

## SPELLED IT "NINTY."

ORTHOGRAHY LEADS TO A  
THIEF'S DETECTION.Robber of Mail Boxes Captured in  
Ohio Confesses His Crime—Light  
Catch of Behring Sea Seals Is Pre-  
dicted for This Year.

**Adroit Thief Caught.**  
Timothy Hogan, who has eluded all of the secret service men of the country and the detectives of many cities, as well as several private agencies, for the last year, was arrested at Westerville, a village about twelve miles north of Columbus, O. Hogan is wanted for rifling mail boxes in many cities in the United States, and for raising and passing checks secured from letters deposited in the mails. When arrested Hogan had in his possession 120 mail box keys, secured in as many different cities in the United States; also over 200 letters, which he had taken from the mails in different cities in Ohio, principally Columbus. On all the checks secured or altered in which the word "ninty" occurred the word was spelled "ninty." It was by means of this misspelled word that Hogan's operations were followed from place to place. Hogan is about 30 years of age and has a wife and family in Chicago. Hogan escaped from Blackwell Island, New York, a little over a year ago, and has a little over four years of his sentence there yet to serve.

**SEALS SCARCE AND WILD.**  
Light Catch in Behring Sea Predicted for This Season.

The sailing fleet out of San Francisco this season is very small and the outlook is not encouraging. Captain O'Leary of the schooner Geneva reports that seals are very scarce and wild and the weather very unsuitable for sealing. Captain Nelson of the schooner Mary Nelson has lost seven men by desertions, and had to put into port for repairs. He also says that few seals are to be found, and predicts a light catch. It is stated that the Cox and Marvin sealing fleet of Victoria, B. C., will not be put in commission this year, although seal hunters had been engaged. It is not known whether the precautions taken by the United States to prevent poaching have had anything to do with the retirement of this fleet of British sealers.

**REVIVAL OF SLAVERY METHOD**  
Young Negro Sentenced to Be Lashed Every Day for a Month.

A sentence just passed by the Atlanta, Ga., city court upon Joe Lee, a 10-year-old negro boy, is certainly a great deal of comment. It is that he be confined in the city stockade and whipped by one of the officers every day for thirty days. There is no law for this. The case, however, is exceptional. While Lee is young in years and small in stature, he is a desperado. He made several attempts to kill his sister, and the last attempt came near succeeding. As a consequence she had him locked up at the station house. The officials held a conference, and then asked the sister, as the boy's natural guardian, for her permission to lock him up and lash him for thirty days. She gave her consent.

**Pike's Peak Murder Averted.**  
At Colorado Springs, Colo., the jury in the case of Shirley D. Chamberlin, charged with the murder of Herbert H. Kay of Wisner, Neb., on Pike's Peak in August last, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. Kay had started to ascend the peak by night, and a few minutes before he was found dead by a search party. The body was found in a small cave, and the evidence against Chamberlin was circumstantial but conclusive, and the jury was out only about an hour.

**Bullet Wound in His Head.**  
William H. Heath, manager of the Central Electric Express Company of St. Louis, was found dying in Forest Park from a bullet wound in the head. It was evidently a case of suicide. The young man was taken to the city hospital, where he died. He was a relative of Perry H. Heath, assistant Postmaster General. The cause for the deed is a mystery.

**Sunday Deeds of Trust Void.**  
The report of the Hill, Fontaine & Co. of St. Louis from a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Arkansas in the suit against Henry C. and Laura Hite to foreclose a deed of trust has resulted in an affirmative judgment in favor of the defendants in the Court of Appeals, that court holding that the deed was void because executed on Sunday.

**Clara Nevada Is Lost.**  
The report of the loss of the Klondike steamer Clara Nevada, which was on board, is confirmed by the news brought by the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer Islander. There were forty persons—passengers and crew—on board.

**Coaches for Both Races.**  
The separate coach bill has passed the Legislature of South Carolina. It requires railroads to furnish separate but identical accommodations for first-class passengers for both races.

**Missouri Bank Robbed.**  
Early the other morning burglars blew open the safe in the Farmers' Bank at Sheridan, Mo., securing \$2,000 in cash and nearly \$1,000 in negotiable paper. The work was probably done by experts.

**Explosion Destroys the Maine.**  
At a quarter of 10 o'clock, the other evening a terrible explosion took place on board the United States cruiser Maine in Havana harbor. Many were killed or wounded. As yet the cause of the explosion is not apparent.

**New Strike in Blue Jay Mine.**  
Another high strike is reported as having been made in the Blue Jay mine of Crocker-Graham, a tributary of Coffee Creek, Cal., by the Groves brothers. The new pocket is said to be worth \$60,000. It will be remembered that a \$40,000 strike by the Groves brothers caused a rush to Coffee Creek last summer.

**Distinguished Geologist Dying.**  
Sir William Dawson, one of the most distinguished geologists of the world, and formerly at the head of the McGill university, is dying of paralysis at Montreal, Canada.

**Boxing Stopped in St. Louis.**  
Acting President Lewis of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners, has issued a fiat to Chief of Police Harrigan, stating that public sparring or boxing exhibitions are a violation of the laws of Missouri. He directed that hereafter the law be enforced in such cases.

**May Be Murder.**  
Joseph Keller, chief of police of Terrell, Texas, is a prisoner in the Dallas city jail and is likely to have to answer to a charge of murder. He shot and it is believed mortally wounded James Salome, a hack driver, in a dispute over a hack bill.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)  
The woman was waiting to see her in one of the ante-rooms. Lady Caraven's general bearing was touched as she looked at her, she was so thin, so worn, with a face so white and so sad, and great despairing eyes; her clothes were a thin, shabby dress and a still thinner and shabbier shawl. As the young countess stood before her in all the pride of her youth and beauty, amid all the luxury of her surroundings, she felt, in some vague way, ashamed of the contrast.

"Did you want me?" she said, in a low, gentle voice. "I am Lady Caraven. Did you wish to see me?"

"The thin, worn hands were clasped tightly. The woman hardly seemed to have the power of speech.

"Do not be afraid," said the young countess; "tell me what you want."

"Oh, my lady, my lady," was the cry that seemed to come from a breaking heart, "will you take pity on me?"

"I will indeed, if I can. If I can help you, I promise that I will. What is the matter? You must not fear to tell me. I can understand the sorrows of others, and feel for them."

The woman looked up into the kindly, beautiful face.

"I hardly know how to tell you, my lady. It is not the earl's fault. None of us blame him; he does not know it. It is all Mr. Blantyre's doing."

"But what is it?" she asked, gently. "You forget that I do not know."

"Oh, it is this: My husband—a fine, strong, handsome young man—was killed here in the woods two years ago; he was a keeper, and there was a fight with the poachers—my husband, John Woodruff, was killed. He was a fine, handsome young man, my lady, and we had three little children. I was fetched to him after he was hurt. He had been struck with the butt-end of a gun, and the doctor said that the moment he was moved he would die. So his companions fetched me to him, my lady—me, with my three little children; and we saw him in the early dawn of the morning, lying in the clover, dying—dying, my lady—the dear lad, who had never given me an angry word. We knelt down beside him and he tried to raise his head to look at the children for the last time; but he could not see them—his eyes were dim, he groped with his hands, as though he was in darkness. He neither saw them nor me, but he knew that I was there."

"Ellen," he said—and even in dying the words sounded quite clear—"Ellen, have been a good wife to me. I am losing my life for a few birds of my lord's; but he will see to you. The earl will see to you—he will never let you want. And all the men standing round him said: 'That is right enough; the earl will never let you want.'"

"But, my lady, it was the keepers who buried my husband—I think the earl forgot him. We lived then in a little cottage—one belonging to the earl; and my lady, since my husband's death I have lived there—I do not know why—rent-free. Living there has been my livelihood. I have had no rent to pay; and every week he has earned a few shillings by taking in washing for the people at Court Haven. So, my lady, the little cottage has, after a fashion, kept me and my children. But now a paper has come to say that henceforth we must pay rent—four-and-sixpence each week—for the place; and my lady, if I pay it, I shall not be able to buy bread for my children to eat."

"But you shall not pay it," said the young countess.

"Oh, my lady, bless you! If you would but speak to the earl for me! He is young, and he does not think—he does not know. If you would but speak to him for me!"

"I will do all I can," said the countess; "come and see me again in three days' time from now."

And Lady Caraven placed in the thin hand that which made the widow's heart beat fast for joy.

"Lord Caraven," she said that evening, "I have a favor to ask from you—a great favor. Will you grant it?"

Then she told him. Her heart sank as she saw his face grow dark and angry.

"Which of the servants told you that woman was here?"

"Will you tell me why you wish to know, Lord Caraven?"

"Yes; the moment I know I shall dismiss him without a character, for disobedience."

"If he disobeyed you," she said, "I am sorry for it. But pray do not allow that to influence you against my petition."

He turned round angrily.

"Plainly speaking, Hildred," he said, "I have quite enough annoyance with my tenants without interference from you, and I cannot allow—"

"Lord Caraven," she interrupted, eagerly, "do believe me—I have not the least wish to interfere, but this poor woman—"

"If you had seen her pale, hungry face and sad eyes."

"It is easy enough to look hungry," he said, impatiently.

Her face flushed, her eyes shone brightly.

"Let me ask you, my lord," she said, "have you ever remembered that all this wealth was given to you, not for your own special self-indulgence, but in trust for the poor and the needy?"

"I should like you to tell Blantyre that," sneered the earl. "I have never remembered anything of the kind."

"Then let me tell you it is true. I would sooner be the poorest beggar turned from your door than I would be you, with your title, your estates, your wealth, your dead conscience, and your dead heart."

And with an air of dignity, the young countess swept from the room, leaving him dumb with rage.

CHAPTER XIII.  
It was a humiliation for Lady Caraven when Mary Woodruff came again, to tell her that she had failed in her mission—that, even at her solicitation, the earl had refused the little boon she asked. She would have given much if she could have shown even to this poor widow some proof of his desire to please her—but she could not.

She was one of those people who never defer a disagreeable duty. She sent that same day for the poor creature, who came trembling for the fate of herself and her children. Lady Caraven received her very kindly, but entered at once into the matter.

"I am sorry to tell you," she said, "that I have failed. Lord Caraven does not feel inclined to forego the rent."

"It is not my lord," cried the woman. "I know it is not. It is Mr. Blantyre's fault; he said I should and must pay. But I cannot, my lady; I have not the means."

"I have thought it all over," said Lady Caraven. "I cannot get the cottage rent-free for you, but I can pay the rent. I must be to you every month, but it must be on the condition that you have no one. Lord Caraven might be displeased if he heard of it."

It was humiliating at first to her to give charities unknown to her husband, and then to beg that they might be kept secret. The gratitude of the poor woman in some measure compensated her, and made her feel less miserable.

But, though Lord Caraven had laughed and sneered and spoken angrily, he had not forgotten his wife's words. Not for that would he have owned it, or that they had made the least impression on him—on the contrary, he was, if possible, more brusque and abrupt, quoted Blantyre more frequently, and talked more than ever of what he would do with the poor tenants—yet her words haunted him. They seemed to be written in letters of fire, let him turn his eyes whither he would.

As to Hildred, her humiliation had been great. She was fast losing heart and patience; her hope had died a lingering death—there was no gleam of comfort left, turn which way she might. Sir Raoul was ill and seldom able to leave his room. Owing to the number of guests in the house, she could not spend so much time with him as formerly. She was dispirited and depressed. Above all, she disliked some of the visitors whom Lord Caraven had invited. There was one who was young, officious, weak in character, not much stronger in mind—a Lieutenant Hiltstone, who had just succeeded to a large fortune, and who seemed at a loss how to get rid of it most quickly. Lady Caraven had a shrewd suspicion as to how much he had won from him. More than once she had overheard heavy wagers made with him which she knew he must lose. She was scornfully impatient. Was not this conduct of her husband disgraceful—to allow a weak young soldier like the lieutenant to be what she considered robbed?

One of the earl's most intimate friends—indeed, who knew all his affairs—was Sir Anthony Oldys; and Hildred overheard him, quite by chance, one day laying a heavy wager with the young lieutenant. She looked at him calmly.

"Sir Anthony," she said, "I do not consider that is quite fair; Lieutenant Hiltstone has no chance. You know more than he does when you lay such a wager—you know that you will win it."

She never forgot the sneer with which he turned her.

"Lady Caraven," he said, "permit me to offer you my congratulations. You understand money matters almost as well as your talented father."

Without replying to Sir Anthony Oldys' insult, without word or comment, Lady Caraven instantly quitted the room, her heart burning with hot indignation. How well her husband's friends must know that he did not love her! They would never dare to speak to her as they did but for that knowledge. How well they must know it, when they dared to try to insult her through her father!

The pleasure must have been constructed by some one who knew how human nature longed for rest. Few of the Ravensmores people knew of its existence—the visitors did not. Some of the servants were in perfect ignorance as to its whereabouts. It was constructed for the sole and exclusive use of the Ladies Caraven.

The young countess bethought herself of this retreat. She had one key of the dark green door that led to it; Sir Raoul had another. She would go to it, she said to herself, and look her life in the face, and then decide what to do with it. It was slowly dawning across her that she would not be able to bear her trials much longer; that she could not and would not endure them; that she was a legitimate life somewhere, which she was determined to find out; that she could not sacrifice her whole life to a shadow of duty; that, in fact, she would go forth free.

Free! The very word made her heart beat quickly.

She went to the pleasure. If she were interrupted there, it could be only by her husband or Sir Raoul; there was no fear of intruders. A sense of relief came to her when she found herself between the high walls. The blue sky smiled down upon her, the lavender stirred faintly, the scent of roses came to her on the wind; it was like a reprieve to enter that quiet retreat and feel alone.

She walked down one of the broad, straight paths to where crimson carnations grew side by side with white lilies, and there she seated herself to rest alone. There was no sound of men's voices or of light laughter; no sneer could reach her where she was; there was nothing but the blue sky above, and the breath of the sweet flowers wafted to her. She was shut out from all sounds—also, with the thrust of her life in her hands.

Suddenly—she could not tell why—the self-command of long years broke down. Her pride, her courage, her high spirit, the proud sense of her life, the sense that she had sustained her, broke down; and she wept as she had seldom wept in her life before. The passionate tears seemed to relieve her. It was a luxury to weep there alone—for once to give herself up to a full measure of her misery, of her disappointment, of her blighted life—for once to dare to look the truth full in the face, and own to herself that she was one of the most miserable, most wretched girls in the whole wide world.

She sobbed out the words. It was a relief to say them. Have you patience, your forbearance, come to an end at last, Hildred?

"Yes," she replied, truthfully, "they have, at last."

Me was silent for a few minutes, and then, as she looked up at him, a great awe stole over her. His eyes were raised to the clear skies, his lips moved. Surely in a picture she had seen a figure some-

thing like this, with a serene light on his brow. Her anger, her impatience, her bitter contempt and dislike seemed to fall away from her, even from that one look at his face. She rose suddenly into something nobler than a weeping, vengeful, unhappy woman.

"You are going away, Hildred—you can bear it no longer? Poor child! You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a commonplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better—reign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of Despond into a higher life."

She was looking at him in sheer wonder.

"How can I influence Lord Caraven?" she asked.

"You can do it by patience and perseverance. Say to yourself that the task of your life shall be to make him a good man. Instead of running away from it, devote yourself to it. There is much said of woman's mission—that that is yours, and surely there can be no higher or holier mission than to rouse an indolent man to a sense of his duty, a selfish man from his self-indulgence."

"But how could I do it, Raoul?" she asked.

"You could do it in some fashion. The well-being—nay, the very souls of men lie in women's hands. Here is a lifelong task for you—a glorious mission, a noble task. Give your life to your husband—to the task of awakening him to a sense of his duties—to the task of making him a good man and a useful member of society, a conscientious steward of great wealth, a just and merciful, help him to lead a fair and noble life. Could any woman wish for a more glorious task than this?"

Some of the light that shone on his face was reflected on hers.

"It would be a noble task," she said, thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self-control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who, from a mass of qualities, good and bad, has intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I prophesy that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun." And an almost saintly enthusiasm shone on his face.

She caught his hand and kissed it. He said to her, "I shall have a bright, earnest light shine in her eyes."

She walked slowly down the path, Sir Raoul by her side. She looked round on the four high ivied walls.

"I have always loved this little pleasure," she said. "I shall love it better than ever. I shall live almost like a church to me."

"Why like a church?" he asked, with some amusement.

"Because one of the best sermons I have ever heard has been preached to me here," she replied. "I have learned a lesson from this little seat. I have seen high walls or touch a crimson carnation without thinking of you, Raoul, and all that you have said."

Then he watched her as she went from one bed of magnolia to another, looking eagerly for the choicest sprays, holding them over to him with a wistful, eager face and sweet, pathetic eyes.

"Will this do, and this?" she asked as simply as a child. "Oh, Raoul, I hope he will not be angry—I hope he will be pleased! I shall tell you how I get on. I am anxious about it."

In another minute the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasure alone.

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

(To be continued.)

**CANNIBALS' QUEER ACTS.**  
Statistics in regard to the Practice of Eating Human Flesh.

Manuscript recently discovered in the neighborhood of Cairo gives some interesting information in regard to cannibalism. For thousands of years the fashion of eating human flesh prevailed in Cairo and the adjoining country. The object, however, was not to satisfy hunger, but rather to honor the dead. Only the arms and legs were eaten, and for all we know to the contrary the remaining portions of the bodies were treated with becoming reverence.

Taking this established fact as a starting point, Flinders Petrie, the eminent English archeologist, recently set himself to study the psychology of anthropophagy, and he was soon in possession of several other equally remarkable facts. For example, he learned that of every hundred persons who eat human flesh twenty do so with the object of honoring the dead as well as of securing their good will, and thus obtaining for themselves perfect happiness in the next world. Such is the custom of the Tibetans, as well as of the Australians and South American aborigines. The Tibetans were especially wont to hold most impressive religious ceremonies while the cannibalistic feasts were going on.

The Samoides do not hesitate to eat their parents, and in defense of their conduct they maintain that the dead will thus live more happily and together more comfortably in the future life. In ancient times certain tribes invariably ate their deceased friends and relatives, as they considered that it would be a monstrous thing to hand them over to the tender mercies of the worms. All cannibals, however, are not actuated by such unselfish motives. According to a writer in the Journal des Debates, many cannibals eat human flesh with the object of obtaining direct benefits thereby. Thus we are told that nineteen per cent. of them eat the most stalwart warriors who fall in battle, with the hope of increasing their own courage and that they also eat dead children, with the object of thus recovering their lost youth.

Again, ten per cent. eat their nearest relatives through religious motives, since they hope thus to escape the wrath of the gods. Moreover, five per cent. eat human flesh because they hope in this manner to punish those whom they are eating.

There is room for much further investigation in this direction, and those who know Mr. Petrie are confident that he will in the near future discover many more equally interesting facts regarding cannibalism.

A landlady's duty to use reasonable care to protect the property of his tenants from injury by the elements while repairing the roof or putting on a new one at his request is held, in Verhelme vs. Saunders (Wis.), 37 L. R. A. 146, to be one which he cannot delegate to an independent contractor so as to be relieved from liability if the contractor is negligent.

**WHERE WASHINGTON WAS BORN.**  
The nearest point now to be reached is Colonial Beach, some ten or twelve miles distant, from which point one has the choice only of driving or sailing to the spot.

**The Experiment Failed.**  
No man admires the memory of George Washington more than Chaucer M. Depew, and the only defect Mr. Depew ever saw in the character of the greatest American he related at a dinner in honor of the celebration of the battle of Princeton.

Washington's quiet dignity and sternness of character prevented not only himself but his companions from enjoying the hilarity necessary to a good dinner.

"The grandfather of Gen. Cochrane was surgeon general of the staff, and he used to tell this story of the attempt of the younger members to break through this reserve and bring the commander-in-chief into sympathy with both the serious and hilarious incidents that happened. The novel method of producing this result was that the best raconteur should tell the story which had found the greatest success, and then that Gov. Morris, the most brilliant, audacious and best loved of the officers, should slap the general on the back and say, 'Old gentleman, how do you like that?'"

Washington was first astonished, then a pained expression came over his face and he slowly rose and with great dignity retired from the room. This was the last experiment they made upon Gen. Washington.

**WASHINGTON'S POLITENESS.**  
A Very Pleasant Anecdote of the Great American Gentleman.

In the Century there is an article by Martha Littlefield Phillips, giving "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene's, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia.

"One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning a droll-looking old countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited his visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer, but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the tablecloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. Gen. Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."

**MRS. WASHINGTON'S BEDTIME.**  
A Homelike Picture Described in Mrs. Wharton's "Martha Washington."

MRS. JAMES GIBSON, who frequently visited Mrs. Washington when she was the President's wife, as she resided in Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, gives a homelike picture of that lady and her favorite granddaughter. Mrs. Gibson's language is quoted by Miss Wharton in her "Martha Washington."

"Mrs. Washington was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room, unless detained by company, and there, no matter what the hour, Nellie (Miss Curtis) attended her."

"One evening my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to go to her room to her grandmother's room. There, after some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nellie entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and a psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer."

"Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow. Nellie then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then, leaning down, received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remarks on her duties, improvements, etc. The effect of these judicious habits and teachings appeared in the granddaughter's character through life."

**When Washington Was Young.**  
The stagecoach rolled along its way, On tireless axle hung, The speediest travel of the day When Washington was young.

A wick in tallow wax imperiled Its feeble tapering lung, To light the darkness of the world When Washington was young.

But thirteen stars and thirteen stars Historic poets sung, With principles of honor taught When Washington was young.

That selfsame flag to-day is fraught (O'er seventy millions swung) With principles of honor taught When Washington was young.

Grand history lessons are enrolled Its stars and stripes among, Hurrah, then, for the days of old, When Washington was young!—Chicago Post.

**Where Washington Took the Oath.**  
An interesting relic of the early days of the republic was discovered by workmen remodeling the old Senate chamber in the Court of Common Pleas building, adjoining Independence Hall. In the course of the work the court platform was



George Washington, the first President of the United States, was born on Bridge Creek, Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799.

**WHERE WASHINGTON WAS BORN.**  
Monument Marks the Birthplace of the Father of Our Country.

A monument in honor of George Washington now marks the place of his birth. In 1895 Congress appropriated \$11,000 in furtherance of the project, but not until July 4 of the following year did the unveiling take place.

The monument stands fifty-one feet above the cement foundation, the monolith shaft rising 40 feet 4 inches above the base. The shaft springs from a foundation fourteen feet square and eight feet high. Dressed down the shaft weighs about thirty-six tons. Above this rises the stone of the first base, twelve feet square and one foot eight inches high. On this rests the second base, nine feet three inches square and three feet high. Above this is the die upon which the inscription is cut, and this is six feet five

inches square and four feet ten inches high. The plinth just above it is four feet five inches square and one foot two inches high. The shaft that springs from this above feet eight inches square and rises forty feet four inches above the plinth. The marble for this notable landmark was quarried at Barre, Vt.

Washington's birthplace is near Wakefield, forty-two miles from Fredericksburg, Va., and no one can imagine the dreary isolation of the place. The site of the house in which Washington was born, which was determined before the erection of the monument only by a scattering pile of broken bricks and mortar from the chimney, is about one mile and a half from the Potomac at a point where that river is about seven miles wide and about six or seven hundred feet from Pope's creek, formerly Bridge's creek. The Government has built a wharf 1,080 feet long into the Potomac, and when the grounds are beautified it is intended that the river steamers shall stop here.

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