The New York Herald looks for a hot and humid summer favorable to the spread of Asiatic cholera

An English newspaper recently re ferred to Monte Carlo, the gambling resort, as the "poisoned paradise on the shores of the Mediterranean."

The number of prisoners locked up in fourteen of the Western and Middle States is 110,538, and of this vast number of offenders but one-sixth know how to read.

Folk-lore is looking up, according to Walter Besant. A book lately issued by the society devoted to that science shows that the Cinderella legend, so dear to us all, is found in every part o Europe, all over the Balkan Peninsula. in Japan, South America, the West Indies and Kaffirland.

To form some idea of the largeness this earth, suggests the Chicago Herald, one may look upon the land-scape from the top of an ordinary scape from the top of an ordinary church steeple and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth.

Caste prejudices in India are breaking down. Sir William Hunter quotes as an instance of this fact that a shipload of Hindoos has, with the approval of the community and the Hindoo press, chartered a steamer for the Chicago Exhibition. Such an expedi-tion would have been regarded as an impious impossibility five and-thirty years ago, because the pilgrims will have to break caste rules in eating un hallowed food.

Says the New York Post: The dis cussion of capital punishment aroused by the action of the Michigan Legislature is bringing out the facts as to the punishment of murderers in different States. Indiana has a law which makes the penalty for murder hanging or imprisonment for life, and gives the jury the right to decide which shall be imposed. Under this system hanging has become practically obsolete in the State, juries uniformly choosing the milder punishment of imprisonment, with the chance of a pardon before many years have passed. "The re-sult," according to the Indianapolis Journal, "is a steady increase of homi cidal crime, with every now and then a lynching as a protest against the in-efficient enforcement of law." The Journal advocates a change in the law which will leave the fixing of the pen alty to the judge, as it believes that the average judge has more nerve and a higher sense of duty than the average jury.

Harper's Weekly says of the Nice ragua Canal: "In war or in peace the exclusive control of this canal will be to us of inestimable value. For attacking or defending the coasts of our hemisphere, and the islands adjacen thereto, it is more advantageously situated than is Gibraltar for the Mediterranean. As a means of uniting the East and the West, it will be of more value than is the Suez Canal for uniting England with India. The latter saves but 3500 miles, while the Nicaragua Canal saves 9500 in the voy age from the Gulf ports to San Fran-cisco. If we are to continue our policy of protecting the smaller States of the two Americas against the larger ones, and all of them against foreign encroachment, we must control the canal. We must also defend our own country. Our Pacific coast is nearly defenceless. From New York to San Francisco it is 13,000 miles by water-half the circumference of the globe Between the same points by the canal it is only 5000 miles. From New Orleans to San Francisco it is 13,500 miles. The canal will cut this distance down to 4000 miles, a still greater sav-ing. Now England can hurl a fleet against our western ports by way of the Suez Canal or from Australia, while another flect with a base at home or at one of the numerous British strongholds along our eastern coast, is threatening the ports on the Atlantic Not only in war, but also in compet ing for the commerce of the world, and especially of the western hemisphere, will the Nation controlling the Nicaragua Canal have an immense advan-tage. No trade will flourish unless tage. ted by the string arm of mili tary power, and no better example of this can be cited than that of England. Where all the great Nations of the world meet in the canal, and the Nations through whose territory it runs are so miserably weak, the inevitable result will be that it will fall into the hands of some great power. If that power be not ourselves, then we may safely bid farewell to military or co ial supremacy in America. The golden moment is now here when possession is easy.'

LOVE'S VOYAGE We are going with the wind, Love, Blowing fair and free, Somehow the breeze is always good That blows for you and me. Debind us lies the dear old land, Before us dreams the new, Deneath us swells the joyous sea, Above us bends the blue.

What is there that can hinder love, Or make our hearts afraid? The ocean deep can never fail, The sky can never fade. You are my universe, and I.

We are going with the wind, Love,

If we go down, the sea is love, And holds us evermore; Our tide, whatever way it movo, Will reach a golden shore. -M. Thompson, in New York Independent.

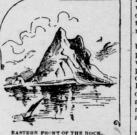
jesting aside and told her my love there in the quiet corner behind the people who were watching the danc-lers, had not Mr. Adlow eane up and all is, Ralph. Please don't think me elaimed her for the waltz She left me with a merry glance over her shoulder and a joking entreaty for her "little old-time lover" to change his mind. Not many days after I made an exact stated, to visit my old home. "And now," I said to myself while "that done on the arm porch, "she

nome. "And now," I said to myself while sitting alone on the farm porch, "she is coming here? What has changed her plans? The party was to be at Long Branch by this time. I cannot understand it." The next day was rainy, and I spent it roaming over the old house to solve the puzzle of Grace's coming. Of course, she could not know that I was there, because I had kept my destina-tion a secret, and because had she known it, she would not have come. I felt that I could not have come. I ther among those pleasant scenes of our childhood without telling my love, and the relations which she and Adlow sus-a declaration. In the old farmbours, was a poor

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> when seen f on the sea but a few miles off, the rock has the appearance of an island. It was just as August was taking its place in the calendar of 1892 that we approached it, after a pleasant to o'clock in the morning; the ship's orchestra struck up a lively air, while all the passengers crowded the decks to see this renowned fortress, and a beautiful sight it was, indeed. As far as the eye could reach there were countless sails, lit up to a dazzling whiteness by the rays of the mount-ains of Spain and Africa loomed up, of a delicate pinkish purple co'or, which blended easily into the pearly ints of that southern sky. But the great rock ahead and a little to the, as we gradually approached the out-lines and details becoming more dis-tuct, until finally we found ourselves gazing with wonder and awe at the pleturesque little town, lying at the foot and upon the side of the mount-ain. It would be impossible to describe

Again she cast that strange, penetrating look at me, and replied:
"I will write to him to-morrow, and I will tell yon how I have decided in the evening."
All next day Grace kept her room, and I strolled alone. Her action puzzle zled me greatly. Why had she not accepted Allow at once? Had she learned something which made marriage with him undesirable? Sometimes I felt that I had been weak in not declaring my love in spite of Adlow, but I could not make myself believe that she saw anything but fun in our relations. I roamed far, and without seeing Grace again. I could not face the ordeal of hearing that she had accepted Adlow, and if she should tell me of a refusal. I feared that she would meet lightly the confession that her boyish lover was her lover still in manhood. I was weak—cowardly, but could not help it.
Late in the afternoon I hurried back to the house. Finding my uncle, I told him untruthfully. but excussely, the prhaps—that I was called away by business, and asshed thim to bid Grace good-bye for me. He was a man of few words, and assented without comment. I had previously obtained his permission to take some article from the old cedar chest as a memento, and I now hurried up to the room to select one. I sat down upon the chest, fighting my desire to call Grace from her room, to tell the that our laghter over the old times had, with me, changed to love, and to beseech her not to marry tallow. But I conquered. Grace was to nonle, too just, to accept anyone, even though sa night love him, in this underhand manner.
I raised the ild of the chest and removed the blanket, which was used as a cover, when my eye caught sight of an article which had not been there bifore. It was in Grace's writing, and was addressed to Frederick Adlow—the letter giving him her decision. I plainly saw how it had happened. Having written her acceptance, as I beiter dy addressed to Frederick Adlow—the letter giving him the decision. I plainly saw how it had happened thaving written her of the place, or in admirat cn at the picturesque little town. Jying at the foot and upon the side of the mount-ain. It would be impossible to describe the scene that lay before us, frown-ing and smilling at one and the same time. All were eager to set foot once more on land, and many were disap-polated when our captain announced to us that we would only have three-quarters of an hour on shore, as the vessel was already some twenty-four hours behind her previous record, and had to make it up between Gibraitar and Genoa. All our sorrows were soon drowned in the pleasure of sali-ing to land on rakish little boats, whose lateen salis made the trip but a short one. At the wharf we were greeted by a motley crowd of Arabs, Spaniards and English soldiery, each one starting at us in the peculiar fash-ion of his race, but as we had but little time to spare in gazing at them, every curlosity shop was soon invaded by an anxlous, jostling crowd of cus-tomers. The glimpse we had of the place itself left us the impression of a very closely built but clean town. with narrow, hot streets, rough cob-ble pavements, flat-roofed houses, mules, Arabs, fruit in abundance, and British soldiers, without end. On the side of the rock stand the magnificent ruins of an old Moorish castle, built just below the fam us rock galleries, which, by the way, face the land, and, with the excep-tion of being the means of communi-tion from for to fort, are of no use whatever in modern warfare. In the town, which is inhabited by a motley population of from 20,000 to 30,000





And ragged, and it sopps but fittle side, however, it is not solid rock, but without success, and in about a week's time her ilfeles body was discovered floating in the bay. She had probably wandered in the darkness tho some cavity, from which she was dashed into the sea beneath. It is also runored that these cavers have a submer discovered with thick hair, but it is barely possible that the Barbary and the heroism of those whose duty is barely possible that the Barbary and the heroism of those whose duty it was to defend it are well known. The rock was known to the world a very carly period, and the mame of "Gab-ell-arif" (hill of Tarif) for the the least biblied is seven fulles, and the Greeks corrupted this name to "Gab-ell-arif" (hill of Tarif) for the seven stars; and throughout the book body and the fore and of which name to "Gab-ell-arif" (hill of Tarif) for the rock was known to the mame or fiste leader, and of which name to breat the same number of deacons. The vory that state on the following manner, and the Greeks corrupted this name for "Gab-ell-arif" (hill of Tarif) for the mame or fister and the card for the site matched for the soven the stated" is the Book of Revealtion at the soven the soven the soven the state of the soven the s

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

# Oh, I am yours, my sweet; Then how can any cloud arise Or any tempest beat?

## Blowing fair and free, Somehow the breeze is always good That blows for you end me.