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There is No Death.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fail and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

I must commence this narrative with a most painful admission—my wife is a confirmed kleptomaniac. In all other respects she is an admirable woman, though I say it who shouldn't. She is beautiful—at least in my eyes; she is comparatively young, though perhaps she might not like me to be too precise on this point; she has troops of friends and no lack of anything that a husband in comfortable circumstances and devotedly attached to her can supply; and yet owing to some distressing mental disorder she is continually bringing home other people's property.

Nothing, I am quite sure, could be further from her gentle disposition than the vice of covetousness. She does not take things because she wants them, or in order to obtain a cheap gratification. So far as I can see she is subject merely to the same propensity as the jackdaw.

About a year ago Mrs. Arbuthnot, an acquaintance of ours, lost a valuable bracelet, which I felt quite sure Maria had taken. But I never could find it though I searched the house from top to bottom. Mrs. Arbuthnot had her suspicions, I could see, and this drove me nearly frantic, not only with thinking of what become of the bracelet, but also with trying to discover a remedy for the existing state of affairs.

At last I hit upon what struck me as a really good idea. Like cures like, I argued. If I were to introduce into the house another kleptomaniac would not Maria become disgusted and alter her way? A bad habit in ourselves may be tolerated, but when it crops up in others it often assumes a most repulsive aspect and straightway clamors for its removal. Such, at least was my idea. I thought it worth a trial.

The first thing to be done was to secure a genuine kleptomaniac. With this object in view I inserted in several of the daily papers the following advertisement:

"Wanted, a kleptomaniac, who must be a lady of otherwise irreproachable habits and pleasing manners; she will be required to act as companion to a gentleman's wife, who is similiary afflicted; duties light; remuneration liberal. Apply in the first instance to X. Y. Z."—care of a firm of advertising agents.

Imagine my surprise at receiving fifty-seven answers to my advertisement, every one of the ladies claiming to be a lady. From the nature of the case, I could not very well ask for references. Not that this mattered much, for I had enough confidence in my own judgment to think I could do without them.

I went through all the letters with great care, putting aside all that tried to recommend themselves by shamelessly describing acts of successful pilfering. I had no hesitation in concluding these ladies to be impostors attracted by the salary.

There remained but five, who bashfully said they were considered by their friends to be kleptomaniacs, a statement which they did not themselves indorse in any way.

I decided to interview all five, that being the only way by which I could discriminate between them. Accordingly I wrote to ask them all to come to my house on a certain day, and added that I would, of coure, defray any traveling expenses. In order to prevent clashing, which I saw might place me in a most unpleasant position. I requested one lady to present herself punctually at 11 o'clock, another at 11:30, another at 12, and so on.

There would be no difficulty from my wife, for she was to be away from home all that morning. It had been arranged that a certain Uncle Joe should escort her to an exhibition which I had declined to attend.

When the morning in question arrived I tried to bundle Maria out of the house with very unconjugal haste, but notwithstanding all my efforts her toilet required so much time that it was past 11 o'clock before she drove off.

When my first visitor Miss White appeared a meeker looking creature I never saw. She was neatly dressed in black; in figure she was tall, thin and rather angular, and she had a pinched face, with a very mournful expression. When she first entered she raised her eyes to glance at me and then at the room, but then after that they fell, as if they were habitually fixed upon the ground.

Her intellect, I imagined, was a little dull, for she apparently mistook the seat I assigned to her and occupied the couch. In self-defense I was obliged to move my chair farther away and face the light, which was not what I had intended. Without taking any notice of my action Miss White laid down by her side a black bag she had been carrying. Then she drew out her handkerchief, placed it on her lap, and folded her hands over it, in this attitude, with downcast eyes, she silently waited for me to begin—a most difficult thing to do, as I now found. As I tried to escape the necessary questions so as to be the least offensive, I grew very uncomfortable.

"Ahem!" I said "Miss White."

There was a knock at the door and James, my facttoum, entered.

"A lady to see you, sir," he announced, "a Mrs. Stone."

"Show her into the dining-room, James," I said, "and say I'll be with her in a few minutes."

"Don't mind me," said Miss White, humbly. "Since the death of my dear parents I am used to being set aside for others."

"But, Miss White——" I protested. "No, please don't apologize; I am not used to that. All my life long I have been trampled upon. I don't complain—no, I don't complain. I merely state the fact, as I think it only right you should know everything if I am to become an inmate of your house."

"Another lady to see you, sir," announced James "a Miss Mildew."

"Show her into the library, James," I stammered.

"Your parents," said I, making a frantic effort to get to business, "were-"

"Most respectable people, but unfortunate. Yes; its only right you should know that."

"Another lady to see you, sir," announced James.

"What room is vacant, James?" I asked hurriedly. "Is any room vacant?"

"Only the boudoir, sir."

"Then show—who did you say it was?"

"Mrs. Dark, sir."

"Show her in there."

By the time that my fifth visitor arrived, an event which happened very shortly after the arrival of Mrs. Dark, I was well nigh distracted. There really was no room for this last woman. I could not have two of them gossiping together and perhaps quarreling, so I was compelled to ask Mrs. Heslop to wait in the hall. It was very rude, but what else could I do? Besides, such inconvenience as she suffered was entirely her own fault—her eagerness to secure the post having brought her two hours before her proper time.

"Miss White," I said, feeling at last secure from further interruption, "are you—pray excuse a necessary question—are you really a kleptomaniac?"

Instead of replying she burst into tears. It was distressing to watch and listen to her. Looking around desperately for some handle to use against her, I experienced a rude shock. My gold vase had disappeared.

From that moment my opinion of Miss White underwent a profound change. I rushed, perhaps wrongly to the other extreme, and set her down as a most artful woman, whose weakness was assumed to cover her nefarious designs. Naturally enough, I felt rather sore on this point, for I placed a high value upon the vase. There could be no doubt as to what become of it. For what other purpose could she have brought that suspicious-looking black bag?

"You have answered my question, I admit," said I, with a feeble attempt at jocularity, "in a very practical manner. I never saw you take that vase, Miss White it was cleverly done, without doubt."

She tried her tears and looked at me with mournful surprise.

"I'm not used to being told that I do things cleverly," she said. "You are the first who has told me that since my poor mother died. But what thing do you mean?"

"Why," I replied, trying to smile, "my gold vase, which you have put in your bag."

"Do you accuse me of stealing?" she asked.

Notwithstanding the flood of tears which she held in reserve somewhere I saw then that there was fire in the woman. The doleful features hardened; the eyes glittered dangerously. She sat erect, but still with folded hands. Dreading a scene, I answered somewhat hastily:

"No, no, by no means. It is an excellent conjuring trick, but nothing more."

"Because," she said severely. "I am used to being insulted; I am used to being trodden upon, but I have never been so insulted or so trodden upon as that—at least by a gentleman."

"Then," I said, when I could in some measure collect my thoughts, "you don't know what has become of the vase?"

"Sir, I have never seen it."

"But—but—pray excuse my pertinacity; you came here as a kleptomaniac. Now, didn't you Miss White?"

"It's very hard," she replied, weeping again, "for a poor defenceless woman to be attacked in this way. But I don't complain, for I'm used to it. I came here in answer to an advertisement said to proceed from a gentleman, and I only wish I hadn't."

"And that advertisement was for a kleptomaniac. Really, Miss White, I must ask you to let me see your bag"

Crying bitterly all the time, but without a word she handed it to me. I opened it and found it empty! I don't think that, either before or since, I have felt so crushed as I did at that moment, though my conviction that this shameless woman had got the vase was unshaken by my failure to find it.

And now there burst upon me a thought that brought the perspiration out in great drops upon my forehead. In every available room in the house there was one of these desperate kleptomaniacs, who was doubtless thieving right and left.

"Excuse me one moment—only one moment," I said, and literally ran from the room, my intention being to create a scare and thus prevent any further depredations. "Go to the hall door at once," I said to James, who happened to be passing, "and no account let any one of the five ladies out of the house until I tell you."

It really was a frightful scene that met my gaze in the boudoir. Mrs. Dark had discovered in an Indian cabinet a secret drawer of which I had no knowledge, and this drawer had apparently contained a large quantity of jewelry, all of which I felt sure had been appropriated by poor Maria. In order to fill her pocket more easily, Mrs. Dark was seated upon the floor, with the whole collection of rings, bracelets and brooches in her lap and a paper in her hand.

She was a bushy-browed, keen-eyed elderly woman, with very square shoulders and a slight stoop. A glance at her hard featured face and coarse hands was enough to show that she belonged to a different class from those of my other visitors—a fact that rather surprised me, for her letter had been the most attractive of all. When I heard her speak I was driven to conclude she had not penned it without assistance, if, indeed, she had anything to do with it.

Strangely enough, too, she was the only of the five who displayed the least sign of embarassment at being caught thieving. She laughed, it is true, but the laughter had a very forced ring. However, she recovered much sooner than I did. After closing the cabinet she crammed all the jewelry into her pocket and rose to her feet.

"Looks fishy don't it?" said Mrs. Dark, scrutinizing me from head to foot

"You are a very brazen-faced woman," said I carefully keeping between her and the door. For if she would get away and pawn the things Maria had taken there would be a terrible explosion.

"Well," said Mrs. Dark with an irritating pretense at resignation, "I suppose hard names are all in the day's work. What wages are you going to give me for this job of looking after your wife?"

I winced at this.

"Hand over the property you have stolen!" I angrily exclaimed. "You can't escape, for the door is guarded."

"That is all right. But stolen!" The abandoned woman was actually winking at me. "That's a hard word, too. How many kleptomaniacs have you got stored about the house?"

"Five including yourself."

"They'll carry off every stick of furniture if you don't watch them," said Mrs. Dark laughing. The very idea of putting them in separate rooms! It's just like a man. Shall I help you to make the others fork out? Set a thief to catch a thief, you know."

I jumped eagerly at the suggestion, happening to come to terms with Mrs. Dark after the rest of my tormentors had been got rid of. She undertook the management, and, I must admit, went about her work in a very business-like way. In a wonderfully short space of time the six of us were collected in the drawing-room, all sitting down except Mrs. Heslop, who preferred standing. I suppose she was vexed at having been left in the hall, but the real reason came out presently.

"It's no reason trying to soap it over," began Mrs. Dark, looking round the circle; "we're all kleptomaniacs. It's not our fault, of course, for we did not make ourselves, so there's no harm in owning to it. And what we are is one thing, and what people think of us is another. How is this gentleman here to know I'm not a humbug? He advertised for a kleptomaniac, and he wants the real genuine article, I take it. But how is he to know he has got his money's worth unless he tests us. An incapable kleptomaniac would be just as bad as a vulgar thief. So what I propose is that the five of us should empty our pockets, chignons, and such like places of resort for missing articles, for," said Mrs. Dark, smiling complacently at the other four, "I'll lay a tanner to a brass farthing, ladies, you've not been idle."

Though the terms of this proposal were considered objectionable, it was eventually agreed to, Mrs. Heslop strongly protesting on the ground that she had no opportunity of showing her powers. However, I told her that unless she took part in the competition she would have no chance of being appointed to the post, as she had no valuable prize to set off against the salary, she recognized the expediency of yielding.

Mrs. Heslop was the first who was called upon to exhibit what she had got. And here a little difficulty arose which explained her objection to sitting down. It turned out that she had improved herself—that, I believe, is the correct expression—with my gong, and accompanied by Mrs. Dark, she had to retire in order to produce it. A small picture and several pairs of gloves completed her spoils. She was very wroth with James, who she declared had grossly insulted her by stationing himself in the hall to watch her, just as if she were a common thief.

She had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened and, to my horror, Maria walked in. What she thought of me, sitting there with these five women, I cannot even conjecture. For reasons which will be rendered obvious the subject has never been discussed between us. She looked as if, by some mistake, she entered the wrong house.

"I see you are engaged," she said at length, and was about to withdraw.

I was much too confused to speak or move. But Mrs. Dark begged her to remain and she did remain. She sat down close to me, and watched and listened like one in a dream. I learned afterwards that Uncle Joe had had an attack of gout; hence Maria's return at an unexpectedly early hour.

There is no need to describe in detail the process of disgorging. Miss Mildew produced my ivory paper-knife, a number of stamps, several packets of post cards and two books; Mrs. Stone very nearly the whole contents of the plate basket, and Miss White many objects of bric-a-brac, and—without a blush on her mournful face—my gold vase! All the things were laid on a table which I had cleared for that purpose and set in the center of the cirle. As she gazed at her superior pile Miss White put away her handkerchief and smiled, while the other three looked as if they could have eaten her.

"And now it's my turn," said Mrs. Dark pleasantly.

With which she emptied a huge pocket into her lap, and there came tumbling out all the jewelry which I had previously seen. Among it I noticed for the first time Mrs. Arbuthnot's bracelet. In my dismay I could help stealing a glance at Maria, but, except for a look of wonderment, her beautiful face was as calm as if the whole transaction had no interest for her.

"I think you will admit, ladies," said Mrs. Dark, with satisfaction, "that I've licked the lot of you."

There were arguments, of course; there were many reasons given for setting aside the verdict. And when logic failed, abuse was poured out without stint. The four defeated ladies declared themselves to be the victims of an infamous conspiracy originated by Mrs. Dark. But in the end we escorted them to the door and they departed, Miss White weeping copiously. Looking back at their conduct—which I can do calmly now—I must say that my own feeling for them is one of pity. I am morally certain that they had no more sense of wrong-doing than poor Maria has.

When they were gone I intervied Mrs. Dark alone, for her behavior had raised certain suspicions in my mind.

"May I ask your object?" I inquired of her.

"I have been put up to the job by the police."

"I thought so."

"Here," said she, bringing out the paper which I had already seen in her hand, "is a list of the missing things, the last of the lot being a bracelet belonging to Mrs. Arbuthnot. And here"—pointing to the jewelry"—are the missing things themselves. I call that neat, I do. I'd make my mind to a fortnight or more in the house, but an hour you see has done the trick."

Fortunately I had no trouble in hushing the thing up; and, if it had effected a cure in Maria, it would have been the most welcome thing that ever happened to me. One would have thought that such an exhibition of kleptomania as she had witnessed would have given a salutary shock to her system and turned her mind in a new groove. Alas! it did nothing of the sort; she is as bad now as she as ever been. You who have been endowed with a normal mind may feel inclined to blame rather than pity her. But I would beg of you to remember that your mind might have been constituted as hers is, in which case you would not and could not have acted differently. There may be a remedy for poor Maria's malady; if so, I should be very glad to know it.

Some of Our Familiar Saying.

Many of our common saying, so trite and pithy, are used witout the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place," (not points), "They laugh that win," "This is the long and short of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives the "Almighty Dollar."

Thomas Murgan queried long ago "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles Pickney gives "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens," (not countrymem) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1720, prepared by General Harry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

"When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war," came from Nathaniel Lee.

"Of the two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

Johnson tells us of "a good hater," and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrases often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety is the very spice of Life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes but God disposes," Thomas A. Kemp s.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity is akin to love," while Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of Life."

Old Sunday Customs.

In Connecticut, perhaps more than anywhere else, Sunday was a sort of popular idol, nor did the rigor of its observance abate perceptibly until long after the Revolution. This extreme scrupulosity about Sabbath-keeping was doubtless the moving cause of the building of the Sabbath-day houses;" these were little shanties standing on the meeting-house green, each intended to accommodate a family during the interval between the two services. Some Sabbath-day houses were built with a stall at one end to shelter the horse, while the family took refuge in the other, where there was a chimney and a meager furniture of rude seats and a table. Here on arrival before the first service the owners lighted a fire and deposited their luncheon, and to this camp-like place they came back to eat their doughnuts and thaw themselves out after their first long sitting in the arctic climate of the meeting-house.

Sometimes two families had a Sabbath day house together; sometimes there were two rooms in a Sabbath-day house that the sexes might sit apart—for nothing so agreeable as social converse between boys and girls was permitted during the consecrated time. But some parishes in Massachusetts, and perhaps elsewhere, had a common "noon-house" for all comers to rest in. Fireside assemblages on Sunday, whether in parsonage or the noon-house, were in danger of proving delightful to those who were prone to enjoy the society of other human beings, and hence the pastors "were put upon their best contrivances," to have most of the interval between the services filled up with the reading of edifying books and other exercises calculated to keep the mind in a becomingly irksome frame.

Stilton Cheese.

The rich imported cheese known as Stilton is made in England in a narrow locality in the county of Leicester. It was made by a Mrs. Paulet for an inn keeper named Cooper Thornhill, and in compliance with his directions. The cheese is now one of the most popular of all English makes, and has a rich, delicate flavor, due to a peculiar process of making and ripening. It is made of the whole morning's milk, to which is added the cream of the previous night's milk. The milk is warmed to only seventy-eight degrees, and is curdled at that temperature with a small quantity of rennet. The curd is cut in large blocks, and is dipped out into cylindrical molds about eight inches in diameter and ten or eleven inches deep. The only pressure applied is the weight of the curd, as the mold is reversed daily, so that the pressure of the cheese presses out the whey. The curing is perfected by means of a blue and green mould, which is caused to penetrate through the cheese by pricking the curd with a long needle first pushed into an old cheese, by which the new cheese is inoculated with the ferment. Two years are required to complete the curing. The cheese sells in England at about sixty-three cents a pound, and weighs from eight to ten pounds.

LIFE IN KEY WEST.

The Peculiar State of Society Existing Among Its Mixed Population.

When it is found, the boarders would consider a New York boarding-house, derided as it so often is, a palace in accommodation for eating and sleeping compared to one in Key West. The streets are wide and dusty, for there are no sprinklers. In fact, water is such a luxury in the dry season that it cannot be wasted in sprinkling the streets. It is rain water caught in cisterns when the heavens furnish a supply, and is often carried from place to place in pails supported by a yoke from the shoulders. An attempt was one time made to drive an artesian well, but the water when reached was so brackish that it could only be used for the extinguishing of fires. The dust flies continually. The road-way is hard, being the solid coral rock itself. There is no surface soil. What passes for soil is nothing more than this rock ground up. It is a nice thing to have blown over black clothing, and still a nicer thing to get out of the cloth afterward. The population consists mainly of Cubans, Conchs and negroes. The Conchs are in reality natives of the Bahama Islands, but everybody in Key West calls them by that name. The Cubans dislike the Conchs and the Conchs detest the Cubans, while both together hate the negroes. A happy state of society may therefore be imagined. They are as distinct as can be, but their localities are known as Conchtown, Niggertown and Cuban village. Each has its distinct amusements, occupations and turmoil. The few Americans seem to be always planning how best to get away from the Island. Cigar-making is the principal employment of the Cubans, and there is plenty of work for them, as Key West contains 125 cigar factories. It is said on good authority that 90,000,000 cigars are shipped away from the island every year.

The Cuban is not very strong-looking. His sports are gambling and rooster-fighting. The women are fairly good looking, giving to wearing high heels, lace shawls and face powder. Both men and women smoke and chatter like magpies. They stand around in crowds and make a noise more like a lot of geese than human beings. Their food is principally oil, pork, bananas and coffee. Their coffee is good, but so strong that it will stain the cup from which it is drunk. When in a restaurant the Cubans appear to talk all at once, each trying, as it were to drown the other's voice, and gesticulating as if about to strike each other on the face. The odor of the Cuban restaurant is generally too strong for the olfactory nerves of one brought up in New York. The Conchs are the fishermen of the Island and the gatherers of sponges. They are a large, rough class of men, and apparently very ignorant. One marked feature is their accent, which is considered characteristic of the Londoner—the dropping of the aspirate where needed and using it exclusively where not wanted. They use their fists when fighting, while the Cubans are too ready with the revolver or stiletto. The negroes are employed in Key West, as elsewhere, in menial labor. Together these three races form a very mixed and far from harmonious society, one that is not likely to be met with anywhere in the United States.

LION FIGHTING.

A Duel in Algeria Between Male Beasts.

Only those who have experienced it can realize the excitement caused by witnessing a hand to hand conflict between two savage, untamed beasts. I have witnessed bull-fights in Mexico and seen a python crush the life out of a calf in South America, but never gazed on a more thrilling episode than on one hot Algerian night at a water pool about 200 miles in the interior. Beside the pool were several trees of a fair size, in the branches of one of which had been placed a small platform hidden among the clustered leaves, from which hiding place it was convenient to shoot any animals that might come to the pool to drink during the night. Thither repaired one evening soon after sundown, Maccovoy and myself, accompanied by his Arab servant, a young fellow named Asilla, who bore our spare guns and acted as general factotum to us both on expeditions of this nature. It is difficult for me, in my cooler moments, to climb a tree and the smooth, straight stem proved extremely troublesome to swarm. However, with the help of Mac and Asilla, I managed it and secured a comfortable perch. They followed with great facility, being both slight, active men and at once made the guns ready.

The moon rose gradually and I had a good opportunity to study perfect silence. Nothing can be more deeply silent than a still night in the desert. As there is little or no vegetation on these vast oceans of sand, there is no insect life and for several hours after the moon rose absolute silence reigned. We did not speak. There was no living thing in that widespread expanse of country. I was beginning to feel sleepy and nod frequently when a prolonged roar sounded close at hand. In an instant we were wide awake and grasped our guns nervously. At the next instant the roar was answered from a location immediately beneath us. On looking down we saw a lioness, lying on her belly, her head between her paws and her long tail waving luxuriously to and fro. She looked like a huge cat enjoying some pleasurable sensation. Almost instantly a third woof! woof! woof! sounded at our backs. "Gad, Doc!" breathed Mac, "we are in for a bay tonight!" and a moment later two magnificent males stepped slowly and majestically into view. The female continued to purr and wave her tail gently. As soon as the two lions spied each other they prepared for action. Slowly and carefully they neared each other, the lioness meanwhile watching them as a cat does a mouse. Closer and closer they drew, while we, spellbound, reserved our fire to witness the terrible duel that was impending.

And now they crouch and with mutual roars of rage spring at each other and, meeting in midleap, fall, biting and tearing to the earth. We can hear their bones crush between their powerful jaws like egg shells beneath a man's boot heel. The lioness, maintaining her tranquil attitude, watched the conflict, as it seemed to my excited eyes, with a devilish smile on her face. Over and over they rolled, while the sickening sound of champing bones filled the air, their frantic roaring and the movement of their bodies as they thrashed through the whirling sand. By this time my nerves were so wrought up that I could stand the terrible spectacle no longer and, taking deliberate aim at the lioness, behind her shoulder blade, I let fly. Above the rumble of the smooth bore sounded the shriek of the lioness as the heavy ball crashed into her vitals. The two duelists at once ceased their encounter and as one of them turned he received Maccovoy's rifle bullet in the head, the missile piercing the hollow over the eye, where the skull is weak and entering the brain; death was almost instantaneous. The other male with a thundering woof! gave a mighty spring and landed half way up the tree trunk, nearly shaking us from our perch. Asilla hastily discharged one of the spare guns, slap bang into his face, but probably the charge only grazed him, for falling back he disappeared into the darkness toward where the moans and cries of the lioness grew fainter and fainter every moment.

The moon being on the wane, after all sounds had ceased we returned to camp, with many promises to each other to take up the spoor of our wounded enemies in the morning and track them to their death. Accordingly at daybreak, with a party of fifty Arab beaters we returned to the "stand" and were soon on the spoor of the wounded lioness. The sand was torn up for quite a space, as if the animal had suffered terrible agony and following the trail for at least nine miles in a southeasterly direction, the dogs gave tongue at a tamarisk brake, that extended on three sides of quite a body of brackish water. Some four or five of the dogs, of better blood than the average Arab cur, dashed into the tangle, and the next instant we had the satisfaction of seeing the mangled remains of one flung into the air, from about the center of the patch. A chorus of yelps and snarlings now set in and one disconsolate one limped painfully out his ribs bare of flesh where the honess' paw had struck him. We are now in a predicament. After an hour's infernal clatter by the the beaters, we were as far from getting her royal highness out as ever, for show herself she would not. "If the tamarisk is only dry enough," quoth Mac, "we can soon smoke her out;" and he galloped round through the beaters and soon a volley of flaming torches rained into the brake. This fetched her. She made a gallant charge out and almost up to us, before we gave her all four barrels. It stopped her and for a moment the noble beast seemed stunned. Then as the smoke cleared away, we saw her return to the shelter. More torches were thrown in and four separate times did the desperate lioness charge at us dauntlessly and receive our fire, before finally biting the dust.

She had eleven bullet holes in her, the smashed shoulder blade I had given her the night before. With that bullet in her (which had passed through her and lay against her ribs on the opposite side to that it had entered), she had traveled nearly nine miles, had made five determined rushes, killed and disabled four dogs and died like the heroine she was in midcharge. And Maccovoy, turning to me, asked: "Doctor, do you still hold to the opinion that a lion is no better than a dog?" And I could find no answer, save words of praise for the noble creature that lay dead before us. Too much time had elapsed for to track the other lion successfully, the spoor having been obliterated by the feet of other game. But two lions out of three wasn't such bad work for twenty-four hours, after all and we returned to camp fully satisfied with our day's sport."

A Bride's Curious Costume.

We were lucky enough to see a bride during our stay at Astypalæa, and her wedding garments were extravagantly rich, says a writer. When new, they told us, a bridal dress costs a hundred pounds, but in their present impoverished state the brides have to be content with imitation jewelry and Roman pearls, unless they are lucky enough to have inherited a costume from their ancestors, which has probably done service for generations of brides. Our bride had for her headdress a sort of mitre of gold, covered with an elaborate pattern in seed pearls. Her dress was made like those the women wear every day, only it was of velvet instead of red cloth, and her jacket was fringed with an endless number of silver ornaments, which jangled together when she moved.

The Astypalæotes manage their wedding festivities more quietly than they do in other Islands. The ceremony of fetching the vine tendrils for the wedding wreaths is a pretty one. The fathers of the young couple, attended by priests and a large retinue of young men playing the lyre and the bagpipe, go down to the meadow where the vineyards are. As they are gathered the priests bless the tendrils and the party returns to make merry in the bride's house.

When the bridegroom comes to claim his bride before the ceremony in church he is met by a bridesmaid on the threshold, who gives him honey with which to make a cross on the lintel, and a pomegranate which he breaks and scatters outside, and in the evening the young people indulge in some curious local dances in which the bride and bridegroom are expected to take an energetic part.

A Japanese Jar not Often Heard Of.

Generally speaking the Japanese make kind and affectionate husbands, and the women make virtuous and exemplary wives and mothers; and the children are certainly the happiest little imps in the world; their parents fondle and spoil them most effectually, and at the same time never losing their control over them. The husband has absolute control over the person of his wife; at the same time one never sees a man strike a woman in Japan; yet there is considerable pinching and slapping done on occasions when those strange and ungovernable spells of exasperating ugliness known as tantrums settle down upon their matrimonial horizons. On these occasions there is considerable free hitting, biting and scratching indulged in on both sides of the house, but the greater strength of the husband invariably leaves him master of the situation, and the beligerant household speedily resumes its serene and happy course.

Mexico's Cheap Funerals.

In the City of Mexico tramways are utilized often for queer service. The citizens hire these tramway cars for picnics, excursions and funerals. A couple of cars can be had for $15, and they convey the deceased, relatives and friends to the cemetery—often some miles out of the city. Funerals are very cheap in the Mexican capital, and do not come under the head of luxuries as here.

DWARFS AND MIDGETS.

The Whims and Oddities of These Little People.

"The dwarf business isn't what it once was."

"Then, too," contnued Mr. Wheeler, "dwarfs are running out. A few years ago they were springing up, though not very high, in all parts of the world. It seemed to be a sort of dwarf age. For a while a 35-inch dwarf could not earn a living salary. He had to possess some striking physical feature if he hoped to secure permanent situations with museum circuits. Now, however all this has changed. Lots of the old-time Lilliputians have passed away, and a 40-inch freak can get a chair in a first-class curio hall if he is good-looking and intelligent. The business was very nearly ruined at one time by tricksters. As you have possibly observed, midgets without exception have abnormally large heads. Unprincipaled showmen, when the dwarf supply became inadequate, would take children with large heads and old faces and work them upon the circuits. There suddenly became such an influx of little folks on the market that none of the true midgets aside from Mrs. Stratton or Admiral Dot could get work that paid. This has passed away, and there is no fraud about the present representatives of dwarfdom.

"I never saw but two perfectly formed midgets. These were Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, who is now Countess Rosebud, and Princess Lucy. There is always some deformity. Take General Thumb for instance. He was badly developed in the torso. Other people have poorly constructed limbs or arms, and almost universally they are double-jointed at the knees or elbows. You see the lack of stature must be attributable to something, and as nearly as I can make out it is in the joints.

"What is the most striking characteristic of these freaks? Intemperance. There is no class of people on earth so given to drink. The males always like whiskey, and the females dote on beer. Gen. Thumb was fond of smoking, but aside from him tobacco is not used among the men.

"I never knew of but one family wherein dwarfs appeared in more than one generation. This occurred in that of Admiral Dot. He is the uncle of Major Adams, the midget clown of the Barnum show. Adams is twenty-one inches in height, and his father is nearly six feet tall. Dot is traveling about the country now with little Jennie Quigley. They earn jointly $100 a week.

"Speaking about Princess Lucy reminds me of the event that brought her into prominence. Years ago, when the Countess Rosebud was Mrs. Tom Thumb, a report was circulated that she had been blessed with a child. This was not the case, and the story was made out of the whole cloth by one of Barnum's advertising agents. The Thumb family were unconscientious enough to take advantage of the canard. They had heard of the little Princess Lucy, and Mrs. Thumb sent for her and offered to adopt her, send her to a convent for a few years, and then introduce her to the world as her daughter. The scheme was a capital one, for it is impossible to tell whether Lucy is 4 or 40 years old The princess declined the offer. She is now earning $200 a week for being eighteen inches high.

"There are several instances where midgets appeared in a single generation of the family. The Harris sisters are quadruplets. They vary in height from thirty-six to forty-two inches, and are daughters of a very poor man in Eastport, Me. The father a mechanic, was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, large and powerful of build, and the mother was above medium size. These sisters are badly deformed, all of them having double-jointed elbows. Besides this they enjoy the reputation of being the homeliest midgets in the profession. Young Foster, whose nom de museum is "Hop o' My Thumb," is twenty-eight inches tall. He has a baby brother, not yet a year old that weighed when ten days old one and one-half pounds.

"Lucy Zirata earns the largest salary of any dwarf in the world. She is a native of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and is very small. Her head is proportioned nicely to her physique, but is shaped like that of an ape. Joseph Smith is her manager, and he gets $500 a week for exhibiting her. The little women cannot win the affections of full-grown mankind, but the men are more fortunate. Baron Littlefinger married a lady over five feet tall, and is the happy father of four fine children. The late Commodore Nutt wedded a Manchester, N. H., girl five feet five inches tall, and left one child at his death. Minnie Warren, sister of the Countess Rosebud, it is true, married a roller-skater named Newell, who was with Nat Goodwin in the "Skating Rink." Newell, however, while hardly a midget, is greatly under size.

"Midgets are a nervous lot, and few of them are more than passably intelligent. They fly off on a tangent like a dove from a hornet's nest. Hop o' My Thumb is the ugliest youngster of them all, and he frequently indulges in spasms of rage. Dangerous? Well, as much as twenty-eight inches of humanity could be expected to be."

Peat Bogs in Russia.

A Russian official report states that the use of peat in factories is rapidly increasing, and from this circumstance the price of peat-bogs has risen so much that a bog is worth more than a well-timbered forest. Last year twenty-eight peat-bogs belonging to the Crown were being worked on leases, the total area being 6,000 acres. This year there are thirty-three such bogs, with an area of 50,000 acres containing peat to the estimated extent of 40,000,000 Russian cubic fathoms. Many manufacturers are giving up the use of wood in favor of peat, and this is especially the case in the provinces of Valdimir. Peat-cutting machines are supplied from Moscow, but a few are sent from Belgium and Germany. The fuel has been tried for railway work, but so far without any great success.

Balloons in China.

Balloons are to be introduced into China. The Pekin government has ordered two captive balloons from Paris, and have provided all the necessary funds for several practiced æronauts to take over the latest inventions in this branch of science, including a special machine to manufacture hydrogen gas.

Mock humility wears a gauze robe, covering but not concealing its deformity.

—New York city has 30,000 landlords who collect $40,000,000 rent.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Patti thinks her mantle will fall upon Marcella Sembrich.

—A Stockton (Cal.) bootblack carries a box that is covered with silver plate.

—The total snowfall for Vermont during the winter is reported at 11 feet 7 inches.

—Many fishing vessels have been disabled by ice off the western banks of Newfoundland.

—Greenfield, Massachusetts, has sold its old jail, which is to be turned into a pocketbook factory.

—A Chinese lady with a two and one-half inch foot is to be seen at a dime show in New York.

—A horse in Edinburgh, Scotland, dexterously catches rats that come anywhere near his manger.

—New engines and the removal of the paddles are expected to give the Great Eastern a speed of twenty knots.

—To the record of great physical exploits must be added that of a man in Texas who sucked two dozen eggs at a sitting.

—Efficient service was rendered by a female fire brigade—composed of the operatives—during a recent fire in an English mill.

—Residents of an avenue in Pittsburg arose on a recent morning to find that rascals had carried off the steps of their dwellings.

—The Maine Legislature killed a bill preventing the sale of cigarettes to minors, because its projectors made the fine too heavy.

—Fourteen clocks keep the time at the State House in Augusta, Maine, all eight-day. Two of the clocks are over forty years of age.

—A man in Pennsylvania bought a pair of white rabbits a year ago. He now has seventy rabbits, the offspring of the original pair.

—The tax on natural gas pipes in Pittsburg is reported to exceed $1,500,000 per annum, indicating a marvellous rate of expansion in the natural gas industry.

—During a recent shower at Rockport, Indiana, 240 live catfish from 3 to 8 inches long fell to the ground. They were gathered and many of them eaten.

—The Hudson county, New Jersey, Board of Freeholders are preparing for the construction of a great boulevard from one end of the county to the other, to cost $1,000,000 or more.

—A West Newbury farmer recently sent two tons of cabbages to a Boston commission house, and after the freight, commission and storage had been deducted, he had only 96 cents left.

—The wages of sailors at San Francisco have been increased to $30 per month to Hawaiian Island, $35 to bar harbors, and $40 to outside ports. It is said the advance was prompted by a scarcity of men.

—Suit has been brought by one of the audience of a burlesque entertainment against one of the performers, because while singing a topical song, she pointed to him and otherwise rendered him ridiculous.

—An organ grinder living in Hoboken, N. J., took his savings, amounting to $1066, out of his strong box recently and gave them to his son to deposit in a savings bank. Son has not been heard from since.

—The University of Zurich numbers this year 482 students (inclusive of 44 young women), of whom 41 are studying theology, 56 (one young woman among them) law, 205 (20 young women) medicine, and 143 (17 young women) philosophy.

—The Standard Oil Company are reported to be about contracting for an iron vessel to carry oil in bulk for the coastwise trade. It will be built at one of the shipyards on the Delaware river. The new craft will have a capacity of 250,000 gallons.

—The alloys of aluminum and silicum are now regularly quoted in the engineering journals. Aluminum brass, said to have a tensile strength of 65,000 to 80,000 pounds, with an elongation of five to ten per cent., is quoted at 20 cents per