

**True Love.**  
I think from love is never blind,  
But rather brings an added light;  
An inner vision quick to find  
The beauties hid from common sight.  
No soul can ever clearly see  
Another's highest, noblest part,  
Save through the sweet philosophy  
And loving wisdom of the heart.  
Your unannounced eyes shall fall  
On him who fills my soul with light;  
You do not see my friend at all,  
You see what hides him from your sight.  
I see the feet that fain would climb,  
You but the steps that turn astray;  
I see the soul unharmed, sublime,  
You but the garment and the clay.  
You see a mortal weak, misled,  
Dwarfed over by the earthly cloud;  
I see how manhood, perfected,  
May reach the stature of a god.  
Blinded I stood, as now you stand,  
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,  
Love, the deserver, laid his hand,  
And led I worshipped at his feet.

**THE PARTNER.**

Mr. Thomas Mathers was the only fledge clerk in the banking firm of Hodgson, Dunford and Parr, St. Swithin's lane, Lombard street. It was neither a very responsible nor a very lucrative position, and Tommy (as all his friends called him) longed, as perhaps fifty thousand young men in a similar situation in London are longing at this moment, for a chance of turning his brains to better account than adding up columns of figures and copying entries from one big book into another. The chance did not come, but Tommy did not despair; and there was this difference between him and the great majority of his fellow-prisoners of the desk—he had the pluck to work away manfully at whatever he thought might possibly someday help him to better his position, even though he could not see exactly how it was to be done. With this end in view he studied up French, German and Italian; and he did everything he could to pick up information as to the financial circumstances of the customers of the bank. He scraped acquaintance with every clerk employed by those who had accounts at the bank, as far as he possibly could, and picked up in time an idea, more or less accurate, as to the commercial status of most of them. One day he happened to be at lunch in his favorite restaurant, when an acquaintance named Darling came in and sat down beside him. After a little casual conversation, Darling asked him to let him know of any vacant clerkship he might hear of. "I will, certainly, old fellow," returned Tommy; "but I hope you haven't got into a row with Appleton." Frederick Appleton was Darling's brother-in-law, and he was also the secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical Company, in whose counting-house young Darling had a subordinate post. "Oh, no; nothing of the kind," returned Darling, and then he changed the subject. On his way back to the bank after lunch Mathers asked himself why Darling should have his present situation. He had a capital prospect there—his brother-in-law being the secretary; and there was no disagreement between him and his influential relative. Could it be that Darling had had a hint from his brother-in-law that the chemical company was getting into shallow water, and that it behooved him to be looking out for another situation? It seemed more than likely; and young Mathers determined to act at once. He slipped into the bank parlor that afternoon, hoping to find the junior partner, Mr. Parr, a good-natured sort of man, who was not likely to snub him for volunteering information. To his disappointment, he found only Mr. Hodgson, a sour-tempered old man, who was struggling into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving the office for the day. "Well," growled the banker, "what do you want?" Tommy was on the point of saying that he had come to speak to Mr. Parr, but in a moment he had changed his mind. "I heard something to-day, sir," he replied, "that made me think that the Mudford company are not in a very good way." "Well, what of that? What's that to me?" "Nothing, sir; only I thought there was no harm in letting you know." "Anything of that kind you can say to Mr. Parkinson," answered the old gentleman as he seized his umbrella and waddled down the passage. Tommy felt snubbed; but he did not mind that much. He had done what he wanted—brought himself under the personal notice of one of the partners. If he had given the hint to Parkinson, the head cashier, Parkinson, not he, would have had all the credit of it. He retired to his place among the other clerks a little sore at the rebuff, yet not entirely dissatisfied. On his way home Mr. Hodgson remembered that the bank held some shares of the Mudford Chemical Company as security for the balance of the account of one of their customers who was deemed rather shaky. Next morning, accordingly, he called Tommy into his room and questioned him as to the nature of his information. "Perhaps you will excuse my entering into that, sir," said Tommy, with a little unbecoming coolness. Mr. Hodgson dismissed Mathers to his work with a dissatisfied grunt and a wave of his hand, and immediately set to work to have the shares of the Mudford company exchanged for other securities. Tommy, who managed to know most of what happened at the bank, noted the fact and rejoiced. Within six weeks the shareholders of the Mudford Chemical Company met and resolved to go into liquidation; and, though Mr. Hodgson did not think it worth while to thank the junior clerk for the information he had given, Tommy was perfectly satisfied. He knew that people do not forget things which save their pockets. It happened some months after the incident of the Mudford Chemical Company, Messrs. Hodgson had important business to transact in Turin, and it was thought advisable that the senior partner should proceed to that city to

look after it. There was some idea, if the prospect seemed favorable, of starting a branch house there. The question then arose which of the clerks should accompany the head of the firm as his secretary; and Mr. Hodgson mindful of the service which Mathers had rendered him, consulted the head cashier on the propriety of the selection. Parkinson, it happened, had a favorite of his own, and Tommy would have lost his opportunity if he had not remembered that at one time, when he was bent on acquiring foreign tongues, he had spent his evenings for a few months over an Italian grammar. He contrived to let this fact be known, and in due time Mr. Parr informed his senior partner that "it seemed young Mathers knew something of the language." This decided the point. Tommy received his orders, and in three days more found himself on board the Dover and Calais packet, in charge of a large dispatch-box and Mr. Hodgson's bulky portmanteau. The journey was by no means a comfortable one, for the young man found that he was expected to travel second class and generally act as courier to his employer. When at last Turin was reached, things were no better. Mathers found that his Italian went but a very little way; and, besides, he had to do the work of three clerks. Sometimes he was tempted to regret that he had left his comfortable rooms in Torrington's square, Bloomsbury; but in his calmer moments he reflected that at least he was occupying a different position from that of the rest of his fellow-clerks. The chief man in Turin, so far as Hodgson, Dunford, and Parr were concerned, was a certain Count Marsoni. The Count's nobility did not prevent his being the principal member of a large firm of merchants and shipowners. To cultivate this man, was, indeed, the chief reason of Mr. Hodgson's journey to Turin; and, as the old banker knew very well how to lay aside his crusty and pompous manner when it suited his book to do so, he soon came to be a not unfrequent guest at the Villa Marsoni. Mr. Hodgson began to see that there was a very fair opening for an English bank at Turin, and he was still engaged in pushing his way here and there, when he received news that his wife was seriously ill. This made him hurry off to England, leaving Mathers behind him to complete a transaction which he had already practically arranged. Delighted at being left to represent the firm, for ever so short a time and ever so formal a matter, Mathers was pacing one day down the principal street of the city with a look of considerable importance on his face, when he met Count Marsoni. The Count stopped and asked after the old banker, when Tommy proudly informed him that he had returned to England, leaving him in charge of the affairs of the firm. "Ah, indeed! Well, there's a little matter I wanted to speak of to him." "I shall be happy to serve you, Count," said Tommy in his very best Italian. "Well, suppose you dine with us tonight, and we can talk it over after dinner," returned the Count, who thought he ought to show a little attention to the lonely Englishman. Of course the invitation was accepted, Tommy had no sooner entered the drawing room at the Villa Marsoni than he lost his heart at once, irrevocably and forever. Maria Marsoni was, indeed, beautiful and vivacious enough to have turned the head of a wiser and colder-blooded man than Tommy Mathers; and so ready was he to amuse her by his efforts to speak a language that he partially knew, that he won more favor in the maiden's eyes than many a more brilliant talker would have done. When an impression, indeed, did the Signorina's bright eyes make upon Tommy's susceptible heart that he was barely able to give due attention to the count, when, after dinner, he began to talk of bills, discounts, mortgages and debentures. Time went on; Mr. Hodgson did not return to Turin, and Mr. Mathers paid several visits to the count's residence, coming away more in love every time. Meanwhile, by dint of going about continually among the citizens; the young man was able to send home a good list of prospective customers that the partners determined to establish a branch office at Turin, and offer young Mathers a subordinate post in it. Nothing definite, however, had been fixed, when one day Tommy, finding Maria Marsoni alone when he called at the villa, lost his head completely, and was making love as well as his imperfect knowledge of Italian permitted when the count, suddenly coming in, caught him in the act of kissing his daughter's hand. Maria fled like a hare disturbed on her form, and the count advanced with a heavy frown on his aristocratic brow. More as a matter of form than anything else, for he knew his case was hopeless, Mathers formally asked the hand of the signorina in marriage, laying the blame of his irregular declaration on the strength of his passion and his ignorance of Italian etiquette. The count heard him to the end, and then surveyed him from head to foot with a look of contempt. "It's a piece of gross presumption in you—a mere clerk, a nobody—to address my daughter," said the count at length in English, with his chin in the air. "Of course," said Tommy, bitterly, stung by the count's look. "If I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would give me a different answer." "If you were a partner in Messrs. Hodgson, Dunford & Parr's," said the count, with an altered expression, "that would make a difference of course; but as I do not understand that you have any prospect of entering that firm, I don't see how that affects you." Tommy sighed, and made his escape as soon as possible. He knew that he might as well ask for the lord chancellorship as ask for a partnership in the bank. For two days he remained in the state of collapse, and then he received advice from London informing him of the decision to which the firm had come with respect to the new branch. A few months before Mathers would have been transfixed with delight at the proposal which the firm made to him; but now he considered that he was getting barely

his due, and besides he was so cut up with respect to the beautiful Maria that mere commercial matters did not possess their usual interest for him. Suddenly, as he sat with the open letter bearing the well-known signature before him, Tommy conceived an idea. Without a moment's delay he called for his fall at the hotel, sent a waiter for a cab, and took the first train northward. He arrived at Victoria early in the morning, went to a hotel, washed and dressed himself, and, purposely delaying until the partners should have reached the office in St. Swithin's lane, he presented himself before his employers as they were engaged in discussing the morning letters. "Hullo, sir!" cried Mr. Hodgson, as he caught sight of the young man. "What are you doing here? Anything wrong?" "Nothing is wrong that I know of, sir," said the young man, coolly. "Then why are you here without leave?" "Didn't you get our letter informing you of our arrangements?" "I did Mr. Parr. It is in consequence of that letter I am here." This was said with considerable gravity, and Tommy helped himself to a chair as he spoke. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that I cannot accept the situation you were good enough to offer me at Turin." "Don't then!" burst out old Mr. Hodgson, in great wrath at the tone which the young man was assuming. "We'll find fifty clerks ready to jump at this—five hundred, for that matter." "You forget, sir," said Tommy, respectfully but firmly, "that I have been at Turin for some time. I know the business there; and what I came here to propose was that I should have a small share in the firm." Mr. Parr, started and ejaculated, "What sir?" Mr. Dunford laughed aloud and then swore. Mr. Hodgson choked and gasped for breath. If a shell had burst in the room it could not have occasioned more surprise than Tommy's modest request. If the sweeper at the next crossing had demanded to be allowed to help himself from the drawers under the counter, it would not have seemed so absurd as this demand of the junior clerks. "Of course, having no capital, I expect only a very small share in the business," continued Tommy; "but you will see that as Count Marsoni's son-in-law—"

**A Play-Actor Squelched.**

One summer, not long ago, Dan Maginias was stopping at a hotel up among the White mountains. The news got abroad in the neighboring towns that a "truly play-actor" was at the hotel. One afternoon the comedian saw coming up the dusty road an old lady with a green umbrella. On reaching the hotel she surveyed all the occupants of the piazza, Dan included, and not appearing satisfied, she came up the steps and into the hall. As soon as the old lady, who had come from her best "bib and tucker," had shaken out her skirts and cleared her throat of dust, she demanded of the clerk, in a very peremptory tone: "Whar's that ere play-actor? I've tramped three miles to see the critter, and I'm a-going to see him."

"Were you inquiring for me?" said Dan. "Be you the play-actor?" "That's what some people call me, and I'm a-going to see him."

**The Indian's Ghost.**

"Yes, I was once pretty well frightened by what I thought to be a ghost. Don't look as though you did not believe me. It is true, I was frightened for a moment or two out of my wits." So said Joshua Martin, an engineer on the Canadian Grand Trunk railway, to his companions, sitting in a little station on that line one December night, snow bound. So it happened, perhaps on account of the gloomy surroundings and prospects, that the men of the blockaded freight train gathered nearer to the little stove and talked of ghosts. "I had a freight train which ran now and then, for the time bills were not arranged then, and the traffic was provincial, though such cases as did run had to keep to a schedule in the hands of the company's officers. The Intercolonial, you know is partly for British military purposes. Well, down along the gulf of the St. Lawrence there hang all kinds of traditions and legendary shadows. There are creepy stories of Indian times and French times which would fill a book, and one of our station-masters knew these stories by the score, and nothing pleased him better than to get any one who would listen to his yarns. "As a rule, people did not seem to care much about listening to him; I don't know why, for many of his stories were very interesting. But one night it happened that a lot of us were obliged to listen to him, as we were much in the same position as we are to-night. There had been a block at his crossing, and three trains were waiting, mine among them, bound west, until the track was cleared. "Well, I suppose 'old Mike,' as we called him, talked for an entire evening on these old fables. We heard all about the 'Wolf,' which, according to the old French belief, was very common in those parts. We heard the blood-curdling legends of the Perce rocks, and also of a terrible denunciation pronounced by an Indian chief upon those who, in after years, should pass over or occupy the territory of which he was dispossessed. "This chief, it seems, had made some kind of treaty with the advancing 'civilizers,' which was broken, as usual, but under unusually cruel and unjust circumstances. His daughter was killed before his eyes, and he was forced to yield to the advance of the conquering Europeans. But his retreat was only for a time, and, dying, he pronounced a malediction, on all who should occupy the territory from which he had been driven. So terrible had been his fury that the tradition still lived, and among other features of its adornment was the possible addition that his spirit walked the earth, and woe to the person who met the spectral and gigantic form of the incensed Indian. Belated travelers and hunters had been known to encounter the visitation, and, of course, gossip always had a romance of their evil fate. "I suppose that listening to all these stories in a half-sleepy state in the hot waiting-room had an unwholesome effect on me, for when the time came to go on the road again—and it was past eleven before the track was clear—I began to feel kind of nervous, though, of course, as I said to myself, ghost lore was lonesome, and any way, I thought, a railway train was too modern a thing to be affected by the spirit world. "The night, too, was not unghostly. It was dark and lowering, with slight flurries of sleet, and the wind was fitful and mournful in its path through the trees. But off I had to go, over a track that ran through the very heart of the ejected Indian's territory. It was just such a night, I thought as an Indian might appear, and perhaps a railway train might be especially obnoxious to him. It was about the same time of the year, too, that the curse was pronounced, according to 'Old Mike,' so if the observance of anniversaries was the rule with ghosts, the ghost would be very likely to show himself. "All the while I was thinking of these things I was flattering myself that there were no such things as ghosts, and I was not in the least afraid, and so on. Nor was I—oh no—well, you need not laugh, I was not, only I could not help the ideas running through my head. "Well, off I went alone on the engine, and the brakeman in the rear I had to travel without a stoker that trip. As we went out there was a little sleet and a pretty sharp wind; but we had not gone far before the temperature changed to cold, and a touch of frost took hold of things in general. I felt the rails getting slippery, and on one or two grades had to make free with the sand-boxes. "I knew that if this continued I should have hard work before me, and I began to fire up a bit. While I was doing this, I suppose I forgot all about the stories of ghosts and phantoms, for when I did look ahead again I felt just as though a lump of ice had gone down my back, and I remembered them once more, for there—right in front of the engine—was what seemed to be the shadowy figure of a human being! It was twice as large as life, sharply yet dimly shadowed out in the strong glare from the head-light, and seemed to be waving its spectral arms in a manner that might have meant warning or menace. It seemed, also, to contort itself at times as though in pain. "At first I did not know what to do or think. I don't mind telling you, as I told you before, that I was thoroughly frightened. I'm mixed with 'Old Mike's' story. I think you will agree with me that it was at least queer. The ghost of the Indian appeared, so he had told us, to people in enlarged proportions, and by signs warned and reminded them of the malediction he intended for all who occupied his ancient patrimony. "Here was I, going through what had once been his possessions, and in front of the train was a spectral form, waving what was perhaps his curse, or worse still, foreboding ill to the train I was driving. "While I was standing there, with thoughts and fancies rushing through my brain at race-horse speed, the thing kept the same position, now seeming to glide quietly through the night, now moving its horrid arms with fierce and vehement gesticulations, and then, when the fitful gusts would viciously strike the engine, it seemed to dance and fling itself about with a fiendish gleeful con-

**THE CUP THAT CHEERS.**

tion, as though passing once more through the motions of a war-dance. "I had ample time to note the hateful presence. I had many miles to run, and the train was heavy, and in the fit of horror which had possession of me I had let the steam diminish and let the speed fall off. But it was the same thing. There stood the phantom, sharper and more definitely visible when we were passing through an open snow-clad locality, than in the woods, where it seemed at times to fade and almost disappear. "It could not be human, for nothing human could keep pace with the running of an engine. It glided with the train. "It continued, too, its peculiar action. It was in motion all the time. I was so awe-struck that I was hardly able to think of any course to pursue. But the terror was growing too great, and at last in spite of regulations, I thought I would make an effort to run over the hateful Presence. But putting on steam was no use. There moved the ghost equally with the train. The sudden increase of speed brought the brake-rod over the top of the cars to see what was wrong, and his company was at least encouraging. "What's up?" asked he. "Do you see that thing ahead?" I must have gasped. "The Indian—look!" "Why," said the man, "are you daft? there's nothing ahead." "Nothing!" said I savagely. "Look right on the track—see, it moves!" "Nonsense!" was all the answer. "There is nothing." "By this time I was as angry as my fright would permit, for I did not at all relish the idea of being the only spectator of what was quite clear at least to me, there it was still, no change in shape or motion, persistently waving its arms, with equal persistency, holding its uniform position. "But even, I suppose, a ghost would become familiar in course of time, and I found that my fear was getting a little less than it had been at first. It was getting familiar, probably, bringing about a corresponding contempt—not that I had gone to that state, though—and I knew that we were approaching a station, so I took courage and began to think perhaps I had been mistaken. But no! there in the same position it had occupied for an hour or more, stood the horrid thing. "I said no more to the man behind me, but waited, feeling bolder as I got nearer the station where we were to stop. "When the time came for signaling the train to the station, I began to think that perhaps I had been foolish to give way to my fears as I had, but the ghost was still in its place. Right glad I was to whistle 'down brakes' and see the lights of C— ahead. Then I wondered if the ghost was going 'all the way.' It was still going on before, as usual. "When we ran into the station it seemed to fade gently away. The station-master was very loth to believe the story which I gave him as I have given it to you, and, perhaps, the secret of my Indian ghost would never have been discovered but for him. "It happened that I had to run on a little to take in water and he sat on the engine for company like and as we ran out of the lights of the station, what should appear but my ghost once more. "Oh, I see it!" said the master, when I pointed it out to him. 'I must find out what it is.' "So down he gets and walks in front of the engine while I was filling the tank from the cistern. "Presently back he comes. "Here's the ghost," said he, and handed me a half-dead leaf. "Bosh!" said I, "how could that be the thing I saw?" "Just so," said he; "this leaf had got from by one end to the glass of the headlight and the lens has projected the shadows right front of you all the way. See, I'll put it on again." "So he did, and there was the figure again. My fright had all been caused by a leaf, shaped something like a human form, blowing about in front of the lantern, and its shadow cast out into the snow and darkness. I felt mean, and made up my mind never to believe in ghosts again. "But how was it that the brakeman did not see it?" "That struck me, and when I coupled up again I climbed up and saw that the angle was wrong. My ghost I keep in a book now, and I laugh sometimes when I look at it."

**Artificial Ivory.**

How is artificial ivory made? Of late years the scarcity and dearth of genuine ivory have driven inventors to manufacture artificial compounds capable of replacing it for many industrial and domestic purposes. These compounds, which may almost without exception be classed under the name "celluloid," are formed of divided cotton waste, or some similar substance, soaked in either vegetable naphtha, nitro-benzol, camphor or alcohol. Sufficient of these solvents is used to make a soft, plastic mass, which is subject to hydraulic pressure and mixed with oils, gums and coloring matter. Any degree of flexibility can be given to it, and it can be made white and transparent, or of any brilliant color. It can be made hard as ivory, or retained in so soft a condition as to be capable of being spread in layers over textile fabrics in the same way as paint is laid on. It can be pressed and stamped, planed like wood, turned in a lathe, cut with a saw, carved, woven, or applied as a varnish. When dyed the dye runs through the whole substance, and cannot therefore be rubbed or washed out. An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense. They are then washed free of the acid and slowly dried. This ivory can be dyed and turned and made useful in many ways.

BAGLEY—"What in the world have you got there?" Bailey—"A dog collar. Isn't it a pretty one? Got it for \$7. I tell you it's a bargain." Bagley—"But you haven't got a dog, have you?" Bailey—"No, but I know where I can get one for 50 cents."

**The Immense Amount of Poor Tea Consumed by Ignorant Caucasians.**

If the tea trade is ceasing to be as profitable as it used to be, the tea drinker is also well aware that the quality of the stuff sold is no longer what it was. Japan, India and Ceylon send us very sound teas, though the English palate is still to be fully educated to a liking for these brands. China, which at one time had a monopoly of the supply, is falling off. It has still rare samples for those who cannot pay for the best. But few buyers being at hand, the importer naturally prefer to minister to the coarser tastes of the less opulent public. Accordingly, every year seems to bring cheaper and cheaper and worse teas into England. Everybody wants something that costs little, and, after a course of cheap teas, the buyer loses the appetite for the good ones. He is even unable to distinguish a first-class from an inferior article. For fifty men who can "talk wine" there is not one who has an educated taste for tea. A well-to-do citizen would scorn to ask his guest to drink a bottle of the aerie vintage which is associated with the premier's name, and will instantly send from the table a bottle of corked wine. Yet that same host will himself drink and offer to his friends, tea which a coolie in Canton or Yokohama would toss into the street. The housewife who considers a shilling and 6 pence a sufficient price for the best of tea would be astonished to hear of Japanese growths worth between £3 and £4 or to be told that in Russia opulent families rarely drank under 10 and 12 shillings of the 70,000,000 pounds of tea sold every year in England, fully 40,000,000 pounds are of a higher quality than any they received from China, but people prefer the poorer sorts, simply because they are supposed to be cheaper. A little more extravagance in this direction would be excusable. Economy in tea drinking is wastefulness. It would certainly not ruin many people did they contract a taste for high priced Souchong, or develop a weakness for the best Bohoa. It takes a good time to consume a cup of tea at 10 or 12 shillings and the health of the drinker might at the week's end be better than if he had consumed a bottle of champagne that day, while his pocket would undoubtedly be fuller. **New Zealand's Volcanoes.** The scene at the time of the eruption, as it appeared to an eye-witness is thus described: "At about 2 o'clock he was awakened by a rumbling noise like that of an earthquake. He went outside the door, but could see nothing, although it was a clear night. The noise proceeded from Tarawera. He looked around again and saw a huge mass of flame rise in the heavens, and instantly the lava and smoke covered the ground. Soon after a volume of smoke issued from Runanga, close to Tarawera. Large balls of fire were thrown from the gaping mouth toward Taupo, this accompanied by terrible reports which shook the whole place. Forked lightning followed close upon the balls of fire. It resembled the wriggling of snakes; it returned to the crater, forming the letter 'V.' The roar was tremendous resembling the heaviest thunder. "As each piece of blizzard slipped into the open basin large clouds of black dust rose out of it and ascended to the heavens. The fall of earth into the open crater seemed to start the fiery balls from coming up, but forked lightning still continued. Dense volumes of smoke issued from the crater, going in various directions. As soon as Ruahine stopped sending forth its terrible balls of flame a huge white cloud issued from the cap of Hotomahana, and heavy booming was heard, followed by volumes of white compressed steam from Lake Rotomahana. It rose with terrible velocity, and seemed to be going toward Okara lake. This lake is about five miles from Lake Rotomahana, and the appearance it presented at times was something like a huge boiling caldron, bubbling in all directions. "Lightning then commenced to shoot out from Mount Kakaramea. From the whole mount there came sheets of flame and myriads of shooting stars like large rockets. Shortly afterward shocks of earthquake were felt, accompanied by a noise resembling minute guns, but louder than the roar of the heaviest gun known. There was an open crater on Mount Kakaramea, and immediately a huge volume of dense black smoke issued from it and the country all around began to get dark. In half an hour it was so black that no one could see their hands in front of them. While this was going on a shower of pieces of lava the size of peas came down with terrible swiftness, and with such force as to be almost as dangerous as bullets. **They Spoke to the Khedive.** The Khedive of Egypt has a country palace at Helwan, fifteen miles from Cairo. There are celebrated sulphur springs at Helwan, and all the tourists who flock to the land of the Pharaohs during the winter months spend a short while at these springs. His Highness was taking a walk alone near the palace, and was closely followed by two very determined-looking ladies. The first personage seemed annoyed at the intrusion, and suddenly turned, seemingly to escape them, in an opposite direction. The ladies, however, were not to be thwarted, and striding up to the Khedive with a fifth avenue swing, one of them said: "Aren't you the Khedive?" His Highness politely replied, "I am." The ladies said, "We thought so." And then, with a smile, "We are from New York." The very innocent sovereign said, "I thought so," and, bowing, walked away. **A scientific expedition for the exploration of Africa, is in course of organization under the charge of Dr. Emil Siebeck. Much is expected of it. Herr Adolph Krause will lead the party and he that the plans are carried out. The immediate object is described as the investigation of the languages and social condition of the inhabitants of the region about the Niger, Benue and Lake Chad.**