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London is to have a university that will rival Oxford and Cambridge. All the preliminary details for its establishment have been arranged.

The San Francisco Examiner remarks: Several foreign governments are urging their people not to immigrate to America. Residents of the United States are prone to find fault with the management of affairs abroad, but in this instance the only comment heard resembles a rather emphatic "amen." There seem to be already here as many poverty-stricken aliens as can starve to death comfortably.

A few days ago the Toovey copy of the first folio (1623) edition of Shakespeare sold for $845—a remarkably low price considering the excellent condition of the book. In 1888 $1,000 was paid for the imperfect Aylesford copy from Packington hall, and in 1889 the Perkins copy, which was far from faultless, brought $725. Three years ago, in New York, the Ives copy, a very fine one, sold for $4,200. Edmund Yates says the very best example in the world of the first folio belongs to Lady Burdette Coutts.

All American cities grow towards their suburbs, while their early centres of population are devoted almost exclusively to business purposes. The old part of New York city has not so many people as it had forty years ago. The substitution of electricity for horse power in propelling street cars has, in the opinion of the Boston Cultivator, enormously increased this suburban tendency, and it is destined to do so to a greater extent than now. It will not be many years before villages ten to fifteen miles distant from all large cities will be connected with them by electric cars. This is being done in New England to a greater extent than elsewhere. It is one of the advantages of the great water power this section possesses that it will have cheap transportation by electric power in many places where these advantages are not now enjoyed.

The report of the Bureau of Statistics concerning immigration shows, observes the Chicago Record, some interesting fact as to the nature of the influences which have been cosmopolitanizing this country. Since October, 1820, the total number of immigrants has been 17,113,999. The classification of these according to nativity shows that in the composition of our foreign population at the present time the dominant elements are the Germans, Irish and Scandinavins. The English and Canadian immigrants being more closely allied by speech and antecedents, may be ignored as factors in coloring the national type. Germany alone contributed 4,484,480, or more than one-fourth of the total of all immigrants. Ireland sent 3,641,480 or something less than a fifth of the total. Norway and Sweden together gave us 1,086,344. Altogether these three factors in immigration brought us over 9,200,000, or considerably more than half of the total, the rest of which is subdivided among people of diverse nations and characteristics. During the time that this immigration has been coming in, the entire population of the United States has increased from 9,633,000 to 62,622,250 (by the estimates computed from recent statistics recorded by individual states). This is a total increase of over 57,000,000 of which number immigration contributed 17,000,000, while the remaining 40,000,000 represent natives, whether of foreign or American parentage. That is to say, a little less than thirty per cent. of the increase in population in this country is directly attributed to immigration. As this calculation takes no note of the percentage of natives born of immigrant parents, the statement shows with remarkable clearness the immense influence which the tide of immigration must have in fixing the American national traits and characteristics.

GET ALL OUT OF LIFE YOU CAN.

Tis a very good rule—as rules may go—
Of value to boy and to man;
To set the days by the star of faith
And get all out of life that he can.

The coffers of hope hold infinite stores,
And we may supply them at will,
We may heap them with treasure that never shall fade,
With wonderful beauty may fill.

Yes, get out of life all we can every day,
But let us reflect on the meaning.
Shall we wrest from the weak because we are strong
Each thing that of value is seeming?

Shall we feel that possessions are riches alone?
And insist that we lead in the van?
In fulfilling this rule that we hold for our days,
To get all out of life that we can?

There are those who do this, but you will not, I know,
For you hold that the secret of living—
Of beautiful days full of infinite charm—
Lies only in loving and giving.

To get out of life we must put into life
All generous courage, all sweetness;
Be thoughtful for others, be courteous and kind,
And then will life grow to completeness.

And thus will the days as they glide into years
Hold their riches for boy and for man
Who follows this rule in its meaning sublime,
To get all out of life that he can.

—Lillian Whiting.

THE KEY TO SIXTY-SIX.

BY E. M. HALLIDAY.

THE weather was cold, and everybody looked pinched and blue. It was not the sort of day when business is brisk anywhere. Out of doors it was so raw, so penetrating, that the constant effort to keep up a circulation to fight against the weakening influence of the cold, absorbed every energy and left little over for thought, for plans, for business or pleasure. Inside, rooms were heated to a suffocating, baking closeness, and men were languid. They stood at windows and looked at the icy streets, or held hands to aching heads over ledgers.

In the big insurance office two men were talking in a private room. A card was brought in, and an old man followed it rapidly. He was a little bent, which shortened his figure, and he held his head at a peculiar sidewise angle. He shuffled a little as he walked, but the very loose and heavy Arctic overshoes upon his feet may have had something to do with that. His brown overcoat, a good deal worn at the elbows, was long and of a comfortable, old-fashioned pattern. A gray knitted woolen scarf was wound around and around his neck, and woolen gloves were upon his hands. He put one of these hands up to his ear, and cupped his palm to catch every sound when he was spoken to, and then you saw why he carried his head so oddly. He was deaf.

He had come in, he explained, to have his life insured. He had often thought of doing so, but had never been in a position where he felt that he could regularly pay the premium before. He was a kindly faced man, who seemed to state facts because they were such, without understanding any reason why they should be concealed. His eyes were clear and apparently good, although not very wide open.

"We shall require you to fill out a blank before we can consider your application," the manager said. "We seldom take men of your age."

"I am not so old as I look," the applicant replied. "I know that the premium will be large, but I have a regular income, which ceases at my death, and I have lately found a dear young friend to whom I should like to leave something. I might take a fancy to go walking on the railroad track some day," and he smiled whimsically.

"We will have that put in your policy," said the manager, gravely.

When he had filled out his application blank, we discovere l that his name was Louis A. Cattermole, that he was forty-four years of age, and came of perfectly healthy parents. He said that he was born in central Missouri, that his father had been killed in the war, and his mother had been blown up on a Mississippi steamboat. He had no near relatives whom he knew. He had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Three years before, he had met John Mackley, a young New Yorker, on a journey through the South, and he had come to New York very recently to live.

He seemed to be a sociable sort of fellow, although looking ten years older than he said he was. He had an ingenuous way of talking, which might have come from central Missouri. McCary, the insurance manager, came from Kentucky, and he rather enjoyed verbosity when he could conscientiously listen to it, without feeling that he was establishing a precedent.

"I am afraid," he said to Cattermole, "that you will never pass the doctors."

But he did. They were astonished to find so vigorous a frame. "Sound as a nut. In remarkable state of preservation. The teeth arn't good, but leaving out that and the deafness, that's as fine a specimen as I ever saw at forty-four," the doctor reported. So, after all the preliminaries were gone through, Louis A. Cattermole received a policy upon his life, made out in favor of John Mackley, the young stock broker on New street.

We made a great many inquiries, of course. Mackley, who was a big, straight backed, bluff fellow, who had a reputation for turning pretty sharp corners on the street, evidently had no idea of the admiration he had excited in his friend, Mr. Cattermole. When he was asked about him, he laughed, and said he was a queer old duffer, who told a first rate story with a "nib" in it.

"He lives across the street from me. I live up in the Dalton, you know, and old Cattermole is in the Merlin, just opposite. He comes over and smokes a cigar with me now and then, and I return the visit and smoke one of his old pipes, when I am down on my luck, and need pulling out. You don't mind his deafness after you get used to it. He tells a capital story." And Mackley laughed at the stray memory of some one, showing all his big white teeth. He had had his mustache shaved lately. John Mackley was always very much in the mode.

The first premium was paid in cash, and when the second one came around we had a letter from Mr. Cattermole, inclosing a check. He had been away for some months, traveling about, and didn't know when he would be at home. The letter was from Philadelphia, and the check was paid in due course.

Next spring Mr. Cattermole wrote the insurance company a letter, saying that he wanted to make some arrangement by which he could cut down his policy. It had been an enormous policy, all the office had thought; and knowing John Mackley, and Mr. Cattermole's slight acquaintance with him, we had regarded it as almost ridiculous that the old man should spend what must have been the major part of his income that that overgrown young fellow might have a fortune some time or other.

"Good Lord!" the doctor said. "That man is good for fifty years. John Mackley will be dead first."

McCary went up to the Merlin to see Cattermole. He found him in. The elevator boy said he hadn't been well for some days; that Mr. Mackley had been in almost every day.

"He's a mighty clever gent, Mr. Cattermole is," the elevator boy graciously remarked.

The apartment was small, and plainly, almost poorly, furnished. McCary looked about and thought of all the luxuries this lonely man might buy with the sum he annually spent upon insuring his life for the benefit of a rather heartless, rather raffish young man, who would doubtless make ducks and drakes of the money when it came into his possession—if it ever did. And then McCary gave a cynical sort of a sigh for the vagaries of human nature.

Mackley had let McCary in.

"Mr. Cattermole isn't very well today," the young man said cheerfully. "I have been trying to get him to go to bed. He'll be out in a minute. I must be getting along down town," and he opened the door and was gone.

Cattermole came in presently, in a flannel dressing gown and a pair of list slippers. He was hollow eyed, and had a towel around his head. He said one of his ears had developed an abscess, and he was almost stone deaf, and in great pain. McCary had some difficulty in making him understand the obstacles to lessening his policy.

"I've lost money, sir," he said, "I feel as though I were robbing John. He's been like a son to me; but I must do it! I must do it!"

And then after McCary had gone all over the ground again, he made up his mind that he would not do anything of the sort. The sacrifice seemed too great.

McCary's people went to the mountains for the summer, and he went down to the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach, and dined and bathed and slept. Two or three times he met Cattermole walking along the ocean front. The walk, and the odd carriage of the head, seemed exaggerated. The old man told McCary that he had been ill ever since the winter before, that grippe had gotten the better of him. Then he would ask McCary if he had seen Mackley. He often had seen him going gayly about with some friends; but he never saw him with Cattermole.

He used to despise John Mackley for an ungrateful cub. And then he realized that Mackley had no reason on earth to suppose that poor deaf old Cattermole had put him under any particular obligation. No doubt he knew nothing about the policy. Mackley was like all his class.

Cattermole said that he thought the sea bathing did him good. He and Mackley had taken bath houses side by side for the season, and often went in together, he said. McCary saw Cattermole in the water one day and laughed heartily. He had tied up his poor ears in wads of cotton, and a rubber band, and covered almost his entire head with a straw hat. His arms were covered, too, and altogether he made a conspicuous figure in the water, even in that great and motley crowd at Manhattan Beach. He was a bold swimmer, and often went away out beyond the float.

One day it happened that McCary was in the bath house when Mackley came in for his key.

"Give me 66, will you?" he said to the attendant.

"The other gent's got 66. I give it to him 'bout ten minutes ago."

"Oh, that's all right! Give me 68."

"I thought you had bathed, Mackley," McCary said. "I saw you coming out of the bath house just as I came in."

"I went up through from the beach. I forgot the formality of a key and my bathing suit. I had to come all the way around. Did you see old Cattermole? I haven't seen the old beggar for a week. We'll have a swim. Many people in? Ugh!"

McCary went up into the pavilion and looked at the bathers. The water was black with people. He saw old Cattermole come out of the bath house in his queer rig, accentuated by his curious walk and twisted neck, and plunge into the water. Two hundred people turned to look after him with curious eyes. He went away out beyond the float, and then presently in the chopping of the waves McCary lost sight of him.

Presently he saw another head bobbing about, and then he saw a man spring upon the float and wave his arms wildly. He seemed to have something in his hand; and then he plunged into the water again.

A dozen swimmers started for the float, but it was a long way in that cold water. They found John Mackley dancing about, half crazy. He had been swimming out there with his friend Cattermole, and the old man had been taken with cramp, or something—perhaps it was the undertow—and he was gone. Mackley had pulled the hat from his head in his efforts to save him. He had been there but a minute before.

McCary pressed his way down into the crowd. He too had seen Cattermole but a few minutes before. Every effort was made to find the body, but they were all unsuccessful.

"It will wash in," the guard said. "They always do."

"He was a great friend of mine," John Mackley said with feeling. "And he was the best story teller in New York."

McCary followed Mackley into the long row of bath houses. He was an insurance manager. He had seen the whole thing, and he might as well know all the details.

Mackley went down the corridor with his heavy, majestic tread, his shoulders straight, his head well up, and his bare, brawny arms shining. He stopped at his door and tried to fit in his key. It wouldn't turn. He looked at it again. McCary saw it too. On the brass tag were the figures "66."

McCary put his hand upon the key.

"You threw away the wrong one, didn't you?" he said coolly.

"What do you mean?" Mackley asked angrily. His big fist was in the air.

"Hush!" McCary said sternly. "You don't want any trouble, any explanations. It was all perfectly done, and you were very clever to carry it out so far, and right under my eyes. I advise you to go on the stage. It isn't so dangerous as this, and it's more profitable than Wall street—sometimes."

Mackley's face was rigid, but defiant.

"I never should have suspected you in this world, except that I had my field glass to my eyes when you tore the hat and bandage off your head out there in the water. I saw it. It saw Cattermole turn to Mackley and as you stripped your arms I saw your plan. It was clever, and it was simple; but you ought to have gotten under the float, and thrown away the key to 66, instead of the key to 68."

"Perhaps you can prove some of these things."

"I can prove that your teeth were drawn—very bad teeth—in February of last year, and new ones put in. Perhaps the physicians who examined Cattermole, and the dentist, could corroborate my actual vision." McCary smiled. "But I will relieve your mind, Mr. Mackley. The case will never come to court. We will keep the handsome premiums you have paid us, and not advertise your histrionic abilities. I advise you to dress yourself—if you can get into 68—and be ready to meet the reporters."

And Mr. McCary went over to the hotel and ordered his dinner.—Munsey's Magazine.

"The Lamb Gourd."

The Duke of Holstein in his "Travels in Muscovy and Persia" (1636) gives a full account of a wonderful vegetable growing in the neighborhood of the city of Samara, Russia, and known as the "lamb or sheep gourd." The Duke says: "It most resembles a lamb in all its members, and on that account is called 'the lamb gourd' by the people. It changes place in growing as far as the vine or stalk will reach, and wherever it turns the grass withers. When it ripens the stalk withers, and the outward rind is covered with a kind of hair which the Muscovites use instead of fur. They showed us some of these skins which were covered with soft wool, not unlike that of a lamb newly weaned."

Scaliger also speaks of the "lamb gourd" in his works. In one chapter he says that the queer vegetable continues to grow as long as grass is plentiful, but that when the grass falls, the "pore creetyr dyes frome lac of nourishment." He also says that the wolf is the only animal that will feed upon it.—St. Louis Republic.

Nervous Singers.

The effects of nervousness are varied and amusing. One young mezzo-soprano was prevented just in time from walking on to the platform in a huge pair of fur-lined overshoes, which were put on above her slippers, and which contrasted comically with her dainty gown.

Another songstress, who was gifted with a good verbal memory, was singing without note. During a rather elaborate symphony, preceding the second verse of her song, she chanced idly to glance at the book of words which she was holding. Confusion followed. She could not link the melody with the poem. It was a terrible moment; but she stepped swiftly to the piano, glanced at the accompanist's copy, and finished her song con amore! It appeared, on inspection, that by a printer's error two lines of her song had been left out of the book of words. This had confused her, and was the cause of her failure to blend words and music together.—Atalanta.

A QUEER PRINCIPALITY.

ANNETTE ISLAND, ITS ABORIGINES, AND ITS RULER.

The United States Deeded the Island to the Rev. William Duncan—Building Up the Place.

THE Rev. William Duncan, ruler of Annette Island, a queer principality in the Pacific south of Sitka, has arrived here after a long absence from civilization. He has for thirty-seven years been a missionary among the Metlakahtla Indians, who, as long as they have been known, had practised cannibalism, and among whom one had to take his life in his hand. He first settled among the Metlekahtlas just across from his island in British Columbia, in sight of Mount St. Elias and the great Fairmeath range, and there remained until five years ago, when, owing to too tight a rein by the Church of England and the British Columbia Government, he removed to Annette Island. He first received assurances from the Government at Washington, however, that this island should deeded to him and the Indians in fee simple, if he removed there, and this has since been done.

The Metlakahtlas, to the number of about 700, followed him there and he has since built up a town called Metlakahtla, after the former town in British Columbia. The strange island of Annette is about fifty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, and covered in the centre by a snowy mountain range. All around the shores are valley and rolling lands, on which are great forests of pine, cedar and other similar trees. There are also some open glades, and there are many pretty coves. All things considered, however, the island is unfit for occupancy, except by natives of the far North, accustomed to the changing climate incident to the raging ocean about. The island was unpeopled before, and the Government, thinking it would never be valuable for any other purpose, gave it to the missionary and his wards.

The missionary, who is the absolute ruler and king of the island, has built on Annette Island a practical reproduction of the first Metlakahtla, though with some new features. He has built a saw mill, and the Metlakahtlas have erected a large number of buildings, modelled somewhat on the plan of American huts, yet having distinct Indian characteristics. Father Duncan has also caused a cannery to be built, and have given the Indians shares in it, when they so desired, in return for their labor. They have caught a great many salmon, halibut and other fish this year, he says, and have made considerable money. He thinks his queer colony will be as great a success in Alaska as it was in British Columbia.

"I have about 800 Indians with me now," said the white haired old missionary, "and they are increasing slowly all the time. The Alaska Indians are coming over and joining us. They are not as good Indians as the Metlakahtlas, since they have for a long time been able to get whisky from the traders along the coast. This has debased them, and since they have acquired the taste for spirits it is hard for them to desist. There is no drinking in the island of Annette, for I have prohibited liquors of all kinds from coming there. I do not allow any cards either, or any other kind of gambling. This is thought to be a very strict rule, for if there is anything an Indian likes to do it is to gamble. Gradually, however, I have cured them of all this.

"When I first went among the Indians on the mainland, the Hudson Bay Company, which had just established a post there, cautioned me that my life was in imminent danger every time I went among them. I speedily learned that this was true. The buildings of the company were within a stout stockade, formed of great logs and reaching very high. The houses, too, were what are known as block houses. There were two high and stout gates, or more properly great doors, to the formidable stockade, and at the side of each was an outpost manned with cannon which could be turned to sweep the Indians right and left should they attack the fort.

"I went among the Indians every day, and returned to the fort each night to sleep. In this way I picked up their language and began to think of getting some books published in their native tongue. But my progress was slow. I had oftentimes to go into the fort in daytime when an attack was imminent. Once I had to take my position on the outpost in charge of one of the guns, and on numberless occasions I had to, in one way and another, help defend the place. The Indians were the worst when the different clans were at war. At such times they particularly wanted to wreck vengeance on us. I have seen them kill Indians with whom they were at war, and cut off their arms and bite out pieces. They would also, when infuriated, bite pieces out of the arms of their allies, or even out of their own. They did not practice cannibalism in the sense of cooking the flesh, but they believed that to eat some of it would add to their valor.

"All this is now changed. I succeeded in translating parts of the Bible and other books into their language, and have now got them pretty well Christianized. In addition to the steam boilers for their boats, I am introducing a little electric light plant at Metlakahtla, and hope soon to have the Indian village lit up in this way. The Metlakahtlas no longer give me any trouble, and ere long they will be a credit to the American Government that has given us the pretty island of Annette."—New York Sun.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Opera is just 300 years old.

The first clock in England was set up in Westminster in 1288.

The French Government reserves to itself the right of using white paper for posters.

William Tell did not found the Swiss Confederation, and the story of Gessler has no historic basis.

The first hat makers who plied their trade in England were Spaniards, who came to that country in 1510.

English sparrows have become so great a nuisance in Maryland that farmers organize parties to slay them.

Several of the ancient nations considered that the disembodied spirit was a tangible substance of a bluish color.

Seven cars of mail matter, aggregating eighty tons, passed through Pittsburg on one train one day recently.

Pliny says that the Romans learned the use of yeast from the Greeks during the war with Persius, King of Macedon.

The linen weavers' clubs in Augsburg, Germany, practically ruled the city during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The use of sand-glasses became common all over Europe in the eleventh century. The best were made in Nuremberg.

Sam Wah King, a Chinaman, has started a cattle ranch in Montana with a capital of $110,000. He employs only Chinese on his ranch.

Bee hive tea is one of the items on the bill of fare of a New York eating house. It consists of tea with a spoonful of honey in it in lieu of sugar.

During the reign of Augustus there were 329 public bakeries in Rome. The societies of miller and bakers were incorporated by Trajan about A. D. 108.

When a prisoner resists the Paris police they take off one of his shoes and compel him to walk like "My son John." He is so hampered usually by this treatment that there is no further trouble.

The Van Rensselaer House, opposite Albany, N. Y., is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in the United States. The building was erected in 1642, and made of bricks imported from Holland.

Lawton A. Sherman, aged ninety, and his wife, aged ninety-seven, observed recently at Exeter, R. I., the seventy-eighth anniversary of their marriage. Soon after they buried their eldest daughter, aged seventy-seven.

The Lyceum Theatre, New York City, has adopted a new and elegant variation on the "Standing Room Only" sign. The Lyceum's method is to hang out a large and handsomely engraved brass tablet which reads "Seats All Sold."

A light-house keeper on Long Island Sound has a cow that swims two miles to the mainland, whenever she chooses, and goes home when she gets her visit made out. She gives milk regularly, but after her swimming expeditions it has a slightly salted taste.

Signs of the Zodiac.

The signs of the zodiac embrace the twelve important constellations which, owing to the motions of the earth, appear to revolve through the heavens within a belt extending nine degrees on each side of the sun's apparent annual path, and within or near which all the planets revolve. Since the sun appears successfully in each of these constellations during the year, the zodiac was divided into twelve equal parts, corresponding with the months. These signs and their subdivisions were used by the ancients in measuring time and as a basis for astronomical and astrological calculations and predictions. Astronomers now, for convenience, use these signs, giving to each constellation an extent of thirty degrees, although the constellations vary in size. The early astronomers were astrologers, and claimed to be able to predict the future careers of individuals and nations by observing the positions and movements of the planets and the condition of the weather at the most important period of men's lives.—New York Dispatch.

A Notorious Provost Marshal.

He was William Cunningham, the son of a trumpeter in the English dragoons, and was born in the barracks in Dublin. He came to New York in 1774, and became a horsebreaker and riding master. He left New York early in the Revolution, going to Boston, where General Gage appointed him provost marshal to the royal army. As such he had charge of the prisons in Philadelphia, and later in New York. He was extremely cruel to the prisoners, two thousand of whom, while under his charge, were starved to death, while two hundred and fifty were hanged without trial. He was in charge of the execution of Nathan Hale. After the war he went to England and lived for a time in Wales. He was in great poverty, mortgaged his half pay, forged a draft, and was condemned and hanged for this crime on August 10, 1791, in London.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

She Remembered the Cat.

A woman who started to jump into the Columbia River to drown herself suddenly remembered that she had left the cat in the pantry, and hurried back home. She afterwards said: "The idea of my struggling in the water and thinking that the cat was licking the cream off my milk in the pantry at that minute was more than I could bear."—Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.

RISE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HOW THE PACIFIC COAST METROPOLIS WAS FOUNDED.

A Spanish Mission and Fort First Occupied the Future City's Site—Gold's Discovery Caused a Boom.

THE story of the little settlements among the hills of the peninsula of San Francisco reads like some picturesque romance, and has always been interesting to me because it is so different from the story of other American cities. Spanish priests founded a mission here, and Spanish soldiers built a fort, or Presidio, in the autumn of 1776, while General Howe was capturing New York and driving Washington across into New Jersey. Many of the Spanish governors lived here.

San Francisco Bay, the beautiful inland sea, with its surroundings of fertile valleys and high mountains, was sailed past by early Spanish voyagers and by Sir Francis Drake himself, who, in 1679, cast anchor, as all critics agree, in "Old San Francisco harbor" (Drake's Bay), under Point Reyes. The sea fog must have lain across the Golden Gate when the famous sea-king sailed past. For ninety years longer the great bay was undiscovered. Then in 1769, Spanish priests, soldiers, and colonists came to California; and, November 7th in that year, the expedition led by Governor Portola and Father Juan Crespi, of the Franciscan order, discovered the bay of San Francisco. Six years passed before the new harbor was entered by water. Then, in 1776, Mission Dolores was founded in the valley at the base of the twin peaks, and a Spanish fort overlooked the Golden Gate, and the Spanish folk began to settle the long peninsula and the valleys south, east, and north of the bay of San Francisco. Missions and settlements were founded at Santa Clara, San Jose and Sonoma; and the Indians were subdued, till, in 1813, Mission Dolores had twelve hundred converts, and thousands more were at the other missions.

About sixty years after Mission Dolores was founded, an English trader named Richardson pitched a tent on the shore of the bay at the head of Yerba Buena cove; Jacob Leese built the first wooden house, and a few Americans settled at the place. One was old Galbraith, the blacksmith, who used to take his homemade Kentucky rifle at daybreak, and shoot deer among the sand-hills where the City Hall now stands. The cove had been called Yerba Buena because a fragrant, white-flowered little California vine much liked by the Spanish people was very abundant along the shore. The large island in the bay, now Goat Island, was also called Yerba Buena in those days.

So there were really three settlements within the present limits of the city of San Francisco; the soldiers camp at the Presidio, the Indian and Spanish village at the mission, which was called San Francisco, and the trading-post of Yerba Buena. Communication was slow and difficult among these settlements; for bogs, rocks, mountains and sand-hills covered with scrub-oaks and dense undergrowth filled the space between. In January, 1846, eleven years after its foundation, Yerba Buena contained only thirty houses, but, July 8th, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the little frontier village that lay on the eastern slope of the peninsula, facing the continent; and in January, 1847, the American magistrate issued a decree adopting the name San Francisco. In a few months more there were 157 houses and 459 people in the town. Then followed the discovery of gold in the Sierra foot-hills, and the "Golden Age of '49." In three years more the population of the young metropolis of California increased to 36,000.—St. Nicholas.

Beefsteak Under Its Aliases.

An amiable member of the Travelers' Club in this city, who possesses a minute knowledge of foreign places, is frequently consulted by friends contemplating a European tour. He brings forth his neatly kept notes of travel and gives valuable pointers concerning routes, hotels, cafes, etc. Just now he is beset with inquiries about Antwerp by intending visitors to its Exposition. To one of these he imparted this hint: "In patronizing the cafes, which, in various ways solicit the custom of English and Americans, notice the spelling of the word 'beefsteak' on the outdoor signs, or bills of fare, and be governed accordingly. If you prefer French cookery, seek out restaurants where it is spelled 'biftek' or 'bifstik.' But if you wish to try a purely Flemish cuisine, look at these various ways of spelling the word, which I copied literally from signs and menus during my stay in that city: 'Beefestec,' 'beaufsteake, 'beavesteik,' 'biefsteck,' 'bafestecke,' 'beevestchek', 'biffstoake,' and 'becafesteeacke.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A London Drygoods Community.

At a great drygoods London house all the saleswomen are expected, nay, are obliged to dress in black. There are two hundred, but not a "saleslady" nor a "forelady" among them. They make derision of these terms, which are so commonly heard in New York. The firm also employs six or seven hundred young men.

All the unmarried employes live on the premises, and this plan is found to operate satisfactorily to all concerned. The young men wear black coat, waistcoat and necktie. Years ago salesmen in London drygoods houses were not allowed to wear a mustache, but there is more liberty now, and they can wear their faces as fancy dictates.—New York Journal.