

LEZE MAJESTY.

How a Subject of the King of Belgium
Placed It.

It is a curious reflection that men who will face death with impunity are yet absolutely afraid with fear when brought into the presence of the great ones of the earth. "Such great divinity doth hedge a king" that few men would venture to meet their independence or the sight of their monarch if a sovereign's view were exposed to theirs.

This is, no doubt, an inheritance from the days of feudalism, when the monarch was indeed the liege lord of all the people. Among the few, however, whose names have come down to us as examples of men who had the courage to stand up to their sovereigns, the name of M. Vandendriessche, a subject of the king of Belgium, is prominent.

Some time ago he saw a piece of ground at Ostend the position of which pleased him. As luck had it, it chanced to be directly in front of the king's villa. This fact, we may be sure, did not escape the notice of the monarch.

He called in the aid of architects and builders and proceeded to erect a house on it after his own heart. Unfortunately, however, his majesty looked out of the windows of his villa one day and found that his subject's house, if it had not eclipsed Aladdin's, was at least a sight, at all events interfering with his view, as did that marvellous structure with the view of the other sovereign.

The king naturally remonstrated at this want of consideration in a subject, and, no doubt, expected that the remonstrance would have good effect. So, in answer to the king's remonstrance, M. Vandendriessche engaged a gang of workmen, who proceeded to pull down the edifice, which had only recently been finished.

Also for the credulity of the human mind, even when that mind belongs to a potentate of the earth. As soon as the foundations of the building had been raised to the ground, and the king, no doubt, congratulated himself on that unimpaired view of the country which he had had before, he was startled to find that an increased army of builders arrived to augment the number of those who had been employed.

Oddly enough also, a huge quantity of bricks and mortar appeared on the scene. These bricks the masons began to use in the most unaccountable manner possible, piling them one on top of the other with mortar between. It looked as if they were building a wall. They were. Slowly, as is the manner of masons in every country of the world, the wall grew by inches. Instead of a villa, a 15-story drop-proof building was erected, which effectively prevented his majesty from seeing the country which lies on the other side of the property of his recalcitrant subject. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Old Cannon.

If the various Grand Army posts of the country were disposed to take advantage of an offer made at the last session of congress, they might materially increase the warlike spirit supposed to pervade every patriotic family, says the Washington Post. The offer was to supply warlike implements, which, if they have not been used, will be of no use to the army. The offer was to supply warlike implements, which, if they have not been used, will be of no use to the army. The offer was to supply warlike implements, which, if they have not been used, will be of no use to the army.

These cannon are mostly old, style models of engines of war, which might have been considered just the proper thing 50 years or more ago, but which, with the march of progress and the advance of invention, have been placed upon the retired list. Their places have been filled by guns and mortars of a more improved type, and as the abandoned articles are valuable only as old metal the government decided that it could put them to no better purpose than to give them to the veterans of the late war, who fought on the Union side with these same guns.

But it is surprising to count up just how few pieces of the famous Grand Army have taken advantage of this offer. Since the passage of the joint resolution last winter the records in the office of the secretary of the navy, where such applications have to be filed, show less than 100 from the entire country.

There are still guns on hand for about 700 more, but, strangely enough, the Grand Army has made no effort to provide itself with an armament which, although it would be of little service in time of war, is valuable from an artistic standpoint in time of peace.

The Shirt Waist Collar.

It would be interesting to trace many of the so-called caprices of fashion to their real sources. Many, as is well known, are of historic origin and reflect their inspiration in the whim of some royal or other distinguished personage. The introduction of the separate collar shirt waist, which has and is enjoying a great vogue, was, it is said, due to the first place to the business of a cutter in one of the fashionable tailor shops where ladies' waists are made. He suggested and advocated the style to some work, it was discreetly talked up by the best seamstresses, who received the customers, and the thing was done—well done, too, most women will testify.

The Peabody Fund.

George Peabody's gift of \$2,500,000 for London workmen's houses has increased to \$3,000,000 in the 24 years since his death. Last year the trustees of the fund provided 11,867 rooms, besides bathrooms, lavatories and land-drains. The death rate of infants in the building is 4 per cent below the average for London.

The Holy House of Loreto.

About 15 miles south of Ancona, on the main line is the station of Loreto, and on the hillside, about 5 miles from the sea, stands the city. Towering far above the town rises the great dome and campanile of the wonderful fortified church which shelters within it the shrine of the Virgin Mary, the holy house, or holy house, every year the object of pilgrimage of so many thousands of the faithful. On entering the church one sees at once, standing under the dome, a strange low chapel covered with white marble carving and gleaming sculpture. A host of sixteenth-century artists—chief among them Sanzio—carried out Bramante's design for the marble casing of the holy house. But in striking contrast to the rich exterior are the plain and rough stone walls of the interior. The innumerable silver lamps give a dim religious light, and the jewels on the image of the Madonna and the Child—a wonderful black image, carved, it is said, by St. Luke from cedar of Lebanon—scintillate in the gloom like innumerable stars.

Such is the holy house which people said to have brought from Nazareth in the thirteenth century in order to save it from desecration by the infidel. But the house was not brought immediately to Loreto. The angels placed it first on a hilltop near Fiume, on the Dalmatian shore. There it stayed for three years, when it was moved again and deposited in a wood on the opposite side of the Adriatic, near Recanati. The wood was a laurel wood, and the house was consequently called domus laurentina, or house of Loreto. Twice more, however, the house was miraculously moved short distances, till it was at length placed in its present position, not a very convenient one, it might have been imagined, for it was then the middle of the public road.

It seems almost unnecessary to say that there have been those that have made merry at this frequent "translation" of the holy house, and that an immense multitude of the great ones of the earth, including many popes and kings, have paid homage to this black Madonna in its rude stone cottage. —Westminster Gazette.

Belief Comes With Knowledge.

"Travelers' tales," although they have always been regarded with suspicion, are received by our ancestors in a singularly credulous spirit, and Marco Polo, and "other archaic" even, Sir John Mandeville himself, were treated with more or less respect. But as if to make up for their readiness to believe in "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimerae," when at a distance, other generations were singularly distrustful of most things new at hand. They displayed a singular extent of the wilful skepticism that in all things distrusts the person generally accompanies ignorance. The state of mind was very much that of the honest farmer in the city who is in constant dread of being "bamboozled."

Ignorance doubts itself, and consequently everybody and everything else. It is only complete knowledge that is more nearly credible, and advance toward it has been shown as much by what men are willing to believe and the readiness with which they believe it as by anything else. When the marvels of the Roentgen rays were announced, the attention of the world was brought up with a round turn by a discovery almost dramatic. In its audience and surprise. Such sharp demands are becoming more and more frequent, but if there is anything more wonderful than the amazing nature of such inventions it is in the way in which they are received. —Scribner's.

New Mr. Carter Becomes a Minister.

Mr. Carter in Golden Rule, tells how the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler became a minister. It was chiefly owing to his mother's influence. Most of Theodore's immediate male ancestors were distinguished lawyers, and one of them offered him a fine library if he would enter the legal profession. His mother, however, had conceived him to be a minister, and fearing that he might be persuaded into the study of law she sent him abroad, which was the first of his many trips across the sea. While he was absent in Europe, his mother engaged a room for him at Princeton theological seminary, so strong was her faith that he was to be a minister. On his return from Europe young Cuyler went with his mother to visit some relatives near Louisville, N. Y., and while there made two or three addresses at small religious meetings. His addresses were so successful in their effect that he was convinced that the Christian ministry was his proper field of labor.

Ensilage.

Ensilage is made by cutting the cornstalk when the ear is still in the milk, chopping up stalk, blade, corn and cob and packing the green food in a vat usually about 30 feet deep. After the mass has been allowed to ferment for from 48 to 60 hours, depending on the warmth of the weather, the contents of the vat is weighted down and fermentation ceases. The resultant is food treated with lactic acid, the first operation in a cow's stomach. A cow fed with ensilage is spared the wear and tear on her system of the first digestive processes. A vat of ensilage will keep two years and longer. The food when taken out of the vat is as fit as when the fermentation stopped. The ancient Romans used ensilage, and its value was rediscovered 40 years ago by Gutfard, a Frenchman. —New York Post.

Weight Doesn't Count.

A large brain does not signify intellect. The brain of an illiterate peasant in a low station of life has been found to outweigh those of the most celebrated scientists, poets and philosophers.

A Parisian inventor is endeavoring to perfect a photograph watch. If he is successful, the world will soon see a watch which, by touching a spring, will whisper the time in your ear.

A BEAR STORY.

The Most Wonderful Story of a Hunter Who Was Up a Tree.

They were spinning yarns of the chase, and this was the contribution of the congressman: "After a pretty hard campaign I went, with a hunting party, to the upper peninsula. I'm not a Leather Stocking or a Daniel Boone with a rifle, but I'm far from having to go inside and close the doors in order to hit a bear. I'd brought down a deer and bagged any amount of small game, but wanted a bear. One morning I had tramped an unusual distance from camp and suddenly came upon three half grown cubs rolling and tumbling over each other in play. I shot one. The other two leapt a clumsy retreat. Setting my gun against a tree, I watched my cub while he was still kicking. "Hiccupping" he now and then tried to find the other cub on his side, but he was too weak and his eyes glazing. There was no chance to reach the rifle. I'm no sprinter and took the only alternative by shining up a tall pine tree. He stopped a minute to examine the victim of my shot and was again climbing after me. Once in the tufted top of that pine, I did some faster thinking, gentlemen, than I ever did on any question of state. The bear was coming and losing no time. I was without a weapon of any kind. It looked as though brute force had the drop.

"But a man in my predicament overlooks no chance. In my vest pocket I had a well filled match safe. In my hip pocket was a pint of brandy, minus one moderate nip. In my hunting jacket was a bunch of tow. I saturated that with brandy, and as the bear approached, I ignited her with the matches. Diving the tow so as to have two shots, I lit the first half and dropped it on the bear. I didn't need the other half. There was a flash of light, as though a pan of powder had been ignited. The air was filled with the odor of burning hair. The bear let go and fell down because it was quickened. Then she left a fiery streak toward the hunter and made more noise than any ordinary thunderstorm." —Detroit Free Press.

KNOW HUMAN NATURE.

How Two Black Men Turned Their Knowledge to Good Account.

Near one of the gates at the Union station as the long train from Chicago rolled in stood an old colored man. He was bent under time's burden, and it was easy to imagine that he was one of those relics of the south, one of those picturesque characters of old plantation life, that now live only in the memory. The great engine was puffing after its long run, and amid the bustle and confusion of the station the old man seemed bewildered. Then as the passengers came through the gate they saw a little act of kindness that touched a tender chord of sympathy in more than one heart.

Another colored man, who looked as if he might be a porter, stepped up and slipped a quarter in the old man's hand. Then he quickly made his way off again, looking half ashamed at his action.

The old man stood looking at the quarter with a smile on his wrinkled old face, and the next moment another silver piece in his hand. The other passengers followed suit, and the old man had to come off to hold the shower of coin.

Just then the policeman on duty at the station saw the old fellow and started toward him, but with more agility than one would have given him credit for, he slipped away in among the crowd and was lost.

Five minutes later two men were sitting in a saloon in Seventeenth street. They were counting over a pile of small coins. "Fosh seventy-five, he, he, Golly, grand, didn't I tell yer 'd fetch 'em?" Tears had all yet had to be water kinder neck der white folks' 'mind lak, and dey jes' scramble over themselves ter get a pore old man money. He he! No moah work no no, if dey come lak dat." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Phosphorescent Diamonds.

The French investigator M. Mascart arranged a dark room, in which a collection of 100 diamonds was placed. On one side was an attenuating current arc lamp. The lens was covered with violet covered glass, so that only ultra-violet rays were thrown on the diamonds, among which were several old Indian, Brazilian and Cape stones, and some from the South Africa diggings. Of the entire collection only three diamonds were phosphorescent. A Brazilian stone of 1 1/2 carats and another of 3 carats showed this property in a marked degree. They were perfectly white, with a bluish tint. The phosphorescence lasted for 15 minutes after exposure, gradually lessening in intensity. Pure white light was used, resulting in a less beautiful experiment. Although phosphorescence was apparent, this test demonstrated that some diamonds, but not all, possess the power of absorbing light and emitting it in the dark.

Smoking in Germany.

Smoking in Germany is not a pastime; it is an art and an art that has grouped about it a respectable number of industries. Every smoker carries a cigar case, a cigar clipper, a matchbox and usually a little leather box for the cigar tips. The tips are collected by a society organized for the purpose in each province and are sold to the manufacturer for the benefit of charitable institutions.

In prison Brothers composed his work on the consolations of philosophy and Grotius wrote his commentary on St. Matthew, with other works. The detail of his allotment of time to different studies during his confinement is very instructive.

The sum raised by the government of Mexico from the manufacture of tobacco, one of the native industries, is about \$500,000 annually.

Reminiscences of Dickens.

It was at the juvenile birthday parties that Dickens seemed in all his glory. At the supper table, in helping some little miss to "trifle," he would assure her with all possible gravity that it was no trifle at all. When the writer, urged to make a little speech on the occasion of Charles's birthday, came to a full stop at the words "I am sure," Dickens at once came to his assistance and enabled him to retire from the platform, however ungracefully, with the remark, among others, "Always be sure, my dear boy, and you'll get along all right."

At the little theatrical entertainments Dickens was the alpha and the omega of the proceedings. He was sometimes author, adapter, condenser, musical director, manager, prompter, and even stage carpenter. He overflowed with energy.

Dickens, doubtless remembering his own acute sensitiveness as a child, could not willingly wound a child's feelings. He made fun with, not of, us. No party ever came off at Dickens' without "Sir Roger de Coverley" being introduced. Dickens would laugh with some novice get badly mixed up in the tangled web of the middle. "Off he dashed after the lost sheep—generally an awkward boy—and turned his blushing to smiles by saying, 'What a duffer this boy will make when he's tackled a little more rusted beef!'" or, "Isn't Tommy a nice young man for a small party?"

There was nothing of the pedagogue about him—no vulgar attempt to pose as the brilliant Boz. He was simply a big boy, and he came down the ladder of his fame to meet his fellows on their ordinary platform—to be one of them in their own simple way for a time.—Harper's Round Table.

Treatment of Pain.

In discussing this subject Dr. Goldscheider of Berlin thinks that narcotics, and especially morphine, should be avoided, particularly in chronic disease. Bromides do not suffice of themselves to allay pain, but are very useful when pain is due to increased excitability of the nervous system; the permanent use of an analgesic agent is to be avoided; the local application of cold for the relief of pain is often useful, especially in affections not deeply seated, and the value of the anode in allaying pain is not clear. Dr. Goldscheider's opinion of counterirritants is that they are among the most useful means in dealing with pain, not only in nervous affections but likewise in chronic disease. The question of alteration in vascular supply is hypothetical, but vasodilation, cool or warm applications and other hydrotherapeutic measures are certainly useful, and the effect may be in some measure due to suggestion. In regard to massage and treatment by movement, he thinks that the value of passive and active motion is still much underestimated, and that in some cases of sciatica and painful joints after injuries there is no better treatment.

Practices in Diphtheria.

The results of the practice of various Paris physicians with their diphtheritic patients have been made to appear in a published summary of much interest. According to this, tannin, applied locally, seems to have been moderately successful, while salicylic acid and salicylate of soda are stated to have failed entirely. Carbolic compounds—that is, compound 2, alcohol 1, carbolic acid 5—applied either pure or with oil of almonds, operated quite favorably. Carbols and opobala were administered to a slight extent, also tincture of eucalyptus, but not so as to form a criterion. Chlorate of potash proved by far the most successful remedy, as it was also the most extensively administered. Its action is believed by some to be due in part to the oxygen with which it supplies the blood, and which, it is assumed, the diphtheritic bacteria have abstracted. Some other physicians, however, are of the opinion that the success should be attributed rather to its local effects.

A Hypnotic For the Insane.

An article which appeared some time ago in The Semaine Medicale on this subject has been widely quoted. It seems that two Prussian physicians, M. Oldenbourg and M. Jurnan, made a series of careful experiments with the hypodermic of scopoline and found that the drug possessed a true value as a hypnotic in the treatment of the insane. Administered hypodermically, in doses varying from 0.005 to 0.015 of a grain, they found that it induced in the majority of subjects a sleep which lasted from three to ten hours, upon waking the patients appeared much calmer than before the administration of the substance. This effect was especially pronounced in the cases of maniacs, but was not so marked in those of acute lycemia. In chronic insanity the hypnotic action was also manifest to a degree. In delirium tremens, however, the tendency of the drug was only to wake in the patient and there was no hypnotic action whatever.

Just Shrewd Judgment.

She—I went to a fortune teller today, just for a lark, and she told me a lot of things.

"Yes—Yes, signs of them hit it pretty clearly, but I hope you don't think there is anything supernatural about their powers. They just showed judgment; that is all."

"That may be true, dear. She told me I was married to a man who fell far short of what I deserve." —Indianapolis Journal.

Some Waples Letters.

A number of papers of interest to Methodism have been discovered in two boxes at the Wesleyan conference office in London. Among them are 44 letters of John Wesley to his brother Charles and 80 by Silling, centuries of Huntington, the founder of the sect known as the Connexion of Birmingham's connection, written to Charles Wesley.

A TAME LEOPARD.

Which Walked With Its Master About the Streets of Berlin.

Of all the cat tribe, leopards are the easiest to tame and teach, if they are captured while young. When they are old, their savage habits have become fixed, and it is almost impossible then to tame them.

Thirty years ago a curious and well known sight on the streets of Berlin was Von der Madlern with his tame leopard. Baron von der Madlern, when a young man, was for several years German consul in Egypt. While there an Arab friend presented him with a young leopard. It was only a few days old, its eyes not open yet. The young baron determined to make a pet of the leopard and train and treat it like a dog.

The leopard was never confined in a cage, but was always allowed full liberty and was well fed and petted. He slept on a comfortable rug in his master's room, and if the night was cold crept upon his master's bed and shared it with him. Through the day, indoors and out, he followed Von der Madlern about like a faithful dog, and displayed a dog's affection for his master.

He grew by and by into a handsome creature, one of the largest of his species and finely marked. When he had been in Von der Madlern's possession about two years, the baron was recalled to Berlin and took the animal back with him. In Berlin the leopard occupied the same place in his master's home that he had done before and followed the baron about the streets in the same way.

At first the sight of the creature stalking solemnly along beside the man created quite a sensation in the city, and people crowded to see them pass. But it grew to be an everyday matter, which only attracted occasional notice from strangers or children.

ARBITRATION AND WAR.

Brief but Not Uninteresting Discourse by the Old Soldier.

"You know I can't get over the fact," said the old soldier, "that there's a heap more heroes in the world than there was all due to the civil war. And you can't tell where you're going to get 'em. The man you buy a lead pencil of in the stationery store may have served, and so may the man you buy your clothes of in the clothing store. Just as likely as not the man that brings your milk in the morning, coming along early through the quiet streets, may have been at Gettysburg, and the man that twists the grip wheel of the cable car you ride down Broadway may have marched over narrow corduroy roads, through lofty forests with a gun over his shoulder and a knapsack on his back.

"You see, you can't tell. The man in the pulpit may have been in it, and so may the man that sweeps the streets. You can't tell about it. The folks who stand round and holler about it, but they're heroes just the same—the salt of the earth on this continent—and the world is better for 'em, a heap. They are all reliable and self-respecting citizens, who help to keep the country sweet. And their children are proud of them. How proud! And they grow up all the stronger and better citizens for this inheritance.

"Well, I believe in arbitration—on principle—and I feel bound to say that I believe in it in practice too. War is a frightful waste of human life and of material. I can't now and I never could see the sense of destroying things, and I think the most tremendously foolish thing going is taxing people out of house and home to keep up great armies standing that are finally to be destroyed.

"And still I can't keep thinking that a war like ours, about a real principle, is not without its compensations. It sort of clears the atmosphere, distributes backbone around among rogues and tends to the perpetuation of our largeness of freedom and the benefit of the human race." —New York Sun.

An Unwilling Lion.

Rudyard Kipling told a feminine admirer not long ago that London society was something which not only palled but quickly disgusted him. Now that he has given hostages to fortune by assuming the name of a husband and a father, of course he is not free to act as in his bachelor days. But, so he measured his life after, after some months' experience in London in the season before his marriage he went into the slums and lived on the east side for a time for no other reason than to get a complete change as possible from that artificial atmosphere in which he was called upon to play an unwilling lion's part.

Cooked Foods.

Cooked foods should be eaten moderately warm, not hot. The high temperature impairs the nervous lining of the whole digestive apparatus, and by increasing the flow of perspiration renders the skin more susceptible to chills and colds.

The habit of eating hot food also increases a desire for liquids, and thus one has habit leads to another.

The wild wrath is usually formed in Germany of myrtle branches in France and England, of orange blossoms in Italy and French Switzerland, of white roses in Spain, of red roses and pink in the islands of Greece, of vine leaves in Rumania, of rosemary in German Switzerland, of a crown of artificial flowers.

Conductors of orchestras find that the flute is far more often played out of tune than the violin, the reason being that many of its intonational notes are not striking in tone with the rest of the band.

THE SNOW MIRACLE.

"The age of miracles," they say, "is past; Christ walks no more upon the yielding snow."

But does the Spirit breathe, to blow or save, On mortal man? And then the winter days Come shivering from beyond the sunset glow; The dancing waves grow solid as a floor; To hear the laughter of the winter dance, God breathes upon the sleet, and it is snow.

—J. L. Huston in "The Quitting Day."

A YOUTH'S ADVENTURES.

Which, Whether True or Fiction, Are Doubtfully Interesting.

When riding in the train car through the wildest parts of Fickham Bay, writes a contributor to the London News, with a friend—two were bound on a journalistic errand—a browned young man of mature appearance jumped into the car and at once recognized my companion. Before we had gone very far I was deep in one of the oldest family histories. This new arrival, it seemed, when a boy of 14, had been possessed by the fear of consumption, that fell disease having carried off his brother and threatening his father and mother. Accordingly he read every book that he could lay his hands on dealing with the subject, and, as the result of his reading, ran away to Bournemouth to be near the pines. Having no funds, he engaged himself to a local fishmonger, carrying his master's fish to the various customers. When the day's work was done, he shouldered a hunk which he had brought with him and camped among some of these pines for which that southern health resort is famous.

One night a gentleman, strolling along, smoking a cigar, noticed him, and, being amazed at this "at home" bed, entered into conversation with him. "Why, I know who you are," exclaimed the consumptive youth at last. "You're Mr. Stevenson, the man who wrote 'Treasure Island'." "How do you know?" said the gentleman. "Because I deliver you fish. You live at Skerryvore." "So I do," replied Stevenson, for he it was sure enough. "But you don't talk like a fishmonger's boy." "No more I do," replied the boy, and he then poured his strange secret into the novelist's ear, which was sympathetic enough, you may be sure.

The result of this odd meeting was an invitation to breakfast. "Oh, and I did eat," said the young man. He told the story so handsomely that the whole train laughed. "And the servants couldn't make it out at all to see the distinguished author entertaining poor me. Then he went to Paris, and I never saw him again for a long while." The pines not proving strong enough, the strange youth was seized with a yearning for the scent of the eucalyptus and persuaded his friends to send him to sea. When he reached Sydney, he sold his outfit and ran away into the bush and lived in the open with eucalyptus galore. Thence, after many adventures, he sailed for the south seas and abode by reef and palm for many a long year.

One day when cruising as supernumerary among the Gilbert Islands, I think a European swell in beautiful white duck, a great red sun and a spreading banana hat, with a peacock's feather in it, came aboard the schooner. "Good morning, Mr. Stevenson," said the supernumerary. Mr. Stevenson looked and wondered who knew him in these far-off seas. "I can't know you," he said, shaking his head. "But I know you. Don't you remember the fishmonger's boy who was such a big breakfast at Skerryvore?" "No, I do. Well, the world is small indeed." And no doubt the two had pegs and tips—or whatever they call such things in the islands—together. What a strange, small world it is indeed! Well, one succumbed to the third disease, the other to the second, the fellow as ever I saw. It was a queer, grim fate to go down by phillips all over the world. —London News.

An Encoloped Fish.

An encoloped fish which Miss Farlow gives as an especial rarity at her cooking classes (the proportions are easily doubled for a larger quantity) from a joint of steak, two from bones and skin, a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of flour, 1 1/2 gills of milk (this is a little less than a cupful) and 4 tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs. Season the fish with half the salt and pepper. Put a generous half of the butter in a small saucepan and melt it. Add the flour and stir till the mixture is smooth and frothy. Boil up once and stir in the rest of the seasoning. Put a layer of the sauce in a small baking dish, alternating with the fish, having sauce on top. Sprinkle over with the bread crumbs and dot with the rest of the butter. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. The onion was added to the bread crumbs and stale bread grated was also recommended. In this dish the latter is obligatory. —New York Post.

Conqueror Tours.

English papers announce the death, after a long illness, of Barthold Tourn, the well known musician and composer. Mr. Tourn was a Dutchman by birth, having been born in Rotterdam in 1829. He studied at Leipzig and Brussels, went to England in 1851 and for a good many years served as a violinist in Gustav Swieten's orchestra. For the last 15 years, however, he had occupied the responsible post of reader and editor in the great firm of Novello & Co. in which capacity he did an immense amount of useful work in the "reduction" of orchestral scores to their pianoforte form. He was also a voluminous composer of graceful violin pieces, songs, hymn tunes, anthems and church services.

Victims of the Debt.

Critics of the present will claim that the debt is the worst enemy of the nation. The debt is the worst enemy of the nation. The debt is the worst enemy of the nation. The debt is the worst enemy of the nation.