

THE DEAD CHILD.

Sleep on, dear now,
The last sleep and the best;
And on thy brow
And on thy quiet hair—
Violeta throw!

Thy little life
Was mine a little while;
No fears were mine,
To trouble thy brief smile
With stress or strife.

Life still and he
For evermore a child!
Not grudgingly,
Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee!

Sleep on so deep
I would not rouse you.
I hardly weep;
Pain only for thy sake
To share thy sleep.

Yea! to be dead—
Dead here with thee to-day;
When all is said,
"There good by thee to lay
My weary head."

That is the best:
Ah, child, so tired of play,
I stand on foot,
I too, would come thy way
And find what rest.

—Ernest Dowson, in Atlanta.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

BY RICHARD ASHE-KING.

"That is not true—not true at all. I gave you no encouragement," cried Milly, hotly. "I couldn't have given you any, because I'm engaged."

"Engaged! What! To that engineer fellow?"

"That is no concern of yours. I have given you neither right nor reason to question me about it, or to—insult me, as you've just done," she faltered, only saved by her pride from breaking down into tears—for the young cub, who was intoxicated, had just kissed her.

Her father, at his father's side, had shown Bastable much kindness since his coming to Worston, and Milly had been as pleasant to him as she was to every one. Her winning manner he had taken for encouragement, and had the Dutch audacity to-night, upon meeting her in a lonely lane where she expected her fiancé, to snatch a kiss.

"You're an arrant, little fiend, and have ruined my life," he cried, thickly, with sudden savagery. Then seizing her in his arms he kissed her brutally many times before she found breath to scream.

Hardly had she uttered the scream before her assailant was gripped by the coat-collar, wrenched aside, and thrashed with a stout stick so furiously that the blows fell like rain on all parts of the head, face, and body. The young engineer laid his blows on with such fierce force that Bastable's face streamed with blood, while his body was a mass of bruises before Milly could hold her lover's arm. He then flung the fellow to the ground, a little ashamed of the violence of his assault upon a man physically so much his inferior. He had walked many steps away with Milly before Bastable raised himself into a sitting posture—at the moment that Milly was looking round anxiously in the fear that he was seriously injured.

"You villains!" he yelled as he wiped the blood from his mouth. "You'll pay for this—both of you—both of you! I'll retaliate with such concentrated malignity in his face and voice as made Milly shudder."

For days after she was haunted by the remembrance of the Satanic hate in his eyes, and with the horror of the revenge upon her lover it portended. And this she did to dread. Bastable, a vindictive brute, naturally, had received such punishment under such circumstances as might have fired the meekest of men to revenge. He really loved Milly Harman with all the love of which his gross soul was capable; and to be thrashed by his successful rival under her eyes while in the act of a dastardly assault upon her was an ignominy to be wiped out in blood. He brooded upon his loss, his hate, his jealousy, and his revenge till you might rather say that these possessions possessed him than that he possessed them.

Another passion, also, which fed all these with the fire of hell—the passion for drink—now mastered him so entirely that he was hardly ever sober.

Well, therefore, night, Milly dreading demonic so powerfully, and this dream he came to her consent to an immediate marriage with Arthur Munro.

Accordingly the wedding day was not only hastened, but the wedding itself was kept strictly private in deference to Milly's dread of Bastable's vengeance upon her lover. And her precautions would probably have produced all she feared but for the merest accident. The carriage with the bride and bridegroom in it drove up to the station at the moment that Bastable was in the act of quitting it.

Seeing the luggage labelled "Munro, London," he asked the coachman, when they had entered the station, "A wedding?"

"Summat o' t' sort," the man answered gruffly.

Meanwhile Milly, clinging to Arthur's arm convulsively, "Oh, Arthur! He—he has heard of it! He's here! I saw him!"

"Who, dear?"

"Mr. Bastable!"

"Milly, darling! You've got that brute on the brain. What can he do here at mid-day in a crowded station? Then turning to a porter he asked, "Which is the London train?"

"She's there, in the siding, sir; she'll be back in here when the local's gone."

"Let me put you into a carriage, dear, while I look after the luggage." So saying he hurried her to a carriage and got in with her to dispose of the wraps and other light articles on the seat and in the rack.

At this moment Bastable, who had dogged them to the carriage, passed his door unseen and walked on toward the end of the platform, gnashing his teeth with the impotent fury of a caged wild beast. He stopped opposite the express engine, his nostrils distended, his lips parted, his teeth clinched, the nails of his hands buried in their palms, while his eyes glared with the lurid light of madness. He was brought a little to himself by being forced to step aside to allow the stoker to get off his engine in order to follow the driver into the refreshment bar for a drink. This called Bastable's attention to the circumstance that the engine was momentarily deserted.

"By George!—that'll do it!" he almost shouted, and without looking round he jumped on the engine, opened the regulator to the full, and as he bounded forward leaped off at the other side.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

Arthur Munro had quitted the carriage to look after the luggage, and the only soul in the runaway train was poor Milly. Munro had not left the train a minute when loud shouts of alarm arrested him. "What is it? What's the matter?" he asked, facing round, with a horrible suspicion that Bastable had attacked Milly. "T' London express has run away!" cried a porter.

"Good Heavens! She'll be into the Bingham train at Lifford!" cried another.

And Milly was alone in the train! Yet did not Munro lose his presence of mind. Flying to the end of the platform, he jumped upon the engine of the local, and without a word to driver or stoker seized the regulator. Before he could open it, the driver stopped him.

"Hold on, sir—hold on! Bill, unhook the train!"

In a minute Bill had leaped down, unhooked the engine from the train, and was back again on the engine-plate just as she began to glide out of the station.

"Express!" shouted the driver, pointing to the runaway. "Couldn't catch her up wif a load like that on," chucking his thumb behind toward the train they had been detached from.

But they lost nearly as much time by the stoppage as they gained by the lighting of the load, for the runaway had got almost a mile's start by the delay.

"How far to Lifford?" shouted Munro frenziedly.

"Six miles."

"My wife—my wife!" he moaned, in blank despair.

Wrenching the shovel from the stoker, he proceeded to feed the furnace with all an expert's skill; but though the engine was going now at a rate which made it rock and pitch violently, they had not sighted the runaway yet. Suddenly she slowed down, and Munro looking up saw the steam shut off.

"What? Why?" he shouted.

"Lifford distance," replied the driver, pointing to the signal. "All up by this now! We should only pile up the smash now."

Then Munro lost all heart and hope, and sank in a heap on the engine-plate, hiding his face with his hands. Meanwhile the driver had nearly got her under control as he came in sight of the station.

All clear! A wire from Worston had got the Bingham train into siding only just in time. As they glided past the platform the stationmaster shouted: "They have wired to Bingham Box to switch her into stop-blocks at that siding." That was, of course, to wreck the train against the blocks.

Munro heard, and starting up like a madman he wrenched open the regulator to the full, shouting only "My wife! my wife!"—all he could articulate for the moment. Presently, when they had got again into swing he cried: "My wife is in the carriage next the engine!"

"There's Bingham Bank!" shouted back the driver, encouragingly.

Bingham Bank is a steep gradient where the stoker driving wheels of the engine would need a driver's skilful coxing and sanding to keep them from slipping at every revolution.

"By Heavens! we'll do it if she keeps the rails!" shouted the driver, as they shot through Thornley Tunnel like a bullet through its rifled barrel.

All three men were now on the look-out. In less than a minute they would sight Bingham Bank, and if the runaway had topped it she would be matched in a second. The incline at the other side was nearly as steep as the ascent at this, and to go down it under a full head of steam meant a pace of ninety miles an hour into the siding and against the stop-blocks at the bottom.

"I told you!" shouted the driver excitedly. "You sighted the runaway half up the bank before them. But Munro did not hear him. He was already at the smoke-box of the rocking, reeling engine, having run along its boiler holding by the rail.

"Steady, sir, steady! Hold on hard! We're into her!" And, indeed, they struck the runaway with the smart shock of a full collision. The driver hurried after Munro, and gave him a steady hand across the touching buffers of the engine and train; and then, as Munro put the brake hard on in the guard's van the driver stooped and managed with wonderful coolness and handiness to hook on the engine to the runaway.

"Reverse her, Bill!" he shouted to the stoker. Meanwhile Munro, walking along the foot-boards, and holding by the hand-rails, reached the carriage in which his bride was.

"Oh, Arthur," she cried when she saw him. "I got such a fright. I thought you were left behind!"

He broke into a stream of almost hysterical laughter, and he hurried on to the runaway engine. There was little difficulty or danger in getting on to it and shutting off the steam now, since the train began to feel the backward pull of the reversed engine behind; and Milly was saved.

"I thought you had gone mad. What made you laugh like that, Arthur?" she asked.

"At your being driver, stoker, guard and passengers of the London express—without knowing it; and also, I suppose, in the reaction from the most horrible half-hour of my life—on my wedding-day. It was that that's doing it, and he'll be ten years for it."

As a matter of fact Bastable got a tenth of that punishment—about a seventh of what he'd have got had he forged a bill. —[New York Stories.

Curling Hair by Heat.

Hair does not necessarily curl when merely heated, as a person may go into and remain in an excessively hot temperature without the hair, heated as it will be, curling. The reason generally assigned for its curling when wound on a pair of curling tongs is that the moisture of the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side forms a curve. The curling is partly, however, due to the firmness of the hair, which induces it to retain for a time any form into which it may be forcibly restrained, until its elasticity makes it return after a shorter or a longer period to its original position. This is shown by the old-fashioned method of twisting the hair up tightly in curl papers, and keeping it so for a length of time, to induce it to remain more or less curled. Whatever methods are used, they have to be repeated again and again, or else the hair loses its curled appearance, and returns to its natural position. The persistent use of curling tongs undoubtedly injures the hair by making it dry and brittle. —[New York News.

A MISTAKE.

Miss Miss Freckles—I made ugly faces at you stork-ey sister the other day, but I guess she didn't see me. Little Johnny—Yes, she did, but she thought they was natural.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

No long ago, on the Chinese coast, says a correspondent of the London Graphic, a foreign vessel, the Namoa, was boarded by a band of pirates. Having got on board in the darkness they murdered the captain and threw him overboard, then secured the other officers and passengers, completely looted the ship and managed to get safely away with their booty. The matter becoming known, the Chinese authorities at once took steps to discover and arrest the marauders, and in due course the whole band of nineteen were captured and summarily condemned to be beheaded.

The ghastly scene of the carrying out of the sentence took place at Kowloon, near Hong Kong. The condemned men were drawn up in a line, on their knees, with their hands tied behind them, and at a distance of about five yards from each other. So they awaited the executioner's sword. It was suggestive of the executioner's skill, born, no doubt, of constant practice, that the whole nineteen were beheaded within six minutes.

A bold-looking villain was the chief of the gang. He died, as nearly all the Chinese do under such circumstances, apparently without the least fear. In fact, just before his head rolled to the ground he declared aloud, defiantly, that if it were possible for him to commit another murder he should not hesitate to do it. It happens often when a Chinese criminal is sentenced to be decapitated that his friends supply him with a little opium, which, possibly, mercifully produces stupor and renders the doomed wretch partially insensible to his horrible position. The final scene is enacted thus: When everything is ready the executioner's assistant seizes the long pigtail of the condemned man, and at one blow with his long, sharp sword his chief sweeps the head off.

A STRANGE case is puzzling local medical practitioners, at Trimble, Tenn., and the most prominent of the fraternity from Memphis and Nashville. John Henry Leake, a stalwart new living on the plantation of R. L. Strong, a week or two since ate a lemon and swallowed one of the seeds, which, it seems, lodged in his stomach, and, attracting to it a certain proportion of the food subsequently eaten by him, was soon surrounded by a clot or mass of matter which gradually grew larger. After a short time Leake began to suffer with acute pain in the region of his stomach, and applied to a physician, who diagnosed his case as indigestion and proceeded to treat him for it. But the pains increased and it soon became a matter of impossibility for the sufferer to retain any food except such as was administered in liquid form, and the doctor began to suspect that the cause of the trouble lay beyond the ordinary phases of indigestion, and declared an operation necessary. It was with difficulty that Leake was prevailed on to submit to this, but he finally consented. The surgeons thoroughly explored the abdomen and intestines, but without finding any disturbing object, though it was observed that the stomach was distended to nearly twice its normal size. Leake finally died, and with repeated efforts to vomit which continued until death ensued. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the seed had sprouted from the mass surrounding it, and, putting out shoots, had actually attacked the walls of the stomach as a creeping plant does a wall.

A GOOD turn will always turn up so that you will never get the worst of it," said Frank Painter, of Como, Col., at the Leclerc Hotel, Pittsburgh, to a reporter. How do you suppose one of the best fellows living on the earth is so rich now? It isn't a long story, but it shows to a finish that a square act never goes astray, even if it does take some time in finding its way around. Jere Jackson came out to Colorado in the early days without a cent to save his life. He knocked around for a year and a half and lived from hand to mouth. We all liked him, and we knew it was his fault that things didn't turn his way, and none of the boys would refuse him shelter when things came particularly hard. Well one day Jere struck out; he was disgusted with the world in general and with Mr. Jackson in particular. While plodding along a lonely part of the country a couple of days after that he came upon the dead body of a miner lying in the road. "Poor devil," thought Jere, "I suppose that's how I'll fetch up." He started in to give the dead stranger the attention that he'd like himself, and was soon digging a grave for a man he had never seen before. He didn't dig far, though—hardly two feet. He laid run across gold, gold, gold gold. He buried his unknown friend in another hole and quit the first one a rich man. A good turn, even to a stranger, will never give you the worst of it."

THERE is a strange freak of nature in the shape of a sheep on the range of Rogers & Silva, near Table Mountain, in California. Among this season's lambs is one which would be a drawing card in a dime museum. The lamb is a well-formed one and does not at first glance look different from thousands of other lambs on the range. The peculiarity consists of a woolly flap, or more properly speaking, a cap, which is situated between the ears. It is circular in shape and fastened to the head at the center of a ligament, which will allow the cap to be lifted up enough so that the fingers can be inserted between the cap and the skull.

The cap resembles a white whorl. Tam O'Shanter, and when on straight does not appear to affect its owner in the least, as often happens, the lamb acts as if it was crazy. It tilts its head sideways and keeps running around in a circle, and appears to be in its greatest distress. When the cap is lifted it will not eat, but as soon as the cap becomes straight the lamb walks off and grazes contentedly. The rest of the sheep have taken a great dislike to the bonneted lamb and fight it whenever it goes near the flock. The sheepherders give the lamb every attention, as they think they have a bonanza in it if it lives.

A CURIOUS superstition came to light at Pittsburgh through the killing of Emanuel Mails, a German blacksmith of that city, by engine No. 1536, at Hawken's station. A written charm, in German, several pages in length, was found in his inside coat-pocket. It says that he claimed to be a descendant of one Count Philippe of Flanders, who condemned an outlaw to death whose neck turned the edge of the would-be executioner's axe. This Count Philippe was the Count who had done the robber, who very gratefully furnished him the secret of the witch's charm which had saved his neck. Copies

of this against various forms of death by sword and dagger, guns and enemies, thunderbolts, etc., were given to the different members of the Count's family by him transmitted to their descendants, of whom Mails was one. This magic document, however, proved ineffectual against the dangerous locomotive, a risk not set forth in the cabalistic paper, and of course unknown at the time of its original issue. A relative of the deceased stated that charms of this character are to-day carried by many Germans, among whom this form of superstition or witchcraft is still surprisingly prevalent.

A DARING and remarkable escape from prison occurred the other night at Parkersburg, W. Va. George Rice, aged seventeen years, in jail for burglary, made a skeleton key out of a spoon that had been overlooked at supper time, picked the corridor lock and let himself and all the other persons out of their cells. He then slipped into a hole in the air-lift in one corner of the jail and dropped down two floors through the flue to the engine room. Rice then crawled through a hole much smaller than the upper one and entered the basement of the prison. It was an easy matter for him to break a window and reach the outside. The other persons were too large to get through the flue, as the boy made his escape and they are still in jail.

In the Philadelphia Ledger, a Co'rad lady tells how the Picket Wire River in that State derived its name. Years ago, when first the fever drove men mad, a party of Mexicans made their way up the stream in quest of the precious metal. Months passed, and when the little band did not return their friends mourned them as dead, and called the river "El Rio de los Animas Perdidos" (the River of the Lost Souls). Soon a French colony made its home on the banks of the stream, whose name was very translated into "La Purgatoire." Then came the American cowboy. He saw the river, heard its name, and translating (?) it into his own tongue, dubbed it "Picket Wire River."

A FARMER living east of Grand Island, Neb., had a narrow escape one night recently. While going home his horses became unmanageable and threw him and his son out. The boy fell at the side of the road. The man's leg was caught in one of the hind wheels of the wagon. He held on to the spokes with his hands, and with his head downwards slid the wheel over a mile, when the horses were frightened by running through a barbed wire fence. Floyd Sprague, a neighbor, saw the accident, and when the team stopped helped the plucky farmer out. He is reported as getting along nicely.

All the hardware used in the great Mormon Temple, in Salt Lake City, bears either the device of the beehive—the Mormon name of their country being "Deseret," or "the land of the honey-bee"—or the clasped hands, which is also one of the symbols of their Church. In the basement all the door-knobs and hinges are of solid brass. Those upon the first floor are plated with gold, on the second floor with bright silver, on the third floor with oxidized silver, and those on the top floor are of antique bronze.

NO MORE practical use for a cat has been hit upon than that lately devised by a Portland (Me.) merchant. He owns a very docile little kitten, white as snow. One day, finding that he was out of blotting paper when he had finished a letter, the kitten was used in place of it and found to be an excellent substitute. The fur taking up the superfluous ink like a sponge, and he has continued to employ kitty in this way, giving her a curious piebald appearance.

A PEASANT was buried alive recently in the village of Maruten, government Kalooga. The discovery of the fact was through peasants, who, hearing sounds coming from the grave, notified the authorities. When the body was exhumed a horrible sight was revealed. The shroud was found torn to pieces. The face of the corpse was badly lacerated. One of the eyes was torn out and some of the fingers were bitten off.

A PETTING monkey saved the lives of Mr. and Mrs. A. Crusted, of Tallapoosa, Fla. After midnight, when the inmates were asleep, the house took fire, and soon was all ablaze. The loud singing of the bird awake husband and wife, and they had just time to save themselves by leaping from the window.

CHARLES MANSON, a Swede living in Chicago, has constructed a checker board out of 28,070 pieces of wood, using every kind of wood that he could obtain, from cedar of Lebanon to Georgia pine.

Pluck of an Opera Singer.

Fifty years ago European audiences listened with rapt admiration to Rubini, a tenor of whom it was said that, though he himself could not act, he made his voice act for him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. The intensity of expression he gave to his voice, the judicious use of the tremolo and the management of light and shade produced a thrilling effect. But his best vocal feat consisted of taking the bass of the upper scale without preparation, thus retaining it for a long time, and then let it imperceptibly die away. The listeners could hardly believe their ears. The adventurous was always on the edge of danger. On one occasion Rubini, after repeating his vocal feat, and being a second time encored, found himself unable to produce the expected note. Determined not to fail, he gathered up his vocal strength and made a supreme effort. The note came with its wonted power, and brilliancy and duration, but at the cost of a broken collar bone. A surgeon examined the singer and found that the tension of the lungs had been too powerful for the strength of his collar bone. Two months rest would be required to reunite the clavicle, and the singer claimed to be impossible, as he had only finished several days of a long engagement.

"Can I sing at all with a broken collar bone?" he asked.

"Yes; it will make no difference in your voice," answered the surgeon. "But you must avoid lifting heavy weights and any undue exertion—above all, you must leave the B flat alone."

Rubini continued to sing with a broken clavicle until the termination of the engagement.

Ghosts Are Very Old, Too.

It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with specters, ghosts and other apparitions. Persons who have investigated this matter declare that the ghost idea was prevalent before Noah built the Ark. Even Ovid has put himself on record as believing in ghostly spirits occasionally left their couches to wander about seeking whom they might devour. —[St. Louis Republic.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The American hog has always been a part of our national history and the subject of more or less international humor. It has taken such a firm hold as a very important branch of our farming industries as to excite somewhat envious feelings among the less fortunate nations, but the American quadruped is liberal-minded and can afford to contemplate with equanimity their little jealousies so long as it puts money into the pockets of American farmers. The hog is now regarded with much more respect than for twenty years past owing to the very sudden advance in its value, and the American Agriculturist has been to a large amount of trouble and expense in securing facts and figures showing the growth and value of the hog industry since 1860, together with its position of today. All this information is extremely interesting. It is of most importance to note the direct bearing of the price of hogs upon the supply. The lowest value of hogs was \$4.55, in 1880, and this cheapness caused farmers to turn their attention to other crops, as being more valuable; hence there was a reduction of 8,400,000 in number during the ensuing decade. This decrease, when our population was largely on the increase, forced the value of a hog up to \$7, the result being that the supply was nearly doubled in the next decade—up to 1890. Then values fell back to \$5.58, just about where they were twenty years previously. Since then the supply has been more steadily regulated, without any great fluctuation in value, and the price of hogs throughout the country averaged \$4.60 at the beginning of 1892, as compared with \$4.55 in 1880. At the beginning of 1890, just thirty-three years ago, there were 33,512,897 hogs in the United States, worth an aggregate sum of \$152,483,545, an average price of \$4.55 per hog. A year ago the number of hogs had increased to 52,398,019, worth \$241,031,415, an average value of \$4.60, showing an increase in the thirty-two years of nearly 19,000,000 hogs, and in value of nearly \$90,000,000. At the beginning of 1892, 1893, the total number of hogs in the country was 46,94,807, a decrease of 6,300,000 as compared with a year ago. In value, however, they made the enormous increase of \$54,400,000 within the year, being now worth close upon \$300,000,000, while the average value last month was \$6.41 per hog, as compared with \$1.80 last year, a gain of \$1.81 per hog in the twelve months.

The Paris Temps states that the total length of railway lines in Europe at the end of last year was 142,658 miles, or 2,590 miles more than at the end of 1891, this being equivalent to an increase of 1.85 per cent. The 142,658 miles of railway are distributed as under: Germany, 27,180 miles, with an increase of 2,000 miles; France, 27,700 miles, with an increase of 675 miles; Great Britain and Ireland, 20,435 miles, with an increase of 50 miles; Russia and Finland, 19,420 miles, with an increase of 85 miles; Austria-Hungary, 17,940 miles, with an increase of 655 miles; Italy, 8,240 miles, with an increase of 175 miles; Spain, 6,380 miles, with an increase of 135 miles; Sweden and Norway, 6,150 miles, with an increase of 180 miles; Belgium, 3,315 miles, with an increase of 62 miles; Switzerland, 2,045 miles, with an increase of 50 miles; Holland and Luxemburg, 1,925 miles, with an increase of 11 miles; Roumania, 1,590 miles, with no increase; Portugal, 1,430 miles, with an increase of 105 miles; Denmark, 1,320 miles, with an increase of 18 miles; Turkey, Bulgaria and Roumania, 1,074 miles, or no change; Greece, 572 miles, with an increase of 87 miles; Servia, 337 miles, and Malta, 7 miles, in neither of the two latter cases there being any change. The present mileage in the United States is about 175,000.

JACKSON PARK, in which the Exposition is held, has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and one-half miles, and contains 538 acres, seventy-seven of which are water. The Midway Plaisance is a mile long and 600 feet wide, and contains eighty acres more. There are thirty-nine Exposition buildings proper, and a floor space of 150 acres. Adding the galleries, there are 190.7 acres. Grouped around there are forty-four State and Territorial buildings, eighteen buildings erected by foreign governments, and forty others for the minor purposes of the management, restaurants and advertising wares and enterprises.

In the Midway Plaisance the foreign villages, showing the various nations, would merely take a passing look at each of the vast array of exhibits must prepare to walk along 124 miles of aisles. Add to this the distance from one building to another, which must of necessity be traveled many times, and the distance to be covered will reach fully 150 miles.

The people of the Spanish capital are much amused at the egotistic estimate recently placed upon his attainments by a young grandee. Among the interesting ceremonies at the Spanish Court is the appearance before the Queen-Regent at stated times, of the inheritors of the title of grandee, the Duke of Medinilla, was among the new grandees. But when it came his turn to tell why he should be a grandee he recounted with pride the fact that he had been graduated from the polytechnicum as an engineer! The Queen-Regent was not deeply impressed with the Duke's qualifications, as many of his classmates surpassed him in attainments.

An instance of the progress making in college government is afforded by the action of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., who have voted to adopt the Amherst system of government by a college senate consisting of ten students and five professors, who will consider all matters of college discipline as well as of general athletics. The students of Cornell are considering plans of student self-government, embracing a student court, to have final jurisdiction in all cases of fraud in examinations, the president of the university to preside over this court and have absolute power of veto. The faculty have given assurance of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of that body in the movement.

A FRENCH vegetarian society, like ancient Gaul, has become divided into three parts. One wing is itself cereals, to indicate that it believes only in eating cereals; another will be known as fruitarian, because it thinks fruit the only proper food, and another has been dubbed tuberific, because it believes in eating roots. Each wing thinks that the

happiness and stability of the human race depend on the adoption of its views.

ELECTRICITY is beginning to play an important part in horticulture. In Amateur Gardening a correspondent records the following result of experiments in the electro-irradiation of soil in which plants were grown. On January 10 he planted some lettuce in pots specially constructed. The bulbs grew rapidly, and the plants came into bloom on February 14.

Work on the mighty telescope for the French Exposition of 1903, which was to enable us to see the man in the moon, has been suspended, after considerable progress had been made in the construction of it, especially in the optic portion. The great lenses are already cast, but the whole affair is now abandoned for want of money. The principal man of funds in the enterprise was the late Baron Reinach of Panama.

It is told of a St. Petersburg professor that he was a violent opponent of woman suffrage because the average weight of a man's brain was 1,350 grains, while that of a woman was only 1,250. When his own brain was weighed it was five grains less than the female average.

WOMEN WRITERS AND MARRIAGE

Facts to Show that Authorship and Husbands are Not Incompatible.

A writer in the Boston *Journal* is inclined to think that the paragraphs who are ambitiously trying to make young women believe that authorship is conducive to single blessedness in the case of women, are a trifle erroneous in their information.

"And to prove it," he says, "I have completed a list of the matrons and apostles of literature which should, I think, settle the point that literature and love are not at war. I recognize that the lists are not complete, but they are sufficiently so, perhaps, to 'point the moral and adorn the tale.'"

MATRONS. SPIRITISTS.

Mrs. Humphrey War, Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Abigail Dodge, Mrs. Ward Howe, Sarah Orne Jewett, Frances H. Burnett, Mary G. McFadden, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Emma M. Hooper, Cruger, Grace King, Am. L. B. Barr, Julia Magruder, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. A. D. White, Florence C. Taylor, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Sarah K. Bolton, Elizabeth Stoddard, Anna McGovern, Margaret Sidney, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances C. Spaulding, Mrs. Olphand, Kate Tiedeman, Olive Thorne Miller, Kate Jordan, Lucy C. Lillie, Maria Parloa, Mary B. Bridgman, "Ouida," Mary J. Holmes, Jeanette L. Glider, Ross H. Lathrop, Rose E. Bradley, Alice Wheeler Wilcox, Rose E. Cleveland, Isabella M. Alden, "Pan-Margaret Crosby," Madeline Bridges, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Anna E. Dickinson, Julie K. Wetmore, Kate Field, Baker, Isabel F. Haggood, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Mrs. E. Garrison, Ann C. Brackett, Lucy Larcom, Helen Campbell, "Charles Egbert Craddock," Mary H. Catherine, "The Book," Elizabeth W. Champney, Edna Dean Proctor, Amelia Rives Chandler, Agnes Repplier, Eliza C. Coker, Mrs. F. Garrison, Jennie C. Croly, "Jennie," Edna R. Taylor, Elizabeth B. Custer, Edith M. Thomas, Rebecca H. Davis, Katharine P. Wormley, Margaret Deland, Katharine P. Wormley, Mary Mapes Dodge, Florence Earle Coates, Julia C. P. Dodge, Jean Ingelow, Amanda M. Douglas, Helen Gray Cone, Dora Hove Elliott, Frances E. Willard, Maud Rode Goodale, "The Book," Sally Pratt McLean, "The Book," Greene, "The Book," Curtis Terhune Her, Blanche Willis Howard, Laura C. Holloway, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, Langford, Jeannette H. Walworth, Margaret E. Kimball, Ellen Olney Kirk, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Isabel A. Mallon, Annie Lee Wiley, Grace D. Litchfield, Celia F. Winter, Mary A. Livermore, Celia Thaxter, Louise O. Munton, Margaret J. Preston, Elizabeth O. Smith, Anna Katharine Green, Elizabeth O. Smith, Rohlf, Augusta E. Wilson, Alice Wellington Rollins, John S. Rorer, Margaret E. Sangster, Lucy Hamilton Hooper, Mary J. Serrano, Laura E. Richards, E. W. Sherwood, Alice T. Bartram, Millicent W. Shinn, Annie A. Fields, Mary Riley Smith, John McKenzie Long, Emma D. E. South, "The Book," Harriet Prescott Spofford, "The Book," Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone-Blackwell, Kate Upton Clark, Mary Hallowell Follen, Fanny Crosby, "The Book."