

"LITTLE SONG, LOVE."

Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is one too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long.

MONA.

"What a sad face Aunt Mona has,
mam! Her eyes are the sweetest I
have ever seen, but they seem very
wells of saddening thought. Has she
suffered very much, mamma? and was
it sorrow that turned her hair so
white?"

Mrs. Fanshaw allowed her eyes to
wander out through the open window
and linger a moment on her sister's fig-
ure, as it was outlined against the even-
ing sky, before she answered. She
noticed how frail it was, how dainty in
its plain black robe, with white lace
at neck and wrists. And a tender
light went over her face, which was
not simply the light of love, but had a
touch of reverence added to it.

"She is still beautiful, is she not, Le-
ola? If she has met with much grief it
has not entirely blasted a beauty about
which a nation once nearly went wild,
has it?"

"Did a nation go wild over Aunt
Mon?" Leola asked incredulously.

"She was the belle of Paris twenty
years ago," the elder lady answered.

"Mamma, there is a romance in her
life. Please tell it to me. I know
Aunt Mona had some reason for never
marrying, and I don't see why you
have not told me. Had she a false
lover, or a proud lover, who would not
give his fine old name to a foreigner?
Oh, I do want to know what has kept
a beautiful, educated, refined, womanly
woman like Aunt Mona from becoming
a wife. She would be such a sweet
wife, mamma!"

"So a man thought, who had heart
and name and fortune—a large one—
at her feet, a month after our arrival
in the city, and when he had but seen
her half a dozen times," Mrs. Fanshaw
said slowly.

"This gentleman—a Frenchman of
good family and very handsome, very
agreeable, very polished in his manners,
and the heir to wealth—was named
Leopold Cartier, and from the hour in
which he first saw Mona he loved her
with the unreasonable, passionate im-
petuous love of a thorough Frenchman,
and Mona caring nothing for him, out
of pure love of admiration, rather led
him on, laughing often at her trouble-
some toy.

"She scarcely flirted with him, and
yet she did not at once discourage him;
and wherever our party would go,
there would Leopold follow; and, al-
though she rejected him when she had
scarcely known him a month, yet he
followed us as though he but lived in
the presence of my sister, and his infat-
uation was to be excused, for Mona
was in the flower of her youth—a daint-
ly, lovely, dazzling girl, whose heart
was as light as zephyr, and whose eyes
had sparkles and flashes beyond the
jewels with which papa loved to deck
her. Mona was the youngest, and our
father's favorite, but we loved her too
well to be jealous of her, in that or any-
thing else. We made a sort of idol of
our sweet, dainty Mona, and when her
terrible grief came, it struck each of us
heavily, because it was so far beyond
our power to spare or save her from it."

"Then I was right mamma? Aunt
Mona has suffered greatly?"

"As few suffer, and all innocently,
child; I will tell you. We had known
Leopold about two months, and, al-
though Mona had many suitors, none
were so persistent as he, none less cared
for by her; and then there was a grand
ball, given by one of the leaders of Pa-
risian society, to which we all went; I
was a bride, and wore a pretty costume
of rose-colored tissue, with white roses
scattered over it; I remember that your
papa kissed me as I went down, and
told me I looked like a flower; but
Mona she was then in her twentieth
year, and more than beautiful; she is
beautiful still, although 40, and with
hair that has become white as silver.
Her dress was a topaz-tinted satin,
with frostings of white lace, and she
had put garrets in her ears, about her
throat, and on her white arms; and it
was a unique combination of color, but
her piquant beauty was enhanced by
it; she wore a crimson flower—a fatal
cluster of red buds—in her dark hair.
I will never forget how my heart thrilled
as she descended the stairs and I
looked up at her; I will never forget
how fair she was, as we entered the
ball-room, I on the arm of my husband,
she on papa's, and papa was so proud
of her as he saw what a sensation she
made—so proud of her when she bent
her head in perfect composure on being
presented to the young French Marquis,
who was the lion of the evening."

"For the Marquis, he was fascinated
by her. He forgot everything and
everyone for her. For the whole evening
he was her cavalier, and she took
his attentions as might a young Queen—
gracefully, carelessly, with light, girlish
laughter."

"Leopold was there, and I felt deeply
for the poor fellow. He could not get

near her. She was engaged for a dance
to him, but he found it impossible to
reach her to claim it, and at last he
gave up trying and came to me. I saw
how white his face was and how his
eyes flashed, and I felt deeply for him.

"Laying my hand on his arm, I whis-
pered that I would speak to Mona, and
at that unlucky moment both he and I
looked toward her as she listened to the
earnest conversation of the Marquis, a
smile of girlish amusement on her lips,
and I felt them quiver upon it. Then
he dropped it and turned away, leaving
the ball, but his fine face was white as
death."

"I spoke to Mona, but she only lifted
her brows and laughed; and the Mar-
quis was her escort to the carriage
when we left in the small hours. As
he put her in, the flowers fell from her
hair and lay directly at his feet. He
lifted the crimson buds, which had
commenced to wither, and pressed
them to his lips, then, with very
French empressment, asked if he
might retain them. Mona lay back
among the cushions, just where a flood
of light reached her from the great
ball and her beautiful face was serenely
careless."

"Now that you have kissed them I
will not claim them Monsieur le Mar-
quis," she said, laughingly; and in the
middle of a very gallant expression of
rapture on the part of the gentleman,
we drove on, leaving him standing in
all his blonde, graceful, well-dressed
manhood where the lights fell on him;
and I alone saw a figure stride out
from the shadows toward him, as we
were borne swiftly toward our hotel,
and I fancied, with a thrill of appren-
sion, that I recognized Leopold
Cartier, and that his face was ghastly."

"The Marquis had made an engage-
ment to call on us the following day,
and Mona sang a sweet, ringing melody
as she was being dressed to receive him.
I heard her from my room, and that
was the last gay song that ever lay
upon her lips."

"She was before her mirror still
when a letter was handed to her, and
with musical words yet on her lips she
broke the seal. A smile came about
them as she read the first few lines.
Ere she had read the brief note to its
close they were white as death."

"Oh, Heaven be merciful!" She
cried; and I wondered what news had
come which could so move her. The
next moment she had fallen at my feet,
cold and white, and I thought her
dead. An hour after and she was
lying on her couch, moaning and sob-
bing, her fair face convulsed, her
hands clasping and unclasping, and
it was long before she could tell us what
had happened."

The Marquis had written her that
before keeping his appointment with
her, he found himself obliged to fight a
duel with an insolent fellow, who had
come up the moment her carriage had
been driven off and taken the buds
from his hands; he—the Marquis—had
struck the insolent fellow before re-
cognizing him; then he had seen that it
was one whom he had met—a Mon-
sieur Leopold Cartier,

There had been, of course, a chal-
lenge, which was accepted. The small
matter would be settled at 3 that day,
and would probably oblige him to delay
his call on Mademoiselle, which was
his only regret; would she hold him
pardoned, and allow him to pay his re-
spects to her a little later than the hour
she had named for receiving?"

"Horrible," I thought, unaccustom-
ed to the customs then prevailing in
France, "how coldly he disposes of our
poor Leopold!" but there was nothing
to be done but wait and hope they
might not fatally injure each other."

"The hours went on slowly as hours
of waiting always do, and the sun
was setting, when a card was
brought Mona. She held out her hand
for it, then drew it back and raised it
above her eyes. I felt the tremor creep
over my own heart as I took it from
the servant and dismissed her before
daring to look at it; when I saw the
name a sort of terror came to me, and
I cried out 'Mona, it is the Marquis
Valliers! He has slain Leopold!'"

"And Mona, without a single word,
fell once more in a dead faint."

"The Marquis was told that Madam-
oiselle was ill, and that Madame
could not leave her, and we never saw
his fair French face again; for, when
the papers of the following day gave an
account of the affair d'honneur, in
which the Marquis had fatally wound-
ed Monsieur Cartier, Mona went to
where Leopold lay dying."

"Then she loved him, mamma?"

Leola asked

"I have never been quite sure. But
while the Marquis quietly took a trip
beyond the French confines, she watch-
ed him—Leopold—die. Then, when we
had seen him buried, we said fare-
well to France and returned to Amer-
ica. Mona was sadly changed."

"Still beautiful, she seemed to have
forgotten her old smiling gaiety, and
her eyes had caught that deep sadness.
She had kept love from her life, and
her youth had gone from her while she
remained here, in the home our father
had left her. Her hair, which was
silken and black as night, had turned
to whiteness. It was white, as you
know, before she was thirty. I was
never sure that it was love for Leo-
pold that so changed her, or whether it
might not be the certainty that she had

cost him his life through his great im-
petuous love for her, which made her
shrink from the love of men. I know
that the Marquis received our address,
and sent her a number of letters, beg-
ging her acceptance of his hand, his
heart, his title; and I know that she
wrote him shudderingly that there was
blood on the hand, murder in the heart,
a stain on the title."

"He has long been married, but
Mona never will be a wife, and you
know why; she is silent in her sorrow,
and we hardly comprehend, but we
always respect it."

What Actresses Eat.

Mrs. Coghlan the leading lady of
Wallack's Theatre, receives a liberal
salary, about \$300 a week, I believe,
and she resides permanently in New
York. She has no hotel or traveling
expenses to encounter, and is enabled
to run her establishment at an even ex-
pense all the year around. She has a
man cook, a coachman, a maid and a
general servant, and her dinners are
superb. She breakfasts about 11 and
dines about 6, after her daily drive in
the park. I never heard that she had
a liking for any particular dish, but I
distinctly remember the delight she
evinced once when I was talking with
her over the approach of the oyster
season.

"Sara Jewett is quite the opposite of
Miss Coghlan. She is very domestic in
her tastes, lives quietly, is seldom to
be seen in a public restaurant and
sticks to the good old American dinner
with patriotic allegiance."

"Kate Forsythe, who also lives very
quietly with her mother in a flat up
town when she is in the city, eats late
suppers, quite often at the restaurants,
and has a fondness for nibbling candies
and sweet meats at all hours. The
same is true of Sadie Martinot, who,
however is rather a more fastidious
eater than Miss Forsythe. I have seen
her very often at Delmonico's and it is
by no means unusual to see Modjeska
there when that actress is in New
York. Modjeska's tendencies, however
are toward a quiet life, and when she
is in town she usually stops at the Clar-
endon, where her rooms are almost in-
accessible. She seldom eats in the
public restaurant there, and it is said
that her luncheons and breakfasts are
models for a dainty appetite."

"Janauschek, who is, I believe more
thoroughly devoted to her art than any
other actress I know, seldom goes to
the large hotels and is not often seen in
public restaurants. She pays more
than \$100 a week for a suite of three
rooms in a private boarding-house in
Fourteenth street. Here she studies
constantly, rehearses her people occa-
sionally, and devotes her time to prepa-
ration for her work on the stage. Her
meals are plain and served with great
regularity in her rooms. She seems to
be entirely without the love of admira-
tion which actresses often evince in
private life as well as on the stage."

"Are there any special dishes which
any of the actresses you know are fond
of?"

"About the only dish they are all
sure of accepting," said the manager
smilingly, "is a glass of champagne is
quite as grateful to an exhausted actress
as it is to an athlete. It is a drink
that is frequently given to men who
are engaged in long athletic struggles,
you know, as it refreshes without leav-
ing any after effects of spirits. After
an actress has gone through a hard
night's work in an emotional play a
glass of champagne brings her nerves
down from the high-strung point."

Extraordinary Comets.

During the last four years some ex-
traordinary comets have paid visits to
the ruler of the solar system, and dis-
played their dazzling trains to the ad-
miration of his attendant worlds.
Every one of these comets has been re-
markable for some unusual or unac-
countable conduct. The big comet of
1881 suddenly flitted its streaming tail
into the northern hemisphere unan-
nounced and unexpected, and surprised
the astronomers at their pumps. The
comet of 1882 amazed the world by
suddenly appearing at broad noon close
to the sun, where it soared like a fiery
bird with broad wings expanded; as it
retreated from the solar system it ap-
peared to be chased by a bevy of little
comets to which it had apparently
given birth during the terrors of its
plunge through the sun. In 1883 the
comet of 1812 reappeared. But the
most extraordinary comet of all is the
one which was discovered at the
Vienna observatory about a month ago.
It seems to have been clearly seen, for
the observers carefully measured its
position among the stars, and it was
believed from its place and motions
that it was one of the comets of 1858
returning. But after thus showing it-
self the comet disappeared, and al-
though a battery of telescopes has been
brought to bear upon the spot where it
appeared from nearly every observatory
in Europe, not a glimpse of the myster-
ious visitor from the realms of outer
space has been caught."

Experiments by Dr. Pohl of St. Pe-
tersburg go to support the theory that
the waters of rivers are purified by the
motion (mass or molecular) imparted to
the liquid. Bringing water into rapid
motions by means of the centrifugal
machine the number of developing
germs of bacteria was reduced by 90 per
cent.

Beauties of Nature.

Russia presents no beauties of nature
except in the Ural mountains and in
the Caucasus. The country along the
great railroad lines is as mototonous as
a western prairie, but less fertile. The
cities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, War-
saw, Kief and Odessa, especially the
first two, contain all that is interesting
to a traveler. St. Petersburg repre-
sents new Russia, Moscow old Russia.
The principal sights in both are palaces
and fine churches. These are filled to
overflowing with treasures of silver and
gold and precious jewels. The winter
palace and hermitage at St. Petersburg,
the summer palace at Peterhof, the
palaces of the Kremlin in Moscow are
bewildering and oppressive by the
treasures which unlimited power, have
accumulated for centuries. The church-
es, too, are over-loaded with precious
and glittering gold. The finest
churches are St. Isaac's in St. Peters-
burg, built by Nicholas I, the church
of the Lady of Kazan, modeled after
St. Peter's in Rome, and the church of
the Redeemer in Moscow, built in com-
memoration of the deliverance from
the French in 1812, completed and con-
secrated in 1883 at enormous cost. The
churches are crowded at the time of
worship. The Russians are a very re-
ligious people in the observance of out-
ward forms. Their religion consists
chiefly in lighting candles, blessing
holy images, bowing to the floor and
making the sign of the cross over and
over again. The worship of the Virgin
Mary and of saints is carried fully as
far and even farther than in the Roman
church. Holy images are found not
only in the churches, but in houses on
public places, in railway stations and
telegraph offices, and no devout Russian
passes them without bowing and mak-
ing the sign of the cross. The chief
service is the mass, which is performed
with more mystery and dramatic dis-
play than in the church of Rome. The
singing is beautiful, but confined to the
priests, deacons and trained choristers:
the people listen passively. The ever-
repeated response, the Kyrie Eleison
or Lord, have mercy upon us, is exceed-
ingly touching and will long resound in
my memory."

Locks and Keys.

One of the liveliest examples of the
total depravity of inanimate objects is
found in the generally evil and implish
behavior of locks and keys. We do
not, to be sure, in this country subject
ourselves to such a tyranny of keys as
do our transatlantic neighbors. The
jingling basket or bunch of keys is not
with us the indispensable accompani-
ment to the housekeeper, nor do we
have the tiny padlock on our silver
sugarbowls, as is the case with a cer-
tain thrifty baroness with thirty ser-
vants under her control. We do, how-
ever have keys for certain purposes;
that is to say, we have them unless
they are lost. Keys are usually lost.
There is about the very shape and ma-
terial of keys a peculiar elusiveness
and slippery faculty of hiding in un-
heard of places. The folds of gowns,
the lining of muffs, bags and pockets,
the edges of rugs and carpets, cracks
in the floor and chinks of any and every
sort, are the well-beloved hiding places
of the slippery gnome called key. That
deavouring space in the back of a lounge
or upholstered chair is particularly dear
to the heart of a key as a place of con-
cealment, and many are the keys, big
and little, which have found their Nirvana
in these useful depths. For the true and
holy delight of a key is undoubtedly to
be able to lose itself totally and hope-
lessly, and yet all the while to lie perdu
so near the outer world that it can
listen with fenshish joy to the agonized
search for itself, and shake its shoulders
with glee at the vanity of the quest."

It was the wife of the keeper of an
orthodox boarding house in the West
who was kneeling at morning family
prayers with her head devotedly bent
upon a lounge, and at the instant that
her worthy husband's "amen" was
pronounced sprang to her feet, exclaim-
ing vivaciously:

"There, Mr. Brown, there is the key
of the cellar door. I knew I lost it
somewhere about this lounge."

Fancy the genuine disappointment
of that key, which had been lying
chuckling while the family sought it in
vain, at being thus ignominiously
brought to light, and that, too, by the
hand of the housewife, who should
have been thinking of other things than
searching the crack of a lounge."

Keys, however, although usually, are
not always lost. Sometimes one really
does keep a key and then myriad indeed
are the bewildering combinations of
vexation which can be produced by a
lock and key which are really giving
their minds to it."

A favorite trick is for one's ordinary,
every day lock, the lock of a desk or
drawer in constant use, to suddenly
become intractable. One can put in
the key, but the lock refuses to turn;
then the key refuses to come out of the
keyhole; one twists and turns and
wrenches; one tries a drop of oil, a
suspension of profanity, all to no pur-
pose; suddenly with an alarming snap
the key consents to turn in the lock;
nay, more, it will keep on turning in-
definitely round and round without the
slightest effect as far as unlocking is
concerned. One turns it furiously, one
pushes it in slowly, one tries to draw it

out with a sudden jerk, one breaks
one's nails picking at it. At last the
key comes out with a suddenness which
sends one violently backwards. Then
the family is summoned.

"Do come and see if you can do any-
thing with this abominable lock. It
must surely be broken."

The doubting member of the family
smiles incredulously and takes the key.
It fits into the key-hole and the lock
gives way without a murmur.

"I thought there was nothing the
matter with the key," says the doubt-
ing member, throwing an unpleasing
emphasis on "key." It is quite useless
to insist that it did refuse to turn; no-
body believes it, and the key quivers
with delight and the lock thrills with a
joy known only to the successful practical
joker."

Again, who does not know the awful
vagaries of which a trunk lock is capa-
ble? The refusal to catch when the
trunk is packed; the refusal to turn
when one stands by impatiently wait-
ing the inspection of the government
official."

Once more, who ever locked with es-
pecially caution a door or box against
some intruder that he was not himself
the first person to wish an entrance, and
invariably was without the key?

Latch-keys and locks, too, are sub-
ject to the most bewildering changes.
The key-hole of a latch-key has been
known late at night to slip up and down
the door with a rapidity calculated to
bewilder the brain of the most steady
and sober-minded citizen striving to
gain admittance to his home."

All these various examples, however,
of the iniquity which is capable of
dwelling in locks and keys only prove
what may have been before stated, that
an implish and tricky soul dwells in each
lock and key, and these two are never
so truly happy as when, separately or
in evil combination, they are able suc-
cessfully to vex a frail human being so
that "every part of him quivers."

Lucifer Matches.

According to a German paper, the
inventor of lucifer matches was a polit-
ical prisoner who perfected his idea in
1833, within the walls of a State prison.
Kammerer was a native of Ludwigs-
burg, and when sentenced to six
months' imprisonment at Hohenasperg,
he was fortunate enough to attract the
notice and gain the favor of an old
officer in charge of the prison, who
finding he was studying chemistry, al-
lowed him to arrange a small laboratory
in his cell. Kammerer had been en-
gaged in researches with a view of im-
proving the steeping system, accord-
ing to which splinters of wood, with
sulphur at the ends, were dipped into
a chemical fluid in order to produce a
flame. If the fluid was fresh the re-
sult was satisfactory, but as it lost its
virtue after a time, there was no gen-
eral disposition to continue the old-fash-
ioned system of using flint and steel.

After many failures, Kammerer began
to experiment with phosphorus, and
had almost completed his term of im-
prisonment when he discovered the
right mixture and kindled a match by
rubbing it against the walls of his cell.
On coming out of prison he commenced
the manufacture of matches. Unfor-
tunately, the absence of a patent law
prevented his rights from being secured,
and, on Austrian and other chemists
speedily made their appearance. In
1835 the German States prohibited the
use of these matches, considering them
dangerous. When they were made in
England and sent to the Continent
these regulations were withdrawn, but
too late to be of any benefit to the in-
ventor, who died in the poor house of
his native town in 1857."

The American's Endurance of Cold.

Lieutenant Greely is of the opinion
that his men, if well provisioned, could
not have continued to live at Fort
Conger more than five years. The
constitution of the average American
is not capable of prolonged continuous
adjustment to more than zero cold, and
such acclimatization could only come
about after a series of generations where
the law of survival of the fittest should
operate, and in correspondence with a
radical change in organization, in which
nutritive and muscular development
should predominate over cerebral devel-
opment. In other words, nature has
shown us in the mentally dwarfed but
physically hardy Esquimaux, the types
of organization best fitted for living in
those septentrional latitudes."

It, however, is no less a matter of
fact that the inhabitants of meridional
climes admirably adapt themselves
temporarily to the most extreme cold.
In the retreat from Moscow, in 1812,
the Italian regiments stood the cold
better than the Germans, and notably
better than the Russians, who were
accustomed to the climate. The Turks
presented the same relative immunity
from the effects of cold as the inhabi-
tants of the highlands of the Himalayas.

From whom the facts are taken, re-
marks that the aptitude to resist in-
clement temperature is acquired and lost
in turn; that people nurtured in tem-
perate or cold climates, who go to the
torrid zone to live, are much less sensi-
tive to the cold for a time after their
return to their native country, though
this lessened susceptibility disappears
after a year or two."

Peasant Costumes in England.

To enlighten the mind of a question-
er on this subject several contributors
have recently sent letters to the editor.
One writer says: "When I was a boy
the peasant costumes in Durham and
Northumberland were quite distinct
from the modern dress. The skirt was
one garment, the jacket another, gener-
ally made of a different material. So
in Lancashire, the linsey-woolsey
petticoat and the bel-gown of cotton
print were never joined together, but
were distinct garments. The custom
of wearing a shawl or handkerchief on
the head instead of a cap or bonnet was
also usual."

From a second contributor we quote:
"The smock-frock is the only distinc-
tive dress of the male peasant, so far as
I know; and where it survives, its color
and the pattern of its worked threads
show the neighborhood it belongs to.
Some neighborhoods wear green, some
purple, some grey, some white. But
within my own area of observation, at
least, the smock-frock is disappearing.
In diaries of fifteen or twenty years
ago I find it often mentioned that at
such a village or in such a country
church most of the men wore smocks
and now in those very villages, I seldom
see a smock."

"So much for the men. As to the
woman, things are not quite so bad.
I know of my own knowledge at least
nine different and widely distant neigh-
borhoods in England, and at least two
in Wales, where the peasant women
and girls wear a distinct dress; and
wear the same dress whether they be
young or old. It is true that in every
instance the costume is a working dress
and is more or less laid aside on Sun-
days. Still, it is a distinctive dress;
and in five out of the eleven cases it dis-
tinguishes the women of a given village
from all other women. In the other
six, the local dress has a wider area of
usage. Even in London there are
women who daily wear a distinctive
peasant dress, and women whose dress
bewrays them that they come from
Blanchire. And in the country, I
have had it said to me over a hedge:

"Do ye want any blackacre women?"
And I knew by her dress that the
speaker was herself a Blackacre wom-
an. It is superfluous to add that in
every case the local dress is far more
picturesque and serviceable than that
which may be prescribed by fashion.
As to one garment, indeed—namely,
the hood bonnet of buff or white or
hale cotton—it is still, thank goodness,
the characteristic wear of country
women all over England. I have never
seen it abroad, except in the Rhineland,
near Strasburg. English peasant girls,
foolish and imitative as they often are,
have perhaps had the wit to see that
this is the most charming head dress in
existence."

A third correspondent remarks: "The
question asked brought to mind at once
the recollection of a well-known char-
acter of an old home in Ilminster,
Somerset. Molly Bonning wore a gown
of blue print, plain skirt, with elbow
sleeves; a low body, with kerchief tuck-
ed inside; a round eared cap, without
any border, and a black silk hat, with
a low crown and large round flat bor-
der, which was pinned on her head. A
red cloak and long staff completed her
attire. When sent, as a girl, by my
mother, with some gift, I found the old
woman seated in her high-backed chair
and receiving her visitors with a stately
courtesy that is scarcely met with ex-
cept among the highest rank. In her
younger days she had wedded at Dilling-
ton Park, close to Ilminster, in the
time of Lord North, who married Miss
Speke. She was, unfortunately, per-
suaded in her later years to give up
her picturesque costume and adopt the
ordinary unmeaning dress of the poor-
er classes."

Suppression of Freedom.

Russia seems to be making long
strides towards the suppression of all
freedom. No one can complain great-
ly that in a country such as that, with
the sad experience of the effects of Ni-
hilistic teachings through which it has
passed, books and pamphlets teaching
socialist theories should be suppressed;
but when the Government goes so far
as to suppress books relating to politi-
cal economy, philosophical treatises,
and works on history, it enters
upon a course that can find no sympa-
thy on this side of the water; and
when it closes the University of Kieff,
and arrests 200 of its students, the pol-
icy of its proceedings becomes very
questionable. If there are good and
solid reasons for its course in this
matter, it is desirable that they should
promptly be made known, else the sym-
pathy of the civilized world, which has
been largely with Russia in her trou-
bles, will be turned against her. Un-
necessarily extreme measures will only
return in evil upon their originators."

Lovely flowers are the smiles of
God's goodness.

A new process in shot making will do
away with the tall towers. A strong
current of air is forced on the lead as it
falls into the water.

Since 1875 the varying appearances
of the surface of Mars have been carefully
recorded by Mons. E. L. Trouvelot, the
eminent French Astronomer, in 415
drawings of the planet. He has observed
variations in color which he attributes
to the effect produced upon Martial veg-
etation by the changes of the seasons.