

Bellefonte, Pa., June 24, 1898.

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is death? 'Tis only passing through a door That inward swings, and closing, evermore...

What is death? 'Tis just the fording of a stream; The joyful walking from a troubled dream...

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"Who is the pretty girl you just bowed to?" said Captain Bigg to his friend John Arminger.

"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpole girl?"

"Remember the eldest Miss Stackpole—Freddy—the one who hunts; but I should never dream of calling her a girl! And what possible connection has she with your charming young friend?"

"A very close one as you shall soon hear, if only you will keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that, to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Herford worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpoles all my life; we belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulations and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got twenty-three—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's Knightsbridge, yesterday at half past 2 o'clock."

"But this is all beside the question," protested Captain Bigg.

"It is not—it's the main part; so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a grand deal surprised. I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpoles had so many friends in London. However I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth caught hold of me and breathlessly asked: 'Friend of bride or bridegroom?'"

"Bride," I answered.

"Here you are! Sit this side," and he shoved me into a back seat, next to an old gentleman who sat by the door, and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face, and wore an old fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.

"I looked about me, and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?"

"I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met and he said:

"A friend of the brides, sir?"

"Bless you, yes," I answered, 'known her since she was in pinafores—'

"Since you were in pinafores," he repeated, and he seemed rather taken aback. "Why, yes," and I was thinking of adding that she was 10 or 12 years my senior, but, most fortunately, refrained.

"He stared very hard for some time, and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people? Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?'"

"You are aware, Bigg, of my fatal passion for a practical joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. I felt—and for positively the last time. So I answered:

"Oh, yes, I think I can point you out two or three well-known characters."

"Thank you," he replied, "I'm a country cousin—or rather, country grandfather, as you may see—and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow, with the gold spikes in her bonnet?"

"Oh, that," I promptly returned, "is the queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here inog at present—just a visit to her dressmaker."

"Dear me! Why I always thought that Mother Nature was her modiste," said the old man, with twinkling eyes.

"Oh, no, she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings, and rarely touches raw meat."

"And, pray, why does she honor this ceremony with her presence?"

"Because one of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl diver. He is called the Kingfisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid post."

"Thank you, I see. Now, can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?"

"With pleasure," I answered. "The short one is Henrik Ibsen, and the other is Lord Salisbury."

"Dear me, this is most interesting; and the lady in the wonderful mantle?"

"Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her, in spectacles, is the Spanish ambassador—Don Jose Manolo; he is a celebrated waltzer, and his fandango is a thing to see."

"I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hullo! I think she has come," he added, craning his neck.

"Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and organ pealing, the usual procession of choir boys. Then the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown—a girl of 20—not my bride, but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids, in white satin frocks, white feathered hats, and carrying immense bouquets of red roses; and the pro-

cession passed, leaving me dumfounded. I was an uninvited man at the wrong wedding.

"My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that door of escape, so I determined to sit still and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation."

"The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation, and the girl you saw just now how to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as 'Grandpapa'—and said:

"How silly of you to sit so far down, dear; you couldn't see."

"Too hot up there," he said.

"She behaved like a true British matron, and never shed a tear," she continued, as she pinned in his favor.

"Now, Gwen, you must decorate my companion," he said, indicating me. "He has been first-rate company, and pointed out all the lions and lionesses; yet there was a look in the old man's eyes that I did not precisely understand."

"As Miss Gwen reached across to me her basket of flowers was upset, and over the gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate."

"When the wedding cortege had filed by there was the usual rush for carriages. Now was my chance. I rose, resolved to slip off, but so did my venerable companion, who pinned me firmly by the arm, saying:

"You may as well look after me. We are going to the same place. I'm a lame old chap, and want an arm—I should have said a leg. Before I knew where I was, I was being carried off in a swagger brougham, behind a pair of grand steppers; destination, Cadogan square."

"The house was smothered in flowers and crammed with guests; my old man of the sea clung to me like a very limpet, and to my great dismay appeared to know every one. We passed through the packed masses, with a word here, a joke there, and I gathered that his name was Sir Duncan. It was no news to me that he was Scotch."

"In the drawing room he had another word with Gwen, and then he remarked to me, with a malicious grin, 'Well, I don't see the queen here yet, nor the playlight, nor even the dancing ambassador. What has become of them?'"

"What was to become of me was of far more importance, and, finding that my companion was making straight for the happy pair to tender his good wishes, and being an absolute stranger to both, I broke and fled, hoping to lose myself in the crowd, to find some efficacious means of escape, even were it through the kitchen and scullery. But the mob, surging toward the presents, carried me along in spite of my struggles, and I found myself figuratively 'cast up' in front of a table covered with magnificent diamonds."

"I counted no less than three tiaras, as many necklaces and of stars, suns, birds, bracelets, bows, a great multitude. The surrounding company appeared to be almost exclusively Scotch, and either intimately acquainted, or of the same clan. Personally, I had never felt such a complete outsider in the whole course of my existence! There was one other man who stood close to me, and who also appeared a stranger to all, and this afforded me the only crumb of comfort offered by the entire situation."

"As I stood gazing blankly at the diamonds, he gave me a premonitory nudge, and then addressed me in a low voice, but with elaborate courtesy:

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of the bride?"

"No, I cannot," I answered, shortly.

"Then perhaps you can oblige me with the name of the bridegroom?"

"I am sorry I am unable to assist you," I said, very stiffly. I noticed that, as his eyes wandered from me to the diamonds and then back again, they wore a very suspicious expression.

"But this won't do, you know," he whispered. "I've had my eye on you this good while—you smell crackmen are getting too fashionable altogether; too fond of wedding parties! Where's the diamond bracelet and three stars that was taken last week at Lady Banks' reception—eh? And the two valuable rings, and the Spanish point flounce from Mrs. Fleming's in Lancaster Gates; and, you know, you are not above a few apostles' spoons, or even a pair of nutcrackers? You see, I've caught you; I've had your description and photograph."

"What the deuce do you mean?" I asked, and I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window.

"I mean that I'm a detective officer, of No. F division, and that I'm going to hand you over to my men below, who will take great care of you, and escort you in a cab to Bow street, where you will be searched and charged. Oh, we have been expecting you for some time."

"I made a feeble and utterly futile effort to escape, but he said: 'The less trouble you give the better for you, as you know of old. You come away quietly; don't go and make a row and spoil the party,' and he gripped my arm as in a vise.

"I say stop!" I said. "Here's my card," and I juggled it out and handed it to him."

"Mr. R. Arminger."

"Arming Park, Wilts."

"The Apex club, Pall Mall."

"He read aloud, and then calmly remarked:

"Oh, yes, of course! I'm up to all these little dodges. I wonder you did not take a title."

"But I am Mr. Arminger, I swear."

"Is there any one in the room will swear to you?"

"No one. I have come by mistake to the wrong wedding."

"So I should suppose," he sneered. And you've made this mistake once too often."

"Our altercation had been carried on in a window recess, and no doubt if any one noticed us at all they supposed that we were very dear friends enjoying an animated conversation after a long separation."

"You come quietly," he repeated for the third time, and as I saw no other alternative, I obeyed. As we crossed the great landing, outside the reception room, I noticed my old man of the sea, sitting on a divan. He touched me with his stick and said: "Hullo, going already? Won't you wait and present me to the queen or Madam Bernhardt?" But I was too furious to reply. However, my companion stooped down and whispered something, and showed him my card.

"The old fellow glanced quickly at it, then at me, and exclaimed: 'I thought I knew that nose! Why, you must be the son of Teddy Arminger, who was my dog more than fifty years ago—you are Arminger, of Arminger, eh?'"

"I bowed profoundly. Apparently I had to thank my father's nose for my widespread celebrity, but it was the first time that its reputation had been of use to me!"

"Mr. Hook," to the detective, "you are quite mistaken for once. The gentleman is well known to me. Pray resume your duty." Then to me: "Come here and sit

by me, and tell me all about yourself."

"You are growing more and more like your father every moment," he chuckled; "he always got white when he was angry. You poked fun at me, young sir, and I paid you out by bringing you here against your will. Now we are quits. Gwen, come here," he said; "this gentleman, Mr. Arminger, is the son of an old friend of mine. I give him into your custody. He wants to escape, but don't allow him to stir. I hold you responsible."

"Miss Gwen, delightfully ignorant of my narrow escape from the custody of the policeman, in a surprisingly short time restored my good humor, not to speak of my self-respect. She conveyed me into the refreshment room, commanded me to distribute cake, presented me to the bride (her sister), and in short was so amusing, unaffected and light-hearted that I remained her slave for half an hour."

"Well, that was something like a surprise party!" exclaimed Captain Bigg, who had been interested to a point of silence. "And the other function?"

"Had taken place at the same church at the same hour on the previous day. I had made a mistake in the date, but about one gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate."

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ed at Curacao, off the Venezuelan coast, and Admiral Sampson was on Puerto Plata, Hayti. The first American report of the Cienfuegos affair reached Key West and told of the killing of Reagan, a marine on the Marblehead, and the wounding of five others, while cutting the cable in Cienfuegos bay, in small open boats, under hot Spanish fire. The Marblehead, Nashville and Windom took part, razing the Spanish defenses there.

May 15th—The flying squadron reached Charleston, S. C. Rear Admiral Dewey reported the capture of the Spanish revenue cruiser at Manila, and that he could still hold the bay.

May 16th—The Spanish fleet left Curacao, and Admiral Sampson's fleet was reported off Cape Haytien. The Spanish cabinet resigned, and Senor Sagasta was charged with the formation of a new one.

May 18th—The Oregon was announced as safe by Secretary Long, though her exact location was not revealed.

May 19th—Spain's Cape Verde fleet was reported to have reached Santiago de Cuba. Commodore Schley's fleet, which reached Key West Wednesday, was expected to leave for a secret destination.

May 21st—It was announced that the monitor Monterey would be sent from San Francisco to Manila.

May 22nd—The cruiser Charleston sailed from San Francisco for Manila, via Honolulu.

May 23rd—Troops were embarked on the transport City of Peking at San Francisco for Manila. The British steamer Ardnamhor was brought to Key West as a prize, but afterward released.

May 24th—Admiral Cervera's fleet was reported bottled up in Santiago harbor by the American fleets. The Oregon arrived at Naples, Fla.

May 25th—The President called for 75,000 more volunteers. The transports Augusta, City of Peking (City of Sydney), with 2,500 soldiers, left San Francisco for Manila.

May 26th—Commodore Schley reported by cable that he was off Santiago and that he believed the Spanish fleet to be in the inner harbor.

May 28th—The cruiser Columbia was damaged off Fire Island by collision with the steamer Foscolia, the latter sinking.

May 29th—Commodore Schley reported fighting the Spanish fleet or part of it in Santiago harbor.

May 30th—General Shafter was ordered to embark 15,000 or more troops at Tampa. Santiago was thought to be their destination.

May 31st—Spanish reports were received of the bombardment of Santiago forts May 31st by Commodore Schley. The steamer Florida reported landing in Cuba on May 26th, 380 armed men with large supplies.

June 1st—Details were received of the bombardment of the Santiago forts by Commodore Schley on May 31st, with the Massachusetts, Iowa and New Orleans. Morro Castle was mined, and the Spanish flagstaff, Cristobal Colon, which was near the mouth of the harbor, was also damaged. No American ship was touched, nor was any American injured.

June 2nd—The house of Representatives passed an urgent deficiency bill, carrying nearly \$18,000,000 for war expenses.

June 4th—Admiral Sampson reported that Naval Constructor R. P. Hobson, with a volunteer crew of seven men, had on June 3rd sunk the collier Merrimac in the Santiago harbor channel, shutting in Cervera's fleet. Hobson and his men surrendered and were made prisoners. The senate passed the war revenue bill by a vote of 48 to 28.

June 2nd—Capt. Charles V. Gridley, of the Olympia, who was on his way home from Manila ill, died at Kobe, Japan.

June 6th—Further bombardment of Santiago and the landing of 5,000 American troops near Santiago were reported. The house sent the war revenue bill to conference, non-concurring in senate amendments.

June 7th—Admiral Sampson reported having silenced on June 6th, the Santiago fortifications without injury to American ships. The cruiser Charleston was reported as having reached Honolulu May 29th. The monitor Monterey and collier Brutus left San Francisco for Manila.

June 8th—Spanish reports came from the bombardment of Caimanera, Cuba, by five American ships. Captain General Augusti, at Manila, reported to Madrid that the insurrection had assumed enormous proportions.

June 9th—The house agreed to the conference report on the war revenue bill.

June 10th—The senate agreed to the conference report on the war revenue bill by a vote of 43 to 22. The house set 5 p. m., June 15th, as the hour for a vote on Hawaiian annexation. Admiral Sampson reported that since June 7th he had held Guantanamo harbor.

June 11th—Six hundred marines from the Panther, who had landed at Caimanera, Guantanamo bay, Cuba, June 10th, under protection from the Marblehead, were attacked by Spaniards, four Americans being killed and several being wounded or missing. The Spaniards retreated.

June 12th—It is reported in Washington that 29 transports, with General Shafter's troops, left Tampa for Santiago de Cuba.

June 13th—The president signed the war revenue bill. The Santiago expedition of over 15,000 troops left Key West conveyed by warships.

June 14th—Continued fighting at Caimanera was reported, two Americans and seven Spaniards were killed. It was officially stated that the last transports for Santiago left Tampa.—New York Mail and Express.

Hunting a Landing Place.

Spaniards Closely Guard the Shores near Santiago. Spain's Defeat—Admiral Sampson's Fleet Under Way until the Fishes—Lieut. Harlow Found Places Where a Landing is Practicable.

Several attempts to find landing places for the United States troops within a distance of two miles west of Santiago have demonstrated, along with previous inquiries to the eastward, that the shore for 15 miles is lined with Spaniards. While this will not prevent a landing close to Santiago, it will entail considerable delay, as the surrounding country must be thoroughly searched and cleared before the troops can land in safety. When Rear Admiral Sampson Saturday received advice that upward of 30 transports were on the way, he sent word that they should stand to the south 10 miles and lie there until a landing place had been secured.

At daylight on Friday the launches of the New York and the Massachusetts reconnoitered the shore between Cabañas, two miles west of the entrance of Santiago

harbor, and Guayaguano, two miles further west, both of which points lie east of the mountains surrounding Santiago bay. The launches pushed their noses into a hornet's nest. The brush was fairly alive with Spanish infantry and cavalry, and the fire opened upon the launches was so fierce that their retreat had to be covered by the Vixen and the Texas. When the Texas asked permission of Commodore Schley to take a hand, he shouted to Capt. Philip through the megaphone: "Yes, go in and give 'em—Jack." The Texas landed several four-inch shells on the battery at Cabañas, completely demolishing it. Lieut. Sharpe, of the Vixen, and Lieut. Harlow, in command of the launches, were complimented by Admiral Sampson for gallantry.

It is believed that the insurgents, who are in force under the command of Gen. Garcia, about fifteen miles west, will render effective aid in driving the Spanish skirmishers of the shore.

The following is an abstract of Lieut. Harlow's report to the commander of the Vixen, dated June 18th:

"The expedition consisted of a steam launch from the Massachusetts in charge of Cadet Hart and a launch from the New York in charge of Cadet Powell. I took passage on the Massachusetts launch, leading the way. Soundings were taken on entering the bay close under the old fort, and we were preparing to circumnavigate the bay at full speed when fire was opened from the fort and rocks on shore. The Massachusetts launch was some distance ahead and about 40 yards off the fort. There was no room to turn and our one-pounder could not be brought to bear. We backed and turned under a heavy fire. Cadet Hart operated the gun as soon as it could be brought to bear, sitting exposed in the bow and working the gun as coolly and carefully as at target practice. Cadet Powell has been firing since the Spaniards opened. He was also perfectly cool. Both launches ran out under a heavy fire of from six to eight minutes. I estimate that there were 28 Spaniards on the parapet of the old fort. The number along shore was larger, but indefinite. The launches, as soon as was practicable, sheered to give the Vixen the range of the fort. The Vixen and the Texas silenced the shore fire promptly. I strongly commend Cadet Hart and Cadet Powell for their cool management of the launches. One launch was struck seven times. Nobody in either was hurt. A bullet struck a shell at Cadet Hart's feet between the projectile and the powder, but failed to explode the latter. Coxswain O'Donnell and Seaman Bloom are commended, as is also the coolness with which the marines and sailors worked under the Spanish fire. Nothing was learned at Cabañas bay, but at Guayaguano it is evident a landing is practicable for ships' boats. The same is true of Rancho Cruz, a small bay to the eastward. Both would be valuable with Cabañas, but useless without it. I am informed that to the north and westward of Cabañas bay there is a large clearing with plenty of grass and water. I think a simultaneous landing at the three places named would be practicable if the ships shell the adjacent wood. A junction would naturally follow at the clearing."

Quicksilver and the War.

Why the Metal Has Risen in Price in the Last Month.

Mercury has been rising in price, not rapidly, but steadily, since the outbreak of hostilities between this country and Spain, and its rise is due directly to the war, although in a curious way, as explained by the New York Tribune, Spain produces more quicksilver than any other country in the world. Until three or four years ago thousands of pounds were annually imported from that country into the United States.

The next largest quicksilver-yielding mines are in California, and have been worked for years, but while the metal could be brought from Spain free of duty, the California product was not able to compete largely with the foreign. Since the Wilson tariff bill of 1894 put a duty of 7 cents a pound upon quicksilver (a rate unchanged by the Dingley tariff), practically all importation has ceased, and consumers have bought the California mercury. Hence the apparent strangeness of the fact that, although we import no quicksilver from Spain but produce our own, nevertheless the war has sent up the price of the article here just as high as in Europe.

The fact is, that the American prices are ruled entirely by foreign prices, and are kept at figures just below the cost of importation. The great Spanish quicksilver mines at Almaden are controlled by the Rothschilds, who are said to have taken them some time ago as security for the Spanish bonds which they hold. Since the beginning of the war they have raised the prices, because of the riots in Spain and the generally unsettled conditions among the laboring classes. Now, the California mines are also controlled by one firm, the California Quicksilver Agency—it does not like to be called a "syndicate." Immediately on an advance in foreign prices this California agency, ruling the American product, raises its figures correspondingly, and consumers have no choice but to submit.

It is stated by competent authorities that one central control of the California mines was made necessary by the fact that under the old regime the competition among the different mine owners was ruinous, and the business could not be carried on at a profit to anybody.

Quicksilver, which is unique among metals in being fluid at ordinary temperatures, is put up and shipped in flasks, containing 70 1/2 pounds each. The price now is 59 cents a pound, or \$43.50 a flask, when in quantities of from twenty-five to a hundred flasks. In larger lots, of over a hundred flasks, it is \$43 a flask. This is about \$3 higher than at the beginning of the war. The respective quantities produced in California and in Spain may be ascertained from a comparison of the following figures: Last year California produced 26,079 flasks, and in 1896 29,863 flasks. Since practically all of the Spanish quicksilver goes to London, the figures of the imports there may be taken as about the same as the output of the Spanish mines. In the year which ended on October 31, 1897, there had been sent to London from Spain 46,577 flasks, and in the corresponding period of 1896 40,999 flasks.

It will thus be seen that the Spanish mines produce much more abundantly than those in California. They are apparently inexhaustible, for they are supposed to have been first worked over two thousand five hundred years ago, and still reveal fresh masses of untouched ore in their depths. They are situated near the town of Almaden, Almaden del Azogue (the mines of quicksilver), in the south central part of Spain, fifty-five miles southwest of the city of Ciudad Real, and about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Cadiz. According to Philip, they were worked in 700 B. C., and in his time sent annually 10,000 pounds of cinnabar (the ore of mercury) to Rome. The mines have now been excavat-

ed to a depth of nearly a thousand feet below the surface, and the richness of the ore increases with each lower level.

The ten successive floors or levels upon which the mines are worked are nearly a hundred feet apart. Masonry and pillar of the ore itself are used as supports for the roofs of the levels. For many centuries, and, indeed, until within the last twenty-five or thirty years, all the mechanical appliances connected with the mining at Almaden were of the rudest and most primitive kind, but of late more improved methods have been introduced.