biggest tailoring jobs on record. It took nine reigns to make it. Forests of birds furnished its golden feathers. It is the only cloak of the kind in the world. Kamehameha I. was the Sandwich Island Julius Caesar, and he wanted to have a mantle worthy of his greatness.

Everybody remembers when that merry sovereign, King Kalakaua, ruled the Sandwich Islands. He was a king, but he was as happy as a serving-man in a tap room. The king was an expert at draw-poker. According to all accounts, he could have given "Hungry Joe" the Sandwich Island Emperor of Monaco, and Kid Miller could have gone to school to him with profit.

It is said that he "buncoed" a Chinaman out of \$50,000 in a few hours. His brother would have succeeded him on the throne had he not died in April, 1877. His brother's daughter, Princess Lilioukalani, then became heir apparent. King Kalakaua died in San Francisco in 1891, and on January 10 of that year the princess was crowned. She is past fifty years of age.

The present heir-apparent is her niece, Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Kaiulani-Kaulani-Lunalilo-Kalaninui-Kalapa, who is now studying French, music, etc., in Europe.

Charlemagne and the Two Irish Scholars.

Entering the old Cathedral of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, you will be shown the great marble chair in which, cold as marble, Charlemagne sat enthroned, sceptre in hand, robed in Imperial purple, and with diadem on brow, dead. So he sat when, a century and a half later, Otto and his riotous courtiers broke open the vault and stood sobered and appalled before the majesty of death. On that same chair he sat, in similar apparel, when Augustus of a new Empire, and two Irish wanderers were brought before him in the streets of the city in which he hoped to revive the glory of Athens and the greatness of Rome, they had been heard to cry out—"Whoso wants wisdom let him come to us and receive it for we have it for sale." Their terms were not onerous—food and raiment. Their terms stood the test. One, Albinus, was sped to Pavia, in Italy; the other, Clement, had the high honor of superseding the learned Anglo-Saxon Alcuin in the Palatine school of the Imperial city. Here he taught the trivium and quadrivium—grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, and arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy—the

In his school sat Charlemagne, under the school name of David, the members of his family each under an

academic name, and with these the members of the *Cortege*, the Palatines and the Palatines, destined to power and feats of fame. The teaching of the Irish Professors here must have had considerable influence on the literature which afterwards took its heroes from their scholars. Their authority was enhanced by the fact that Charlemagne himself worked with his Irish professors at a revision of the Gospels on the Greek and on the Syriac text.—[Contemporary Review.]

### A Herd of Crickets.

"Yes, cold weather is mighty hard on my cricket herd," said Afton K. Wooten of Greenfield, Tenn. "My cricket herd? Why, haven't you read about it? It was printed in *The Republic* last spring, just about the time I started in the industry. You see, I live in the middle of Tennessee, surrounded by the prettiest lakes the eye ever gazed upon. The waters are filled with trout and other game fish, and in the spring, summer and fall the Nimrods flock there from all sections of the country. One of the most curious facts about Tennessee is that they will eat nothing but crickets. Red worms, sawyers and the like find no fish that will bite at them in our waters except suckers and small perch. The most serious obstacle, therefore, with the fishermen is to get crickets. I organized a stock company with a few hundred capital and started to work last spring. I had a large pasture fenced in with boards about ten feet high, sowed grass, built my hothouses and incubators, and then began gathering in my stock. My pasture consists of about twelve acres, and in some parts I could well graze 50,000 crickets to the acre. They sell readily to fishermen at \$1 per hundred, so you see what a rich harvest there is in such an industry. They flourished like a green bay tree all during the summer and fall, but since the cold spell has reached them they have been dying off at a remarkably sad rate, and if the freeze should continue much longer I doubt if I will be left with seed for next spring."—[St. Louis Republic.]

### The Ferocious Carp.

The Lincoln News-Messenger suggests that the prevalent scarcity of wild ducks and geese this season in California, is partly due to the fact that carp have denuded the lakes, ponds and sloughs of plant life to which the waterfowl find their food. The Wheatland Four Corners responds as follows:

"The News-Messenger is no doubt right in the theory, for we have heard that the residents along Plumas Lake and Feathers River complain of the carp. In some places they are as thick as mud-hens, and have a similar habit of making regular assaults upon the grain and pumpkin fields not far distant than fifty miles from water. The carp is a voracious fish. We have known fishermen who have lost the soles of their shoes, and even now and then sacrificed a leg in answer to the carp's jaws, when they have been so negligent as to angle with their pedal extremities in juxtaposition to the water. Thousands of our hunting dogs of the choicest breeds can find their scalps on the watery girdle of the carp."

In connection with game, the carp has not been satisfied in robbing the fowls of their daily bread by mowing the fields for miles around, but have taken extreme delight and solid comfort in grasping ducks by the right hand as they swam upon the water and inviting them into the carp's parlor at the bottom of the stream. No doubt the carp is a great factor in the game question, and should he not receive a Congressional appropriation shortly he will come into greater prominence."

### Mr. Blaine's Good Memory.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told the following story, illustrating Mr. Blaine's wonderful memory for names and faces:

"In 1874, Mr. Blaine made a speech in Wisconsin and he stopped with me. While he was there I gave a dinner in Mr. Blaine's honor, to which I invited Mr. Myer, of Fond du Lac. In 1891, during a campaign, Mr. Blaine had lived there and he got a great reception. He remembered all the old residents. Finally one one brought in a man whom they said he would not remember. Mr. Blaine replied: 'Yes, I do; give me a little time.' Pretty soon he remarked to the man: 'I never saw you but once,' and then he told this story:

"When I was a boy there was great excitement one day because a convict had escaped from the Columbus Penitentiary and had been tracked into that neighborhood. Police arrested him and Mr. Blaine said he was one of the crowd around. The man was taken to a blacksmith's shop and had fetters riveted on him by the blacksmith. 'You,' he said, turning to the man, 'and I walked home to Lancaster together after that.'"  
[New York World.]

How Coyotes Hunt Jackrabbits.

Ben Curley relates that while out on his recent hunting trip he witnessed the manner in which coyotes catch a rabbit. He was sitting on a pile of rock overlooking a little valley, possibly a mile across, staking a drove of deer which was expected to issue through a narrow ravine nearby, when his attention was called to two little objects which dashed over the brow of the hill and into the valley nearly a mile away. Looking through his field glass he discovered them to be coyotes in full chase of a jackrabbit. The rabbit was about fifty yards in the lead, and was covering the earth as only a jackrabbit can, excepting a coyote.

By and by one of the coyotes laid down. The other followed the fleeing hare, and in due course of time succeeded in turning him back on his course toward the one lying down. When the rabbit was quite close the one raised up and took up chase, while the other laid down. The unfortunate rabbit was again successfully turned back, and the first coyote once more gave chase. The third time worked the charm, and bunny, conspicuous only of the fore pursuing, passed so near his couching antagonist that he was seized.—[Nevada State Journal.]

### Every Seven Years.

Of course everybody knows that seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who happens to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that the human body undergoes a complete and mysterious change every seven years.—[New York News.]

## HUGE GLOBE FOR THE FAIR.

An Accurate Model of the Earth, 63 Feet in Circumference.

An interesting feature of the Government exhibit at the World's Fair will be a model of the earth, with all the geometrical accuracy that mechanism and art can give to such a difficult representation. It is intended to form a part of the exhibit from the General Land Office of the Interior Department. So far as known, it is the largest globe ever constructed. It will surmount a star-shaped edifice, which pedestal will elevate the monster globe fifteen feet above the floor, so that it will rise above the surrounding exhibits of the Fish Commission and Census Office. The latter, by the way, consists in a wall plastered with Mr. Porter's unreliable figures of manufactures and population.

The pedestal for the gigantic globe will, with its ingenious construction, afford opportunity for the display of six big maps of the new States of Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington and the two Dakotas. The edifice may be entered through five doorways, to be artistically draped with flags, the arrangement of which will have a significance beyond a mere blending of colors. No doorway, for instance, will be decorated with a combination of flags of rival nations. A circular apartment in the centre of the globe's pedestal will contain interesting tabulated statements of the condition of the public lands. The room will be fifteen feet in height, with a convex ceiling formed by the lower part of the globe.

An interior stairway will afford access to a balcony around the base of the globe, which will be supported on a horizontal axis, turning by a screw motor, instead of being placed at an angle of 45 degrees, as the world is actually hung in space.

The globe is about 63 feet in circumference, with a diameter of 20 feet, superficial area of 1,236 feet, and weight of 4,000 pounds. It will bear upon its surface representations of the land and water on a scale of 69 miles to 14 inches measured at the equator. The degrees of longitude and parallels of latitude are indicated, together with the zone lines, the isothermal lines, the principal steamship lines, and an appropriate tracing of the route of Columbus on the voyage of 1492. The divisions of land, with the boundaries, even down to the provinces of countries and the location of the larger cities, and the direction of the rivers and streams are represented with fidelity.

The globe will, as stated, be supported on a horizontal axis, since this position affords a better view of the depiction on its surface than if it were tilted to the geometrically accurate angle. There will be very little to represent at the south pole beyond the vague lines of Graham's Land. The apparatus for turning the globe will be placed at the end of the axis, and hidden from view by an immense representation of the official seal of the General Land Office, which will serve as a screen, and significant decoration to an otherwise prosaic part of the globe.

The General Land Office exhibit was planned in all of its details by Mr. A. L. Pitney of Washington, D. C., formerly a clerk in the Land Office. His experience in connection with the Centennial, New Orleans, and Paris Expositions, together with his known assiduity as a worker and ability in preparing novel and instructive exhibits, led to his being placed in charge of the Columbian exhibit of the General Land Office. The globe was designed, constructed, and is now being finished by Mr. Pitney. He has erected it in a building especially built to accommodate the great ball, and to protect it from the weather during construction and decoration. Mr. Pitney has constructed a globe which can be taken apart and transported in sections. Its interior frame work is an ingenious and simple combination of girders and struts supporting forty-eight sections, which are covered by a shell-like boarding, over which is securely stretched Scotch linen, upon which Mr. Pitney has painted, in distinct colors, a representation of the earth's surface and the geographical divisions. The performances of Peary, Brainerd, and the other arctic explorers are indicated by reproductions from the maps drawn by them.

Mr. Pitney is working diligently to complete, by March 1, the remaining artistic features of this globe, which has taken up a vast deal of his time already. He works far into the night under improvised gas jets which surround the globe like so many stars. In the course of his work he is obliged to consult the largest maps procurable. The scale on which the globe is being required is an enlargement of maps which serve Mr. Pitney as a copy.

Other features of the General Land Office exhibit will embrace paintings by Mr. Pitney, illustrative notably of mining in California and of the progress of locomotion in this country. The latter is shown in an allegorical picture, where the artist calls "a comparison of the carrying capacity of the United States." The former picture, an ox-wagon, canal-boat, and nine-ton, five-mile-per-hour locomotive of 1829 are illustrated as retreating into the past, while rushing into the