

Autumn Melody.

When the summer's torch is laid away
In the Sun's palace-hall again,
And lamps of mellow light are held
By him above the earth and main,
How blest to wander through the world
Bathed in a broad, calm sea of gold.
Or through the forest-aisles that stand
Like pictured cloisters on the land,
While quiet laps the soul-like rhymes
Of love breathed by the masters of the
olden times.

The torrent takes a softer tone,
The southwinds even milder breathe,
The clouds on morning's gate of gold
In tender lines of beauty breathe.
All seem as if, together, they
Had made consent to weave a lay
Of perfect peace that seraph ears
Might lean to listen from the spheres
Where war his standard ne'er unfurled,
And rainbows evermore by bloodless
hands are curled.

O time of mild magnificence
O season of angelic birth!
Spread, softly spread your lustrous
wings
Like benedictions o'er the earth!
And we, the heirs of storm and wo,
Will in your large, delicious glow
Divine a promise that yet
All men, in brother counsels met,
Shall light no war-torch on the sod,
But walk alone beneath the mellow
fumes of God.
—WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, in
New York Ledger.

A Gilded Hero.

BY E. L. SABIN.

The steamer had been buffeted by the stiff gale for twenty-six hours, and when the second day dawned the wind had increased to a hurricane. The sky was a leaden mass, gloomy, inert, and brooding, offering no hope of a change and no glimpse of the sun. Clouds which have a distinct outline look as if they might eventually be driven away; but a sullen sheet of gray is hopelessly dispiriting.

The waves had attained tremendous momentum, and were being piled higher and higher by the storm. Gray like the sky, they tumbled in savage glee aboard the vessel, rushing triumphantly from the forward quarter aft. It seemed as if legions of sea demons were hastening from all directions, riding upon the snow white crests of the angry billows, to assail the struggling ship.

But ocean steamers, such as the Kaiser Wilhelm, are not easily daunted, and the stout craft was steadily plunging ahead, the captain with difficulty maintaining his position on the bridge, the stokers in the depths shoveling coal into the greedy furnaces, and the cabin passengers trying to keep right side up in their state rooms or in the saloon. The steersman passengers were praying. Cabin passengers pray only in extremities.

Three days out of Bremen—three days of mal de mer and general unpleasantness; for who, even the most seasoned mariner, could survive the weather, and smile? One storm had followed in the path of another. This morning, the saloon was sparsely occupied. Ladies, save one, were either ill in their berths, or with closed eyes were languidly loitering in deeply cushioned chairs. Gentlemen, save one, were either in their state rooms or in the smoking apartment.

The two exceptions to the rule were Edith Pettit and Roger Melton Thomson. Talking in low tones they sat in chairs snugly established on the leeward side, so that the feet of the sitters could be braced in case of an unusually severe roll.

Edith Pettit was what men and women alike call "an awfully nice girl." There was nothing dainty or ethereal about her. She was a healthy, well-groomed American damsel, able to play golf or tennis half the day, and dance rather more than half the night. The rays from the electric globes fell on her abundant hair, light but not golden, and her smooth cheeks, and glistened on her even, white teeth when she spoke or laughed. Perhaps her chief charm lay in her gray eyes, full and clear, and as honest as could be—a standing challenge to mankind to win an approving glance from them.

Thomson was little different from a hundred other men you meet at the club; regular features, brown mustache and eyes, hair of the same color and brushed straight down from the part in the middle; a wholesome-looking boy, but not noticeably brilliant. He and Miss Pettit were engaged.

"I don't know," he was saying, twisting a tassel on her chair, "that I care to have more of this weather. The matter has not been out of her room since we started, and I fancy you cannot stand my society much longer at a stretch. Otherwise I should say, 'Blow, ye breezes, blow!'"

"Oh, any port in a storm can be construed to read any man in a storm, if I wanted to say something mean. Speaking in earnest, Roger, I do not see what I should have done without you, as poor mamma has been so miserable. You have been so good and obliging, actually denying yourself to the smoking room."

"Well, you have had an opportunity to find out how angelic I really am. When we are married you will be on the watch for wings to grow from my shoulders." His voice had a slightly bitter tinge as he concluded.

"After our ups and downs of the present, we can find anything smooth sailing, I think, don't you?" she responded, smiling into his eyes as he

looked at her solemnly. "Shan't you be glad to see America again, and dear old New York?"

"Edith, do you know I rather dread it—getting back? Here I have you all to myself. There—well, I might as well tell you, I am desperately selfish. Angela are, sometimes. Expect Jack Dorris will be in town, won't he? He was to have returned last month."

"Yes, very probably, but—"

"I wonder if you will take offense if I tell you something," he went on, interrupting her, with a consciousness of what she was about to ask. "I have not been blind. I am sure that if you were not engaged to me you would marry Jack. He is better than I, I admit; only I am in luck, as always, and he has been pursuing hard lines. I would not blame you. All the girls like him. I am not complaining, Edith, only I want to let you see that I am taking you with my eyes open, and you need have no secrets from me. I trust you, dear."

"Roger, please don't. Jack and I have been friends for many years, quite too many to mention, for I am terribly old. Now I am your affianced wife, and no one else, except my mother, has any claim on me. I cannot say I love you, dear, as some women love men. We have talked this matter over before. But I do admire and respect you, very, very much. Let's discuss something new."

Thomson moved uneasily, and settled down as if with a fixed purpose. His hand stole along the arm of her chair and covered her fingers.

"No," he replied, "I want to say a little more, and please listen to me. I fear I am in a disagreeable mood, but this is about the last chance I shall have to set matters right, and it is not too late. If you think you will ever regret having married me, Edith, you ought to say so now. I will release you—that is, you know what I mean. You're not bound—"

"Roger, don't—"

"Yes, I must go on, dearest. I wish I was not rich or useless. I am a man, as well as Jack Dorris, but I have had my way paved for me, and never was urged to do anything to make people look up to me. Of course I am not a sot or a rone. But what am I? There's Jack, who is making his way alone and unaided, and getting no end of praise for the work he is turning out. He is bound to be a great sculptor, everybody says. He is a mighty fine fellow, and any girl should be proud of him. Until I met you I never had an incentive to make my mark. You see our family have always had everything they wanted, and I was brought up to it."

"Dear boy, you must not talk so. I know, and I wish everyone knew, what a generous, noble man you are—one of the very best in the world. I used to like Jack; all the girls do, as you say. I might have married him, if circumstances had permitted it, but at the time he was too poor to support us both. Now, I understand, his future is assured. He was my playmate and companion, oh, so long. But, dear, I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can only partly pay by making you, as I wish, the happiest man alive. If others knew what you have done for us—mamma and me—when we were in trouble, they would not be forever bringing up Jack's name. They would see why I admire you, and why I am glad to give myself to you, if you really want me. So let's drop the subject. I am going to be your wife just as soon as I can, and you cannot get out of it, and I expect to be happy, too."

"I don't know," laughed Thomson. "I could run away from my dreadful fate, and leave you to my worthy Jack. But I suppose I ought to be satisfied to have you for my own, even if you do not love me as I hoped you would. Oh, Edith," he continued wistfully, "if I could only win your entire heart! I feel now that I have bought, not earned you."

"What is the use of talking that way, Roger? You deserve me, if ever a man did woman. I cannot go through life with a lie on my lips, by telling you I love you. It would be unjust to you, and you would be miserable when you came to see it. I have laid bare to you my sanctum sanctorum, and now, dear, won't you take me as I am?"

"Who am I to refuse such a gift? But if I was out of the road, you would marry Jack, wouldn't you?—and I am keeping you from it."

The girl arose, her eyes filled with tears. "You are unkind," she replied. "I am trying to please you and to be to you all that you want, and I fail to satisfy you. Now I am going to mamma."

"Forgive me, Edith," said the man, stepping to her side. "I had no business to do that. You are too good for me. Let me know if I can do anything for the matter. I am going to stick my head out on deck, and will get in better temper."

When Roger Thomson peered on deck he saw the same scene that had greeted his eyes for the past two days, whenever he had attempted to emerge from cover—water beneath and above, flying spray and huge waves showing between attacks. Dripping, he speedily withdrew from the battlefield, encountering the pursuer as he did so.

"What do we intend to do?" asked Thomson. "Stay afloat, or sink?"

"We're trying to get back to port just at present. This is about the only direction we can move. We haven't gone very far, and ought to find anchorage by to-morrow, the Lord be praised. This does beat any storm I ever saw."

"Same here, pursuer. Much obliged for the information," and Roger hastened to impart the news to Edith and her mother, by shouting it through the closed door of their state room.

Morning came again. The storm had abated considerably, and the seas were rapidly falling. But the ship had been so battered by the elements that the captain thought best to con-

tinue on the course toward the nearest port, where needed repairs could be made to the beat propeller. A rocky coast line was already dimly descried in the distance.

Eight bells had struck. Wan passengers had appeared on deck. Suddenly there was a crash that made the steamer shiver, and a sound of splintered wood and of iron plates torn asunder. Then the startled cries of men came faintly from the engine room. The steady whirling of the screws ceased. The vessel listed to port. The steerage was full of groans and shrieks and appeals for divine aid. Officers rushed below.

Roger Thomson was among the few cabin passengers on deck. In the confusion consequent upon an accident at sea, he ascertained that the steamer had a broken shaft, and that the hull had been badly damaged by the mighty piece of mechanism when it snapped. Then the voice of the first officer was heard.

"The captain requests that all gather together their valuables and prepare to leave the steamer. There is no immediate danger, but the boats will be launched and the passengers taken to the shore, which is only a few miles distant. Please carry only necessary clothes, and remember, there is no immediate danger."

This message was repeated in other parts of the vessel. Thomson turned to Edith and her mother.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "The captain is only taking a proper precaution. Better get your things, and I will wait for you, unless I can help you down there. No? All right. Make haste!"

Boats were quickly lowered into the water, and the rafts were flung over the sides. Passengers were scurrying in every direction, ending by tumbling into the crafts as best they could. Edith and her mother appeared.

"Here you are," cried Thomson. Mrs. Pettit, shut her eyes and trust to the Lord. There you go. Now, Edith."

But she had vanished. "Hurry up!" came the hoarse cry from the only waiting boat. Roger saw that he was alone on the deck. Even the captain had embarked. Disregarding the summons, he ran in mad haste to the Pettit's state room. Edith was there, searching frantically underneath the lower berth.

"Oh, Roger," she exclaimed, "that little satchel containing the deed! Did mamma have it?"

"Yes, I saw it. For God's sake, hurry on deck, Edith! We shall be left. Where's your life preserver?"

"I couldn't find another. Everybody seemed to grab them, and a man jerked the one I had out of my hands."

By this time they were at the rail again. The boat had drifted away slightly, but was not moving. It was jammed with human beings, and the crew were afraid to be so near the disabled vessel.

"Edith, take this," said Thomson, strapping about her waist the life-preserver he had been wearing. "Close your eyes and lips. You can't sink. They will pick you up."

"And you, Roger?" she asked, clinging to him.

"I'll be all right. I'll follow you. I can swim. Oh, my darling," he whispered, as he lifted her, and held her tightly for a moment, "it is for the best that you have not loved me. You and Jack think of me, sometimes." With a sudden motion he threw her over.

Gasping, strangled, it was a number of minutes after she was hauled into the boat before she was able to look around.

"Where's Roger?" were the first words she uttered.

"Pull away, pull away strong, my lady!" shouted the boat's officer sternly.

Edith, in spite of her mother's restraining arms, stood up. How low in the water the Kaiser Wilhelm was! And there, there on the deck, a lone silhouette against the sky, was Roger. She knew him at once.

"Oh, Roger, Roger," she called, as though her voice could reach him.

"No use, miss," said the officer. "He told me yesterday that he couldn't swim, and any way, the suction will draw him under, poor fellow."

But star, as if Edith's tones had sounded on his ear, the mute figure waved his hand. Then, in an instant, the steamer was blotted out, and only sea remained.—The Puritan.

A Petrified Foot.

While digging for bait with which to go a-fishing the other day, little Johnny Regan, of Lenni, Delaware county, discovered a small stone jar, and on emptying it several small pieces of leather were found at the bottom. On digging further down an Indian's moccasins was found, which contained a petrified foot, evidently belonging to a fallen brave.

It was the custom of the Lenni Lenape tribe, which formerly infested that region, to bury all belongings of a fallen warrior with his body, and the pieces of leather found in the stone jar were evidently used as money by the Indians in those days. Johnny has had numerous visitors since making his queer find, and many of his companions and some of the older folks are now scouring the vicinity of the discovery in hopes of meeting with similar success. The moccasin found by Johnny is an extremely large one, and at his father's suggestion, he has decided to have it made into watch pockets, two of which he will give to historical societies in Philadelphia. Arrow heads and tomahawks have been frequently found in this neighborhood.—Philadelphia Record.

Chinchilla fur is the finest and most delicate of all furs, and is generally of a pearly French gray tone. The animal, one of the rodent family, is only nine inches long, making the skin, size considered, very valuable.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Some of the Ceremonies of Southern Alaska Indians.

Goldseekers going to the Klondyke are obliged to go through a country inhabited by some very queer aborigines, who dwell along the coast of Southern Alaska. These natives do most of the freighting across the passes into the interior carrying loads on their backs; but their population during many centuries has been so shut away from other tribes by gigantic ranges of snow-clad mountains that they have developed a peculiar culture and customs unknown anywhere else. Hence the exceptional value of a monograph about them, prepared by M. Frank Boaz, a distinguished ethnologist, which is to be published soon by the National Museum.

One of the most remarkable of the festivals celebrated by the Indians is a carnival of ghosts, which is held each winter. It seems to be derived from, a tradition that tells of a journey made by an adventurous individual to a region beneath the earth, inhabited by phantoms. The celebration itself is a mimical representation of the visit to Hades aforesaid, and the performer who represents the submundane traveler wears a necklace and headdress set around with skulls.

This festival requires elaborate preparations. Speaking tubes of dried giant kelp are laid under the foot of the lodgehouse so as to terminate in the fireplace. When the ceremonial is in progress the performer disappears into a ditch previously dug behind the fireplace, and then many voices are heard coming out of the flames—really the voices of persons hidden in adjoining rooms, who speak through the tubes. Later on an image representing a ghost is seen to rise out of the ground, carrying the performer.

Cannibalism is very conspicuous in the myths current among these people, who have themselves been eaters of human flesh up to a recent period. Indeed, though the whites are supposed to have put a stop to such practices, it would seem that secret indulgence in them has not been wholly done away with.

Quite a number of strange demons are worshipped as guardian spirits, among them a cannibal demon that lives on the mountains and always is engaged in the pursuit of human beings for his table. The smoke of his chimney is the color of blood, and he has a female slave who gets food for him by catching men and collecting corpses. In his house is a fabulous bird with an immensely long beak, which lives on the brains of persons whose skulls it fractured with its bill. Anybody who is so unfortunate as to encounter the cannibal spirit may be transformed into a grizzly bear. On the other hand, if he can please the demon he may obtain power to handle fire without being burned.

Another guardian spirit is a fearsome warrior, who lives in the far North. He travels constantly and never leaves his canoe. By obtaining his protection a man may become invulnerable, or he may acquire power to catch the invisible disease demon. This demon is at all times flying about in the air in the form of a worm. The fortunate protege of the warrior spirit catching the worm can throw it into the body of an enemy, who will die at once.

These Indians wear wooden masks in their ceremonies. Some of them are of enormous size and astonishingly grotesque. The mask worn by a performer who represents the cannibal spirit, for example, is a huge crocodile-like head. Another, representing the bird servant of this spirit, is like the head of a bird, with a bill four feet long. By means of strings, pulled by the wearer, the great bill is made to open and shut rapidly, producing a loud clattering.

Freaks of Nature.

In the spring of 1896 John Patterson, of Mount Vernon, Ill., sowed some pepper seed of the ordinary red variety, such as he had raised many years. When the plants bore two of the stalks bore pods of wax whiteness, while the others were red as usual. John says that last year one plant bore seventeen bolts, sixteen of which were white, and one of a deep shade of golden yellow. John this year sowed the seed of last year's freak and these seeds produced thirty plants loaded with beautiful white balls of very pungent taste and odor. John has christened his strange variety of pepper tea "sixteen to one pepper."

Henry Etchison, of Anderson, Ind., has five bushels of freak corn. The ear looks like any common ear of corn and is properly silked. When the husks are drawn back, however, it is found that every grain is enveloped in a separate husk of its own, and has its silk. When the first husk around the grain is removed a second one is found also with proper silks, and under it is the fine round grain of white corn. Etchison says the seed came from Russia. He does not know how to use it. It would probably have to be shelled and then fanned. The corn is of high grade otherwise. It matures very early.

The Helpless Human Babe.

Sir William Turner at one of the sectional meetings of the British Association at Toronto discussed two questions which probably most fathers and mothers have asked themselves—Why are human babes, almost alone of God's creatures, helpless at birth? and Why does man walk upright, while all other animals go on all fours? It has, says Sir William, been sometimes asserted that the erect attitude is due to the fostering care of the mother or nurse; but for training and example the child would never raise itself upon its feet. Sir William Turner cannot accept that view, but there is a good deal to be said for it. A creature

going on all fours, and growling and exhibiting all the characteristic habits of the wolf, but with the head and general physical structure of a man, was captured some years ago in India. That the creature was a human being was proved beyond doubt, and investigation led to the discovery that a child had been abandoned in a cave years previously. That child, it was reasonably concluded, had been suckled by a wolf, and, as it grew, became itself a veritable wild beast. It had apparently adapted itself to the life of the wolf as readily as in other circumstances it would have adapted itself to human methods.

MILLIONS OF VOUCHERS.

Systematic Files in the Sub-Treasury in New York.

In the vaultlike attic of the United States Sub-Treasury Building in this city there are more than 20,000,000 cancelled pension checks and other vouchers so systematically filed that the Assistant Treasurer can within ten minutes put his hand on any particular one of these vouchers run back about thirty years, and the bits of paper are now accumulating at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. A large proportion of the Government disbursements are made in New York, and it has been the custom of every United States Assistant Treasurer to carefully file away the vouchers.

Experience has proven the wisdom of this precaution, for scarcely a week passes that a demand is not made on the New York Sub-Treasury for the payment of some old claim—usually a bounty or a pension—extending back from ten to twenty years. Some time ago a resident of one of the far Western States sent in what appeared to be a valid claim for war bounty, due more than thirty years ago. By direction of Deputy Assistant United States Treasurer Muhleman search was made among the files in the Sub-Treasury attic, and within a few minutes evidence was found that the claim had been paid many years before. In most cases where claims are made for back payments the canceled checks or other vouchers are found packed away in the file boxes.

In some instances old war claims appear which have not been paid, and after proper investigation they are liquidated. Such cases usually come from the rural districts, and frequently follow the death of a veteran of the war, whose long neglected or forgotten papers are overhauled by surviving relatives. "But in the matter of the great bulk of the old claims presented here," said Deputy Assistant Treasurer Muhleman, "the Government is saved trouble and expense because of the preservation of the millions of vouchers."—New York Times.

Blue Blood.

The origin of the term "blue blood" is most suggestive. After the black Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy of Spain was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest. These people were whiter than those who had been mixed with Moorish blood. The veins upon their hands were blue, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion, showed black upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of the old race came to declare that their blood was "blue," while that of the common people was black. The phrase passed to France, where it had no such significance, and was, in fact, quite arbitrary, and thence it came to England and America.

Oldest Married Couple in America.

Just outside the tiny town of Cape Porpoise, Mass., live the oldest married couple in the United States. They are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel, and they are 101 and 98 years of age respectively. The aged pair have lived together for seventy-seven years, and are still happy.

One hundred and one year ago, in the little hamlet of St. Ubes, in Portugal, Joseph Manuel was born.

Three years later, 1799, a girl was born at Cape Arundel, Me., thousands of miles from the home of the little Manuel boy, and they named her Sarah Wilces. They met and married.

Ten children were the result of their union, and of these six are still living.

A Cave Full of Lead.

A whole cave full of lead is the wonderful discovery which a number of farmers claim to have located in the Ozark Mountains of southern Missouri. The natural entrance to the place is being kept a secret by the property owners under whose land the cave extends. Seven miles from Bourbon, Mo., on the farm of James Reeves, a shaft is being sunk which will make an entrance into the aperture at a point convenient to the lead-bearing ore. Specimens taken from the place show that the quartz is almost pure.

New Meat Preserving Method.

Two Frenchmen, Revel and Campagne, have patented a novel process for preserving meat, doing entirely away with smoking and pickling. It consists in merely dipping the fresh meat into a strong solution of potassium iodide for ten minutes and then hanging up to dry. For a number of days the meat remains perfectly fresh, and after that it begins to dry, forming a hard crust, while the inner portions remain fresh indefinitely, so it is claimed.

To Explore the Orinoco.

Another member of the Field Museum staff, Professor George Cherry, is about to start on a long scientific quest. Backed by a wealthy Englishman Mr. Cherry will spend two years, chiefly at the head waters of the Orinoco river, in South America, in ornithological studies.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST RUNNER.

Bernard J. Wefers, the New Champion, Weighs 185 Pounds.

Of all the men who in running regatta ever faced a starter on a cinder track, Bernard J. Wefers, who a few days ago broke the world's record by running the hundred yards in 9 3-5 seconds, probably fulfills best the requirements of an ideal runner.

With depth of chest that bespeaks ample lung room, his lithe body tapers to the waist, and his world-beating legs, strung with tendons of steel, are of a minimum weight. He has nothing to carry save that which is of eminent use to him in his task.

Perhaps the vital element, after all, in a runner is "sand." If Wefers's record of victories over famous competitors were not sufficient proof of his grit, his face, with its square jaw, firm set mouth, piercing eyes and aggressive nose, should tell the story plainly. He hails from Lawrence, Mass. His fleetness was inherited. His father was an athlete of skill and a runner hard to beat.

The present champion is but 23 years of age, and has been running for four years. He is six feet tall in his stockings and weighs 185 pounds. When he first made his appearance on the cinder track good judges saw no future for him. He was a weight unheard of for a runner to carry. The years that have intervened have proven that the critics did not know.

Unlike most runners, Wefers, in motion, is straight as an arrow. His style is very graceful, and with his long, elastic stride, he seems to travel almost without effort. He gathers speed as he goes, and is famed in the athletic world as a strong "finisher."

No picture could convey more of tension and alertness than does that which represents Wefers crouching for the start. Every nerve and fibre is him as strung like a piano wire. And it is not for the gallery. He is probably one of the quickest starters in the world. He never in a race has permitted any competitor to pace him. He takes the lead from the start, and in the vast majority of his races has held it with such display of speed as has made the whole world wonder.

Another phenomenal thing about this phenomenal man is that his marvelous efforts do not seem to affect him after the manner of most athletes of his class. It is a familiar sight on athletic tracks to see runners, after breasting the tape, utterly collapsed, and half carried to the clubhouse by their friends.

Not so with Wefers. After breaking the world's records he has amazed the onlookers by jumping a jig on the greenward for joy and trotting off to the dressing room with the slacity of a colt.

It will be a long day before anybody sees his like.—New York Journal.

A Remarkable Run.

The most remarkable instance of the unflagging perseverance of a foxhound that has ever been recorded occurred in Scotland, in 1808, near Dunkeld. On the 8th of June a fox was observed on the highroad, proceeding in a very slow trot, and at a short interval behind it was a fox-bound, traveling at the same gait. A countryman, by running, caught the fox without difficulty, and took it, together with the dog, to the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, where in the course of a few hours the fox died.

It was afterward learned that the hound belonged to the Duke of Gordon, and that it had started the fox on the morning of the King's birthday, on the top of the Monialhills, which divide Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase continued four days, and that the distance covered from the place where the fox was started to the spot where it was finally caught, without making any allowances for doublings and crossings, but taking it in a straight line, "as the crow flies," exceeded seventy miles.—Harper's Round Table.

Submarine Cable Pest.

Cable termites are the latest things in entomology. They are playing havoc with the French cable in Tonkin. They bore through lead and other metals. This cable was composed of seven copper wires protected by an insulation envelope coated with cotton and jute. In addition to this it was placed in a lead pipe. A few months after it was laid it began to show signs of decay. It was taken up and replaced.

On examining the cavities in the old cable Professor Bouvier of the Paris Academy of Science discovered that they had been made by a new termite, Milne Edwards, commenting on this, said that it was not the first time that injury had been done to metals by these insects. They were numerous in some portions of China. Mr. Edwards also said that some other species of insects had been known to attack metal.

A Queer Educational Legacy.

By the death of a cat the Temple quarter in Paris receives a legacy of 10,000 francs for its elementary schools. The cat's mistress, who died in 1892, left the money for the maintenance of her pet cat, with the reversion at its death to the district municipality if it would look after the cat. It speaks well for the honesty of the trustees that the cat, which is now dead at the age of 16 years, should have survived its mistress five years.

At Port Moresby, New Guinea, the other day, six young native girls pleaded guilty before a white magistrate to a charge of theft. As they were rather young to send to prison, his Worship took each offender across his knee and spanked her.