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THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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### SOMEBODY.

Somebody thinks the world all wrong,
And never has a word in its praise;
Somebody sings the whole day long,
Likes the world and all its ways,
Somebody says it's a queer old place,
Where none of the people do as they should,
Then, somebody thinks it full of grace,
And wouldn't change the folks if he could.

Somebody calls it cruel and cold,
Full of sin, and sorrow, and pain,
Where life is but a search for gold
And souls are lost in selfish gain,
Somebody merrily laughs—and cries,
"Hurrah for such a dear old earth,
Success shall crown the man who tries
To make his mark by honest worth."

Somebody groans and shakes his head,
Calls his lot a wretched one;
Somebody wishes that he were dead,
'Cause somebody else has all the fun.
But still, I fancy, you're sure to find,
Tho' good or evil, or pain or care,
One certain fact—so make up your mind,
That—somebody always gets his share.

### A LOVE OF A BONNET.

"I promised to buy my wife a new bonnet," remarked the editor of the "*Recorder*," as he crossed Canal street, arm in arm with his bosom friend, Al. Knowlton, dodging a truck as he uttered the words, and stubbing the toe of a tight boot against the earth in consequence.

"Well, now that you are in town, and on Broadway, you ought to keep your word, and buy her as nice a bonnet as you can find," answered his friend, as he steadied the newspaper man, restoring him to his equilibrium.

"Yes, I know I ought to, but you see we country editors are not blessed, usually, with as many dollars as there are quads in the case. I have come on to New York to buy material and to see about commission merchants' ads, and I must not run myself short. Then, again, it is a matter of two hundred miles to Freetown, and I must go up the river on business before I go home; so that, on the whole, the expense and the trouble of carrying the head-gear is too much. I guess Angie will have to do without it."

"Do without it!" exclaimed Knowlton, with a wealth of reproach in his tone. "Do without it! You are a pretty fellow to grumble about expense and distance! Your generosity is about as poor as your grammar. You say you have 'come on' to New York to buy printing material; now I say 'come on' and buy a bonnet for your wife! You can do the opposite, but she will bless the expense if it is a handsome hat, and she can let her neighbors know it came all the way from New York."

"No, I guess I won't get it this time," said Editor Bawshay.

"But I guess you will, though," replied Knowlton. "I'll give you no peace until you purchase a very love of a bonnet for that charming woman to whom you refer so carelessly as 'my wife.' Come, now, we will begin with the first store where there is the least likelihood of finding one. Here, old fellow, is a place where they sell artificial flowers; let's go in and see if by chance there is a bonnet for sale."

Somewhat against his will Bawshay suffered himself to be drawn into the trap, and presently Knowlton was asking to see some bonnets.

"Well," said the proprietor of the establishment, in reply, "well, we don't keep bonnets; our business is confined to artificial flowers; but perhaps we have one or two which have been used to display samples of our goods, which we can let you have at a low figure. Step this way."

In the rear of the large store five bonnets were found and duly inspected. The first four were unanimously condemned, but the fifth was charming. So thought the two male connoisseurs as they gazed at the delicate affair held aloft in the right hand of the merchant, who swayed it gracefully in curvilinear lines—giving it a sheer now to larboard and now to starboard.

"Yes," quoth Knowlton—who was a bachelor, and of course au fait in all matters of this sort—"it is just the thing you want, Bawshay—buy it."

Suddenly the proprietor was blessed with a happy thought. "Here, Jenny," he cried, addressing a blooming young girl, the centre of a group of five women (the same number as the stock of bonnets) who were engaged in arraying trees and leaves not ten feet away. "Here, Jenny, will you be so good as to try this on?"

Jenny was a lovely creature, who evidently could make any bonnet seem other than it was by simply wearing it. She did not appear to like the idea of deporting herself before two strange men in order to show off the becomingness of an elegant head covering as an inducement to them to purchase the same; it was a little out of her line; but she came forward and tried the bonnet on, blushing gloriously the while, making a most fascinating picture, which the editor and his friend regarded with open and undisguised admiration. The hat was pronounced "perfection itself," and the charming girl returned it to the merchant with a delicious air of confusion and embarrassment.

Bawshay produced a roll of bills, thus apparently giving the lie to the legend about country editor's incurable impecuniosity, and demanded:

"How much?"

"Any milliner in town would charge you at least twenty-five dollars for it; but as we don't sell hats, and this is something unusual with us, you may have it for five dollars."

"Five dollars!" said Knowlton, under his breath. "Five dollars! About right as to value, but dirt cheap as hat prices go."

"All right," said Bawshay, "all right: please put it up."

Knowlton hoped that the flower man would prolong the process, for he was infatuated with the fair girl who had exhibited the article of dress in such a bewitching manner, and he could "hardly keep his eyes off her," as the phrase goes.

Bawshay, married man though he was, furtively regarded the young lady as she plied her vocation, still as red as the roses she was at work upon.

"Smitten, eh?" said the editor, as the friends reached the sidewalk, with the bandbox containing the treasure between them.

"Well, yes, I am, and no mistake!" returned Knowlton. "That's the girl I have been looking for—I wonder how I can ever become acquainted with her?"

"That is easy enough," said Bawshay. "You keep a fancy store, don't you? Well open an artificial flower department, and buy your stock at this establishment; ask the proprietor to let this beauty wait on you; improve the acquaintance, and trust to luck."

"Capital!" said Knowlton. "I'll do it!" And he did.

The bonnet reached Freetown in due course, and many blessings were invoked upon Bacheler Knowlton's head by the delighted editor's wife, who had been informed of the incidents of purchase, and who wore the husband's appreciated gift so daintily and with an air of such supreme elegance as to win at once the applause and envy of the whole village. Bawshay himself had more solid comfort for his five dollars than any fifty dollars he ever spent.

And while this "love of a bonnet" was creating such a sensation in Freetown, it was exerting a powerful influence still in New York. Following his literary friend's advice, Knowlton became a customer at the store where the now famous example of the milliner's skill had been purchased. According to programme and arrangement with the owner, the blooming young girl who had fascinated his sense at first sight waited upon him.

She was not as diffident as he expected. She served him with exquisite grace, answered his questions, listened to his diffusive and effusive remarks with an enchanting air, seemed to like the young fellow immensely; and after a few weeks the proprietor thought he had not done a very good thing in allowing Jenny to wait on his new customer, as he took up too much of her time over very small purchases, and seemed to be waiting on her, rather than she on him.

At last he remonstrated. The next time that he dropped in to buy he found the charming young lady more cordial and merry than ever before, and his intoxicated senses reeled with delight; so that he did not know—as his grandmother used to say—whether he was "standing on his head or his heels." All at once the fair girl's sweet voice startled him beyond measure. In silver tones of dulcet softness, with a world of insinuation in them, she asked, as she leaned over the counter, beaming upon him with a melting smile:

"You are becoming very fond of me—aren't you?"

Like Clark Russell's "Grosvenor" in a cross sea, his mind was taken "all aback," and, like the vessel, he was in danger of sinking wrong end first.

"Because," continued the lovely girl, "I don't want to create a false impression. I am married. My husband is an invalid at present, but will not always be so, and I expect to leave this situation soon. I took it to keep the wolf from the door, but I haven't found it necessary to grow pale and thin over it; and as I always believe in looking at the bright side, I am, my friends tell me, younger looking than I am."

Knowlton was dazed, but he heard every word as she went on:

"Now I like you very much—I liked you the first time I saw you. It seemed so good of you to urge your friend so earnestly to buy a bonnet for his wife. You continued a conversation about it, you remember, that had evidently begun in the street, Mr. Knowlton, my married life has been very happy, and although my husband is sick, he is in a condition to get well again, and the future is bright with hope. I have thought all along that you only wanted a good wife to complete you, and I have picked out one for you, who, if you take to and are fortunate enough to win, will make your life happy. I have a sister who is just like me in everything—a counterpart, in fact. She is employed in a store something like this, farther up the street. I will give you a letter of introduction, if you like. I sell flowers, she sells feathers. You can make her acquaintance—buy feathers, etc., and, in time, you may be intimate enough to ask if you may call upon her. I shall say nothing to her meanwhile, unless you desire it; but if you make slow progress, I will arrange so that you can meet her at my home. I am sure she will like you, and, if you like me, you ought to like her. How does the proposition strike you?"

At last the merry little woman ended her speech, and waited until her would-be admirer had recovered sufficiently to make answer. The novelty of the whole affair, from the buying of the bonnet to the proposed introduction to a second fair one caused the 'dumb-foundedly-perplexed' bachelor to exclaim:

"Well, this is the oddest experience I have ever had. I have always said that my state should be one of single blessedness, and here I am in the matrimonial net, caught fast. Yes, I'll see your sister," said Knowlton, decidedly, jumping to his feet and giving the stool a whirl—"I'll see your sister. And if she is half as jolly and good as yourself, I'll do my best to wed her."

Feathers proved as excellent a pretext as flowers. Knowlton made extraordinary progress in a few brief weeks, and "Sister Hattie," who was, if anything, more lovely than Jenny, was captured completely. Their first meeting was an example of simultaneous, strong mutual liking, and as the days sped on it deepened.

Knowlton prospered in his business and prospered in his love. Jenny's husband got well, and there being nothing in the way, the generous bachelor became a Benedict, married Hattie, built a small double cottage on Bergen Heights, so that the sisters are the next-door neighbors; and, though he may have occasion to grumble as much as Bawshay hereafter, he has registered a vow to draw the line at bonnets, for, however reasonable it may be for other men to complain of prices and frequent changes in millinery styles, he will never say a word so long as his wife makes good selections and his sister-in-law wears a "Love of a Bonnet."

### Feathered Passengers.

The birds have commenced leaving Canada for the South, and the vessels have a great many of them for passengers across the lake. Captain Saunders of the schooner Oliver Mowat reports that on his last trip from Charlotte, to Kingston, and while midway across the lake a great number of birds of various colors and species fluttered about the rigging and deck of the vessel. They presented a charming sight. Many of them remained on board over night. They were very tame, and if the cabin windows had been open would have likely flown into the warm room. During the trip the Captain caught a young owl. On a recent trip he fired about twenty shots at an old one, but only raised the feathers. Captain Dix of the schooner White Oak reports that his vessel was also crowded with birds on his last trip across the lake.

### In a Bear's Mouth.

One of the severest and most desperate rencontres between man and brute that has ever taken place in California, occurred recently in Mammoth Park, Mammoth Gulch. William Parenteau, foreman of the Gunnell mine, had started out for a Sabbath day's sport and reached the park rather early. During the night a slight snow had fallen and the mountains were covered with a light and delicate coating of white, which was indeed all that the hunter could desire, for it left the trail of man or beast plainly visible. Mr. Parenteau soon struck a bear trail. Before he had gone fifty yards he heard a slight noise to his left and quickly turning around he discovered a large female bear and a well-grown cub. She seemed to be hesitating for the moment whether to give fight or not. The mother and cub were not over twenty yards from the hunter and his decision was made up as quick as a flash. He would kill the old one and take the chances of the younger running away. His rifle was at his shoulder in an instant, but as his finger touched the trigger the bear made a lunge at him and the ball went wide of its mark, missing the now infuriated animal entirely. He threw his gun aside and jerked from its sheath a long hunting knife. Unfortunately for him the bear caught the hand in which the knife was clutched as it was descending. Parenteau thought that it was over with him, but the bear seemed anxious to get her victim around the neck and give him a death hug, so she released the hand and got her paws on both shoulders, Parenteau doing all that he could to keep out of her embrace. In the meantime he was applying the knife with all the desperation of a man who knew that he was in the very clutches of a terrible death. The bear gave him a fearful slap in the face, lacerating the flesh and almost blinding him. She was now fairly howling with pain, as the knife would sink up to the hilt with every thrust. In the struggle Parenteau felt his left thigh give way or leaving its socket, and he knew that the struggle could not last much longer. The pain and loss of blood were telling on him rapidly, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Whenever an opportunity offered he buried his trusty knife in the body of the bear, who showed some signs of weakening. His left knee-cap also received a terrible injury and he was almost crazed with pain. Finally he saw an opportunity to drive his knife home behind the left shoulder of his enemy and she loosened her hold at once. She stood over him for a moment, with the blood gushing from eighteen wounds, and then, falling over on her side, expired.

It was some moments before Parenteau could gather up strength enough to even try to move. He presented the appearance of having been through a slaughter house. His wounds and the blood from the beast, which had been spurting out upon him like water from a fountain, indeed caused him to present a sanguinary appearance. He was unable to pick up or carry his gun, but finding a stick close by he hobbled and crawled along until the saw-mill was reached, some two miles distant. A messenger was at once dispatched to Central for Dr. Ashbaugh and he soon responded. The wounds of the injured man were dressed and he was made as comfortable as possible. Phil Parenteau, a brother of the wounded man, has arrived from Mammoth Park. He says that his brother's injuries are much more serious than at first reported. The bear got his head in her mouth and actually chewed on it for a few moments. The bridge of the nose was literally crushed and shattered into small particles of bone. A cavity was created through which the walls of the throat can be plainly seen. There is a deep incision between the head and the termination of the spinal column and the scalp is lacerated and shockingly torn in a number of places.

### A Police Court at Cairo.

The Prefect and his deputy were arrayed in black coats and trousers, white waistcoats and patent boots. But they sat, as their predecessors sat a thousand years ago, cross-legged on the divan. Litigants came up without formality, kissed their knees or their hands, according to rank or favor, bent, with hands folded in their sleeves, to declare the grievance volubly, answered a brief, harsh question and took the verdict helplessly. Cases lasted on an average two minutes each as near as I could time it. And all the while men came and went in the little room, talking mostly in high, quarrelsome voices. Coffee passed about. If any one present was struck with an observation he offered it casually, and his worship listened. After delivering judgment, always preceded by a grunt of general dissatisfaction, he clapped his hands and a soldier rushed in at full gallop, holding up his sword. Forthwith the parties retired to discuss matters warmly outside in full hearing of the court. A matrimonial difficulty referred to the authorities lasted but four minutes by my watch. A thin, peaking man looked the husband, while the wife, so far as one could judge by eyes and nose, was very pretty. The gentleman told his tale, the purport of which I could not gather. The lady turned red to the tip of her little nose and her eyes flashed. She took up her parable vehemently, and sternly the Prefect asked further explanations of the husband, who turned very pale. He found nothing effective to reply; his worship pronounced in a single phrase, the galloping soldier appeared and off went the pair. I asked of an official who spoke English if the man was going to prison. "No," said he, "he go home." It must be admitted there is something to be urged for a system which can deal with domestic troubles in this superior way.

### Bees out of Business.

Among the latest victims of foreign competition are the bees of Russia. Under the baleful influence of the free importation of a spurious kind of wax called ceresina, manufactured in Austria the native industry is dwindling at a rate which threatens it with extinction. Of ceresina, which bears the same relation to genuine wax that oleomargarine does to dairy butter, no less than 1,000, pounds are annually imported, chiefly for use in the manufacture of tapers, which figure so prominently in all Russian churches. The price of wax has fallen, under stress of competition with ceresina, from 30 to 47 roubles per pound. At this price bees are regarded as hardly worth their keep, and in one district the honey crop has fallen from 15,000 to 6000 pounds per annum. By the new tariff an import duty of a rouble a pound has been imposed on ceresina; but, according to the Moscow *Gazette*, it will have to be raised to 10 roubles to give the poor bees a chance.

### A Great Chess Player.

A little man, with a full red beard, moustache and whiskers, a pleutiful crop of light brown hair, and a twinkling blue eye, sat in the room of the Philadelphia chess club, at the Irving House, on Walnut above Ninth street. Half a score of members sat around the jolly little man, who, from wearing a constant smile, gives out the idea that he couldn't look angry if he tried, not a little proud of their captain, for there in the flesh sat the greatest of living chess players, Wilhelm Steinitz. To the enterprise of the club chess players in this country are indebted for an opportunity of seeing this great master of the game exhibit his prowess with queen and knight, rook and bishop.

An engagement, extending over forty days, has been made with Mr. Steinitz, and the first of the series of matches he will play in this city it is expected will begin on Saturday next. His first opponent will be D. Martinez, a strong player, who, it is hoped, will make a good fight with the distinguished visitor. Messrs. Reichelm, Elson, Neill, Michaelis, Roberts and Daiser will later on engage in friendly rivalry with the great player. The match with Mr. Martinez is for $500. The play will begin each day at 3 P. M. A recess of an hour will be taken for dinner and the game continued during the evening. Transferrable tickets admitting every evening throughout the match will be $5, entitling the holder to a six months' membership of the club.

Mr. Steinitz arrived yesterday by the Indiana. "We left Liverpool on October 25th" he said last night, "and had very rough weather for the first five days. We had head winds and tremendous seas, but the vessel behaved excellently, and but for a little trouble with some of the packing of the piston, which caused us to lay to for half an hour, the machinery stood the strain all right. One day, in the height of the storm, down tumbled a whole lot of crockery, and the steerage passengers were scared almost out of their minds. We had one death during the trip, a poor little baby, and two Hungarians in the steerage engaged in a pummeling match, but beyond a cut in forehead that one fellow got no great damage was done. I am very pleased that at length an opportunity has presented itself enabling me to visit America. I look forward with much curiosity to my games with Mr. Martinez. Capt. McKenzie, who has played with him, told me before I left London that he plays a very strong game. I am glad he does; I like to be put on my mettle. The winner of the first seven games will be declared the winner of the match." In reply to a query as to whether he would play any games blindfolded, Mr. Steinitz said: "Yes; I believe that is part of the programme, and I am also prepared to meet a number of players simultaneously, under like conditions."

Mr. Steinitz was born in Prague, Bavaria, in 1836. He has been prominently before the public as a chess player for more than twenty years. He has repeatedly beaten Blackburn, his great rival, in the most decisive manner, in 1862 beating him six games to one; in 1870 winning five straight games, and in 1876 defeating him seven games in succession. In 1872 he met the great player Lukerton, winning seven games to his opponent's one. For nine years Mr. Steinitz conducted the chess column of the London *Field*. He has recently resigned his position on that journal and purposes starting a paper exclusively devoted to the game of chess on his return to England.

### The Next German Empress.

It is not every friend of monarchy who approves those traditions which, as in the house of Hoenzollern, exclude the heir apparent and his consort from participation in nearly all the important affairs of the nation and render it extremely difficult for them to develop and to manifest such special gifts as they possess for acquiring the affections of their future subjects. The failing health of the Empress and the Emperor's great age are, however, at present giving an opportunity to the Crown Prince and Princess for showing in how high a degree they are endowed with all those qualities and masters in all those arts that insure popularity to princes. In welcoming the Crown Prince of Austria and his young spouse on their first visit to the German Court, Prince Frederick William and our Princess Royal are discharging a duty for which they are eminently fitted, and which the cordial relations subsisting between the Imperial families of Austria and Germany render a genuine pleasure for all concerned. During the days preceding the Imperial visit the Crown Princess of Germany has been receiving deputations and visiting several hospitals and schools, Catholic and Jewish as well as Protestant, and charitable establishments, giving proofs everywhere of a thorough and uncommon knowledge of the art of nursing, the necessity of ventilation and all those branches of hygiene culture in which England excels the rest of the world. In the "Volskuche" of a ladies' association she tasted the cheap and good soup made for the poor, received a report from medical men on the excellent results obtained by sending pale and sickly town children into rural retreats, or, as Germans designate them, holiday colonies, and complimented the citizens of Breslau on the liberality with which their charities had been endowed or had been kept up. On another occasion she attired herself in the "attila" of her regiment, the Black Hussars, and defiled with her men in front of the Emperor, first in slow and then in quick time. On Thursday last, when the Crown Prince, with Count Moltke and the latter's designated successor, Count Waldersee, at his side, was witnessing the maneuvers from the supposed enemy's camp, Princess Victoria led her regiment at full canter to an attack upon his position, eliciting from her husband the remark that this was the first time in his life that she had figured among his adversaries."

### A Unique Marriage Ceremony.

One of the counties of the State of Connecticut boasts of a judge who, though poorly furnished with those little refinements usually met with in polished society, is an energetic, shrewd man and a promising lawyer. A neighbor of his, some weeks ago, was about to give his daughter away in marriage, and having a deep-rooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, "to have no infernal parson in the house," he sent for his friend, the judge, to perform the ceremony. The judge came, and the candidates for the connubial yoke taking their places before him, he thus addressed the bride:

"You swear you will marry this man?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you (to the bridegroom) swear you will marry this women?"

"Well, I do," said the groom.

"Then," says the judge, "I swear you're married."

### Worshipping Account-Books.

A correspondent writes: "Dewalee, the feast of lanterns, has often been described in your columns. I proceed to describe the interesting ceremony of Vahee Pooja, which I was invited to witness at the office of a distinguished native firm. Among the natives of India, whether they be Parsees, Mohammedans, or Hindoos, for practical purposes the new year commences with that of the Hindoos. The ceremony of Vahee Pooja, as its name denotes, is the worshipping of the account-book for the new year. It takes place a day before the Dewalee, and is performed not only by every merchant and trader, but even by private persons. In short, the new year among natives of India, whether for business or household affairs, commences with the new year of the Hindoos. This necessitates the closing of old accounts and opening of new ones, and for the latter purpose new books are used, but before they can be so utilized they must be worshiped, and each according to his means does this. The wealthier native firms avail themselves of the opportunity to invite their friends and constituents to be present to wish them a happy and prosperous year. The firm who had invited me is one of the oldest firms in Bombay. I of course expected the pooja, or ceremony of worshipping, would be performed by the nobeds or dustoors, a sort of *jasun* ceremony—but I was surprised on entering the office to see the place of honor assigned to a half-starved and very dirty-looking Brahmin. On the floor of one of the rooms was spread a clean floor-cloth, with huge cushions near the walls, in the center of which were placed silver trays containing *yan-suparee*, cocoanuts, *battasas*, dried dates, sugar-cane, coriander seeds, and silver and copper coins. In an adjoining room was placed a silver vase containing fire, and round it stood one of the high priests, or dustoars, of the Parsees, attended by several mobeds.

When all the preparations were completed we took our seats by the well-adjusted cushions, and all who knew Guzerati were given a new account book and a new pen, and each wrote on the second leaf of the book what seemed to be a supplication to the deity invoking his blessings (in as many names as he is known by in the Zoroastrian calendar) for the new year, which is written in full with its corresponding English and Parsee dates. When some thirty books had been written up, the Brahmin—who sat in the center amid trays containing the articles above enumerated—had them submerged in *gulal* and the red stuff used by natives on all auspicious occasions; and thus the dustoor and his mobeds on the one hand, and the Brahmin on the other, invoked the deity's blessings. The duties of the Brahmin were not, however, confined to simply supplicating his gods to bless the undertakings for the coming year of the Parsee firm; they seemed to be of a multifarous nature, for he appeared to have had to bless (by muttering something in Sanscrit) each article as he took it from the tray, and after besmearing it with the red stuff, to place it on one of the many new account books near him. This went on until the trays were empted of their contents. Then in a small silver dish were mixed some coriander seeds with sugar and given to all the guests to eat; and then, as it were by way of a final dramatic effect, the Brahmin took a small silver vessel, and in it placed some of the red stuff with two or three pieces of ignited campher, and had it taken about the room while he stood up shouting at the top of his voice, "Brahma! Brahma!" Then were distributing money, nosegays, and *pan suparee* to all those present, and the proceedings terminated. I was informed that the books and articles would be left undisturbed on the floor as placed by the Brahmin until the new year's day.

### A Big Well.

The largest well in California is now rapidly nearing completion in Wilmington, Los Angelos County. It is the enterprise of General Phineas Banning, one of the most energetic citizens of this county, who has made this well his hobby and pride for several months past. It is 25 feet in diameter, and has reached a level some forty feet below the surface of the earth. In the interior of this circular hole a huge wooden tank, hooped together with iron bands, and each stave 12 inches square, has been built. The inside of this tank, which is bottomless, is hooped with bands of railroad iron, and formed so that the bottom flares outward, and is wider than the top. As the earth is removed from the bottom of the well, this mammoth bottomless tub, one foot thick, sinks downward thus forming a water tight wall. On top of this wooden structure a brick wall is being built as the hole becomes deeper. The water enters the well at the bottom in large volumes, but is kept almost dry by the operation of a large steam pump, which runs night and dap. There is room for 25 or 30 men to work upon the bottom of this well. When it is completed the water will be pumped into a gigantic tank, which, being elevated above the ground upon scaffolding, will give sufficient gravity to send water in any direction for miles. With the completion of this well Wilmington and San Pedro have an assured supply of water for all time. Pipes are laid to the wharf at San Pedro, so that vessels can take water with greater ease and without trouble. The cost of this monster will not be less than $8,000 or $10,000.

### The Lost Letters of a Year.

The annual report of Colonel Parker, Chief of Post Office Inspectors, exhibits a gratifying state of efficiency in the Department, as relates to the comparative safety of the mails. There were carried throgh the mails during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, 9,627,922 registered letters and packets. Complaints were made of losses, which, upon investigation, resulted in establishing that, of a given number of complaints, 4,076 had sustained no loss and in 498 actual loss had occurred. There were still under investigation 2,513 cases, and if the proportionate loss in these cases provod the same as in those already examined, there would remain to be added to the year's losses 233, which would make the sum total 726.

There were 21,527 ordinary letters reported lost, 15,180 with valuable enclosures and 6,847 without contents of value. Of these, 2,175 were found to have been delivered, leaving 19,352 unaccounted for. The total number of letters and pieces of all kinds is not given, but the aggregate must have been something enormous, as in the 112 cities in which the carrier system was in vogue the number of pieces collected and delivered amounted to 1,143,518,887. A loss of about 20,000 pieces even from this amount along would be an extremely small percentage.

These losses, it will be observed, were from all causes—fire, burglary, highway robbery, casualties, such as railroad accidents, and ordinary thefts. During the year 387 offices were broken open and robbed, 116 were burned and 99 mails were robbed by highwaymen. That from all these causes there should have been a real loss of only about 20,000 letters during the year seems almost incredible and says everything for the extreme perfection which our postal system has attained.

### Roman Cruelty.

The games of the Roman Colosseum, which, according to Juvenal, had become as much necessaries of life to the people as their daily bread, supplies of itself a most remarkable illustration of the particular phase of human nature. That in an advanced period of material civilization spectacles whereof the one grand interest consisted in the elaborate and wholesale torture and carnage of men and animals should not only have been tolerated with scarcely a protest for centuries, but should have formed the chief and indispensable amusement of both sexes and all classes of the population, including the highest—this appears at first sight to modern thinkers a moral fact almost incredible in its atrocity. And so firm, moreover, was their hold on popular sympathy that they lasted long after the conversion of the empire to Christianity. Constantine, to be sure, issued an edict suppressing the gladiatorial shows, but it was suffered to remain a dead letter, and it was not until nearly a century later, when the Asiatic monk Telemachus leaped into the arena and separated the combatants at the cost of his own life—he was stoned to death by the indignant spectators—that these games were finally abolished. Something may be due to the religous origin of the custom, which is commonly alleged to have sprung out of a rite of human sacrifice offered at the tombs of great men, though some scholars, like Mommsen, deny the existence of human sacrifice. Later on motives of policy conspired to sustain the practice, both as means of keeping up the military spirit of the people and as offering the sole opportunity under a despotic Emperor for the thousands of citizens then assembled in presence of their sovereign and his Ministers to present petitions and make known their grievances. Still these explanations do not carry us very far, Theatrical entertainments such as the Greeks delighted in would have answered the latter purpose at least quite as well, but for appreciating such refined amusements these ghastly orgies of blood quite unfitted the Roman populace. And it is a curious fact noticed by a distinguished modern writer that, as different kinds of vice which might appear to have no mutual connection do yet act and react on one another, to here the intense craving after excitement engendered and gratified by gladiatorial combats served to stimulate the taste for such orgies of sensuality as are described by historians like Tacitus and Suetonius. And hence not only was Hercules burned on the stage, not in effigy but in the person of a condemned criminal, but the deeds of the gods and heroes were represented, as Juvenal says, to the life. Nor can it be questioned—and it is chiefly in order to illustrate that terrible lesson that we have referred to the subject here—that the gladiatorial shows betrayed no merely indifference to human suffering, but that capacity for a real and keen pleasure in the contemplation of suffering, as such, which many are loth for the credit of human nature to admit. Suetonius, for instance, tells us that it was the special delight of Claudius to watch the faces of the expiring gladiators, as he had come to take a kind of artistic pleasure in observing the variations of their agony. Heliogabalus and Galerius used to regale themselves while at the table with the spectacle of animals devoured by the wild beasts, and Lactantius says of Galerius that "he never supped without human blood." And, what is more horriable still, "beautiful eyes, trembling with passion, looked down upon the fight, and the noblest ladies in Rome, even the Empress herself, had been known to crave the victor's love." A story told by St. Augustine exhibits the ghastly fascination of the spectacle. A Christian friend of his had somehow been drawn into the the amphitheatre, which Christians were strictly forbidden to enter, and resolved to guard against the temptation to sinful injoyment by keeping his eyes closed; a sudden cry led him to look up, and he was unable to withdraw his gaze again.

### A Cave of Ice.

A correspondent from Texas says: I have just had the pleasure given me of a visit to what is termed by those who have seen it the "Ice Cave." It is the place of interest above all others in this section of the American desert. From Fort Thornburg it is distant eighteen and from the Utah Indian agency thirty-eight miles. At the bottom of the tiresome climb I found myself standing on the rocky bed of a ravine. The pine covered mountains on either side seemed to reach to the clouds, their incline being almost straight up and down. To the east the rocks presented a breastplate picture for a height of two hundred feet, an occasional small pine or scrub brush of some kind only relieving the sameness of the upward picture. Below, the broad, dark mouth to the cavern opened out for a width of fifty yards, and the height of the extreme arch was fully forty feet. Our candles and torch lighted, we entered the dark passageway, and with much difficulty reached the foot of the first ice monument, which stood at least sixteen feet high, with a broad circular base. This natural pyramid was nearly two feet in thickness. At a distance of five hundred feet we came upon a slide of ice, which extended from the floor to the ceiling of the cave at an inclination of forty-five degrees. The narrow floor at its base was covered with ice an inch in thickness, while the rocks that lay about, as if at one time greatly disturbed, were covered with a coating of ice.

A few feet further on the bridal veil, a mass of ice several feet in thickness and not less than twenty feet in length, hung down from above. Its surface was made up of icicles falling upon one another in succession, and when the light was placed behind it all it presented a picture at once real and grand. From the ceiling water trickled through upon these ice pyramids, and, freezing, added to the magnitude and picturesqueness of each. A thousand feet in, after passing numerous large formations of ice, we found our passageway clogged by a huge mass of driftwood. I attempted to set fire to it that its destruction might be brought about for the benefit of the curious inclined who might at some future time wish to penetrate the mysterious cave further on. Near the entrance to the cavern the ceiling was covered with crystallization, forming unique and interesting views, sparkling and presenting different well-defined hues in the glare of our torchlight. This cave was discovered in 1880 by an explorer named Huffacre, who called it the Ice Cave. It is said that its floor forms the bottom of a stream called "Brush Creek," where the waters from the mountains come down in the spring, and that after finding a channel through this cavern under the high mountains for a distance of eight miles the stream emerges from a cave, as it enters and flows into the Ashley river.

### End of a Wicked Life.

The jail at Nashville, Nash county, North Carolina, in which Jerry Cox, notable as one of the most desperate criminals ever known in the State, was confined under sentence of death, was fired by him recently and entirely destroyed. About midnight people were awakened by the roar of the flames, and many hastened to the jail, but on their arrival they found the walls and bars glowing red with heat, while the murderer within was screaming in his death agony. In less than an hour the jail was a mass of ruins. Early the next morning the body of Cox was found, and a great crowd stood appalled at the terrible fate which had overtaken the brutal murderer.

Cox was one of the leaders in the famous Worley murder, near Goldsboro, in the early spring of 1878. One night he and others of a gang of desperate swamp negroes murdered Mr. Worley by beating out his brains, after enticing him into the yard of his house. They then caught his wife as she ran out on hearing the dying groans of her husband, criminally assaulted her repeatedly, and then beat out her brains with clubs. The whole State rang with the story of the crime, and after a hot pursuit the murderers were captured. Four negroes were subsequented executed on the gallows at Goldsboro, having been convicted principally upon the testimony of Jerry Cox, who, by turning State's evidence, escaped the gallows, but narrowly missed lynching, and had to be removed secretly by the authorities.

For four years the whereabouts of Cox was a mystery, but he finally made his appearance near Battleboro, where, on November 19 last, he committed another horrible murder. For a year before that time, Cox who was a coal black negro of most repulsive form and features, had lived with a degraded white woman named Mary Hawkins. Maddened by drink and jealousy he on several occasions nearly killed her, and she at times performed most menial offices fou him. He, having pretended to doubt her faithfulness, met her one day at the house of a negro woman. They quarrelled, he struck her, and then went away. She followed him to where he slept—under a water tank—when he took her to a secluded place near the railroad track and cruelly murdered her. For hours he watched by the side of the body, and before daylight, placed it on the track of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, where the wheels of a lightning express train mangled it horribly. The station agent saw the body, and, not far away, discovered Jerry Cox and the negro woman watching. Cox, being interrogated, said that the Hawkins woman had walked on the track while drunk and thus met her death. He became greatly excited and was at once arrested.

At the trial the evidence of Cox's guilt was overwhelming, and in a few minutes after being charged the jury rendered a verdict of "guilty to murder." Cox was accordingly sentenced to be hanged at Nashville, September 20, but took an appeal to the Supreme Court. While in jail, Cox made a desperate attempt to kill the jailor with a piece of chain and padlock. He was beaten into submission, but several times afterwards he broke chains and was otherwise violent.

### Effects of Forests.

A paper has been prepared by Dr. Schomburgk, the Director of the Botanical Gardens at Adelaide, on the influence of forests on climate. The object of the author is to prove that the destruction of forests usually has the effect of reducing the rainfall, while, on the contrary, the planting of trees broadcast over a country is one of the best methods which can be adopted for ameliorating its climate and increasing the annual fall of rain. It cannot, indeed, be proved that the climate of South Australia is altering for the worse in this respect. In fact, a comparison of the meteorological records will show that the annual average rainfall for the colony during the past ten years has been 21·1 inches, as compared with 20·1 inches for the previous ten years. The fact is, that in the agricultural districts of the colony, and especially in those which were not originally timbered, the bringing of the land into cultivation has had the effect of slightly favoring the fall of rain. Plowed land attracts moisture to a much greater degree than the unbroken soil. In considering the effect which the removal of forests *per se* has in altering the climate in South Australia, the only direct test could be taken from the records issued by the Government Astronomer is the experience of the neighborhood of Adelaide. If the time is divided which has elapsed since 1839, the year in which observations were commenced, into two periods, there is found for the first an average rainfall of 22·8 inches, and for the second one of 21·7 inches. It will thus be seen that, on the whole, the rainfall at Adelaide is diminishing, though very slightly, and perhaps the diminution in the amount of timber may have something to do with the change. Dr. Schomburgk, in searching for illustrations of the effect of trees on climate, goes further afield, and brings forward some striking instances, in which it is evident that loss of forests means loss of rainfall, and *vice versa*. He recalls how the Russians, by burning down some of the Transcaucasian forests at the time of the struggle with the Circassians, converted the country from a fertile land into a desert, simply through the cutting off of the supply of rain. Similar instances of rain having deserted a country denuded of forests have occurred in the Mauritius, in Jamaica the Azores, and, it may also be added, to a still more remarkable extent in several of the smaller West India Islands. No sooner had the forests of these places been destroyed than the springs and rivulets ceased to flow, the rainfall became irregular, and even the deposition of dew was almost entirely checked. On the other hand, it is generally accepted as a fact that Mehemet Ali increased the fertility of Egypt enormously by planting trees. He alone planted some 20,000,000 on the Delta; his successors followed up the work, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that the rainfall rose from 6 inches to 30 inches. Planting has also, it would seem, produced remarkable effects in France and Algiers. Extensive regions have been planted with gums and other trees, which, for the most part, grew to be about 30 or 40 feet in height, and it is noticed that the quantities of rain and dew which now fall on the adjacent land are double what they formerly were.

—The official returns regarding the army show that the education of the German recruits has been yearly on the increase since 1875. In that year 2.37 per cent. of the recruits could neither read nor write. In 1881 it was 1.54.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The schools of Burmah are almost entirely monastic.

—Silk culture has become a thriving industry in Louisiana.

—San Francisco has a population of 275,000, of whom 45,000 are Chinese.

—Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five, and died at forty.

—Philadelphia manufactured $10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year.

—Pennsylvania produces nearly one-half the buckwheat crop of the country.

—The coffee plants sent to Manatee county, Fla., from Cuba, are growing finely.

—A brakeman who lost a hand while coupling cars got $5,000 from a Chicago jury last week.

—At three vegetarian restaurants in the city of London the dinners daily served average 1,550.

—The population of Athens, Ala., is 8,000, and its valuation $8,000,000—a thousand to each inhabitant.

—Ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas, says that Texas will this year raise more than a million bales of cotton.

—There has been a terrible snow storm in the Sierras and flocks and herds are buried three feet deep.

—Cortez effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

—Ninety death sentences have been passed in France since 1879, but only ten of them have been carried out.

—During 1881 the British Patent Office received 5,751 applications, the largest number recorded for any year.

—Luminous paint is now being utilized for door plates, house numbers and signs. The advantages are obvious.

—The potato crop in Switzerland is said to be a total failure. The demand for American potatoes is expected to be brisk.

—It is estimated that there are about 25,000,000,000 feet of lumber in the nine States compri ing the Southern pine belt.

—The first conference of Wesleyan Methodists, was held in 1744 to consider "How to teach, what to teach and what to do."

—It is estimated that there are three thousand industrial establishments in the Republic of Mexico where steam power is used.

—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has presented the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage with a valuable American organ.

—Meissonier is to receive 50,000 francs for his "Les Derniers Moments de la Vie de Sainte Genevieve," which is in hand for the Pantheon.

—It is asserted that in the three years ended 1880, there were no fewer than 252 theatres destroyed by fire, or partly so, resulting in 4,370 deaths, and about 3,400 injuries.

—The population of Manitoba, by recent census, is 65,954, divided among nationalities as follows: 16,663 Scotch, 11,503 English, 10,173 Irish, 9,949 French, and 8,652 Germans.

—The pension agent in Topeka, Kansas, recently cashed the largest pension ever paid out to one person in that district. It was arrears to date, and the amount was upward of $7,000.

—In the high school of Dedham, Mass., the experiment is being made of using daily newspapers instead of text books in the reading class. The principal thinks that the plan is successful.

—James Collins, of Lawrence, Mass., claims to be 110 years old. He is a native of Ireland. His father died before James was born, and his mother died when he was but six months old.

—Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, has taken up his abode for the winter in the Loredan palace, one of the oldest and most splendid ducal houses in Venice. He will visit London in the spring.

—Of sixty-nine provinces of Italy, only six are exempt from malaria. To abolish it 100,000 plants of the eucalyptus have been lately set out by railroad companies and private individuals all over Italy.

—The hay crop in Iceland has been nearly destroyed, rendering the wholesale slaughter of cattle unavoidable. Some flour is wanting in many districts. The population are unprepared to meet the winter.

—The revised census gives the population of Scotland at 3,735,573, an increase of 11 per cent. since 1871, a rate of progress not exceeded since the third decade of the present century. In 1880 the population was 1,600,900.

—Of the 123,000 square miles which Norway contains, only 3,500 are pasturage and only 980 are under the plough. The consequence is that not only corn, but also butter and meat, have to be imported in large quantities.

—It is estimated that the net revenue of the money order division of the Post Office Department will exceed $800,000 for the past fiscal year. The total cost of the free delivery service for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, was $2,623,259, an increase over last year of $123,348.

—The latest official statistics of the Japanese Statistical Bureau show that the total number of porcelain and pottery factories in Japan is 322, and that they give employment to 4,004 persons, of whom 330 are women. The single province of Owari contains no fewer than 261 of these factories, leaving, only 61 to be divided among the other twenty-three provinces in which such work is carried on.

—A movement has been started in England for the erection of a chapel or some suitable memorial of John Wesley, at Epworth, his birthplace.

—In the Madras Presidency, in India, during 1881, £2025 ($10,125) was paid as rewards for destroying 136 tigers, 750 panthers and leopards, and 543 other animals. 1,302 persons and 8,938 animals were killed by wild animals and snakes, tigers killing 135 people and 3,328 cattle. The cattle killed by wild animals in the Presidency during the year are valued at £17,876 ($89,380).

—The fortunes of four leading Western railroad men were estimated eighteen years ago as follows: Stanford, $40,000; Crocker, $25,000; Huntington, $100,000; Hopkins, $100,000; total, $265,000. They are now rather stintingly recorded as follows: Stanford, $80,000,000; Crocker, $40,000,000; Huntington, $50,000,000; Hopkins estate, $30,000,000; total $200,000,000.