

The Braken's Home.

At Fifty-second street and the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, is a building which has been erected within a year at a cost of about \$10,000. It is intended to afford a temporary refuge for men employed on freight trains, when off duty or away from home. Most of these trainmen live at Harrisburg, Columbia and smaller towns along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When not at work there was, until recently, no place in which employes could spend their time, except the cabins or the taverns. The building was erected by the company on faith, its proprietors not being sure that those for whom it was designed would appreciate efforts made to improve their condition. But these men have shown that they can and do appreciate. The pleasant rooms are always in use. Especially is this the case on Sunday, when the library often acts as a preventive of Sunday dissipation. The "reading room," as it is generally called, is a plain, substantial structure of red brick, with trimmings of tiles and a sloping slate roof. It stands east of Fifty-second street, upon part of the old Heston property, in a pretty green lawn, shaded with a number of fine trees and enclosed by a neatly painted picket fence, with a gate opening upon Fifty-second street. The house is so planned that the first story proper is opposite the railroad tracks and connected with it by a foot-bridge, the ground floor really constituting a basement. The building is, therefore, three stories in height from Fifty-second street and but two from the railroad. The path from the Fifty-second street gate leads to a door opening into the basement entry.

This basement has a solid flooring of cement, while, in common with the whole interior, the walls are white and the woodwork a beautiful oiled oak. Here are the heaters and coal-bins, a large wash room with towels and hand basins, and three commodious bath rooms, all provided with hot and cold water. A staircase leads to the main floor, which is divided by a wide entry into two nearly equal portions, the eastern containing two small rooms, the western one large one. The small room at the head of the stairs is a smoking room. This contains a large table for games, chairs and an immense ice-cooler with a capacity sufficient to supply an army. No smoking is allowed in any part of the building except this room. Checkers and dominoes are provided, but other games are forbidden. The large room towards the west is the library and reading room. This is amply lighted and ventilated by six fine windows, shaded by striped awnings. The floor is carpeted with a quiet-tinted rich body Brussels; the walls are adorned with large, framed photographs of Pennsylvania Railroad scenery. Two large tables near the centre of the room are covered with a choice collection of current literature, comprising all the standard magazines, several copies of each, and the daily and weekly papers of the principal cities in the Union, as well as of the smaller towns along the railroad. Settees and chairs are plenty so that there are ample accommodations for all who desire to avail themselves of these privileges. One side of the room is devoted to bookcases, which are of oiled oak and plate-glass. They are not yet filled, but they already contain a very good collection of volumes, including all the works of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Cooper, Shakespeare, the poems of Longfellow and Byron, several volumes of religious works, as "The Pilgrim's Progress" and Farrar's "Life of Christ" and a number of standard books of reference. The very first donation to the library was a handsomely bound copy of the Bible, but it seems to be the book least in demand. Webster's unabridged, on the contrary, is often consulted. Altogether, except that the bookcases are not yet filled, the library and reading room is as fine a one as can be found in most private residences, even pretentious ones.

The third story is a large lodging or resting room. It is provided with iron beds, with green oil cloth mattresses. No bed clothing is needed, as the men, having usually but a short time to spare lie down in their clothes. An arrangement is made by which any man can be called in time to go on duty, thus relieving him from all care in the matter. There are no dining rooms nor any meals served on the premises, as the trainmen have cook stoves in their cabins and generally leave home with provisions enough to last them several days. One is struck with the wonderful neatness and cleanliness everywhere. The floors, glass and woodwork fairly shine. The library is the only room carpeted, the others and the entries and stairways being supplied with strips of coxos matting. According to the rules of the institution spitting on the floor or defacing the building or furniture is forbidden. Other rules prohibit loud conversation likely to disturb those reading or sleeping, profane or ungentlemanly language, carelessness in handling books or removing books from the library. Altogether the appearance of everything would do credit to any community or association. For the use of the building and its privileges the company makes no charge whatever. All is provided freely, the only restriction being that freight employes; for whom it is intended, must not make a practice of bringing others in, and must, moreover, conduct themselves properly while enjoying these benefits.

The small room fronting on the railroad, in the eastern part of the first floor, is an office for railroad business. Here an applicant for any position connected with freight trains is examined by the proper officials. Not only must he be able to read and write, but he must read large print and small, and distinguish the separate letters at the distance of so many feet or so many inches. His sight, hearing and color-sense must be within certain limitations cultivated to perfection. To test the eyes the examiner places upon the candidate's nose a pair of spectacles, literally without glasses. A movable disc of iron is placed before the right and left eye alternately to determine whether he can see or read equally well with both eyes. Wearing these peculiar spectacles he reads printed

cards upon a movable frame and also upon the wall across the room. From these tests his capacity for sight is marked according to a graduated scale. The test for hearing is made according to a foot-watch and tones of conversation at a greater or less distance. The color tests are more complicated. The candidate is shown a stick about two feet in length, from which hang skeins of colored zephyr, twenty or more, and all numbered. He must first pick out all the red tones, from the deepest cardinal to the faintest salmon, next, all the greens, from the darkest olive to the palest Nile green, and then all the rose tints, from delicate shell-pink to garnet. Nor must he confuse any of them with each other or with the grays and browns scattered therein, which latter he must plainly distinguish from yellow and orange. Then, from a collection of railroad flags, new, passable and old, he must select the required shade and be able to tell a battered green from a navy blue and a dirty white from a black, as well as know the bright hues of the fresh bunting. It will thus be seen that those who use this building are trustworthy, active, wide-awake men.

One Hundred Years Ago.

It was on the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern in Murray street, near the road to Greenwich, New York. Cunningham, the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole, from which floated the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—I'll have no such striped cloth as that flying in the face of his majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly. Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came thrashing thraxk upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all his majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. The waves of the bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed; and, as to the strains of appropriate music the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfort at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you bine jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slash down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed, and the marshal left the now liberated city, in a few moments, Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slashed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant Colonel, "a gold Jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

"I want no money for the job," said a young sailor-lad as he tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me up some cleats, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands came to the assistance of the young plucky lad. Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are rove, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.

The Flathead Indians Not Flatheaded.

About seventy miles from the northern boundary of the United States, in the Territory of Montana, between the western slope of the Rockies and the more westerly chain of mountains known as the Couer d'Alene, and, as you travel further south, as the Bitter Root, lies the reservation which has been assigned to the tribe of Indians called the Flatheads; and probably no tribe have adapted themselves more to the manners of civilization at the expense of their former customs and habits than these. Why they are called Flatheads no one in their part of the country seems to know. They do not flatten their children's heads, nor is there any trace or tradition among them of such custom having been practiced formerly; and as their Indian name is Selah, it is probable that the name of Flathead was given to them, as often happens in this country, through the unaccountable freak of some traveler.

Native and Calla Lilies.

Those who are familiar with the growth of our moist woods must have seen and admired the beauties of our native lilies. There are two sorts common here, the *Superbum* and the *Canadense*. It is only the former sort, however that may be said to be common; the latter, perhaps, at no time very abundant, is but seldom met with in any woods much visited by the public. The *Superbum* grows to a height of five to six feet in its native woods. The flowers are brilliant scarlet, appearing about the first of August. The *Canadense* does not grow so tall by two feet. Its flowers are yellow, not so large as the former, and bell shaped, the segments barely reflexing at their points, while it is the character of *Superbum* to reflex the tips of the segments turning to the stem. There are other old sorts of native lilies, but they are not found here. There are some very beautiful newer ones from the Pacific States which thrive very well with us, out of doors with our own. Lilies transplanted from the woods to our gardens grow very well, but they do not grow so tall as when wild. The fall is the best time to get them. They can be easily found by their flower stems. They should be planted quite deep, for the bulbs will not thrive unless cool. Cover them for the winter with leaves, and during summer with some material such as short grass, to keep the ground cool and moist. Thus treated they grow and bloom well and soon increase. There is a foreign lily, very common in gardens, called Tiger lily. It is quite distinct from the scarlet one of which we write.

The calla lily, old as it is, is still a favorite flower, especially with those who grow plants for window decoration. It is a plant requiring but little heat, has leaves of such a deep green color, setting off to so much advantage its pure white blossoms, that no wonders at the estimation it is held in. Although it will live and thrive in water the whole year round, as often grown in fountains in Europe, it does extremely well in pots. The plants are usually set away without attention in the spring and allowed wither up, so far as the tops are concerned. In the fall they are re-potted, and watered regularly, and on the approach of cold weather taken into the house. They like abundance of water while growing and flowering, but not too much heat, as stated above. A moderately cool room, with the pot set in a saucer of water, is what suits them.

Modern Witchcraft.

A respectable German family named Boyer, who have lived in Stoney Creek valley, Penn., for several years, were recently compelled to move away. Most of the inhabitants are believers in witchcraft. For four or five years they have annoyed and persecuted the Boyers, on the ground that old Mrs. Boyer was a witch, and had bewitched a daughter of William Kilday. Kilday is an intelligent river pilot, and is known all along the Susquehanna as "Squire." He is a firm believer in witchcraft. His daughter Emma was taken sick in 1877. She was afflicted with convulsions, during which she barked like a dog, made noises like a fighting cat, and talked German, a language she knew nothing about. Physicians tried for three years to cure her; but could not.

One day she told her father that a young man had asked her to go home from Sunday school with her and she wouldn't let him. He told her he would give her over to old Mrs. Boyer, who would bewitch her and she would die. Since then she had been sick. A witch doctor named Wolf told Kilday that his daughter was bewitched. He showed her half sister the likeness of the witch in a basin of water. It was old Mrs. Boyer, she said. Kilday then consulted Armstrong McClain, a peddler and witch doctor. He burned some hair on a shovel, and told Kilday that if he didn't meet a brindle cow on his way home, his daughter would be relieved from the witch's spell at sundown. He said the witch was Mrs. Boyer.

Kilday said his daughter got better at sundown. She was well for some time, but had occasional relapses, when it was charged that Mrs. Boyer was tormenting her. Two years ago she was reported as being worse than ever. McClain was sent for to "lay the witch." He placed some roots and herbs in a bottle and sprinkled a white powder on them and filled the bottle with water. Then he asked for an old hammer, which was given him. He took it out doors and remained fifteen minutes. Returning, he walked to the patient's side, holding the hammer back as if to strike a powerful blow, he said: "Now I'll kill the witch, old Mrs. Boyer." He brought the hammer down gently against the girl's right temple three times. Then he took the hammer and threw it out of doors, and said to Mrs. Kilday: "If your spotted cow kicks when you milk her to-night, be sure and don't scold her, because that's what the witches want you to do, and that will break the charm. I have settled Mrs. Boyer. She will die in seven months, and when they bury her her coffin will burst open."

John Boyer, a son of Mrs. Boyer, had McClain arrested finally for defamation of character, and he was bound over to answer at court. The Kilday girl continued to assert that she was still tormented by Mrs. Boyer, and was being unable to convince the superstitious people that they were being imposed upon, the family concluded to move away.

No Corpulent Dudes.

It is simply impossible for a fat man to be a real dude. He may sport the regulation collar; he may wear coats so short that his vest shows beneath it, but he can't be a successful dude. A dude must have thin legs, a head shaped like a pineapple. He must have dimples behind his ears and ears big enough to hide them. Now a fat man, a chubby, plump, round youth, can never answer to these specifications. He cannot look sad and vacant and billous. He is bound to perspire; to get red in the face and to fan himself. A dude never perspires or does any of those things. He is always cool, always buttoned up, always imperturbable.

The Skeleton's Story.

Ride closer! It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space. To the right—the left—behind, is the rolling prairie. This broad valley strikes the Sierra Nevada and stops as if a wall had been built across it.

What is it on the grass? A skull here—a rib there—bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast. The clean-picked skull grins and stares—every bone and scattered lock of hair has its story of a tragedy. And what besides these relics? More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebra with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun. Wolves! Yes. Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score. Open boats are picked up at sea with neither life nor sign to betray their secret. Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them. Let us listen:

A way off to the right you can see tree-tops. A way off to the left you can see the same sight. The skeleton is in line between the two points. He left one grove to ride to the other. To ride! Certainly; a mile away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell and was left there. If he left the grove at noon he would have been within a mile of this spot at dusk. It is therefore plain that he did not leave until mid-afternoon, or possibly at dusk. Signs of Indians may have driven him from his trapping-ground, or maybe he had exhausted the game and was shifting to new fields.

It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you will find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

Step! step! step! What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter-jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was the patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!" There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon his victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space with a scream to unnerve the hardest hunter.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear. Wolves! The gaunt, grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin, and poor, and hungry, and savage to the legs' length—the mouth full of teeth that can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins. There is no shelter until the grove is reached. Instinct guides the horse, and terror lashes him with such a whip as human hand never wielded. Over space, through the gloom, almost as swift as an arrow sped by a strong hand, but a dark line follows. A line of wolves spreads out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair. A pigeon could not skim the valley with such swiftness, and yet the wings of fate are abroad, and long, and tireless. The line is there—aye! It is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eyes take on a more savage gleam as the hunter cries out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers. A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest? The fall of one man in a mad mob simply increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that the hunter almost believes a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth. It was a glorious struggle, but he has lost.

The wings of the dark line oblique to the center—there is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile to the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate as a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes foaming mouths and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval—a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night. It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid. As the wolves rest a flash blinds their eyes—a second—a third—and a fourth, and they give way before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life. He sounds the war cry and whirrs his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart. It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the

chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast.

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noonday—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again. Men will not bury them. They will look down upon them as we look, read the story as we have read it, and ride away with a feeling that 'tis another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.

Westminster Abbey in Danger.

The public have been not only somewhat startled lately, but all true lovers of architectural beauty and antiquity have been sorely dismayed, at the report issued on the state of the external walls of Westminster Abbey, which are declared to be in a fair way to become so, and that at no distant period. This disastrous intelligence, coming immediately after the statement that the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral—another of our beautiful ecclesiastical monuments—was in absolute danger of falling, is certainly significant, and sufficiently distressing. It would appear that for a very long period corrosion has been going on from the pernicious effects of coal-smoke, damp and frost, and that the external walls are in many places said to be eaten away to such an extent that the rubble forming the interior layer between the outer and inner walls is in many places absolutely visible. This is perfectly true, and has been often noticed by the writer. If this is really so to the extent stated, is quite evident that decay has commenced to an alarming extent, and once begun, will go extending its ravages, unless immediately checked by prompt and energetic measures, such as have been so judiciously adopted at Peterborough, where, apparently, not even a single day was allowed to elapse before operations were at once commenced.

The exterior walls of the abbey are built of a stone which, though remarkable for its resistance to fire, is certainly not proof against the weather, which seems a determined enemy where it has the chance; whilst the interior is entirely of fine limestone from Purbeck, commonly known as Purbeck marble, remarkable for its hardness, and for the fine polish it takes so readily and retains so long. The glorious interior is happily in a perfectly sound condition, and it is only the exterior that requires immediate and judicious treatment in order to arrest the steady progress of the decay which has undoubtedly begun. A large portion—if not, indeed, nearly the whole—of the outer wall will need recasing. This is a serious matter, because it will of necessity involve a vast expense; but if we do not intend to let our selves be disgraced as a nation in the eyes of the whole civilized world, steps must immediately be taken to save from impending destruction one of the most beautiful and most deeply interesting of our historical and ecclesiastical monuments. A public subscription would very shortly produce the required funds; for in a cause so genuine and so national, we trust that few would be found who would refuse to contribute their mite.

The First Steamboat Whistle.

The story of the first steam whistle on the Missouri river is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1884. At that time the settlers of the Missouri river were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and their friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world, and many who lived back from the river, seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that during the fall of 1884 the Missouri river, loaded down to the guards with freight.

The steamer was provided with a steam whistle—the first used on the Missouri river—and as it happened no one knew about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis the passengers were collected together playing cards (for fun) in the cabin, when the planter turned upon steamboat explosions, the very common.

"I feel perfectly safe in this boat," said Warner as he dealt the cards.

"Why?" inquired Yocum the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. This boat is provided with a new patent safety valve, which notifies passengers on board when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes a most unearthly noise, and when you hear it, it is time to get back aft or jump overboard.

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the Lexington was steaming up the long, straight stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called, and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meal they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment, and horror and dismay spread over their faces. The first man to realize the situation and act, was Yocum, the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers, "Run, run for your lives; the darn thing is going to bust. Come with me, and let's save ourselves."

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat, and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.

"A million bats" are said to inhabit the dome of the Brenham (Ga.) Court House.

Juvenile Offenders.

The "Quartier correctionnel" at Rouen, France, is the wing of a large prison, containing 800 convicts. Its present inmates number about 150, and are all over twelve years of age. The cases admitted nearly always fall under the two classes mentioned above as being committed to the "Quartiers." Occasionally, however, boys are received at the request of their parents, under a warrant of the President of the Civil Tribunal, for a treatment that is called "Correction paternelle," a short but severe discipline of from one to three months. These cases are always isolated.

The process of committal in ordinary circumstances is as follows:—The police lay an information before the Procureur. The Procureur puts the case in hands of the Judge d'Instruction, who interrogates the boy, and makes the necessary inquiries as to his antecedents and circumstances from the Maire of the Commune. The tribunals occasionally give the children back to their parents once, twice, or thrice, in some instances taking guarantees for good behavior.

On the arrival of a child at the "Quartier," he is placed in the "cellule," but on full allowance of food. The Director then visits him daily, studies his character, and talks to him, till he thinks he is fit to take his place with the other boys. These are divided into three sections, according to age; thirteen to sixteen, sixteen to eighteen, and eighteen to twenty. The sections live apart as much as possible, and occupy separate dormitories. The Director once had no fewer than eleven incorrigibles from "Colonies" arriving in a batch.

The average period of detention is about three years, being much shorter than at the "Colonies," because many of the incorrigibles come in at an advanced period of their sentence. The longest detention is about eight years, the shortest, one year and six months.

There are three meals a day, when each boy has as much bread as he can eat—no great boon, for I tasted it;—meat twice a week. The maintenance of the children is done by contract, the contractor getting the profits of the industrial work. By this arrangement the State gets off with the sum of about 51 1-5 cents a day for each boy. Industrial training, which is all carried on in the prison, begins at thirteen, —two hours a day in summer, and four in winter, being given to education.

The punishments in vogue are "Reprimandes," "Picquet," standing a boy with his face to the wall during a meal time, and giving him bread only; "Peleton," walking him round and round in a circle in a close yard during the hours of recreation; "Pain sec," "Perte de Grade," and "Cellule."

Owing to the prohibition of corporal punishment, the "cellule" is used to an extent that is repugnant to our notions. A boy may be kept in solitary confinement for as long a period as three months, being in that case on full food allowance. He may, as an alternative, be shut up for thirty days on dry bread, with soup every fourth day. Taking up the Register, I found that the first name that came to hand had had twenty-one days "cellule" in the last five months. I may here say that the feeling against corporal punishment found no favor with the Director, who expressed the greatest objection to "burying" a boy alive, just when he was most full of life; but for some serious or repeated offences he has no other resource. When he first came to his present post, after a serious emeute in the "Quartier" he found thirty boys in the cells for two months. He released them, and made a speech to the effect that he would stand no nonsense, and since that time things have gone better.

The staff under the Director consists of one inspector—for the prison also,—a brigadier, five guardians, who are all old soldiers, a schoolmaster, gymnastic-master, and music-master. The trades are taught by workmen from the town.

Out of the 150 boys on the register, only eighteen are out on licence, this part of the system not being employed nearly to the same extent as at Douai-tes.

The difficulty of finding berths for the boys is much greater at Rouen. In the first place, the tradesmen are far more shy of the children from a "Quartier" than a "Colony." Secondly, several of the trades are but imperfectly taught, a particular stage only being carried on in the institution, so that the boys are less able to earn money than they would be if master of what the Director called a "solid" trade. He tries to teach "solid" trades as much as possible to orphans, so that the best industrial training may not be thrown away on boys who are liable to be decoyed from situations by their parents. The interference of parents, however, does not seem to exist to any very considerable extent.

The Societe de Patronage exists at Rouen, for looking after children on license and discharged cases. The Director did not seem to think much of this body, intimating that they confined their efforts mainly to subscriptions, and lacked denouement. Probably in a town like Rouen there is a want of persons with enough leisure; while in a great metropolis like Paris, philanthropists, briefless barristers, and other ardent unemployed spirits exist in plenty.

Money of Tonquin.

The money of Tonquin is made of lead, and very bad lead at that. The coins are thin disks, strung on twine, and for a gold or silver piece the traveler receives more of them in exchange than he can carry away. A lady going shopping is followed by a coolie, who carries her purse and groans under the load. Of course such a cumbersome medium hampers commerce, and one of the first reforms which the French hope to introduce is a silver currency.

M. De Lesseps states that the evaporating power of the sun is less on the site of the proposed inland sea of Sahara than on the Red Sea, and he does not anticipate that the waters will dry up.