

**THE OLD HYMN.**  
I sat within a vacant room,  
A low, low, quaint-shaped, oak-  
beamed room, with windows looking off to sea,  
Which the sunset's glory streamed  
O'er with the far-off fitting sails,  
And "Half-way Rock" that looming  
rose from the heaving sea  
A tower whereon the scattered isles repose.  
And some one near me gently played  
A dear old hymn that stirred my heart;  
'Twas "Children of the Heavenly  
Kings," and what it woke made quick tears  
start. The long years seemed to backward  
turn, and I held fast within his strong arms' clasp,  
While fast with me he crooned the old refrain.  
Oh! just as I was about to  
And know again the blissful rest,  
The old hymn brought me, rocked to  
sleep, with pillow'd head upon his breast!  
But only yet a little while,  
Though earth may call it years that  
I creep, he came to me again,  
And took me to eternal sleep.  
—M. J. Verreux in Boston Transcript.

**ON THE SILVER CLIFF TRAIL.**

Hotel accommodations are very meagre at Milton, and I was obliged to share my room with a stranger. He was a tall, strongly-built man, with a weather-beaten face and grizzled hair. It needed but a glance to know that he was one who could both give and take hard knocks. There was nothing repulsive about him, however. On the contrary, he seemed to be honest, good natured, and a thorough gentleman in the best sense of the word. Entering into conversation with him, I learned that he was from the West and had traveled extensively through all parts of the United States, especially the wilder parts. We soon became fast friends, as men sometimes will upon very short acquaintance.  
We had both traveled far that day and were not inclined to sit up very long, so about 10 o'clock we retired to our room and went to bed. I fell asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by sounds of distress from my roommate's bed. As I awoke I heard him cry as if in great fear: "Don't kill me, I am innocent. For God's sake let me go." This was followed by a choking sound that made my blood run cold. Jumping out of bed I turned on the light, and looked toward his side of the room, fully expecting to see my friend struggling with a burglar. To my surprise there was no one in the room except we two. Stepping hastily to the side of the bed I found him clutching his own throat and writhing in agony, at the same time uttering the cries I heard. His face bore a look of mortal terror, such as I hope never to see again. Realizing that he was suffering from some horrible nightmare, I tried to wake him up. By calling him repeatedly and shaking him I finally succeeded. He started up and gazed about him with a wild, frightened look, as though he did not know where he was. Gradually he came to his senses, but he was trembling like a leaf. He began to put on his clothes, explaining that he did not dare go to sleep again, but was going out for a walk.  
"If you don't mind, I'll go with you," said I, "for, to tell the truth, I don't believe I could sleep either."  
"I'm sorry I've spoiled your night's rest," he replied, "but if you really wish to go out with me, I shall be glad to have you."  
We lighted our cigars and strolled out into the night. After walking some distance in silence, my friend said: "It is strange that that dream should come back to me now. It hasn't troubled me for years. There was a time when it haunted me so often that I had to be watched constantly while I slept. As soon as I showed any signs of agitation, the watchers would awaken me. If they had not, my mind would undoubtedly have given way under the strain. There is a story connected with that dream. Do you care to hear it?"  
Of course I was very much interested and begged him to go on.  
"The dream I had tonight," he continued, "is merely the recollection of a terrible experience I once had. I was very young at the time—scarcely relative and dependent entirely upon my own resources. You remember the time when gold was discovered in Colorado, how people flocked there from all parts of country to make their fortunes. Well, I caught the fever, too, and taking what little money I had saved up, I went to Denver. There I remained some time mingling with miners and learning from them all I could about the gold mines. From several sources I heard that gold had been discovered in paying quantities at Silver Cliff, and I decided to go there, stopping on the way at Pueblo to buy a horse and other necessary parts of a miner's outfit.  
"The evening before I left Denver I was sitting in the lobby of my hotel, when an old gentleman sat down beside me and entered into conversation. He was a very pleasant companion, and I took to him immediately, telling him my plans and all about myself. When he learned that I had just come from the East and knew nothing about gold mining, he advised me to return. But I was young and hopeful, and, moreover, yearning for adventures of the sort depicted in the cheap novels I had read, so his advice was thrown away. Finding that I was not to be dissuaded from my plans, he good-naturedly gave me a great deal of valuable information and told me some

very interesting stories of his own personal experience.  
"The next morning found me on my way to Pueblo. Arriving there, I went to a hotel and began making inquiries as to the best way of reaching Silver Cliff. The landlord was very obliging. He assisted me in selecting a horse, told me what I would need on my journey, and promised to let me know when he heard of any one who was going to the same place. On the third day of my stay he introduced me to a man who intended to start for Silver Cliff the next morning, and was willing to take me with him. This man, who called himself Bill Warren, was an evil-looking fellow, but rather than wait longer I decided to accept him as a traveling companion.  
"Before daylight the next morning the start was made. We had only one horse each, and these were obliged to serve as saddle horses and pack horses at the same time. This made our progress rather slow. We had ridden some ten or twelve miles, when I thought I heard hoofbeats behind us. Turning in my saddle I saw a number of horsemen following us at full speed. As they rode they shouted something that sounded like "halt!" I was about to ask my companion what it all meant, when I saw him suddenly cut the strap which secured his pack, letting it fall to the ground. Then, putting spurs to his horse he left me far behind.  
"A moment later they galloped past me, all except the last two, who reigned in their horses, one on each side of me. After I had been relieved of my weapons I was allowed to let my hands fall to my side. Glancing at my captors I found them rough, determined looking men, armed to the teeth and evidently ready to shoot at a second's notice. They paid very little attention to me but seemed to watch with great interest the pursuit of my companion.  
"All this time I had not the slightest idea what the trouble was, and I dared not ask the men who were guarding me. I supposed that they intended to rob us, but could not understand why they did not do so immediately.  
"While these thoughts were passing through my mind the band of pursuers was rapidly overtaking Warren. At last the foremost one swung his lasso round his head and let it fly at the fugitive, catching him around the shoulders and unhorsing him with a jerk that seemed enough to break every bone in his body. Two other men then dismounted, bound the captive's arms and dragged him to the nearest tree. Placing a noose around his neck, they threw the other end of the rope over a limb, pulled until the victim swung clear of the ground and left him dangling there. He must have been killed, or at least stunned, by his fall from the horse, for he hung perfectly motionless. There was a horrible fascination in the awful sight, and I could not take my eyes from the swaying form until I was aroused by the voice of man on my right. "That's right, sonny," he said, "take a good look at it. It's the last hanging you'll ever see."  
I shuddered at these ominous words, but mustered up courage enough to ask what my companion had done to deserve such a terrible fate.  
"Oh! don't try to play innocent!" was the reply, "you are both in the same boat."  
"Before I could protest my innocence the rest of the horsemen rode up. 'Your turn next,' said the leader, grimly. 'If you've any prayers to say, say 'em damned quick!'  
"Speechless with fright, I was dragged from my horse and led to a tree near by. As in a dream I felt the noose placed around my neck and saw the end of the lariat thrown over a limb. A dozen hands grasped it and waited for a signal from their leader. Then, at last I found my tongue. 'For God's sake, gentlemen,' I implored, 'tell me why I am to be murdered. I swear I have done nothing wrong.'  
"Don't waste your breath, you blamed horse thief, jeered one of the crowd. 'You'll need all you've got before we get through with you.'  
"I'm no horse thief, I cried, 'I swear to God I bought that horse in Pueblo.'  
"He's a liar," yelled a desperate-looking ruffian. 'Ef he ain't a horse thief what's he doing in the company of that low-lived skunk over there?' and he pointed to where the corpse of Bill Warren swung to and fro like a ghostly pendulum.  
"Cries of 'String him up!' String him up!' resounded from all sides, but the leader restrained his impatient followers. 'Give him a chance to say what he wants to,' said he. 'It's the last chance he'll have, unless he proves his innocence.'  
"Encouraged by these words, I explained as well as I could who I was, and where I was going, and how I had met Bill Warren only the night before, and supposed him to be a gold hunter like myself.  
"The leader seemed to be impressed by my words and manner, but the others clamored for my death. One big, burly fellow apparently voted the sentiments of the crowd, saying, 'Hang the onery cuss. He's only a kid and new at the business, but if we let him go he'll be worse than his pal some day.'  
"I felt the rope tighten around my neck. My last hour was surely at hand. I cast one despairing look about me. Some distance away a horseman was approaching. His face looked familiar, and I took to him immediately, telling him my plans and all about myself. When he learned that I had just come from the East and knew nothing about gold mining, he advised me to return. But I was young and hopeful, and, moreover, yearning for adventures of the sort depicted in the cheap novels I had read, so his advice was thrown away. Finding that I was not to be dissuaded from my plans, he good-naturedly gave me a great deal of valuable information and told me some

says he knows you. Does he belong to your Sunday school class?"  
"A roar of laughter greeted this sally.  
"The old man rode up and looked me over from head to foot. 'Seems to me I've seen him afore,' he said at last, 'but I don't recollect when ner where.'  
"Don't you remember?" I groaned.  
"I met you in Denver, at the hotel, last Wednesday evening, and had a long talk with you. You advised me to go back East, and I didn't have sense enough to take your advice."  
"That's right," assented the old man; "I did meet this young feller, ez he says. I guess he's all right boys."  
"But the boys were not to be appeased so easily. 'That don't prove nuthin', objected the man who had voted the general sentiment before. 'You only met him that once. He might be a hoss thief for all o' that.'  
"Once more the bloodthirsty crew demanded my life, but the old man interceded for me and insisted that I be taken to Pueblo and given a chance to prove my innocence. His words seemed to carry a deal of weight, for, though there was no end of grumbling, I was immediately unbound, and placed upon my horse. The ride back to town was without incident, except that several of the crowd expressed a desire to shoot me, in order to save the county the expense of a trial. They went no further than to threaten, however, and I reached Pueblo with a whole skin. When we arrived at the hotel the proprietor was called out and commanded to tell what he knew about me.  
"I don't know nuthin' about him," he began, and my heart sank within me, but my spirit rose when he continued, "ceptin' that he wuz up here fer a few days. Said he wuz goin' to Silver Cliff. I helped him buy his outfit and that hoss he's ridin'."  
"Who was with him when he came here?" was the next question.  
"Nobody. But he went away with a feller that said he wuz goin' to Silver Cliff, too. Where's he at?"  
"Oh! he's ornamenting a tree out yonder. Ef it hadn't been fer the intervention of Providence in the shape of Ole Joe Mack, this young feller might be keeping him company. Ez it is, he seems to be straight enough, and I reckon we'd better let him go. He ought to be more keener in the choice of his pals thought. That cuss that wuz with him wuz the wust hoss thief in the State."  
"I remember no more after that. I was told afterward that I fell off my horse in a dead faint and was carried into the hotel, where I lay in a raging fever for over a month. I was delirious the whole time, and they had to tie my hands to keep me from tearing all the skin from my throat, grasping at an imaginary rope."

**The Oddest Hobby in the World.**

Probably the strangest hobby in the world is that of Henry Woolridge, of Mayfield, Ky., who devotes all his money and time to developing his plot in the local cemetery in a way which is as grotesque as it is, happily, original. His first modest and laudable effort was to erect a plain monument to mark the family resting place. Not satisfied with this, however, he added to it a white marble shaft, bearing on its face a relief presentation of himself on horseback.  
Having thus struck the personal note, "Uncle Henry," as he is familiarly called, had a life-sized statue of himself erected at a cost of \$200. He then introduced statues of his mother and eldest brother, to be followed shortly by similar statues in Indiana limestone of a favorite niece and of a young girl who had brought him flowers during an illness.  
His next ambition was to see himself on horseback, and the family gathering was augmented by a life-size statue of "Uncle Henry" on his favorite horse. Then followed presentments in stone of his favorite deerhound, "Tow Head," chasing a deer; another of a fox pursued by his foxhound, "Bob," and a marble sarcophagus with a carved representation of his favorite gun.  
The latest additions have been statues of three of his brothers in the stiffest of poses and the most prosaic of dress. As "Uncle Henry," although 75 years old, is still hale and more enthusiastic than ever, it is certain that this strange menagerie will receive many more additions before he sleeps in the oddest environment with which eccentricity ever surrounded a dead man.—Tid-Bits.

**Family Camps in a Railway Station.**

Officer Haggerty of the Pennsylvania Railroad made a curious arrest of a whole family at Earnest Station, Penn., recently for vagrancy. The family consists of John Zvend, his wife and four children. For several weeks they have been making their home in the solitary waiting room of that station and fought desperately to retain their abiding place. To Magistrate Lenhardt, the oldest boy stated that the family had been tramping for eight years. They came from Switzerland. The father refused to be sent to the almshouse or to accept work unless provided with a furnished house. Magistrate Lenhardt dismissed them on condition that they leave the county.—Philadelphia Press.

**A New Postal Card Idea.**

The postal card has been put to a new use in Italy. Any one who wishes to remit a small amount of money may attach to the card postage stamps to the desired amount. These are cancelled, and the amount is paid to the receiver of the card.  
The property owned by the fraternities at Cornell is valued at \$475,000; at Williams, \$350,000; Yale, \$300,000; Amherst, \$200,000; Wesleyan, \$125,000; Harvard, \$125,000.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

It is well that Spain has so large a proportion of illiterates. They will escape reading her history.  
Official statistics indicate that last year's crop of wheat, corn and oats in this country sold for \$1,077,000,000.  
The army sutler has ceased to be an American institution, greatly to the advantage of the entire military service.  
Miss Helen Gould's \$100,000 display of patriotism is better than a dozen fancy dress balls or vegetable parties, thanks the Washington Star.  
Through the progress of the metropolitan improvements in Paris many ancient landmarks are about to disappear to make room for long lines of straight streets and high houses.  
The greatest menace of the war to the United States is the yellow fever which may be brought back by our armies, and thus given a good start for the summer. The fever, and not Spain, is what we have to fear.  
With beef at \$1.40 a pound in Havana and mutton at \$2 a portion in Dawson City, the inhabitants of those two places ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other when it comes to eating.  
England holds sway over territory fifty-three times as great as the area of France, fifty-two times as large as Germany, three-and-a-half times as the United States and three times as large as the whole of Europe.  
A change is said to have come over the spirit of the Russian nihilists. They now realize that assassination is not synonymous with reform, and one of them recently remarked, "If we kill 30 Czars, it would make no difference."  
At this time the power of Great Britain in the east is menaced by Russia and to some extent by Germany, it is interesting, observes the Atlantic Journal, to glance at the extent of realm dominated by a county about the size of Georgia.  
The British dream of a railroad through Africa from Alexandria to the Cape, seems to be less of a dream, now that it is following the British army as fast as it moves up the Nile to Khartoum, and now that the speedy extension from Bulawayo to Lake Tanganyika seems assured.  
Brooklyn women have declared war on the tax assessors. One declares a coat of paint on a house caused increased assessment of \$400. Another asserts pointed roofs are counted as additional stories on houses. Those men who have been trying to drill logic into the tax system will welcome the support of the fair champions.  
One of the greatest Mohammedans that India has ever produced, Sir Saiyid Ahmad Khan, has just died. He was especially known as the champion of Western education and the defender, both at home and abroad, of his co-religionists. He was "the pillar of British rule" and aided the home country in a thousand ways.  
The city of Cleveland, Ohio, which pensions its old and disabled firemen, has enacted a new law, by the terms of which second wives or the children of such will enjoy the benefits thereof on the pensioner's death. Fire and Water says that a mischievous practice long obtained in that city, young girls marrying widowed pensioned firemen for the sole purpose of receiving the pension after the firemen's death.  
The New Orleans Picayune says: A correspondent writes to inquire: "Is it proper to say 'the United States' or 'the United States are'?" As a Nation she is, and they are. Writers who get no satisfaction from grammars can best suit themselves. The main point is to be understood now, North and South, that we have a union of United States, and a Nation, with a big N, not afraid of all creation.  
The terrible Merrick Road disaster, on Long Island, on Decoration Day, 1897, has at last been passed upon by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, which unanimously holds that the railroad company was at fault in not properly guarding the crossing. This should be an incentive to railroads in general to watch and protect their grade crossings more carefully than is their custom.  
The United States is the wealthiest country on the globe. In 1880 Mulhall estimated that its wealth was \$13,000,000,000, or \$65,000,000,000, while that of Great Britain was \$9,500,000,000, or \$47,500,000,000. The wealth of France was estimated at \$8,500,000,000, or \$42,500,000,000; Germany \$6,500,000,000, or \$32,500,000,000; Russia, \$5,000,000,000; Austria \$4,000,000,000; Italy, \$3,000,000,000, and Spain, \$2,000,000,000, or \$10,000,000,000.  
Recent events have given us a striking illustration of how much we depend on the telegraph. For a week we had no news from Manila, the one point in the world wanted to hear from, just because the cable was cut. The Philippine Islands and Admiral Dewey's fleet seemed to have been utterly lost. We had gone back to the dark days before Morse. Now London receives the daily telegrams from the center of Nyassaland, where Dr. Livingstone was lost among savages.  
The Sudanese general, Mahmoud, is giving lots of fun to his British captors. He comes from the interior of Sudan, and in the campaign saw a steamboat for the first time. He expressed no astonishment at any feature of the structure excepting that it smoked all the time without getting sick and worked all the time without getting tired. He resembles the Chinaman who saw

near Shanghai his first locomotive. All that he could say about it the next day was: "No pushes, no pultee; go fast all the same!"  
Five able-bodied Americans revealed themselves on board the British steamer Osborne when she was two days out from London. When Captain Rettle demanded to know the reason therefor they said they wanted to come here to fight for their country and hadn't a cent to pay their way. Captain Rettle is an Englishman, but he metaphorically patted them on the back, saw they were well cared for, and just before the steamer arrived at Philadelphia gave them a dinner, at which toasts were drunk to the United States and England.  
Its population is more than three times as great as that of all Russia's possessions. British territory embraces more than 11,000,000 square miles, occupies one-fifth of the whole globe and contains 350,000,000 souls, one fifth of the world's population. England's possessions are scattered over four continents, embrace 10,000 islands, 2,000 rivers and 500 promontories. With all this territory and this enormous population, with her vast wealth and unlimited credit, with her historic pluck and incomparably the greatest navy in the world, it is not strange that the other nations are polite to England.  
The Prince of Naples has begun an experiment in the education of the troops under his command. He has having all the privates in the garrison at Naples taught scientific farming. He thinks that in this way he can overcome the dislike for agriculture, all the soldiers even those recruited from farming districts, show when discharged. This dislike is attributed to the fact that all soldiers in the army must learn to read and write, and when they come out they feel themselves too good for farming and join the ranks of the social discontents.  
Americans do not seem to have learned the art of combining fruits together. The French have made this a special study and in their macedoines give a very delicious and wholesome comfit. The East Indians combine fruits to form the familiar side dish chutney; the West Indians combine the tropical fruits in large number of palatable and nutritious confections. In New England the old housewives were wont to cook crab-apples, raisins, currants and watermelon rind, together with a little sugar, and also pears, peaches, and plums with crab-apples, but this is apparently the limit of our endeavours in this field.  
**Mortality in the Seminole War.**  
The only experience the United States army has ever had in tropical warfare was in Florida, from 1835 to 1842—the seven years' war with the Seminole Indians. While the conditions there were much more favorable than they are in Cuba, the mortality from disease was enormous in comparison to the number of men employed. The records show that there were altogether 7,400 troops engaged during the seven years' fighting against a total of about 3,000 Indians, of whom 1,594 were men, 1,337 women and 963 children. The war was carried on in a manner similar to that between the Spaniards and the Cubans. The Indians would never consent to a stand-up fight unless they had a great advantage, but lay in ambush and attacked the soldiers in the dark whenever they could do so without exposing their own lives. They lived on the country, the native fruits, roots, vegetables and game, while the soldiers were required to carry supplies with them and were thus handicapped and retarded in their movements. It took seven years to subdue the savages and there was no peace until they were practically exterminated. At the end of seven years the fighting men were reduced to about three hundred, and they were hidden in the everglades.  
During these seven years out of the 7,400 troops employed 1,531 died—twenty-three sailors and forty-two marines—the remainder being officers and soldiers of the regular army. Of this number only fifty-eight were killed in battle, 214 died of wounds, and 1,259 of malarial diseases.  
As a result of the Indian war there are now on the pension rolls 6,961 persons, of whom 2,373 are survivors and 4,288 widows. They receive an average of \$800,000 a year in pensions, and since 1893 have been paid \$3,243,708. The total amount thus far paid by the government for pensions growing out of the Florida war will exceed \$53,000,000.—Chicago Record.

**British Army Doctors.**

The new rules as to hospital stoppages will throw upon the army medical officers a responsibility which, according to the manner in which it is exercised, will conduce much to their popularity or otherwise in the barracks room. The old rule has been that any man in hospital not suffering from injuries received on duty has been put on hospital stoppages of 7d a day. In future, however, half of this sum will be remitted on the certificate of the doctor that the man's sickness has been contracted as the direct circumstances as to be beyond his own control. Here, indeed, is a problem in etiology. When a man is laid up with a cold, a pleurisy, or an attack of rheumatism, after a hard field day or sentry duty in bad weather, is the doctor to allow his medical imagination to wander back to possible causes and give Tommy Atkins the benefit of the doubt, or is he sternly to refuse to certify to what he cannot be sure of, and so give the ratepayer the benefit of the fact that it is impossible in many cases to certify why a man has become ill.

**THE DIVINING ROD.**

Sometimes It Proves Successful in Water Searches and Sometimes Not.  
The pros and cons of the theory of the divining rod are again being discussed in the English newspapers. The superintendent of a fire brigade testifies to a case within his experience in which a water finder was commissioned to operate on an estate of the existence of which he was previously ignorant. He got to work, soon found the presence of water, and, fixing upon the nearest and most conveniently placed spring, gave the probable depth at which water would be discovered in sufficient quantities as 75 feet. At 70 feet the water came in, and at 77 feet operations had to be stopped, as the flow became too heavy. Some of the tools had to be left in the well, as there was not time to remove them all. The well supplied the cattle, horses and pigs of the farm on which it was bored through the dry summer of 1896, never falling in its flow. Twelve months after a second well was sunk, barely a stone's throw from the first. The water finder was asked if one stream would affect the other, as they were so near. He replied: "No, they are two distinctly different streams, running in different directions." The second well was as successful as the first. This correspondent regards the power to find water as the result of a force, magnetic or otherwise, over which the finder has no control and which he is unable to explain. He also says that the operation of finding water produces a marked degree of nervous fatigue in the operator. On the other hand, the discomfiture, as announced of a professional water finder who made a tour in the Island of Jamaica, where in the dry season water is a precious boon. He traveled through the island, rod in hand, but met with little success. At one village in the Santa Cruz mountains he pegged out part of the course of a subterranean stream, and then retired to lunch at a neighboring hotel. In his absence some wags removed his pegs and lined out a totally different course. On his return the diviner took up the new direction and continued it for 100 yards, not discovering his mistake until it was pointed out to him. At one point where he predicted water at a depth of 40 feet there was no sign of it when 150 feet had been bored, and after going down 200 feet the borer could not be extracted. The same result occurred in many other places, and finally the diviner left the island abruptly. People are now asking who is responsible for the money paid to him.  
**A Comprehensive Epitaph.**  
"I was up in Vermont not long ago," said a New Yorker, "and being in the vicinity of the old Guilford Cemetery I paid it a visit. This cemetery has, from neglect, grown to be somewhat of a miniature wilderness, and the inscriptions on many of the ancient gravestones are past all deciphering. On one stone that stands in picturesque obliquity at the head of a sunken and overgrown grave I managed to decipher what had been inscribed there generations ago, and copied it. This is what the inscription says:  
"Sacred to the memory of the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, Esq. Born in Rehoboth, Mass., A. D. 1725. A public teacher of righteousness, an able advocate lost for Democracy and the equal rights of men. Removed to this town A. D. 1725. Was a field officer in the Revolutionary war. A founder of the first Constitution and Government of Vermont. A Councillor of Censors in A. D. 1783. A member of the Council and Lieutenant Governor of the State in A. D. 1779. A firm professor in Christianity in the Baptist Church for fifty years. Left this world and 146 persons of lineal posterity March 29, 1804, aged 78 years, 10 months, and twelve days, with a strong mind and full faith of a more glorious state hereafter. Stature about 6 feet, weight 200. Death had no terror."  
"If there are any of those 146 persons of lineal posterity left, I think it would be something to their credit if they would drop along up that way some day and fix up that old patriot's and statesman's grave a little."  
**The Man Who Has Found a Second Moon.**  
Dr. Waltham, who asserts that he has discovered a second moon, was born in the city of Bremen, and since the days of his early youth was occupied with astronomical matters. He studied at Gottingen, and was lecturer at the technical schools, and for many years a lecturer for the propagation of science and useful knowledge throughout Germany. Since 1883 he has been studying the disturbances in the moon's motion. Leverrier, the great French astronomer, was convinced that there must be innumerable small bodies not very far from the earth. Either these must be meteorites or moons, or both of them. He is sure that there are still several moons. Proctor, in his book, "Other Worlds Than Ours," was of the opinion that the earth possessed a certain number of dark moons, which only shine when some parts of their surface with great reflecting power are illuminated by the sun's rays.  
In recent years several moons attending other planets than our own have been discovered. Professor Barnard, with the Lick telescope, discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter in 1892. Professor Asaph Hall in 1877, with the twenty-six inch reflector of the Washington observatory, discovered the two moons which light up the planet Mars. In all the solar system the earth is the only planet which is attended by one moon. Uranus has four satellites, while Venus and Mercury have none at all.—St. James Gazette.  
There are more blind people among the Spaniards than any other European race.