

WHY DOESN'T HE GO AND GET HER.

Over the west the glory dies away.
Faint rose flecks gleaming in the dark-
ening sky;
And the low sounds that mark the close of
day
Rise up from wood and upland—rise and
die;
Soft silence falls o'er meadow, hill and
grove,
And in the hush I want you, O, my love.
In the gay radiance of the morning hour,
In the warm brooding glory of the noon,
When man and Nature, in their prime of
power,
With the day's fullness blend in eager
tune,
The rush of life forbids the pulse to move,
That now, in yearning passion, wants you,
love.
Wants you to watch the crimson glow and
fade,
Through the great branches of the broad-
ening line;
Wants you to feel the soft, gray, quiet
shade,
Lap the tired world in blessed event me,
Wants you to whisper: "Come, your power
to prove,
The gloaming needs its angel; come, my
love."

HOW THE PEARLS WERE STOLEN.

While the young Lady Duceville was
dressing for dinner on a certain chilly
January evening her aunt, the Dowager
Duchess of Goldoni, came into the
room. She was already dressed, and
seemed very serious. Evidently she had
come to talk over something, but before
she had time to speak Lady Duceville's
maid burst out into tears and sobs. The
young Marchioness turned round and
stared at her in amazement; for Mills
was a very quiet and decorous person
usually.

"What ever is the matter, Mills?"
cried Lady Duceville.
"I thought I should have died of
shame, your Grace," said the woman
addressing herself to the Duchess,
"when I came out of my room this
morning and found that paper posted on
the door. It seemed as if they suspected
me! I know, of course, it isn't so,
because the notices are on all the ser-
vants' doors. But, your Grace, the pol-
ice will be called in if the pearls aren't
given up by next Monday; and is there
any hope that the wicked creature that's
done it will give them up?"

"I don't know, Mills," said the Du-
chess.
Mills had been her servant before she
was Lady Duceville's, and the Duchess
was never a mistress whose maids were
afraid to speak to her. But this made
the present circumstance all the more
dreadful to poor Mills.

The Duchess, whose jewels were very
splendid, had a pearl necklace of fabu-
lous value. She had left that necklace
on her dressing table for a short time
the evening before. When her maid
went to get it, to clasp round her neck,
it was gone.

When it was evident that the neck-
lace really was gone the Duchess told
her hostess, Lady Duceville, and the
Duchess was staying at Rookwood, one
of the pleasantest country houses to
visit in all England. A very gay week
it had been there, and Lady Rookwood
said extra servants had been employed
in the house, and she really could not
vouch for the honesty of her own house-
hold. The Duchess's pearls were a
great prize, and sometimes servants un-
derstood the value of such things only
too well. So Lord Rookwood had some
notices printed which stated that unless
the pearls were produced on a certain
day the police would be sent for to
search the servants' rooms.

"I suppose," said the Duchess
thoughtfully, "that Lord Rookwood
thinks it the best plan to try first by
holding out this chance to the thief. If
whoever it is confesses and gives up the
pearls before Monday nothing will be
done. Of course we shall have got the
pearls; but I shall not be satisfied, for I
think it is horrible that such wickedness
should go unpunished. Except that the
pearls are an heirloom, I would not
have allowed Lord Rookwood to try
this plan. Are you ready, Gertrude?
Let Mills go, then, for she is hardly fit
for her work. Don't allow this to up-
set you so, Mills. No one can suspect
old and faithful servants any more than
one would suspect members of one's
own family."

"But it is posted up on all our doors,"
murmured Mills.
"Well, well, of course; if put on one
it must be put on all," said the Du-
chess.

Mills went away. When she had shut
the door the Duchess said, "Surely the
servants must know the police are
already in the house? If not, I suppose
there are detectives in disguise. Lord
Rookwood told me he had summoned
people from Scotland Yard immedi-
ately."

"Did he?" said Lady Duceville.
"Shall we go down?" she added after a
minute, during which the Duchess looked
at her keenly.

"Gertrude," she said, "why do you
gamble so much? I wish you would
give up the cards. You are looking
horribly ill. It is a hideous vice, this
hunger for excitement! Gertrude, I be-
lieve you have lost and are in debt."
"Well," said Lady Duceville, "what
if I am?"

"It is scandalous!" exclaimed the

Duchess. "I will not help you, Ger-
trude."

"I know that," said Lady Duceville
quietly.

"Duceville will not help you."
"I know that," she repeated.

"What will you do, then?"
"Get out of my difficulties unaided."

"Gertrude, you make me shudder. I
am certain there will be some horrible
ending to this life of excitement you
are now leading—something that will
get into the society papers and disgrace
us all."

"There is the dinner gong," said Lady
Duceville as pale as a ghost, yet very
beautiful in spite of her pallor and the
lack of any happy smile in her eyes or
on her mouth; the Duchess with a thun-
der cloud upon her face. She had no
children, and this her at one time fa-
vorite niece would inherit her jewels
and personal property, for Gertrude, be-
fore her marriage, had been like her
daughter. But she was that no longer,
and the Duchess was very angry and
very much ashamed.

Lady Duceville was extremely observ-
ant. She noticed two fresh faces
among the footmen who waited at table.
Something told her that these were de-
tectives. After dinner she pleaded in-
disposition, and went up stairs early.
Perhaps this was partly to avoid the
card room, where she would be missed
and asked for. She had lost her all, and
how much more beside she alone knew.
Her face was very hard and very white
as she went down the long corridor to
her rooms. There was a bright fire in
the dressing room, and Mills was busy
there. Lady Duceville went in, sat
down, and drew a key from its hiding
place within the bosom of her dress.

"There is a locked casket within my
jewel case, Mills," she said. "Will you
get it out and open it with this key?"

Mills did so, unlocking the jewel case
first with the key she carried herself. As
she lifted the lid of the casket she be-
gan to tremble, and at last her limbs
gave way beneath her; she fell upon her
knees, and put the casket on the ground,
lest it should fall from her unnerved
hands.

"The Duchess's pearls!" she exclaim-
ed.

Lady Duceville eyed her keenly; her
face was white and hard. "You must
give them up to her," said Lady Du-
ceville.

"I, my lady?" exclaimed Mills in un-
mixed astonishment.

"Yes," said Lady Duceville, rather
as if talking to herself than anything
else. "I cannot get them away now
these men are here. At least I dare
not venture it. You must give them
up, and I must—well, God or the devil
alone knows what I shall do!"

Mills rose to her feet, leaving the
casket where it was. "You stole these
pearls, my lady!"

"It was hardly stealing," said Lady
Duceville, repeating an argument which
she had used with great effect to her-
self before the last act, but which now
sounded weak even to her own ears.

"They will be mine some day."

"If it was not stealing, my lady, then
you need not be afraid to take them to
the Duchess yourself."

"I prefer you should do it," said Lady
Duceville dryly.

"I have never disobeyed you before,
my lady," said Mills, "but this I cannot
do. I was not sure her Grace did not
suspect me this evening when she was
here. Nothing could convince her that
I had not stolen the pearls if I took
them back to her."

"Just so," said Lady Duceville.
"That is what you wish her to think?"
exclaimed Mills, suddenly grasping the
situation.

"I must save myself," said Lady
Duceville, looking at her with cold
eyes.

Then Mills understood that she had
a desperate woman to deal with. "I shall
tell her Grace the truth," she exclaim-
ed.

"Yes?" said Lady Duceville. "And
so shall I. Which of us do you think
she will believe?"

Mills saw that she was helpless.

"Very well, my lady," she said; "I
will go now—I will leave the house, and
if you must make me a victim, be it so.
But I have been an honest woman all
my life, and I cannot pretend to be a
thief now, even for your ladyship."

"Well," said Lady Duceville indiffer-
ently, if you stay the Duchess is sure to
hush the thing up and forgive you, as
you have been with us so long. But if
you go like a thief, leaving your spoil
behind you because you are afraid to
take it, of course you are ruined. Peo-
ple always suspect servants, you know."

"Yes, my lady," said Mills suddenly,
"I do know. Why did not Lord Roo-
kwood have that notice posted on every
door in the house? We are treated as
if we were not the same flesh and blood
as those we serve. And I think it is so,
for no poor serving women that I have
ever known could be so cruel as your
ladyship is now."

"It is no use being insolent, Mills,"
said Lady Duceville, "and I think it's a
pity to leave those pearls on the floor
there. Pick them up and take them to
Grace's room."

"No, my lady, I cannot touch them
again!"

"Very well, then; go."

"Yes, my lady, I will go." Mills
turned to the door, opened it, and then

paused. "If you restore the pearls,
how will you pay your debts?" she said,
almost in a whisper.

"What is that to you?" asked Lady
Duceville, compelled to make some an-
swer by the look in Mills's face.

"Her Grace will not pay them—Lord
Duceville will not pay them; but per-
haps Captain Vavasour can find the
money if you are in desperate need!
But then you, too, will be ruined, even
if you have paid your debts of honor!"

It was not maid speaking to mistress;
it was one desperate woman speaking to
another. Lady Duceville flinched and
fell back a step, white as a sheet. She
had no idea Mills knew her secrets so
well!

During the instant's pause, while
they gazed at each other, the door was
gently pushed open. The Duchess en-
tered softly, and locked the door be-
hind her. She was just about to knock
when Mills opened the door to go out;
she had heard what had passed since.
Her eyes fell instantly upon the open
casket on the floor and the pearls lying
within it. Then she looked at the wo-
men, and read their faces.

That same night the household of
Rookwood heard the good, if extraor-
dinary, news that the Duchess had found
her pearls. They had fallen behind her
toilet-table, and had been overlooked
in the hurried and excited search made
for them.

Lady Duceville left Rookwood on the
ground of illness; she was gay and
brilliant, and her absence was felt. She
fulfilled none of her other winter en-
gagements, but went into retirement in
a Catholic convent. Lady Duceville
had hitherto called herself of no reli-
gion; but the Duchess was a devout
Catholic, and this change was under-
stood to be the result of her influence.

Lady Duceville's debts were paid; and
as Captain Vavasour had nothing to do
with it the Duchess must have supplied
the money. Probably this was the price
of the gay and beautiful young Marchi-
ones's conversion and reform.

Wet the Ropes.

In the city of Rome there stands a
pillar which for many long, long years
was lying almost buried in the earth.
Princes had tried to raise it, but in
vain. No workman could do it. In the
year 1584 the Pope of that time sent a
builder to make one more trial. It was
no easy matter to free the great pillar
from the deep soil in which it had sunk,
and then to drag so huge a size and
weight of stone to the place where it
was to stand. When this was done
Fontana, the builder, asked the Pope to
fix a day for raising it. The Pope did
so, and said he would be there with all
his court, and that this would bring out
all the people of the city.

"That is what I dread," said Fonta-
na, "for if they shout and make a
noise it may startle some of the men in
the midst of their work, and my voice
will not be heard."

"Never," said the Pope. "I will take
care of that."

He wrote an edict that any one should
be put to death who dared to utter a
sound while the work of raising the
great pillar went on. This edict was
posted up all over the city. On the fixed
day Fontana mounted the high scaf-
fold, from which he was to direct the
men by means of bells and flags as sig-
nals. The whole space of a wide square
was full of people; it seemed to be paved
with heads, all still as death, and as
if spell-bound. At last the signal was
given, and the pillar began to rise.
Cables and ropes strained and creaked.
Up slowly rose the giant block of stone.
Fontana waved his flag, the Pope lean-
ed forward, the people held their breath—
one moment more, and the work
would be done! All at once a crack
was heard. The heavy mass would not
move again, and soon it began to sink,
for the ropes did not bear upon it.
Fontana was at a loss, with a sense of
despair in his soul; but a shout was
heard from amid the crowd, "Water!
water! Wet the ropes!" This was soon
done. The slack hempen rope shrunk
back tight to its place—once more each
man bent down for a last pull with
right good will. The pillar was set up
for the gaze of the world then and for
ages yet to come. He who spoke the
word in season was a poor sailor, who
had long known the use of ropes made
of hemp, and, in spite of his good
service, he was taken bound before the
Pope, and all men stood in fear of his
life, as the law had been broken. For-
tunately then the Pope was not in a
cruel mood, and instead of punishing
the man he gave him a reward.

Make a Beginning.

Remember in all things that if you
do not begin you will never come to an
end. The first weed pulled up in the
garden, the first seed in the ground,
the first shilling put in the savings bank
and the first mile traveled on a journey
are all important things; they make a
beginning, and thereby a hope, a prom-
ise, a pledge, an assurance that you
are in earnest in what you have under-
taken. How many a poor, idle, hesi-
tating outcast is now creeping and
crawling on his way through the world
who might have held up his head and
prospered, if, instead of putting off his
resolutions of industry and amendment,
he had only made a beginning!

Curiosities of Government.

Next to the President of the United
States the best-paid Federal official is
the Clerk of the Supreme Court.

The States of Colorado, Delaware,
Florida, Nevada, Oregon, Rhode Island
and Vermont have less than one-half
the population of Illinois, but have the
same number of representatives in Con-
gress—twenty-two.

Pennsylvania has a larger number of
postoffices than any other State.

Not a clerk in the pension office in
this city draws less than \$1,000 a year
salary, the average for the 1,173 clerks
being \$1,294. Even the copyists get
\$900 a year. These clerks have light
labor and short hours. The average
salary of the railway postoffice clerks
throughout the country is only \$977 a
year. These men work hard at the
most trying labor and have long hours.

Eighty years ago North Carolina had
as many representatives in Congress as
New York. North Carolina now has
nine, or one less than she had in 1800,
while New York has thirty-four.

There are 419 typesetters, besides
apprentices, in the Government print-
ing office.

Estimating Congress to be in session
200 days a year, the salaries of Senators
and Representatives amount to about
\$10,000 a day.

The State of Nevada which has two
Senators and one Representative in
Congress, has not so large a population
by 617 souls as the city of New Haven,
Conn.

A number of the United States Sen-
ate's employes are put down on the re-
cords as "skilled laborers," and draw
pay at \$1,000 a year, while those who
are merely "unskilled laborers" get
\$840 a year. The distinction between
the two is the kind of brooms they man-
ipulate. The "skilled" laborer uses a
common broom to sweep stone flagging,
while the "unskilled" laborer wields a
coarse broom in sweeping carriage-
ways.

During the past ten years the Govern-
ment has expended nearly \$70,000,000
in caring for the Indians. The total num-
ber of Indians attached to agencies is
only 246,000, and of these 60,000 in In-
dian Territory, 7,700 in Wisconsin, and
5,000 in New York are supposed to be
at least partially self-supporting.

Last year the Postoffice Department
used \$11,000 worth of ink for stamping
and canceling letters.

The five States of Delaware, Color-
ado, Florida, Nevada and Oregon com-
bined have not so great a population by
about 100,000 souls as the city of New
York. Yet New York city has but 8
Representatives in Congress, while the
five States have sixteen besides their
ten Senators.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, the
Government's disbursements for pen-
sions reached a sum which exceeds by
six millions of dollars the disburse-
ments for all purposes in the year 1890.

There are in the railway mail service
fifteen clerks who draw the salary of \$12
a year each.

From the five States of New York,
Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts
and Ohio, the Government derives one-
half of all its postal revenues.

Last year the Government paid for
several copies of Puck for use of de-
partment officials.

The Government expended \$41,228,-
000 last year for "North American Eth-
nology" for the Smithsonian Institu-
tion.

It costs \$30,000 a year to light the
Capitol and grounds.

More than one-half of the internal
revenue receipts of the Government
comes from the four States of Illinois,
New York, Ohio and Kentucky.

To wait upon the 76 Senators there
are 242 employes, not counting police,
watchmen and librarians.

Virginia now has the same number
of Congressmen she had in 1790, when
there were only 65 members of the
House.

There are several postoffices in the
country at which the annual salary of
the postmaster is only \$1.

Postal cards cost the Government 54
cents and 4 mills a thousand.

"Five hundred and eighty-nine dol-
lars for wines, liquors and mineral wa-
ters for use of Board of Visitors to
Naval Academy," is an item in last
year's expenditures of the Government.

The Pension Office expends more
than \$60,000 a year investigating al-
leged pension frauds.

At the Signal Service training school,
Arlington Heights, the students of
meteorology, barometers and anemome-
ters are compelled to leave their study
tables in the exact center of the room,
their bunks in a certain corner, their
coats hung upon certain nails, and their
text-books piled up in a certain man-
ner before retiring for the night; these
and a hundred more similar regulations
being prescribed "by order of the Chief
Signal Officer." Their Sunday dinner
is coffee, bread, and dried apples
steamed.

After having expended more than a
hundred millions of dollars upon its
buildings in this District, the Govern-
ment finds itself paying nearly \$6,000 a
month for rent of private buildings.

The Postoffice Department uses \$80,-
000 worth of wrapping twine a year.

The thirteen States of Arkansas,
California, Colorado, Connecticut, Dela-
ware, Florida, Nebraska, Nevada, New

Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island,
Vermont and West Virginia, with an
aggregate population which does not
exceed that of New York alone, have
twenty-six United States Senators to
New York's two.

California, with less than half the
population of Indiana, pays to the Gov-
ernment more money for postal service.

Among the expenditures of the Gov-
ernment last year was an item "for
manufacturing medals \$25,498.23."

It costs the Government \$187,000 a
year to maintain lights and buoys on
the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri
rivers.

Two-fifths of all the newspapers and
periodicals sent through the mails by
publishers at pound rates are mailed at
New York city.

Nineteen thousand seven hundred
and eighty-eight dollars of the public
funds was recently expended for "machin-
ery and experiments in the manufac-
ture of sugar."

To supply public buildings through-
out the country with fuel, light and
water requires an expenditure of \$1,-
000 a day.

Seven hundred and fifty persons are
constantly employed by the two Houses
of Congress (while in session) in and
about the Capitol.

The Government has sold more than
two hundred millions dollars worth of
public lands in eighty years.

In the last twenty years the Govern-
ment has paid for interest on the public
debt the enormous sum of \$2,080,000,-
000, a sum which would defray all the
expenses of the Government, excepting
interest on the public debt, for nearly
nine years to come, at the present rate
of expenditure; and for nearly thirty-
five years if expenses could be limited
to what they were in 1860.

Facilities of Birds.

In studying the habits of birds one
cannot but be struck with the fact that
in proportion to their many dangers,
experiences and pleasures, they become
warm-hearted, quick-witted, bold or
timid, ferocious or cunning, passionate
as the falcon, or deliberate as the rook,
according to the life they have to lead.
And more than this, we find that they
display in many ways a remarkably high
degree of intelligence. The water-hen,
for instance—which is found from Si-
beria to the Cape—has a kind of human
faculty, as Mr. Ruskin observes, in
adapting itself to climate, as well as
almost human domesticity of temper,
with curious fineness of sagacity and
sympathies in taste. A family of them,
much petted by a lady, were constantly
adding materials to their nest, and make
real havoc in the flower garden; for though
straw and leaves are their chief ingre-
dients, they seem to have an eye for
beauty, and the old hen has been sur-
rounded with a brilliant wreath of scar-
let anemones. This esthetic water-hen,
with her mate, lived at Cheadle in Staf-
fordshire, in the rectory moat, for sev-
eral seasons, always, however, leaving it
in the spring.

"Being constantly fed, the pair be-
came quite tame, built their nest in a
thornbush, covered with ivy, which had
fallen into the water; and when the
young were a few days old the parents
brought them up close to the drawing-
room window, there they were regularly
fed with wheat; as the lady of the
house paid them the greatest attention,
they learned to look upon her as their
natural protectress, so much so, that
one bird in particular, which was much
persecuted by the rest, would, when at-
tacked, fly to her for refuge; and when-
ever she called, the whole flock, as tame
as barn-door fowls, quitted the water
and assembled round, to the number of
seventeen. They also made other
friends in the dogs belonging to the fam-
ily, approaching them without fear,
though hurrying off with great alarm
on the appearance of a strange dog."

Frank Buckland gives several curious
instances of the special habits of some
birds in procuring their food. The
blackbirds, thrushes, etc., carry snails
considerable distances for the purpose
of breaking their shells against some
rock or stone. Thomas Edward, the
Scottish naturalist, describes gulls and
ravens flying to a great height with
crabs and other shellfish, and letting
them fall on stones in order to smash
the shells, and if they do not break on
the first attempt, he says they pick them
up again and carry them up yet higher,
repeating the operation again and again
till the shell is broken. Ravens also
often resort to this contrivance. Dar-
win tells of a bird having been repeat-
edly seen to hop on a poppy-stem, and
shake the head with his bill till many
seeds were scattered, when it sprang to
the ground and ate the seeds.

Fies and Pictures.

Adolphe Duglere, the famous Paris
cook, who died recently at the age of
80, was for many years in the service of
Baron Rothschild. He started a busi-
ness of his own in 1848 as a rival of
Richer, was subsequently at the Feres
Provencaux, and in 1866 went to the
Cafe Anglais, where, except for a short
interval, he remained until his death.
He befriended Millet and Diaz in their
early difficulties, and was a judge of
pictures.

If a cyclone ever strike this city it
would be a sorry day indeed for dusted
and store Indians.

Dusting for a Living.

"I'm a duster," said a young woman
whom a reporter met in a private house
in New York, "a professional duster.
I'm not the only one. It's a regular
profession, dusting is, now-a-days. The
parlors of the rich have grown to be so
many museums of delicate and costly
ornaments. To dust and arrange these
collections every day would too severely
tax the strength of wealthy ladies. To
set the servants at the work was found
to be bad management, not because
they were bungling and liable to smash
the delicate fabrics, but because the
servants have no time to spare from
their other duties. Therefore the mis-
tresses employ competent women to
keep their parlors in order. The dust-
ing business is an established industry,
but it is confined to the metropolis,
and almost entirely to the region of
brown-stone fronts. All the dusters I
know of are women who have seen
better days, but, of course, it isn't every
educated and refined woman who can
make a good duster."

"What are the requirements?"
"She must be light-footed, quick and
strong in her wrists and arms. To visit
a dozen houses in the forenoon before
callers arrive and dust and arrange
things is no child's play. A woman
must fairly jump at her work. The
remuneration? Well, \$1. or 75 cents a
visit—sometimes more. At some houses
where the hostess entertains a good
many guests the rooms are arranged
every day. Orders are given to the
dusters to change the arrangements of
the appointments every time they come.
Then again, a duster must know how
to take hold of every sort of knick-
knack and how to move it safely. She
must know just what sort of brush to
use for every sort of dusting. The
brush that will not break a filmy tissue
of glass is useless on a piece of furniture
and would not reach the ceiling corners.
She must have several brushes, and
she must not be careless or slapdash
for an instant. There are few bits of
bric-a-brac in these parlors that I could
replace with six months' earnings."

Tricks of Memory.

At a recent meeting of the Boston
Scientific Society, the most popular dis-
course of the evening was that by the
President, John Ritchie, Jr., on "Visu-
lation," or the peculiar mental faculty
possessed by some people, by which cer-
tain abstractions assume a definite
shape. It was noticed particularly in
the matter of figures, and a number of
curious diagrams were shown, exhibit-
ing the different idiosyncrasies of in-
dividuals on this point. For instance,
the number 50 called up in the man's
mind a certain definite shape of totally
irrelevant character; 100 would carry
this figure further on, while 25 would
bring up before the mind's eye only
half of it. The power of visualization
numbers would account for some of the
otherwise incomprehensible feats of
some mathematicians. It extends out-
side of the domain of figures, however.
In the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds a
portrait painter achieved a great reputa-
tion by painting portraits from only
one sitting. After looking at a per-
son's face for an hour he was able to
bring it up before him in all its details
at any subsequent time by a mere effort
of the will. A case was related of a
man who learned to sing in opera by
mechanical means. One night he was
thrown entirely out by a person near
the stage turning the pages of a score.
He was obliged to send out and request
the discontinuance of the operation be-
fore he could proceed with his part.
The fact is that he could only sing by
seeing the mental image of the pages
of the score from which he had learned
before his eyes, and to his surprise and
discomfiture he found that the turning
of the real leaves by the auditor carried
over the imaginary leaves from which
he was reading, and often in the wrong
place, inasmuch as his score was dif-
ferently printed. Various other curious
facts of a like nature were cited.

The Hangman.

In Austria, where capital offences are
punished by hanging, the executioner
is a government official with a fixed sal-
ary and certain perquisites, and a staff
of helpers under him. He is attired in
a showy uniform with a cocked hat and
jack boots, and rides up to the scaffold
on a prancing steed under military es-
cort. Conspicuous are the new white
gloves worn in performing his functions,
and thrown off afterward never to be
used again. This functionary is not
chosen from the scum of the population,
nor is he treated with contumacy. As
was the case in France, the office is con-
fined very much to one family, descend-
ing from father to son. A clumsy exe-
cution or an unseemly exhibition at the
gallows, such as we in this country are
too familiar with, is a thing impossible
in Austria. The Henker, as he is styled
in other parts of Germany, combines
with his ghastly duties the business of
capturing all stray dogs in the highways
and streets unmuzzled.

Sunday.

What Sunday is to Christians Mon-
day is to the Greeks, Tuesday to the
Persians, Wednesday to the Assyrians,
Thursday to the Egyptians, Friday to
the Turks and Saturday to the Jews
and Seventh-day Baptists.