

Because of the difficulty of collecting the poll tax in Colorado, Governor McIntire has recommended that a poll tax receipt be made a qualification for voting.

A circular has been issued to all the village chiefs throughout Egypt, begging them to spare the monuments of the past as far as possible in all future quarrying operations.

Says the Brooklyn Eagle: The most sensible thing yet proposed for the celebration of Queen Victoria's next coronation anniversary is to make a little public park or playground in every village in England.

It has long been known that Pittsburgh is one of the dirtiest of civilized cities, but the fact that a Pittsburgh laundryman who recently died was able to carry \$400,000 life insurance is additional evidence on this point.

With the failure, already clearly foreshadowed, of the wheat crop in Australia, there will necessarily be a heavy demand in that country for American grain during the next year. The Australian shortage, roughly estimated at 5,000,000 bushels, will open a ready market for the wheat-growers of the Pacific slope, and will naturally tend toward higher prices for the American cereal all over the country.

A writer in the Detroit Journal has attempted to provide Major McKinley with a long line of illustrious ancestors. He traces the Canton Napoleon lineage in a direct line back to Duncan McDuff, the celebrated Thane who was born about the year 1090, and who was afterwards made famous by Shakespeare, who told of some interesting experience in this Scottish chieftain had with Macbeth, who had trouble with his hands and a one Lanquo, a gentleman, with a ghost.

The New Orleans Picayune remarks: The States are not clannish. Illinois has never yet had a native governor. Texas has had but one, and so with many other states. We are one people. That is the right spirit. The loyal American doesn't ask the state from which a man hails. We all stand behind one flag and are one people, and president and Congress should guard alike the interests of every state. State pride is well enough, but should never be allowed to grow into selfishness and clannishness.

It has been a theory long accepted by miners as gospel that a gold ore vein disappears after reaching a certain depth, and many mines in California have been abandoned on just this ground. A discovery was made the other day, however, that upsets all this. In the Kennedy mine in the Grass Valley a rich vein thirty feet wide has been discovered at a depth of 2,100 feet, and the deeper it goes the wider the vein becomes. The discovery may lead to a revolution in the mining methods in California.

The successful English stock promoter Hooley, who recently cleared \$10,000,000 for himself and his associates by operations in Dunlops (pneumatic tires for bicycles), has received a novel appeal from the workers in the company's factories in Coventry. They ask him to subscribe to a fund for promoting a strike organized by them. Since he succeeded in making a great fortune in the course of a few weeks out of Dunlops, they assume that he may help them to get another penny for an hour's work. Labor conflicts in Merry England are not without their grim picaresques.

Wheeling, W. Va., is a small city which claims to have solved the cheap-gas problem through municipal ownership. It is a city of 45,000 inhabitants, not large enough, it may be said, to have invited corruption in the conduct of its public business. Up to 1871 the people of Wheeling paid a private concern \$3.50 per thousand for inferior gas. Then the city bought the gas plant for \$70,000, and reduced the price to \$3. A few years later the price was successfully lowered to \$2 and to \$1.50, and in 1885 it was made \$1, with 25 percent discount for prompt payment, practically 75 cents. There is hope of even a further reduction. The gas is reported to be of the best quality, and the plant has been rebuilt and modernized with the profits. In addition \$40,000 has been paid out of the surplus on an expenditure of \$120,000 for an electric light plant for street illumination, and this plant is being run on the profits of the municipal gas. There are said to be no restrictions to prevent private gas or electric companies from entering the field, but of course none has attempted to compete with the municipality.

**Sweet Content.**  
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
O sweet content!  
Art thou rich, yet in thy mind perplexed?  
O punishment!  
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed?  
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?  
O sweet content! O sweet content!  
Can'st drink the waters of the crisped spring?  
O sweet content!  
Swimmest thou in wealth yet sinketh in thine tears?  
O punishment!  
Then he that patiently wants' burden bears,  
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!  
O sweet content! O sweet content!

## THE BIG ARMCHAIR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It wasn't my fault," said Mrs. Brickett; "nor yet I won't take it upon me to say that it was Brickett's. But we couldn't agree, me and Brickett. So we separated."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marrowfat. "It was all about Grandfather Gunn's big armchair," said Mrs. Brickett, sitting resolutely at her new Sunday gown. "Now I look back on it, it does seem silly that I and Brickett should quarrel about such a little thing. But when your temper's up, you know, you can't stop to reason, as you do at ordinary times."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Marrowfat.

"Grandfather Gunn willed Brickett that big armchair," went on Mrs. Brickett. "He hadn't a great deal to leave, poor old fellow, but he did what he could. It was a great, ugly, old-fashioned thing, as cumbersome to move as a horse and chaise, and dreadfully old-fashioned in the make. So says I, 'It ain't fit for any place but the store-room.' 'Store-room, indeed!' says Brickett. 'My Grandfather Gunn's armchair ain't going to be hustled away into any store-room. I'm just going to have it down stairs, where I can set in it, and take my comfort,' says Brickett, says he. 'It don't match any of my furniture,' says I. 'Then take your furniture somewhere else,' says Brickett. Well, the first we knew, we came to light words, me and Brickett. 'I'll go home to mother,' says I. 'The sooner the better,' says he. 'I've stood your temper till I can't stand it no longer!' So I came home to mother—and Brickett, he's let the farm and gone out West, so the Widow Simmons writes me; for, of course, I've no way of knowing anything about it myself."

And Mrs. Brickett brushed a tear out of the corner of her eye with the frill of her apron. "Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Marrowfat. "I suppose Mr. Brickett was a great trial to you?" "No, I can't say that he was," acknowledged Mrs. Brickett. "He had a temper of his own, had Brickett; but so had I. I'm most sorry, now, I didn't let Grandfather Gunn's armchair stand by the settin'-room fire—just where he wanted it!" "Why don't you write and tell him so?" suggested Mrs. Marrowfat. "I won't be the dust under any man's feet!" said Mrs. Brickett, with spirit. "I've left him, and I'm not the woman to go fawning back again and ask his pardon, for standing up for my own rights—no, that I'm not!" But after Mrs. Marrowfat had folded her knitting work into its bag, put her best cap into a pasteboard box, and gone home, Mrs. Brickett sat sadly looking out where the tall, red hollyhocks nodded their heads above the garden wall, and the bees came humming home from the white-blossomed buckwheat fields beyond, and thought of the pleasant old farm in the Unadilla Valley, with the steep-roofed, old-fashioned house, and Grandfather Gunn's big armchair standing vacant by the unused hearthstone, and she almost felt as if she had done wrong.

"But I'd die before I'd own as much to Brickett!" said she. So, by way of securing a change of air and scene, and diverting her mind from the folly of her conduct, Mrs. Brickett concluded to go out West, and visit an old schoolmate who had married and settled there.

"Perhaps, if I like Kansas, I shall stay there," said she, to herself. "It don't matter very much whether I live in one place or another, nowadays."

It was a long, tedious journey—especially so to Mrs. Brickett, who was not an accomplished traveler. The evening of the second day closed in wet and windy, as they came steaming steadily along on the edge of an almost interminable prairie. They had stopped for supper at an insignificant little town where they

changed conductors, and, as Mrs. Brickett leaned back in her corner, with a veil over her face and a camphor-bottle at her nose, she could see the stalwart figure of the new conductor gathering up the tickets right and left.

"Just such a man as Brickett used to be," thought the poor, solitary wife. "Dear, dear! I don't see what keeps putting Brickett into my head the whole time!" and she cried, quietly, behind her veil. "It's because the camphor is so strong," said she; but she knew better all the while.

The conductor had taken up all his tickets at last. He came and sat down beside a stout, genial-faced man, in the seat directly in front of her.

"So your going home, Wallis," said he. ("My goodness me, it is Brickett!" gasped the weary traveler, at the familiar accents of the voice.)

"Yes," the genial-faced man made prompt reply. "I'm off duty until Monday morning; and I haven't seen my wife in a month—nor my home."

"It's a great deal to have a home to go to," said Conductor Brickett, a little huskily, "and a wife. I've got neither."

"Your wife is dead?"

"I have lost—her," the conductor replied, evasively.

"I suppose you set a deal of store by her?" said the stout man, sympathizingly.

"I did," answered the conductor; "I do now. But I've lost her."

He rose abruptly from his seat, and went to the glazed door at the end of the car—it was the last on the train—to look out at the wild landscape—the eternal flat sameness of the prairies.

Presently, a touch fell lightly on his arm.

"Brickett," said a soft, hesitating voice, "you have lost me!"

"Hester!" he cried out, with a start; "it is never you! Here? and alone?"

"I've behaved like a fool, Brickett," said the wife, trying her best to keep down the hysterical lump in her throat. "And I won't say that you was altogether right—"

"I was a brute, Hester!" he interrupted.

"But, oh, Brickett! I haven't known a happy moment since I went away and left the old farm in the Unadilla Valley!" pleaded the wife.

"Nor I!" he uttered, hoarsely.

"Hester—wife—shall we go back?"

"And how about Grandfather Gunn's armchair?" she said, half laughing, half crying.

"We'll split it up for kindling-wood," said Brickett.

"No, we won't," said Mrs. Brickett. "We'll varnish it up and recan it, and set it by the sitting-room fire—just where you wanted it!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brickett went on to the end of the journey, and then Mr. Brickett resigned his conductor's cap and badge.

"Isn't this rather a sudden notion of yours, Brickett?" said the superintendent of the road.

"Well, yes, rather," said Brickett.

"But I've made up my mind to go back to farming."

So Mr. and Mrs. Brickett returned once more to the old homestead.

Lavi Cartwright, the incumbent, was only too glad to leave the farm. He was tired of the monotonous life.

"But there's one thing I'd ought to tell you," said he. "The keepin'-room ceilin' fell down one day last week—folks don't put up plaster now as they did in my 'teens—and smashed that there old armchair of your'n into splinters. Good thing no one chanced to be settin' in it just then; but we was all out at the back of the house, livin' a swarm of bees. Real providential, wasn't it?"

And Mr. and Mrs. Brickett looked at each other, and agreed that it was.—Saturday Night.

## History of Steam Power.

The power of steam, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was known to Hero of Alexandria, who exhibited what seems from the description to have been a small steam engine to Ptolemy Philadelphus and his court, about 150 B. C. Piny describes a small boat, built by a "magician" of Rome, which moved by means of a wheel, "driven by a pot of hot water." Watt's invention of a rotary steam engine was patented in 1769. The first railway locomotive was built by Trevithick, in 1804; the first practical locomotive was perfected by Stephenson in 1825. As early as 1707 Denis Papin built a model of a steamboat, which was destroyed by a mob of boatmen. The first practical steamboat was built by William Symington in 1802. In 1803 Robert Fulton, in connection with Chancellor Livingston, built a steamboat, which was tried on the Seine. In 1807 the Clermont began trips from New York to Albany.

## Hunting in Dreams.

James Bolton, a New Yorker who visits the Adirondacks every year to hunt deer, has a lean-to camp on a stream in Northern Herkimer county, where he entertains his friends. He sees things and does things sometimes in his dreams that make him a source of anxiety to his friends and his guides.

Last fall Sam Cooley, one of Mr. Bolton's guides, was lying in the guide's shelter half awake, when he saw some one slip out of the owner's camp with a rifle in his hands. What was more serious, the figure was slipping 38-calibre shells into the magazine. Cooley divined the situation instantly, and started toward the man, whom he recognized as Bolton, but Bolton got beyond the firelight before the guide could reach him, and then stopped and seemed to be steering off into the woods.

Up came the rifle, and seven shots were fired, each sounding like a cannon's roar in the perfect night quiet of the woods. Everybody except Bolton woke up, and the dogs let out howls of wonderment. Meantime Cooley had grabbed a water pail half full of water and thrown the contents over Bolton just as he was about to fire again. It was Bolton's turn to howl then. The cold water woke him up, and he was inclined to swear at the guide before he realized the danger he had been in. He had been shooting, he thought, at a buck deer. All the bullets were found next day in a hemlock stump, and they could have been covered with a hat.

Mr. Bolton once went still hunting, a little after midnight, and was not found until 7 a. m. He had awakened once during his trip, but had been unable to make his way back to camp.

A fisherman fell asleep while fishing for black bass at Philadelphia, N. Y., one day and dreamed he had a bite. He yanked his pole up and a one pound bass swung into his face. On waking up he found that he had pulled up his pole, but instead of a bass, a tin can swung against his cheek.—New York Sun.

## Products of Hawaii.

Besides sugar and rice, the staple products, coffee, bananas, oranges and other fruits are largely grown. Food products are abundant, especially of the kind suitable to a hot climate, says "Paradise of the Pacific."

The native food consists largely of the taro plant, of which the best varieties are grown in the shallow ponds of fresh water. From this plant is made the poi, which is the ordinary food of the Kanaka.

The sweet potato grows even among the rocks and flourishes abundantly in good soil, while the common potato sometimes grows well, though it is often injured by worms.

The quality of the coffee raised is equal to the choicest.

The climate is also very favorable to the growth of the long staple sea-island cotton; but as this variety must be picked by hand, the high price of labor in the islands renders its culture unprofitable.

Tropical fruits of nearly all kinds grow in the richest abundance, the orange, lemon, lime, mango, pineapple, hirimoya, or custard apple, the alligator pear, pomegranate and guava, all of which are exotic.

The banana is indigenous, and is the most abundant of all fruits; besides it there are the ohia apple—a fruit peculiar to the Pacific islands, soft, juicy and mildly acid—many varieties of palms, the choicest trees of India, the caoutchouc, the papaya, the traveler's tree of Madagascar and other foreign plants.

## Measuring Starlight.

Among the current inventions recorded in the scientific papers is that of an instrument by an English inventor for accurately measuring the quantity of light given out by a star, stars being designated as of the first down to the twentieth magnitude, according to the intensity of the light from them. By this new device the rough designation of magnitude is represented by numbers, which give the exact ratio of one star to another in light-giving power, the star Arcturus, for example, being estimated by this means to give 75 3-4 times the light of Regulus. The amount of light which reaches the earth from the stars varies according to the state of the atmosphere, and it is claimed that this instrument will be of valuable service not only in astronomy, but in meteorology also.

## Equipped.

"One of your wife's lungs is gone my dear sir."

"That doesn't do me any good, doctor, the one she has left is a star."—Truth.

## FEEDING CADETS.

### A Unique Feature of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

### Discipline and Hard Work Are Required in Serving Meals.

Among the unique parts that make up the commonwealth of the United States Naval academy at Annapolis, Ind., is a band of the most expert and perfectly trained waiters, on whose promptness and attention to duty largely depend the exact movements of academic autonomy. The battalion of cadets must have their fast broken in time to begin promptly their bustling day of busy work. For that purpose the first man who starts the preparations for breakfast reports at 4 a. m. He is the fireman. He starts the fires and begins the first operations for the coming meal. At 5 o'clock the assistant cooks arrive and begin to round up the meal. At 6 o'clock all the cooks are in the kitchen. These are six in number. Three bakers have been at work all night making bread. Warm rolls or some kind of hot bread are given at every breakfast. The meats are started to cook at 6, for it takes good, large quantities of meat to serve 250 hearty cadets. Fish and eggs vary with the meat as relishes. Breakfast is served on the tick of the watch at 6.40, giving just five minutes for morning formation and inspection by the officer in charge.

At 7.15 breakfast is over, and the Chaplain comes in and leads morning service—consisting of reading a passage of Scripture and prayers. After that the waiters, cooks, and assistants, forty-eight in number, have their breakfast. That over, the service corps begins to make ready for general inspection at 9 by the Assistant Commandant of Midshipmen. This inspection goes to the cleanliness of the mess hall, its utensils, and the entire kitchen, and means that every pan shall be in order and "shining like a new pin."

The force, save the cooks, is now dismissed until 11.45 a. m., when the head waiter masters his men, calls the roll, and reports to the officer in charge, and he inspects the personnel of the force to see that the white aprons and jackets are spotless. Then preparations for dinner are rounded up, for at 7 a. m. the work had been begun.

This meal is served with military promptness at 12.35 p. m. When the bugle blares for dinner, the four carriers start to cut up the joints of meat, the cooks begin to dip up the soup, and the waiters to serve the butter and the salads. This is done in a hurry, and the waiters line up awaiting the order to serve the soups. At this order each waiter starts with four plates of soup, each having eight cadets to serve. Soup ended, every dish is cleared from the table and the vegetables are served, each waiter bringing in six dishes at a time. Then the meat plates are taken to the carvers' room, when each waiter returns to the hall carrying eight plates in his hands, for no trays are ever used by these experts, who have never had a crash in all the rush of waiting in the mess hall. Individual orders are now filled until dessert is served. The waiters line up to receive this order.

Dinner takes forty-five minutes. Supper is served after the manner of breakfast. This work means exacting duty for some of the men and fidelity in all. Colored men form the waiting corps entirely, and are drawn from the best class of colored people in Annapolis, for only those who are sober, reliable and alert can hold these places, where all the regularity of military order is observed and the whole body of waiters are required to answer three roll calls daily. The men who compose this capable corps take pride in their calling, which has all the incentive of deserving promotion in it, for while the steward has the power of discharge, promotion goes by conduct, and long service brings increase of pay, and finally comes transfer to the cadets quarters, to keep these in order, where pay is enhanced and position continues as long as the incumbent is capable and faithful.

## Fire-Alarm Boxes.

Charles T. Hill contributes an article entitled "An Alarm of Fire by Telegraph" to St. Nicholas, describing the fire-alarm system of New York. Concerning the fire-alarm boxes, Mr. Hill writes: This box forms part of a lamp-post, the post being so constructed that the box is inverted in the middle. The box is painted a bright red, and the lamp at night shows a red light, thus making it easily discernible either by day or night. The wires

from the box are conveyed down through the center of the post to conduits buried in the street, and thence on to fire headquarters.

White letters on a red pane of glass, in the lamp over the box, give directions how to send an alarm,—the same directions in raised letters are found on the face of the box. If we turn the large brass handle on the outside as far as it will go a loud gong will ring inside. This is not the alarm, but simply a warning bell to notify the policeman on the beat that the box is being opened and to prevent the sending in of malicious or false alarms of fire, an offense that is punishable in New York State by a fine of \$100 and one year's imprisonment. Turning this handle as far as it will go opens the outer door, and we find inside another door, with a slot at the left hand side, and at the top of this slot a hook projecting. By pulling down this hook once and releasing it, we set at work certain clockwork mechanism inside, and this sends in the alarm.

When the first officer arriving at a fire discovers that it is of enough importance to warrant his sending for reinforcements, he opens this inner door and with the "Morse key" sends in a second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth alarm, as the case may be, or a call for any special apparatus that he may need. The inspectors of boxes can also carry on a conversation in the Morse alphabet with the operator at headquarters on this key and sounder.

## A Sagacious Otter.

In Forest and Stream there is a story about Tommy, a tame otter that lived in Grayling, Mich. Tommy was captured by a saloonkeeper on the Sauble river, and he soon became domesticated, wandering to and fro for two or three miles along the river, fishing and hunting, visiting the houses of the region, and always returning home. Tommy grew to be a good friend of other domestic animals, rolling over and over with the dogs, and trying hide and seek with the cats. Not all cats were friendly toward the otter. Some cats offended the otter, but they never did so twice. Tommy would grab a hostile cat by the back, carry it to the nearest piece of water, and hold it under until bubbles ceased to come up.

Tommy could fight dogs as well as cats. One day a big bulldog came through Grayling, and, not being used to otters, grabbed Tommy and almost killed him. Tommy recovered and lay in wait for the bulldog. One afternoon the dog came to town again with his master and picked a fight with another dog. Tommy happened around about that time and while the town dog held the bulldog the otter nearly ate the bulldog up. "He would nip great mouthfuls of flesh out of him, and pull and tug him till he had about killed the dog, when the town boys took Tommy off," says the writer. Tommy knew all the Grayling fishermen, and was always glad to go fishing with them. When he had caught all the fish he wanted to eat he fished for the fishermen, catching more fish than all of them put together. When a man shot Tommy the whole town mourned.

## Bull Fighting.

Caril, the ex-Mexicano, says: "I would rather see a bull fight than anything on earth, but it is the most brutal sport known, and the Mexicans are a barbarous people. I saw a mare named Molly enter the ring. She was a complete wreck, with hardly strength enough to get out of the bull's way. The horses used in bull fighting are invariably cast-offs, unfit for any purpose of business or pleasure. The bull, an unusually lusty fellow, ripped Molly's flank open so that her bowels fell to the ground. She soon went down, falling upon her side and imprisoning her rider. The bull would have made short work of him had not assistance come. The bull never has a chance. When he enters the ring he goes to die. Poor Molly! Here was a sad fate."—New York Press.

## Avoiding Entanglements.

Sprightleigh—Hello, old man, what are you moping here for? Why aren't you dancing?

Fauxpas—To avoid entanglements.

Sprightleigh—I didn't know you were so desirable.

Fauxpas—Huh! I'm not. Fact is, first dance I had I caught my foot in my partner's dress and ripped a mile or two of trimming off it; next time, some awkward fool tripped me, and we both went down on our hands and knees opposite each other, as though we were barking at each other, and the last, I caught my cuff-button in Miss Fluffy's hair, and it took me an hour to get loose. Next time I dance it'll be a ghost-dance."—Harper's Bazar.

## FLOATED BY KITES.

### Novel Experiment by a United States Army Officer.

### He Was Elevated Forty-Two Feet by Four Kites.

The utility of the kite in war times has been tested at Governor's Island with satisfaction, says the New York Press. Lieutenant Hugh D. Wise of the Ninth Infantry, who has been experimenting for months, was elevated to an altitude of forty-two feet, and swept the surrounding country with his glass. He was assisted by Corporal Lewis and five other officers of the post.

Four kites were used. They were attached to a winlass running out a half-inch manilla cord connected with an iron ring drawn up fifty feet above the ground. From the ring the kites ran up on two one-inch cords. Two kites, one above the other, were attached to each of the latter cords. To the ring was also attached a tackle and block running a heavy rope to the ground.

On this rope Lieutenant Wise was pulled into the air by two of the officers. At the time the estimated pulling force of the kites was 400 pounds. The wind was blowing at the rate of fifteen miles per hour from the southwest. Lieutenant Wise placed himself in a seat attached to the tackle rope.

At first the kites were unable to lift him more than twelve feet, owing to the variation of the wind. When a steady blow was finally on at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he was hauled up a little above the eaves of the officers' quarters, at which the test was made. The distance was estimated at forty-two feet. He remained there for some time, brought his glass to bear on all sides, and then signaled to be lowered. The test was repeated, and Lieutenant Wise expressed himself as highly gratified.

The four kites used weighed sixty-five pounds and their cost was calculated to be about \$12 each. In form they were parallelopipeds, consisting of frame boxes braced out with wire and covered with strong cotton cloth.

Lieutenant Wise is the only person in this country who has succeeded in accomplishing this much with kites. Experiments, however, have been successfully made in England and Australia. Captain H. Baden Powell, of the British army, was elevated one hundred feet a year ago, and Lawrence Hargrave ascended forty feet recently in Australia. When seen Lieutenant Wise said:

"Captain Powell had the use of a parachute in his ascension. I may use a parachute in connection with the kites in a short time. I think that the kite may be exceedingly useful. Such able persons as President Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution; Professor Marvin, of the Weather Bureau, and Civil Engineer Chanut of Chicago, have been investigating the subject. I think ultimately a kite will be perfected which will carry a man in a gale which would tear a balloon into pieces. The portability of these contributes to their usefulness. They will, however, always labor under the disadvantage of requiring a strong breeze. My kites are a modification of the Hargrave invention. I attribute my success to hard work and study. I have never made any experiments without working the theory out beforehand. I had a great deal of bad luck, and the number of kites broken, and the work was sometimes very discouraging. I have now, altogether, about sixty kites of various sizes and forms."—New York Press.

## The Tereido and the Cable.

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few animal enemies, although in the English Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea the tereido, the special cable pest of the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusk," as the cable men call it, first made itself a reputation by eating up wooden ship hulks, until builders took to plating them with iron, and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland until the whole country was threatened with inundation. When the cable came, it took to it at once. It wriggles its way in between the steel wires of the most tightly wrapped core, and eats away jute and gutta-percha until there is nothing but a wire skeleton left. Happily, however, as already indicated, our own particular cable has little to fear from the tereido; and the best wish we can give it, as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be long before the "Paradise" sees it again.—Henry Martin McClure.